



LETTERS

FROM

FINLAND

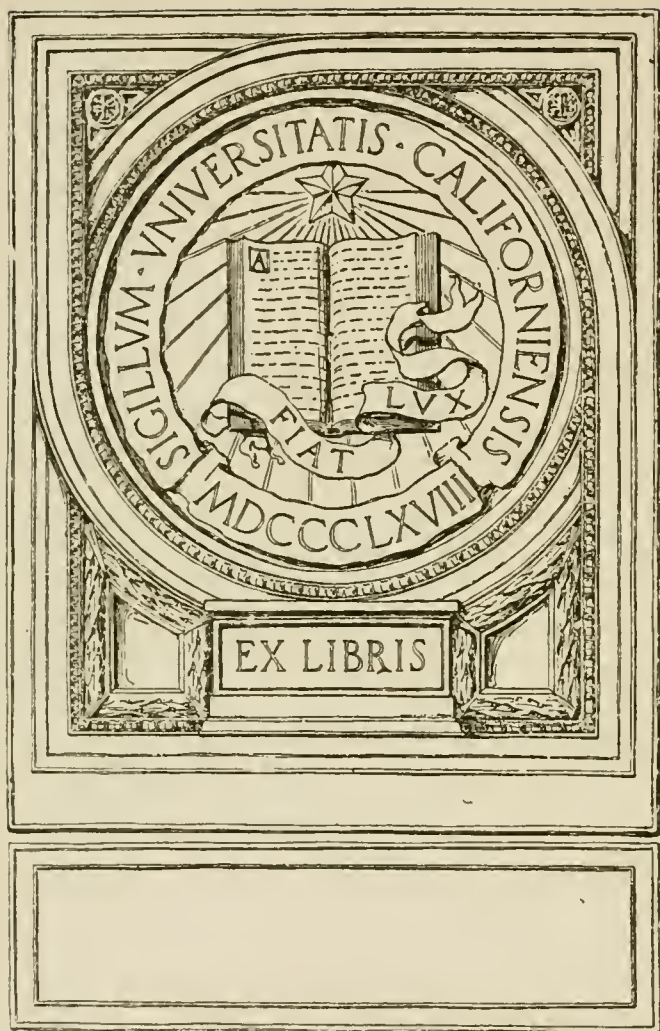


BY

ROSALIND

TRAVERS





LETTERS FROM FINLAND

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE TWO ARCADIAS.

ELKIN MATHEWS, 1905.

THYRSIS AND FAUSTA, AND OTHER
PLAYS AND POEMS

ELKIN MATHEWS, 1907.



(KALEVALA RUNO XLIII)

THE DEFENCE OF THE SAMPO

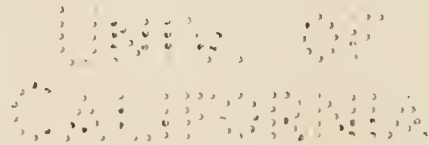
BY AXEL GALLEN

LETTERS FROM FINLAND

AUGUST, 1908—MARCH, 1909

BY
ROSALIND TRAVERS

WITH 34 ILLUSTRATIONS AND A MAP



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PREFACE

WHEN I undertook to write a book of travel, my wisest friend counselled me thus: "Be concrete and personal, and avoid generalities as you would poison." It was excellent advice, and I always kept it before me as an ideal; but I found, even with my first letter, that it was impossible to follow.

I imagine most books of travel can be analysed under the following heads: What the writers saw, what they heard, whom they met, and the conclusions they drew from their experiences. Now these three elements are full of danger. What the writers heard they may have imperfectly understood; if they describe in detail those whom they met they will give offence; and their conclusions may be founded upon half-knowledge, and therefore unreliable. Such difficulties are lightly met and overcome by those who grasp their pens with authority, and are in the habit of making large books of prose, but what is a poor verse-writer to do?

I have ventured to take a way of my own with these difficulties. The facts related and the information given will be as correct as our fallible human nature allows, but the persons who appear in the narrative will be wholly imaginary. They are types of Finnish life and character—probable, I hope, but not actual. And the conclusions or generalities will be neither more nor less unreliable than those of other people.

The traveller's habit of using occasional words from the language of the country he has visited seems to me rather unreasonable, but I cannot wholly avoid it. The phrases I have quoted are usually Swedish; where a Finnish word is used, it has been marked (F.).

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WHERE TO GO

LEAVE the South ! O, leave the weary golden shore
Of the Midland Sea,
Where a thousand ships have touched before ;
Come away with me
To a place of wide, untravelled waters,
Silvering the leagues of sombre wood,
Where the lake-nymphs and the river-daughters
Dance all night along the shining flood.

Leave the South ! for she is mournful with the weight
Of remembered years ;
Lapped in ancient splendours, dim and great,
Wrought of time and tears.
For the dark earth that nourishes her flowers
Hardly veils the ever-watchful dead.
The purple vine and cypress in her bowers
Are memories of passion and of dread.

But the North lies all open to the morrow
From the fells to the strand ;
Her clear morning wakens, free of sorrow,
On a timeless land.
Dreamily the pines sway in slumber,
Careless is the singing charm
Of the brook, which the grey stones cumber
With a heavy arm.

Till the lake-water ripples to the falling
Of low wings in flight,
And the woodland hears a whispering and calling
Through the brief, golden night.
Lightly, from each rock-cleft and hollow,
Little people of the stones slip forth,
Weaving spells, which the wanderer must follow
On and on, through the glamour of the North.

R. T.

LETTERS FROM FINLAND

LETTER I

To Professor Marius Fitzgerald,
The Heights,
Culcherbury.

August 15th.

“Well, here is the forest of Arden!”

I AM sitting out-of-doors, in a light cotton dress, among the most English-looking flowers upon a little hilly lawn. Behind me is a wooden, creeper-covered villa, whose white curtains are fluttering to a pleasant breeze; the pines around are swaying and murmuring, and the lake splashes softly on the stones below. The air is full of the hum of insects and the warm scents of summer garden and woodland; by every test of seeing, hearing, and feeling I might be anywhere in the English heather country, yet my address is Himleholm, Jussarö, latitude 60°, about two days' journey from the Arctic Circle.

I have quoted my namesake, and my fortunes so far run parallel to hers that I came here in the company of a “Celia,” and we two cousins find ourselves both in a kind of jovial and temporary banishment. You know the causes of my exile, prepare to be interested in Celia and hers, for she is your countrywoman, and—but I must begin at the beginning.

We left Hull at midnight, and I stayed on deck to see the *Finlandia* go out of harbour. It was a confused, dreamy vision of reflected lights and shining wet roadways and quays, distant yet endless—till we seemed to be sailing along interminable streets between vague, starry rivers into a future of

immense cloudiness and weariness. I will pass over the next thirty hours or so, for I spent them in my cabin, feeling no more stable inwardly than a swirl of that same oiled and murky harbour-water.

When I came up on deck again we were travelling easily between a smooth blue sea and sky, somewhere near Denmark. Listening vaguely to talk among the passengers, I heard my own name mentioned in the discussion of a proposed evening entertainment.

“There’s a Miss Travers going to utter a few words on Woman’s Suffrage,” said one speaker. “I hope it won’t be heavy.”

I was rising to protest my innocence, but the rejoinder assured me that I was not the person concerned.

“Oh, I don’t think so; she’s rather a pretty Irish girl.”

That evening I did not feel up to an entertainment in a hot saloon, but, passing the door, I caught a glimpse of a tall young woman in a white gown, who was setting forth the usual unanswerable logic of the new claimants to citizenship, with the usual fervour, to a fairly sympathetic audience. She was black-haired and blue-eyed with “straight features,” as the country-folk say, and in a moment I knew her for Celia! “Mais que diable allait-elle faire dans cette galère?”

Celia is a far-off cousin of ours, the only child of an Irish mother and an English father. I don’t remember the latter, but at one time we saw a good deal of his wife and daughter. Cousin Kathleen Amelia—she likes to be spoken of by the *two* names—was a gentle figure of convention, a sort of slender exclamation-mark on Celia’s career, since all the Irishness lacking in her came out in her daughter.

Next day Celia discovered me, greeted me warmly, and explained her presence on the *Finlandia*. The explanation became almost an autobiography, for we had not met for several years, and you, who are interested in modern girls, ought really to have heard it, given with much vivacity and a slight Irish accent. (Celia, however, was brought up in the neighbourhood of Reading.) Since babyhood she has been

a creature of swift, vigorous enthusiasms ; and to love her was a liberal education, no doubt, to Cousin Kathleen Amelia, for the poor lady was involved in the whirl of each Movement that caught up her daughter. I have not kept count of them all, but Ibsenism was dominant with Celia at nineteen, Charity Organization at twenty-two, and a year and a half ago it was the Gaelic League. She swept Cousin K. A. back to Ireland and settled with her on a small, doubtfully ancestral estate in County Derry, where she began to learn Gaelic and preach Irish patriotism to the amazed peasantry. She went in for it thoroughly, I believe—festivals, dances, and all—and brought a lively group of young Dublin *littérateurs* down to Kilrea, in the very midst of all her Ulster-minded relatives. Of course it was excellent fun for Celia, for the *littérateurs*, and even for the peasantry, but poor Kathleen Amelia led a dog's life for six months or so, between her daughter and her protesting family. At last they called a solemn council on the matter ; but by that time Celia's mother was able to meet them with the welcome news that her daughter had returned to London to devote herself to the service of another section of the oppressed and down-trodden—in short, Celia had become a Suffragette. Of course she joined the W.S.P.U., and you can picture to yourself the lively history of the next few months.

That branch of our family to which Celia belongs is small and old-fashioned—they are the sort of people who live well within their incomes in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park—and the whole group feels responsible for the actions of each individual member. Therefore, when Celia had taken part in three or four noisy political scuffles, only escaping the police-court as by fire, when she, unrepentant, expressed her determination of seeing Holloway from the inside, there was another family conclave, and the head of that branch issued his ultimatum. Celia must really be induced to go abroad for six months, or——! “ Well, if I must,” said Celia, “ I'll go to the only civilized country in Europe, the one place where women have got their full rights. Let me pay a visit to Uncle Keith in Finland.” And so Kathleen Amelia is taking a

well-deserved rest, and Celia is coming to Finland to study the working of Woman's Suffrage.

I wonder how Commander Keith will like it?

We reached Copenhagen at midday, and spent two or three hours there. It seemed a simple, cheery little city, placed on "a table of green fields" and well provided with pleasure-grounds. I carefully learnt some sentences relating to letters *poste restante* and brought them out at the Post Office, only to find: (1) that the said phrases were Swedish and not Danish, and (2) that nearly all Danish postal officials understand English.

Our English passengers were mostly tourists on the scamper, and the rest of the boat-load Danish, Finnish, or Russian. These could all talk German, and luckily I have a sort of mastery of that language; I am British and Ollendorffian, but fairly fluent. They said German would take me all over Finland, and in any difficulty I need only turn to the chemist or to the girl at the post office; for in Finland these accomplished creatures must all know something of *five* languages—Finnish, Swedish, Russian, German, French.

The ship also carried two hundred steerage passengers, and these were nearly all Finns, returning from North America. There is a large yearly drain of Finnish emigrants, the captain told me, to such places as Michigan, Ottawa, and even British Columbia, where the lakes and the fir-forests are a home-like country for them. Their Spartan habits and democratic principles make them good settlers, but their great object is to gather a little money together and go home again. Looking down from the upper deck, we saw them sitting about on piles of rope and tackle, or eating at the rough plank tables in the open; they seemed a small, fair, stolid people, very coarsely and darkly clad. Now and then they danced together, moving languidly but in perfect rhythm to the sound of sweet, melancholy songs. And—pray tell Antony—they must take their Socialism seriously in Finland, for among them was a certain political leader of unpronounceable name, whose position and finances would have allowed him to travel at ease, but he

chose to go with his fellow-workers for the honour of his opinions. He was a tall, pale, haggard man, whose long overcoat gave him a priestly appearance; we often saw him helping his people at little domestic jobs, and even washing and tending the children.

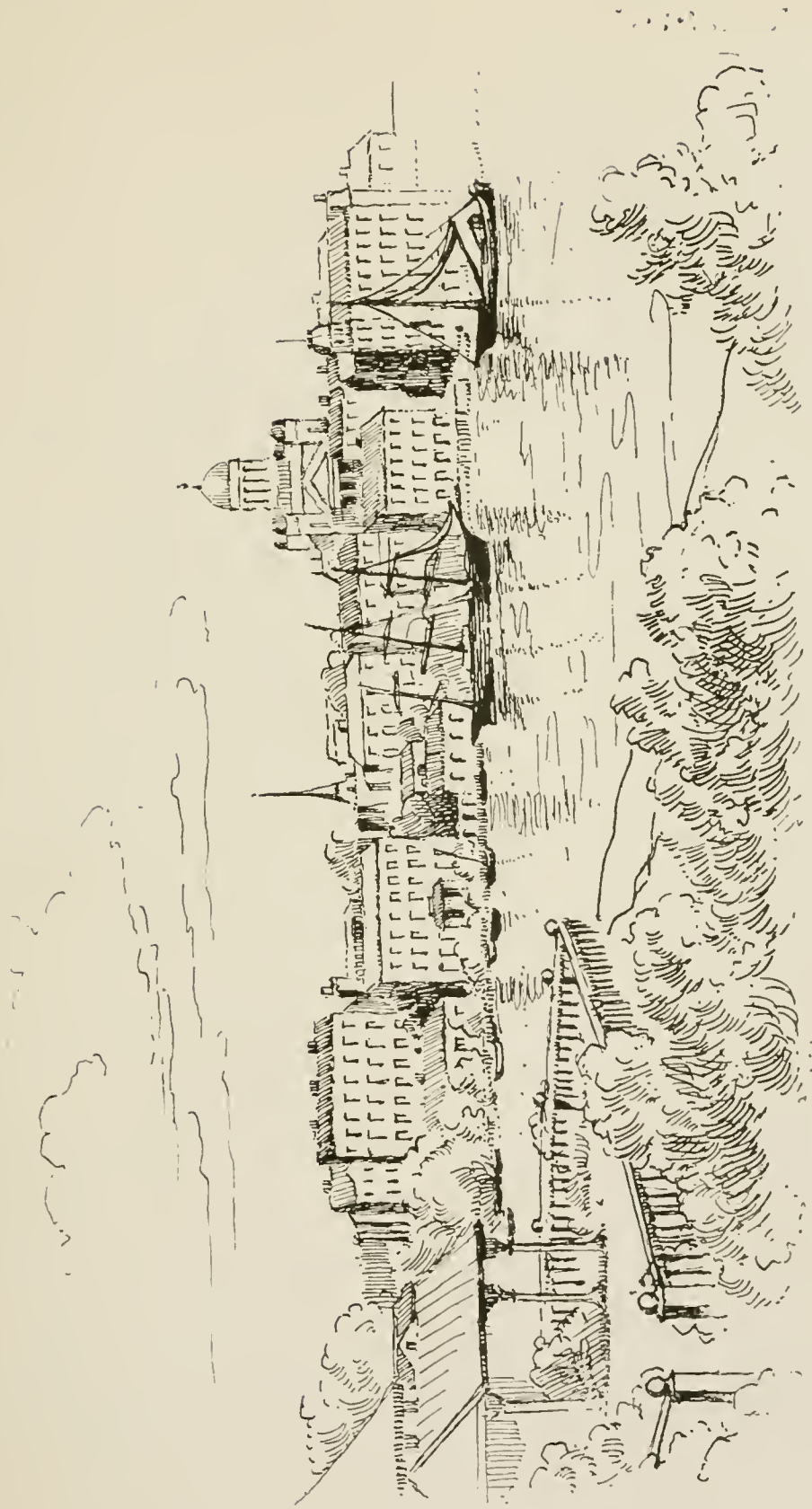
Nearly two days after Copenhagen we reached Helsingfors. Early in the morning I felt that pleasant slackened beat of the engines which generally means harbour-water, and from my port-hole I had a little round, restricted view of milky-blue sea, and the grey boulders of an island, crowned with earthworks and cannon. It was an outlying point of the Russian fortress Sveaborg, "the Key to Helsingfors." From the deck we saw innumerable bays and islands, little fir-grown bays with bright green meadows, low islands with smooth granite boulders, and woodlands of birch and pine, all set in the clearest atmosphere and a pale tideless sea. Then came the harbour, filled with craft of every size, great white passenger-steamers like our own, timber-ships with broad green lines round their hulls and brown sails, jolly little market-boats rowed by sturdy girls, small pleasure steamers with gay awnings, white-winged yachts, and, just in mid-harbour, the low, sinister outlines of a group of Russian warships. Then we rounded a corner, and the city lay all before us, neat and clean as a toy in the bright morning. The buildings were mostly white and red, some very finely proportioned, and the whole effect would have been almost too trim and modern, if it were not for the fantastic, gilded Russian church on one side, and a large, grey, Lutheran, pseudo-classical edifice on the other, dominating the whole. Very broad-streeted and well-planned it looked upon nearer view, and we could see tram-lines, electric standards, and all such familiar blessings. Suddenly the strange, alien chime of the Russian Church struck upon our ears: one deep, booming note in the midst of a dancing chorus of little, tuneless bells.

(*Later.*)

Celia's adieux on board took some time: I should never have thought it possible to make so many friends, converts or admiring opponents, in just five days, as she has done. Presently the first of our Finnish kindred, Uncle Keith's son, discovered us and gave us a cordial welcome, and not long after we had passed our baggage through the Customs and were flying across the water in a little private steamer towards our uncle's country-house at Jussarö.

We left the harbour and wound in and out among islands crowned with fir and birch woods, and set with villas. The water was waveless and tideless as a pond; small meadows came right down to the shore, and there were long, shallow lake inlets full of reeds. (Of course it was the Gulf of Finland, part of the Baltic, but how am I to call this unmoving flood a *Sea*?) A thousand islands, a myriad bays! and almost each bay had a landing-stage and several bathing-houses. We passed other steamers and row-boats, people bathing, people camping out, people enjoying the brief summer to the very best of their powers; with the little, bright, flowery houses among the trees, it reminded one rather of English river-side life. Finally we came to the Himleholm landing, on the island of Jussarö, and there we were received into the arms of the two kindest people in Finland, Aunt Karin and Uncle Keith.

In spite of his Scottish surname, Hjalmar Keith is a Finlander born and bred. A number of the old Swedish families in Finland have purely Scottish names, such as Ramsay, Montgomery, Fraser, Hamilton, Douglas, and many others. These are chiefly descendants of Scottish soldiers of fortune, who fought under Gustavus Adolphus in the Thirty Years War, and being rewarded by grants of estates in Finland, settled down there and became subjects of Sweden. (*You* know, probably, but I did not, that Finland, which is now part of the Russian Empire, was under the rule of Sweden until 1809.) In some families, all Scottish characteristics have died out, and the very name has become "foreignized," but



A VIEW OF HELSINGFORS

now and again one of the later generations will throw back in character and appearance to the ancient type. Such an one is our Uncle Keith. I used to fancy his extreme Britishness was, like Celia's accent, a form of applied art; now I am sure it is genuine; yet all the same it is a quality of exotic growth, for no one living in the United Kingdom *could* be so aggressively British! Hjalmar Keith's mother was an Englishwoman, and his father a Swedish Finn; he was brought up in England and spent many years there; and he looks and bears himself like a retired Anglo-Indian colonel in miniature. It was a bitter trouble to him that feeble health and small stature prevented his entering the army, but, all through his prosperous commercial life at Helsingfors, he has taken such a burning interest in all the campaigns of the last fifty years, especially British campaigns, that his friends always call him "Commander Keith." How desperately he fought the battles of the British in Finland during the South African War I can well imagine; and heartily thankful am I that I did not come to stay with him then!

From babyhood he expressed his determination to wed an English girl or none, but you, who know the careful irony of Fate in such things, will not be surprised to hear that he ended by marrying Karin Svenson, who was like himself a Swedish Finn. Nearly forty years of Commander Keith's drilling and many visits to England have made her the very model of an English lady in appearance, yet there is a fire in her eyes when Finnish politics are mentioned, and a liveliness of voice and gesture that break through the calm detachment of manner enjoined (but never practised) by Uncle Keith.

We seem to have talked little else but politics since we were here, for the Commander questions us about English affairs, and we question him about Finnish ones, till I, at least, am in a fine confusion. There seem to be four distinct parties, perhaps more, in a population of three millions, and an elected Parliament of some two hundred representatives. These are, in order of size, the Social Democrats, the Old Finns, the

Young Finns, and the Swedish Party, and the twenty-three or twenty-four women members of Parliament are divided in almost absolutely similar proportion among these groups.¹ The country has enjoyed real, solid, thorough-going adult suffrage² with proportional representation since the first election in March, 1907. Beyond the Landtdag or House of Commons there is the Senate, a co-opted body which appears to unite some of the functions of a Cabinet with those of a House of Lords; yet this is by no means so horrible as it sounds, for all parties, except the Socialists, are fairly represented in it. Beyond the Senate there is, in civil legislation, only the Secretary for Finland and the Tsar. There is a Governor-General, but I believe he is chiefly responsible for military arrangements. The Duchy of Finland is supposed to be autonomous, and certainly they collect and dispose of their own taxes; but every measure produced by the Landtdag and reviewed by the Senate passes through the hands of the Secretary for Finland into the consideration of that most tragic and ominous figure of modern Europe, the Red Tsar.

Do you know, it reminds me of the profound passage in *Alice Through the Looking Glass* (written, some say, to familiarize the youthful mind with Berkeleyan theories) when Tweedledum and Tweedledee take Alice to look at the Red King asleep.

“Isn’t he a lovely sight?” said the Old Finn. Alice (the Female Member of Parliament) could not honestly say that he was.

“He’s dreaming now,” said the Social Democrat.

“And if he left off dreaming about *you*,” said the Old Finn, “where do you suppose you’d be?”

“Where I am now,” said Alice the Female M.P.

“Not you,” said the Social Democrat. “Why, you’re only a sort of thing in his dream!”

“If that there King was to wake,” said the Old Finn, “you’d go out—bang!—just like a candle.”

¹ These figures refer to 1908. Details of recent elections will be found in the Appendix.

² Adult suffrage was granted in June, 1906, and first exercised in March, 1907.

"I'm a dream—you're a dream—we're all nothing but things in his dream," said the Social Democrat.

He shouted this so loud that the Female M.P. couldn't help saying, "Hush! you'll wake him up."

"It's no use your talking about waking him," said the Old Finn. "You know very well you're not real."

"But I *am* real," said the Female M.P., nearly crying; "I was elected by proportional representation."

"I hope you don't suppose *that* makes you any realler," said the Old Finn contemptuously." And so on. . . .

Besides, you know, the analogy is even profounder than it appears at first sight, for it was *Alice's* dream after all, and Alice is the Demos who will certainly wake at last from a long nightmare of Red Kings. . . .

I am sitting indoors now, in our Himleholm drawing-room, which is furnished after the modern Finnish style. The walls are panelled and faintly coloured, with very few pictures, and the floor is a sort of painted wood, just the colour of a chestnut horse and highly polished, with no carpets or rugs upon it except one fine bearskin. The curtains are muslin, very beautifully embroidered in colours, and the furniture makes a sort of Chippendale effect in its lightness, severity, and elegance of line. In a corner of the room is a large group of plants—palms reaching to the ceiling and smaller evergreens round them, relieved with a few flowering shrubs, which last are not strictly Finnish, I'm told, for they scatter their petals and "make work." There is a restful simplicity about the decorations and a time-saving absence of ornaments; the room could be dusted in a hand's turn. I am forgetting the piano and the two rocking-chairs, enormous constructions of bent-wood—the kind that turn right over if you rock a hair's-breadth too far. They simply frighten me, but you, who are amateur of arm-chairs, really ought to see a very stout Finnish lady enjoying herself in one of them. What perilous heights and depths she achieves without the least flutter of her ample skirts! it is absolutely horsemanship in its way.

As my pen goes gossiping on, I look up now and then across the veranda into the pale northern night. A star or two have come out, the lake shows in dusky silver through the trees, and there is still a dim line of sunset fire. The water ripples as a boat goes by, and I hear far-off singing—sweet, monotonous, and very sad.

Inside there is a cheery glow of lamplight and a smell of cigarettes. Celia is sitting, literally and metaphorically, at the feet of Commander Keith, listening eagerly, and I catch scraps of narrative such as this: "When Karin came out of her mothers' meeting she found the streets full of Cossacks." . . . "The Russian officer had jammed his horse into the laundry passage, and, before he could get out, the women covered him with soapsuds." . . . "And, for some weeks, Aili Pesonen, who had been just what you would call a maid-of-all-work, was put up at the head of the Admiralty, and she used to sign the warrants for the ships to go in and out. . . ." "The Board Schools of Lapland. . . ." "Oh yes, they have Adult Suffrage, and they live in huts without chimneys and never wash at all."

Meanwhile Aunt Karin sits by working and smiles: sometimes she lifts one eyebrow a little. I rather guess that Commander Keith has the gift of a picturesque and highly coloured style, but his subject seems worthy of it.

Very sincerely your Pupil,

ROSALIND TRAVERS.

THE KĀNTĚLĚ

ONCE I strayed in the greenwood, singing,
Under a dim and golden sky,
Then, to my seat on the boulders springing
I set the cords of my kantele ringing,
Sang of youth and minstrelsy—
A great, grey owl went sailing by.

Beat of her wing brushed away my dreaming,
Vainly I strove for a heart at ease ;
Played a tune like rivulets streaming,
Down the wide summer pastures gleaming—
The grey owl circled among the trees.
Lo ! the kantele fell from my knees !

Like far echoes of children crying,
Lost in a land where no man hears,
Rang the call of the grey bird flying ;
Filled my untaught soul with fears.
Now I know it for Nature, sighing,
Linked to sorrow, through all the years ;
Now my kantele rings, replying
With a song of human tears.

Adapted from Larin K̄yösti.

LETTER II

To Francis Clare, in Italy

HIMLEHOLM, JUSSARÖ, *August 29th.*

YOU describe a land of splendour, but it is no use, Dear, to wish me there. For *I don't like* Italy. I know that as positively as if I had travelled from Genoa to Otranto. It is too full of history, art, legend, old beauty, old suffering, and battles long ago—there's no room for us there between the living and the immortal dead. Don't you remember, I always had a longing for wildernesses and wide open places ; as a girl it was my dream to visit the barrens of North-West Canada, and go down that strange river which flows northward, between vanishing woods and empty plains, to the Polar Sea. Believe me, I should only trouble you if we were in Italy together ! and I have found so much interest already in this unhistoried land. [My Finnish kindred would rise up in wrath if they heard me call it so, but indeed their history (till 1809) seems to be a very simple tale of labour and piety and slow-going Swedish civilization, among the endless forests and the long, long winter snows.]

I have often wondered what is the secret of the charm that Italy has for most English people? I don't mean the spell she has cast over so many of our poets from Chaucer onward, but her attraction for the average Cook tourist, the ordinary English pension-dweller, the roving old English ladies with their crochet and their chaplains. They are still insular-minded, they are inarticulate, they can hardly say a word in praise of the land that charms them, but their faces have the serenity that tells of some deep-seated homing instinct satis-

fied. And what is the secret? Just this. A great many excellent middle-class English people of to-day, the sort that live at Surbiton and flourish on University Extension lectures, are simply reincarnations of the inhabitants of mediæval Italian cities: reincarnations of the brightly dressed, quaint-haired people that you see by the thousand in Arundel prints. Think how many nameless citizens and country folk went to the making of those lively, quarrelsome towns! How many there were over whom the interminable wars passed as lightly as a distant storm! and these, I assure you, have reincarnated themselves in some of our English bourgeoisie. But the old life was brighter, I think, and Mr. John Brown—though he has no clear recollection of it—has a vague sense that the world went more gaily with him when he was Ser Giovanni Bruno, Dante's grocer, it may be, or maker and grinder of colours in Renaissance days. And so, Mr. John Brown and many others, returning to their former haunts in such altered guise, after so many years, have an unconscious sense of satisfaction, of home-coming. Here they are now as strangers with guide-books in their hands, but they know dimly that this is a soil they have trodden before. There is a kindly look about the grey, Florentine palaces; the river is little changed, and the atmosphere of the churches wraps them like a familiar garment. A house-front, a fountain, a statue! shifted maybe and marred, but it keeps the old-time feeling and they are unconsciously glad to see it again. You must have noticed how tourists like these always seek out mediæval associations, and are indifferent to the classical. It is quite another type, whose memories are of Prætorian triumphs and Virgilian farms, who say, with poor G——, "Why, they've got the same great white oxen still!"

What a far cry, from Rome to Finland! Now I wonder how you would like my present surroundings? Perhaps you would dismiss them briefly as "not pictorial," for the very clear atmosphere brings everything together, far and near, the distance is never blue or veiled, and the outlines of fir-wood, lake, or shore are very hard. You might even complain



A VIEW IN THE ISLANDS
FROM A PICTURE BY WESTERHOLM

of the beautiful milky, turquoise skies, which begin, quite early in the afternoon, to have a golden evening glow all round the horizon. But come, think yourself into that kind of eidolon or viewless phantom of yourself which so often accompanies me on solitary wanderings; be with me in spirit, and perhaps I can make you feel the strange charm of clearness, space and quiet that lies over the Finnish scenery.

Leaving the colony of wooden villas, with their wide, flower-covered balconies and cheery little gardens, we cross a sunny strip of fields, and find ourselves on the fringe of the pleasant woodlands that cover nearly all the island. They remind me sometimes of the foot-hills of Switzerland, and sometimes of the fir-wood country at home. They are full of warm, piny scents and fresh airs from the lake, but they are very silent—few wild things move and few birds sing. Little hillocks, or rather piled heaps of granite, follow upon each other, where the moss flourishes grey and green, and wizen firs grow from the very stone. Then there are valleys where birches tower up, white and shining, out of the dim verdure, from magnificent beds of fern, and the pale bog-grass that will turn such a lovely colour later on. Little vagrant paths lead through heather and bracken to clear brown pools with strange water-plants and marshy spots where big whortleberries grow. Or you see the bright blue lake gleam between the trees, and find yourself on the brow of a small cliff, overlooking the long reed-grown inlets, with a view like a shining highway, past islands and islands out to sea.

Near the middle of Jussarö is a rickety wooden look-out tower, and from here you can see the world. Yonder are the islands of Sveaborg, all fortresses and barracks and powder-magazines, ironically surmounted by a chapel; and there is Helsingfors, still so neat and red and white and trim, with grey twin-spires and grey domes and gilded cupolas rising out of the clustered harbourage and houses; and beyond that are miles and miles of low, dark forest. Forest upon the islands, forest round the bays and green clearings, forest

bordering the town, grave, melancholy, endless, fold after fold, away to the horizon.

But the woodlands are never forbidding and monotonous when you see them from within. Spruce fir and pine and birch prevail, but there are rippling aspens and undergrowth of alders and bird-cherries, junipers among the stones, and quantities of rowan-trees, with their clustered berries deepening from orange to scarlet. They say these bonny berries are the very last things to fall—they will be hanging still when the first snow comes. There is also a big shrub with crimson fruit and sharp serrated leaves, just like a dwarf rowan, but I'm told it is really a kind of elder. Then there are raspberry canes here and there, and unknown fruits of rich poisonous aspect, that will, the children say, be all plucked presently by the little grey wood-men, or kobolds, for their winter store. Besides these, quantities of cranberries, like ripening elf-apples, and whortleberries everywhere, while the yellow cloud-berries and the wild strawberries are still being brought into Helsingfors from the north.

The encyclopædia tells me that the flora and fauna of Finland are both remarkably rich, considering its latitude, but I see and hear very little of the latter. There are martens, squirrels, and hares on the island; foxes perhaps, and many European birds, from the cuckoo and blackbird to the lap-wing and even the titmouse. I myself have only seen the bigger birds, hazel-hens and ducks and magpies (which are abundant), with sometimes a solitary crane.

I have not come across any snakes yet, but the children tell me they are common and harmless. The attentions of insects are more to be dreaded, especially those of the ant and the ubiquitous mosquito. The ants are just those familiar big red things of the English pine-woods, militant and communal; building the same large hill-nests (like flat-dwellings), with, as house-agents would say, "a specially commodious basement" to retire into when the frosts come. Mosquitoes are the great drawback of the Finnish summer, but by this time they are all gone. In the north, where their reign only

lasts six weeks or so, they are a terror to man and beast ; while even here "smudges" have to be lighted for the cattle in midsummer—smouldering fires that give out clouds of smoke in which the poor beasts may stand.

The meadow-flowers are mostly familiar to me ; some kinds of scabious, and hawkweed and crowsfoot, and a big dead-nettle, quite orchid-like in yellow and purple, while, up on the stony slopes, the willow-herb is still in flower. "But oh," say the children, "you should really see the island in spring ! That grey rock there is simply covered with pansies, the lower woods are full of lilies-of-the-valley, and the lilacs are in bloom all round the bay."

I should like to see the lovely, hurried springtime of Finland, but even these days have a wonderful charm—incommunicable, I fear, to you or to any other correspondent of mine ! For the wild, hard beauty, with its underlying sorrow, the Northernness of it all, touches something septentrional in me—yet it is not that I remember anything, like the tourists in Italy, for I was certainly never here before.

The island is of good size, communicating by a bridge with the mainland, and the road to this bridge is, like the few others in the island, narrow and bad. In some places you find a "corduroy road" of logs placed side by side, in others merely tracks of mud or sand. Each villa-holder or peasant-proprietor on the island is responsible for certain strips of road, but, where only two or three keep carriages, what is the use of a good highway ? for a Finnish farm-cart and horse will go over anything. Besides, winter is the only time when traffic becomes necessary, and then the snow makes its own roads. Quantities of wood are felled in the summer, piled and left until the usual snowfall, of four or five feet deep, covers up all irregularities with its even frozen surface, and gives access to every part of the forest, forming the best natural sleighing road that heart can desire. So the adventurous character of the summer highways is quietly accepted.

"The young people from Lökudden," on the other side of the island, came here one day, arriving rather late and followed

by a damaged vehicle. "We *thought* you must have had a spill," said Uncle Keith cheerfully. "Oh yes," they rejoined lightly—"the usual place, on Herttonen's, you know."

Half the villa-residents here are relations of Commander Keith or of Aunt Karin, and many are of two nationalities—Swede-Finn, Danish-Finn, Swede-Russian, English-Swede, and so forth. Swedish is their natural speech, but to accommodate us they will talk German, French, and sometimes English with equal ease. They seem pleasant cosmopolitan folk, great travellers, knowing Europe well, and apparently regarding Copenhagen, rather than Helsingfors, as their capital, or at least as their chief centre of civilization. Danes, Swedes, and Swedish-Finns, or "Finlanders" might be interchangeable quantities, they flit about so lightly between Copenhagen and Stockholm and Helsingfors—and one's imagination hurries on to the dream of a future "Scandinavian Federation," till it is sharply recalled by the bitter mutual criticisms of Swede and Finn. For, besides their three or four political parties, this disputatious little people is further divided by a racial and traditional line of cleavage, on either side of which stand "Svekoman" (Ruotsinmielinen F.), and "Fennoman" (Suomenmielinen F.)—pro-Swede and pro-Finn. And we received a most illuminating, though partisan lecture on this subject when we returned the visit from Lökudden.

A country-house here is often shared by two or three branches of the same family, continental fashion. So the inhabitants of Lökudden were various: a lively modern couple, partners, on a basis of strict equality, in a timber business, a girl-cousin from Russia who spoke seven languages perfectly, and a young baron, *laudator temporis acti*, who had been a member of the House of Nobles, under the former Constitution, but had laid by his title and his prefix in disgust at the all-prevailing democracy of to-day. The head of the family was a rather wonderful old lady, Baroness Bertelsköld—av Bertelsköld—and in her circle, I was told, some remnant of the ancient Swedish social customs still held its own against the inroads of Finnish simplicity and cosmopolitanism.



THE PARLOUR AT LÖKUDDEN



AN OLD WOODEN COUNTRY HOUSE

Our perilous drive to Lökudden was no good preparation for etiquette, but we arrived whole, if shaken, at a long, rambling house in a half-wild garden overlooking a little bay. A barefooted peasant-girl, brown-skinned and fair-haired, showed us into a large saloon, panelled in white, with delicate, spindle-legged white-and-gold furniture, of much beauty and antiquity. A large and wonderful cut-glass chandelier hung from the ceiling, there was the usual big group of green plants, no rocking-chairs however, and all along one wall was a vast white-and-gold sofa, upholstered in crimson damask, quite twelve feet long. The reason of its size I learnt afterwards: in the old days of Finland every married lady of rank was entitled to a seat of honour, that is, upon the sofa, and she would be deeply pained if required to sit anywhere else. Consequently, entertaining in those days was really a question of measurements, and a sofa only six feet long reduced the available guests of rank to two. Unmarried ladies, however highly born, would under no circumstances be tempted to sit upon the sofa, for, besides being indecorous, it would be unlucky.

Our hostess was a fine-looking old lady, who carried her inevitable stoutness—every Finn over thirty is fat—with superb dignity. The gentlemen kissed her hand, the children and younger ladies curtsied, and Aunt Karin was installed in the right-hand corner of the sofa. Coffee and cakes came in, and conversation became polyglot and general. Celia and I soon found ourselves talking to an agreeable elderly man, a Senator of some kind, who spoke fluent but Teutonic English. It was quite soon after our arrival, when we had yet heard little of Swede-Finn controversy, so Celia chanced to say, in all innocence, “Of course you speak and write Finnish?”

He went a bright salmon-pink (just the same shade that Professor Trincolldubb turned when I asked if he knew Gaelic), and replied, “Got-d forpid-d!”

Then realizing that this phrase was rather more startling in English than “Gott bewahre,” he went on—

“My dear young ladies, you are new to our country, and have not yet heard of our miserable dissensions, not the bitter party-cries of ‘Svekoman’ and ‘Fennoman.’ Allow that I enlighten you.” And he gave us a brief historical lecture, which I condense for your benefit.

The Swede-Finn controversy goes as far back as 500 or 600 A.D.—turning on the question, “Who were the first inhabitants of Finland?” Records of that cloudy time show a Finn-Ugrian race, Mongol in origin and appearance, living among the Thousand Lakes. “*They* say that these were the primeval dwellers here; we Swedes think that these dispossessed an earlier Caucasian race—but who can tell?”

However, the people of Sweden definitely conquered and Christianized Finland in 1200, and, till 1808, Finn and Swede lived in amity together. The Swedes were always a liberty-loving people, and their rulers never enslaved the Finns, granted them as much representation as seemed fit in those days, and laid no restriction on inter-marriages. In return, the Finns became faithful subjects and excellent soldiers of Sweden—in proof of which our friend quoted a passage from Schiller’s *Thirty Years War*. But in the final dispute between Sweden and Russia even Finnish resistance gave way, and in 1809 Finland was ceded to Russia. The Emperor Alexander I made a tour of the country, took a fancy to the people, and swore to maintain the language, laws, and liberties of Finland. All went well for a time, and in 1864 Alexander II conferred a Constitution upon this peaceful and rapidly developing people, and earned the lasting gratitude of the Finns.

Yet, according to our informant, race-difficulties were even then arising in Finland. Under the rule of Sweden, Swedish was, naturally, the language of books, journals, proclamations, laws, and all forms of educated intercourse. Peasants and country-folk in the remoter parts talked and sang Finnish, but everybody with any pretence of civilization used the Swedish tongue. “Up to 1830 or thereabouts all *Finnish literature* could have been enclosed in a box three feet by two, yet

the *literature of Finland* contained many respect-worthy achievements." (The preference for Swedish is hardly surprising, since any book published in Finnish other than the Bible, the hymn-book, and Luther's Catechism was liable to heavy penalty.) But it was a Swedish-Finn, Elias Lönnrot, who discovered the wonderful wild treasures of Finnish poetry, and gave them to the world in the *Kälävälä*; and Snellman, Castrén, Reinholm, and others, who took such active part in the restoration of the Finnish language and literature, were Swedish-Finns also.

At this point our friend's account became more difficult to follow, but I fancy that the development of the new speech and nationality of Finland must have gone a little faster than the kindly Swedes liked. All the educated classes set themselves enthusiastically to learn again their own most difficult national speech from the lips of the peasants and wild country-dwellers who had never lost it. Naturally, words had to be supplied to bring the narrow peasant vocabulary up to modern needs, and our instructive Senator showed us, with great liveliness, how the pupils at school would call out, "Teacher, what's this in Finnish?" and the pedagogue would be obliged to say, "Wait until I have consulted my colleagues." These makers of Finnish were at first not willing to incorporate international words like "electricity" and "intellect" and "bicycle" and so on, into the language, though these appear almost unchanged in nearly all the European tongues; but they used poetic equivalents something like "magic light," "ardour of thought," and "flying wheel." (Now, however, the international words are freely used.) And so, within the last seventy years, a new language and almost a new people came to the surface in Finland. The Swedish-speaking Finns now form only one-eighth of the present population, and Finnish current literature increases every day. Moreover, the real Finnish character has emerged, and a most confusing bundle of contradictions it seems to me, so far! On the one hand, I hear that they are slow, sullen, and pious, creatures of barbaric simplicity and resignation, with a touch of Mon-

golian fatalism; on the other, they appear to be poetic, musical, keenly progressive, and most hospitable to ideas. Further knowledge may reconcile these extremes—meantime, I am straying from our Svekoman informant.

If the Swedish minority resent the gradual ousting of their language and their characteristics from the country, one cannot greatly blame them, nor wonder at their reluctance to learn a tongue which they had been taught for centuries to despise as barbaric. Also, some of them hold this development of the Finnish nationality responsible for the suspicious attitude of Russia towards the Duchy, and her ever-wakeful spirit of tyranny and interference, which culminated in “the bad times,” i.e. the reactionary rule of the years 1898–1904, under the dictatorship of Governor-General Bobrikoff. However that may be, Swede and Finn held nobly together during the bad times, and acted as one man during the Great Strike of 1905, which regained the freedom of Finland. “But now, in these more favourable days, the essential difference between the ideals of Swedish culture and Finnish culture is once again manifest; and what will be the end?”

The Svekoman Senator paused, quite out of breath with his discourse, and beamed paternally upon Celia. She had followed him with the most gratifying attention, but now she said:—

“After all, I don’t see what else the Finns could have done! For, if I understand you, the position of Finland in 1809 was just this: they were no longer part of Sweden, and they did not wish to belong to Russia. Whatever nationality had they, poor souls? At last, I take it, they said to themselves, ‘If we *may* not be Swedes, and we *will* not be Russians, and the name of this country is Finland—why then, we must be *Finns!*’ And Finns, you see, they have become!”

This simple enunciation of a great national problem did not appeal to the Svekoman. “You may set it forth so, if you choose,” said he; “but to us it seems more like two brothers

wrestling to the death in a lonely cabin of the forest—and the wolves waiting outside.” He made a vague gesture eastward, where Russia lies.

We were in the garden by this time, wandering along a low promontory, grown with pine-trees, that jutted out in the Sveaborg direction. Some trees on a little island near its extremity were all smashed and torn. “Look,” said one of the guests, “that’s where the cannon-ball came, in the mutiny at Sveaborg, you know.”

Next day Commander Keith gave us some account of this affair. It happened in July, 1906, and I dare say you remember all about it. So far as I can see, it was a sporadic, not an epidemic revolutionary movement, military and Russian, at first confined to the garrison at Sveaborg. At the time of the rising the Social Democrats were busy about their forthcoming Congress, and quite unprepared. Part of the Socialist “Red Guard,” but only part, entered into the struggle by proclaiming a general strike, which was scarcely carried out at all. Had the mutineers held firm, it is possible that the advanced parties in Finland would have supported them; but they gave way under bombardment, and two of their leaders were executed, together with many of the rank and file.

Some of our relations here speak of this affair with more terror than they do of the Great Strike—perhaps because the centre of disturbance was so near Jussarö. For weeks afterward Russian soldiers overran the island, searching for the mutineers. “I shall never forget,” said one of our young cousins, “how I saw the little, white-jacketed figures break out of the woods and run across the meadow, just like people beagling in England, and then I realized that they were hunting for *men!*”

“One of the mutineers crashed headlong through the garden, ruining my delphiniums,” said Uncle Keith.

“You helped him, of course?” said Celia.

“My dear, he was a malefactor, and we are living under the Russian laws,” replied our uncle, with a law-abiding accent that would not have deceived a dog.

We were all sitting round the swing, not far from the delphiniums in question. A swing is one of the most essential accompaniments of outdoor life in Finland, not only in villagardens, but far away up-country; each of the little hamlets has a huge swing upon the green for the amusement of young and old. Aunt Karin told us something of the life in these remote, lake-side villages, where the visit of the steamer is the great event of the week in summer, where the pastor's house is the one focus of social life for many miles around, and the forest and the lake are with you day and night, night and day, entering into your dreams and your very soul. The folk-songs are always sorrowful, like the voice of the forest, and their joy is brief, with an undertone of passion and sadness. "In the golden midsummer nights you find the young people swinging together, to the sound of old, unhappy tunes, that tell about the briefness of summer and all pleasant things that pass away."

I wish I had come here in June to see "the golden nights." Even in the south, there is, for nearly a month, daylight all night long—a strange, luminous calm, which is, as it were, day without turmoil and night without a thought of death. But midsummer is long past and darkness comes in due time, though the clear northern twilight lasts on and on. We had been out boating and came home late one evening, our sculls dripping silver into the rose-red water, as we pulled past whispering reed-beds, and low cliffs and round grey boulders, always ringed in by the black circle of forest, far and near. Light reflected up the island-banks from the surface of the water, and light radiated up the sky all round the horizon, so that the zenith lay darker above. Sometimes we heard the singing of peasants, harmonious, melancholy, and recurring—"tunes that go on and on for ever, like their own forests," as Commander Keith says.

As we drew near the villa, a girl ran down through the trees to the water's edge and stood there watching for a boat. Poised on a boulder, the little white-clad figure looked most

alien to the forest and the stones and the gathering dusk, as she waited there, her face in shadow, and the buckles on her foolish little shoes gleaming in the reflected light. It was not our boat she was watching for, and we passed on.

So you look northward sometimes, and try and send a winged thought to me? Ah! my dear, it is so far, over cities and mountains and fields and seas. And, far or near, what are we but two shadows reaching hands through the dark? We think and trust we have each other fast, but is it really me you hold, or only your dream of me? Time alone will tell.

RUNEBERG'S STATUE

PILLAR-HIGH in the pleasant garden,
Straight he stands, like a banner furled,
Seer-king and passionless warden
Over a little northern world.

At his feet is a maid, fair-seeming,
Scroll and branch in her carven hand.
What are the words that she ponders, dreaming?
Finland's battle-song "Our Land."

Hurried and weary the pale crowd passes,
Seldom with thoughts of wonder stirred ;
Little time have our hard-worked masses
To follow the wings of a poet's word !

Yet have they given, in fullest measure,
Out of their poverty, famine, fear,
To one who valued their hearts' deep treasure,
Bold and lasting memorial here.

Under the darkened weather, drifting
In from the East, his brazen form
Stands, like a shape from the tomb, uplifting
Shelter and counsel against the storm.

Through him the heroes of ancient story
Hearten their sons to the conflict nigh :
To live and labour for Finland's glory,
In her free service proud to die.

Adapted from the verses of Karl Tavaststjerna.

LETTER III

To Marius Fitzgerald,
The Heights,
Culcherbury.

September, 1908.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,

. . . How exactly like Antony! I can almost see the ill-regulated bows of his red tie quivering as he gave you that message for me. It sounds very fine to say that *he* wants to hear about the People of Finland (with a capital P); and no doubt they are, as he asserts, the most Socialistic Proletariat in Europe; but how am I to tell him about them, when I have hardly been a month in the country, and the two languages they speak are still sealed tongues to me? True, I have begun Swedish, but you know I never was quick at languages, and, so far, when I speak it my interlocutors turn rather pale, and ask me to use German. As for Finnish! —“It is a highly agglutinative speech of Ural-Altai origin, with primordial Mongolian affinities,” and sixteen cases! Both friends and foes acknowledge that it is extremely difficult, since the learner can trace no similarity between the word-forms of Finnish and those of any other European speech. Here, for instance, are the first ten numerals: “Yksi, kaksi, kolme, neljä, viisi, kuusi, seitsemän, kahdeksan, yhdeksän, kymmenen.” But it has three advantages: the grammar is very straightforward, the accent is always on the first syllable, and the spelling is practically phonetic.

The towns of Finland are bi-lingual; the officials in them mostly have three languages, and in Helsingfors they have four. The Southern and Western provinces use both Finnish and Swedish, and the maps conscientiously give the name of

any important towns in both languages ; but all over the rural parts, inland and northward, Finnish alone is spoken. Our island, Jussarö, is bi-lingual, and the household at Himleholm stands for three or four languages. Commander Keith and Aunt Karin speak English, German, or Swedish interchangeably, but they utterly disdain the national tongue. All the servants speak Swedish except the under-gardener, who is a stolid and immovable Finn—Heaven knows how they communicate with him ! Uncle Keith's grandchildren are being brought up as Swedes, but they are obliged to learn Finnish in their school at Helsingfors.

As in Wales, this bi-lingual life sharpens the wits of the people considerably. They are, on the whole, open to ideas and keenly interested in education, and I am told that their elementary schools are the second best in Europe. Switzerland leads in this respect—and where does England stand ? I don't quite know. "What does it matter, my dear ?" says Commander Keith. "English character leads the world, and you can't make *that* with education." To this I meekly assent, but Celia hurriedly girds on the armour of Bernard Shaw and dashes out to do battle with the English character. Now, the Commander likes nothing better than a fight—as Aunt Karin says, it sets him up for the day—so, in far less time than it takes to relate, the *casus belli* has changed from the merits of English character to the demerits of English rule (in Ireland, of course), and there is a fine Anglo-Hibernian fray going on. And patriotism runs all the higher, no doubt, because neither combatant is really English nor really Irish.

There is no school in Jussarö, since the island is mainly a place of summer residence, and the children of the few peasants who spend the winter here must go ski-ing through the snowy woods to a school on the mainland. Attendance is not compulsory, but non-attendance, so they say, is hardly known, for these surprising parents really *want* their children to learn. The school and university terms are well arranged to suit the climate, since all the holidays come in a lump at the brief, best season of the year, between June and October.

Then the children are out every day and all day, doing field-work, gardening, haymaking, cattle-tending, berry-gathering—nothing comes amiss to them. We meet them sometimes, driving the ungainly foxy-coloured cattle through the woodlands, calling stragglers with the “näfverlur,” a curved horn of birch-bark, whose soft, full sound echoes from sun-dappled field and hill. They are hardy little souls, barefooted and scantily clad, with flaxen hair and brown faces, their small, blue eyes twinkling under earnest brows. The type is not beautiful, and they say it does not vary much here in the south-west; certainly all the Finnish peasants I have seen, so far, appear to me rather Mongolian and exactly alike. Old and young have high cheek-bones, broad faces, and strong jaws; they are all fair, all sturdily built, and they completely disdain any saving graces of attire. Children may put on bright colours, but the grown-up people are always dressed in sombre and shapeless clothes, and the women generally wear those very unbecoming white kerchiefs that one sees in Germany sometimes, folded cornerwise over the head and tied under the chin. Some pretty costumes are traditional in the provinces, but the “Pietistic Movement” of the last century did away with most of the gaieties of peasant life, and deepened the prevailing sadness of the national character. Song and dance and merrymaking were all wicked, so was every adornment, even the garb of Aino in the Kalevala, her golden rings, and the scarlet ribbons that bound up her hair.

The remoter peasantry are still profoundly religious—or perhaps “pious” would be a more fitting and Lutheran word. They will go many miles to hear their pastors, rowing over the summer waters in their great church-boats, gathering from the myriad islands of the “skärgård,” and from the lonely farms and hamlets far and near. Aunt Karin was a pastor’s daughter of Rymättylä, in that endless archipelago of the south-western shore, and she tells how her father used to go from isle to isle, holding open-air services in the fair weather, and how strangely the almost passionate melancholy of the Finnish hymns rang out to the cloudless sea and sky.

She has translated for me a passage from Juhani Aho, the leading Finnish novelist, which gives you some idea of how the race has struck root into this land of granite and snow.

. . . "Other peoples have visited our country from time to time, and sought to make their dwellings there, but they have only marched over the moorlands and passed away. Little could the Laplander find to suit him in the soil of Finland, so he turned his sledge and drove back to the northern plains, where the reindeer moss grows wild. The Swedes laid hold of the fruitful coast lands, but, a league or so from the shore, marshes and wilderness met them, so they went no further. As for our friends from the east, they managed to raise cabbages from the ploughed fields, and that was all. . . .

"Like other peoples, the Finns might have sought a land flowing with milk and honey, but something seems always to have drawn them to the poorest country, the most ungrateful soil, swamps, and far wildernesses where the frost never quite yields. They trusted in their own tough sinews, and knew that where the struggle with Nature would have broken another man's back, it only strengthened the Finn. Their swords were axe and spade; with these they won themselves a land which even their conquerors were forced to recognize as the Finn's own. Yes, Finland has been too hard a nut for any nation to crack. Even if we were to offer our country to the stranger, saying, 'Come and take it,' he would be obliged to let it alone." . . .

(Later.)

There is no church in Jussarö, and—more wondrous still—no public-house! Not a sign of one through all the four square miles wherein some hundred families, rich and poor, have their summer dwellings! Think of it, ye happy English villages, where the furthest cottage is scarcely ever more than half a mile away from a pub! And this unnatural state of things does not arise from lack of taste for strong liquors,—rather the contrary, since the Finns used to be a notoriously deep-drinking race. But, as far as I can make out, this hard-headed folk, who might, you would fancy,



A COTTAGE MEAL

FROM A PICTURE BY VENNY SOLDAN BROFELDT

absorb spirits from sundown to sunrise without turning a hair, get drunk with amazing swiftness, and pass, almost without warning, from their usual grave and rather sullen sobriety to a state of raging intoxication, in which they "paint the town red"—too often with the aid of their knives. So, nowadays, Finland presents the rare and curious spectacle of a people aware of their own weakness and striving to amend it. Over all the rural districts there is severe Prohibition; those who really want to get drunk must tramp ten or twenty miles to the nearest town to fetch their material. Commander Keith hints at smuggling and illicit stills in the remoter forest-lands, but, for all that, the will of the majority is clearly towards temperance; not as in—Brobdingnag—where a fiery-eyed minority of abstainers are dragging ineffectively at the coat-tails (and the skirts, alas!) of a beer-sodden majority. So strong indeed is the national trend towards temperance, that a measure for total Prohibition—no less—was introduced early last spring, and passed by the Landtdag with general favour.¹ Should the Senate agree and the Tsar give his consent to the Bill, alcoholic liquors will only be procurable under doctors' orders throughout the whole of Finland! What will the tourists do?

"They need only cross the border into Russian Karelia," says Aunt Karin. "Here the State provides a school for every village; but over there, instead of schools, which only fill the people's heads with disturbing thoughts, the good 'Little Father' has planted a nice, stupefying public-house in every hamlet."

"Karin, you are giving our young cousins a false impression," says the Commander. "They will think we Finns are unfriendly to Russia and disloyal to the Tsar, and you know how far that is from being the case."

Indeed, remembering all that Finland had suffered so lately at the hands of Russia, I was often astonished in 1908 to see how amicably Finns and Russians got on together, particularly in

¹ This Bill was afterwards refused by the Senate, but re-introduced by the Landtdag in the course of the next year, and finally passed by both Houses. Naturally it did not receive the Tsar's assent.

the poorer classes. In the old days, the Russian soldiers of Sveaborg used to be allowed to come and help the peasants with their potato-gathering, harvesting, and so on. "Very good workers they were too," says Uncle Keith. Since "the bad times" this is forbidden; but the simple folk have a kindly feeling for "Brother Mishka" still, and a genuine pity for the half-starved lives and brutal discipline of the Russian soldiery. "Mishka would be as good a fellow as Paavo if he had the chance," so runs the saying.

What I have carelessly called "peasants" are most often yeomen, like the Cumberland dales-folk, farming their own lands. There are not so many here, but up-country they abound, and live in the changeless way of small farmers under a simple civilization, as from time immemorial. The family, and some two servants, a man and a maid, dwell all together beneath the same roof-tree, braving the same hard weather, and the routine of life is not very different from that of Hesiod's *Works and Days* :—

Nor let the bitterest of the season daunt
Thy thrift-armed pains, but with unshaken will
Teach the harsh earth to yield her bounty still.

Labourers dependent on the big farmers or estate-holders are also to be found; "torpare" they call them, and, so far as I can learn, they live in much poverty and discomfort under a semi-feudal system, whose defects they are just beginning to realize. This is a free translation of Commander Keith's statement: "The torpare had hard lives, certainly, but they were used to them, and they got along very well until these Socialistic agitators came and put all sorts of discontented notions into their heads. And now the large estate-holders can hardly get anyone to work for them, for love or money; and if it goes on, people like Baron Kronstjerna, and the Vilmans and such, will really have to sell out and leave the country, and *then* what will the torpare do?"

Doesn't it sound familiar?

But you would have to travel a long way from this residential

island to find torpare. There is not even a regular village here, only a few wooden houses round some farm-lands in the centre of Jussarö, and some scattered cottages along the inlets. The formula, so to speak, for a peasant's house in all the more civilized parts of Finland is the same: a teacaddy-shaped wooden box, coloured warm red, the framework, door, and windows outlined in white, and the roof generally black. But away in the forest and far inland, "på utmarkerna," the whole building is of rough, dark wood, unhewn and unstained. Few cottages anywhere contain more than two rooms, a front and a back, while in the great workmen's flats in Helsingfors many well-to-do artisan families live in one room only. Health suffers and infant mortality is high, but they tell me that there is a primitive simplicity and purity of manners which has kept the townsfolk so far from the worst ills of overcrowding.

None of the cottages have any flower-gardens, and even the farm-houses and smaller summer residences are gardenless, for the owners like to feel that the forest comes right up to their doors. Sometimes we see the family washing in progress over an open fire, by the lake-side. Winter or summer this is an outdoor job, and in the hard season the peasant-women sometimes build their fires right on the frozen lake, beside a hole which is kept open for them by daily chopping. What a bitter business!

One day, when Celia was out, the children took me to call on a former nurse, now married and settled in Jussarö. Sanna Mornen was a person of interest, for, though she inhabited the usual red and white cottage, and went barefoot peasant-fashion, her niece had married into the best society of Helsingfors. Maikki Moisoio was a clever girl who worked her way from the elementary school right up to the University, by that ladder of State aid which does, not only theoretically but in actual fact, set open nearly all careers to a clever boy or girl. She wore the little white student's cap with its golden lyre so gracefully that she won the heart of Senator Ilmarila's son, and gave up her intended profession to marry him. Now Senator Ilmarila was, I understand, something like Prime

Minister a few years ago, so this constituted a social rise for Maikki Moisoio, which would have caused great rejoicings to her relations and friends had they lived in a more sophisticated land. But I am told that most of them shook their heads, and said she was throwing away her talents and independence to lead a "mondän" (i.e. worldly) life. However, she has lately regained their approval by coming forward as the editor of a flourishing weekly paper of feminist tendencies.

Sanna greeted the children in Swedish, and made us welcome to her little home. The living-room had walls and floor of bare stained wood, and was furnished with a stove, a rocking-chair, a table or two, and some plants. There was also a beautifully carved cupboard, and several strange little wooden beds, so made that the head and foot could be pushed close together during the daytime, until the whole concern took no more room than so many arm-chairs. Strips of narrow woven stuff, like stair-carpet, were laid across the floor, and on a small loom by the window was a piece of delicately patterned material in the making. In the outer room was the telephone plant, for Sanna Mornen's cottage was the central office of Jussarö, and every house on the island, large or small, rich or poor, was in telephonic communication with it and thence to Helsingfors. Sanna was a stout, pleasant-looking woman, clad in the usual loose, dark bodice and skirt and folded kerchief, having her feet bare. She was proud and fond of her telephone. "Oh yes, it is so convenient," she said (the children translating). "Last week I saw from my window how the elks had got into Herttonen's meadow yonder, and all the neighbours were away towards Djürvik, and I may not leave my instrument. So I just ring up Åkerhjelm, you see, who is nearest, and he sends to drive the great beasts away."

"Real *elks*?" said I.

—But Antony's desire for solid information has now been sufficiently gratified, so we'll postpone the zoology of Finland and gossip awhile about Helsingfors.

We have been several times into the town since I came.

Little steamers ply back and forth every two hours or so, and the half-hour's voyage is very pretty. I think I described it all to you in my first letter, but it has many changing incidents. The timber-boats are beginning to load now—great barge-like vessels with a dull-green line round them, piled almost to sinking-point with the yellow planks, and sometimes hoisting glorious red-brown sails. Closer in, you may see a white Russian warship in dock, completely filling up a little fir-grown bay; then come craft of all sorts, for the Finns are a very nation of waterfarers, at home on river, lake, or sea. White-winged yachts, nondescript coasting-vessels, steamers large and small, row-boats for the market bobbing up and down under the guidance of stout, bare-armed girls, and canoes slipping through the harbour traffic—a world of sea-going business in the clear autumn sunshine and the brisk air.

There are two main harbours, Norra and Södra Hamn, divided by "Skatudden," an island connected with the rest of the town by bridge. Here stands the Russian Church, whose white roof and gilded cupolas have a barbaric effect against the background of fine modern buildings that cover the island. These are in two styles, and Myntgatan, a broad street of flat-dwellings near the church and the National Mint, is a good example of the first of these. It contains large, grave, well-proportioned buildings of grey stone, six or seven stories high, designed in a sort of Georgian manner, with subdued classical decorations. About two-thirds of Helsingfors is built in this style, which pleases me for its general air of space, dignity, and restfulness. It looks well enough in this bright weather, but Celia maintains that, like the adaptations of classic form in England, it demands a fairer climate, and will be tomb-like and depressing on inclement days. Her heart goes out to the other style, the architecture of the last ten years, with which the rest of Skatudden is covered, and she delights in the originality, the almost freakish individualism of these new manifestations of Finnish genius. How shall I describe them? They are, primarily, granite castles adapted to modern city purposes, large and lofty blocks of dwelling-houses, presenting

a general unity of design with wonderful variety of detail. The sky-line is broken by towers, minarets, and gables, and each street-corner is differentiated from the other by some ingenious device. They are well suited to the climate, for their thick walls, broad, deep archways and mighty curves give a fine effect of warmth and security, but there is a mingling of quaintness in their solidity that is disturbing almost—and indescribable. Do not imagine that they have anything in common with the gingerbread fantasy of the Russian church : a whole civilization lies between it and them. They are not Gothic, nor Greek, nor Renaissance, nor Moorish, nor anything that may be classified, but they remind one elusively of Herkomer's German Castle at Bushey, of many designs in the *Studio*, and of the ruined palaces of Assyria—in a word, they are the New Finnish Architecture, a stumbling-block to those of conservative mind. There is plenty of colour and variety in their tiled roofs overhanging rough granite walls, the gaily-painted doors and window-frames, the unexpected balconies, and the wonderful plaster decorations. Here, above a portico, is a procession of swans, here is a bear's head or an owl supporting a cornice, here a monster of Japanese origin. Such as they are, these houses give me a rather terrified pleasure, and I could not yet "unstate myself to be in a due resolution" concerning the Finnish style ; but Celia enthusiastically declares it to be "the spirit of the Finnish people made manifest, their granite resolution, their lyric originality, and their indomitable will-to-progress !" Whereat Commander Keith, in some natural exasperation, says, "It is a petrified epidemic of madness, my dear, no more."

The day was still before us, and we were driven the round of Helsingfors. It was not a very long business, for the capital of Finland does not cover quite so much ground as Brighton, and its flat-dwelling population are packed far tighter. We sped along broad, rectangular streets, models of town-planning, through little parks surrounded with villas and gardens, past glimpses of harbour and bay. Here and there, in the midst of houses, we come upon open, stony



THE FINNISH NATIONAL THEATRE



MODERN HELSINGFORS: A VIEW OF MIKONKATU

spaces, hillocks of granite not yet enclosed for building. "That's our house-material," said Aunt Karin, "and there is really no end to it, for all Helsingfors is built upon a rock. No wonder rents are so high, when great masses of rock like that have to be blasted away to set the foundations of every fresh house."

There is yet another type of architecture, besides the two styles of Skatudden, to be found in Helsingfors. The oldest houses are made of wood—long, low structures of weather-boarding painted in light colours: comfortable certainly, but having neither interest, dignity, nor even age, for the greater part of the ancient wooden city was burnt to the ground in 1808. At that time Åbo, on the south-western coast, was still the capital of Finland; but the Russian conquerors were naturally anxious that the chief city of their new territory should not lie so near to Sweden, and Helsingfors with its noble harbour, protected by the fortress of Sveaborg, offered a promising site. So the disastrous fire of 1808 was turned to national advantage, and the new town of Helsingfors, which sprang up shortly after the war, was very finely and freely planned under the direction of Finland's Christopher Wren, Karl Ludwig Engel.

He lived from 1778 to 1840, and his genius has given a harmony and dignity to the older parts of Helsingfors which many larger cities might envy. The chief buildings, such as the Lutheran Cathedral of St. Nicholas, the University, the Library, and the Senate, are of his designing, all built in that grave, well-balanced, rather classic manner of the Myntgatan houses which I first tried to describe to you. We may fairly call it the "Swedish style" I think, although Engel was born a German, since they tell me that it reminds one of Stockholm, and it belongs to a period when Swedish art and Swedish ideals were still predominant in Finnish culture. Engel's most important work is all grouped in and about the Senate Square, a fine open space dominated by the pillared and classic building of the St. Nicholas Cathedral at the top of an enormous flight of steps. Two other sides of the Square

are formed by the University halls and the Senate, and in the centre is a monument to Alexander II, who granted the Constitution to Finland in 1864.

Not far off, in the Railway Place, is a sharply contrasting piece of work, the New Theatre, designed by Törnquist (Tarjanne). This is in Finnish style, like the Skatudden buildings; and it is the *national* theatre *par excellence*, devoted to the production of original native plays, and of translations and adaptations of general European drama in Finnish. (There must be something of the catholicity of youth about this people's choice of plays, for one of the cousins told me that last winter's repertory included versions of the *Alcestis*, *Phèdre*, *L'Avare*, the *Wild Duck*, and *Candida*.) Two magnificent doors of mahogany, with raised designs in bronze, give access to the University and the large central hall, where all important public functions take place. This is an unfortunately-shaped room, obviously designed to be a rotunda of noble proportions, twice the present size. Tradition says that when the plans for the hall were submitted to the Tsar, he observed, "This room is too large—they will be holding revolutions in it," and neatly ruled off half the intended circle. A curse of incompleteness hangs about the hall, for Edelfelt set out to adorn it with a fine series of historical frescoes, but died suddenly in 1904 and left them unfinished.

Almost opposite to this is the Athenæum picture-gallery, a sober, graceful building in the Swedish manner, designed by one of the followers of Engel. Engel's influence is also to be traced in the Archives House, the Students' Assembly Hall, the Fire Tower, and nearly all the important buildings designed before 1880. From then onwards the Finnish style predominates, and the originality of it is particularly startling when applied to commercial buildings. Yet why, after all, should not banks, offices, and even shops be works of individuality and art? Such are certainly the Pohjola Insurance Office, the Nordiska Bank, the "F.Å.A." (which is the Finland Steamship Company's office), and several others. But now and then the originality of the architect seems a

little at variance with the commercial ends of the building. For example, the broad, heavy arches of Pohjola's entrance are supported by two evil-faced giant heads, and the interior is carried out in the same spirit—appropriately enough when one remembers that Pohjola is that “misty land of the north” which plays so large a part in the *Kalevala*—“a place of monsters and enchantments”; but one feels that a more friendly and engaging type of decoration would suit better the idea of an insurance office. Similarly, the hall of the Nordiska Bank, with its squat, bulky pillars, heavy capitals, and hieroglyphic decorations, has a bizarre and disturbing effect upon a foreign client, for one does not associate banking with ancient Egypt, in spite of the firm of Egibi and Son, Babylon, 700 B.C. The spirit of association should not be overlooked in architecture, or it will revenge itself. For instance, everyone dimly feels that there is something wrong about a new Wesleyan Methodist Church built in Gothic style.

We concluded our survey of the town by climbing up the Fire Tower. This is a very high look-out station, from which fires may be sighted in any quarter of Helsingfors, and the view from it gives you a clearer impression of the city and its position than many a map. To the south and east lies Kronbergsfärden, the magnificent harbour, large enough to hold all the Dreadnoughts of the world, but only accessible by a few narrow passages in the chain of rocky islands which encloses the bay. Northward is Gammelstadsfjärden, at one end of which lies the tiny village of Gammelstad, “the old town,” where Helsingfors formerly stood. There was no hint of a city there till 1550, when Gustavus Vasa, having finally driven out the Danes, resolved to found a trading-station in that spot, and Swedish colonists from Helsingland gave their name to the settlement. However, it proved too remote for convenience, and about a hundred years after Helsingfors was removed to its present site. The name is, you see, entirely Swedish, but in the Finnish it becomes “Helsinki,” and thereby hangs a tale. You know that nearly all the towns have a Swedish and a Finnish name, and the

street names are usually put up in both languages. You have done similarly in Dublin, with Gaelic and English, have you not? But here in Helsingfors we are obliged to have *three* street labels—Finnish, Swedish, and Russian.

And so just lately, Celia thought to pay a delicate compliment to the national spirit by directing that her letters, which are forwarded on to the island from the Keiths' town-house, should be addressed in Finnish thus:—

Rahapajakatu 12,	instead of in Swedish:—
Helsinki,	
Suomi,	Myntgatan 12,
	Helsingfors,
	Finland.

Now our experience with the Svekoman Senator really should have taught us to leave national feelings alone. Commander Keith's patriotism, as you know, is rooted overseas; he is first and foremost British, but in home politics he follows the natural trend of his race and breeding, and is unshakably Swedish-Finn, so that foreign mails arriving at his house in such a "Fennoman" guise were as obnoxious to him as perhaps letters directed "c/o Comrade Lord Rosebery" would be at Mentmore—and Celia hastily bade her correspondents desist.

But I am wandering from the Fire Tower. Below and all around us lay the little city, its political problems, striving nationalities, and warring styles of architecture peacefully merged together in the map-like neatness and brightness of red and grey roofs and white streets. Only three distinct features rose out of the whole—the dome of the Nicholas Cathedral, the twin spires of that weird Gothic-Lutheran Church in Högsberggatan, and the growing walls and scaffolding of the new National Museum in Hagasund, on the edge of the country. Beyond were shining inlets of water, islands, and meadows, and on the north and east a dark, unbroken crescent of forest-land, as far as the eye could see.

We lunched, or dined, at the national hour of four o'clock in the Kapellet, a gay little open-air restaurant near the market-square at the end of the Esplanade. Esplanadgatan is a fine wide street, with a public garden running the whole length of it, and here, among the trees and flower-beds, the statue of Runeberg, Finland's famous poet, looks down, with a rather too classical expression of blandness, upon his countrymen. Finn and Swede unite in praise of him, and on Runeberg Day—the anniversary of his birth in 1804—his monument is heaped with wreaths and flowers. He was—

—But doubtless you know as much about Runeberg as the most learned Irishman need, and I cannot give you any first-hand view of his writings yet, so let him pass for the present. Celia is a trifle irritated at the number of busts of Runeberg she had already seen, and her comments remind me of your little Deirdre, when the child halted before the portrait of a worthy elderly relative who was expected on a visit, and said, "I feel in my bones that I shall not be able to appreciate Uncle John."

We sat and listened to some admirable music, and watched the people pass by. Alas! the beauty and dignity of the town does not extend to its inhabitants! My cousins try to modify this unfavourable æsthetic impression by assuring me that these are only country-people and strangers to the city, for the summer still lingers, and Helsingfors society has not yet returned. They bid me notice the prevalence of two very distinct race-types, Swede and Finn, though these are so crossed and intermingled that it is rare to see a whole set of features definitely belonging to one race or the other. The normal Swedish woman here seems to be of medium height, not slender, with good but rather impassive features, large light eyes, and glorious quantities of fair hair. Her complexion is often beautifully pink and white, little affected by the summer, while the Finn is nearly always sunburnt or pale. For the typical Finn, that euphemistic phrase "not slender" must bear a far more weighty interpretation. The features are generally, to a foreigner's eye, strikingly Mongolian, like

those of the peasant children on the island, but relieved with fine broad foreheads and an expression of great earnestness. It is curious to think that in spite of their light colour and blue eyes this people, who are so near to us in civilization and ideals of progress, are really of Turki or Mongolic origin, and far more remote ethnologically than Bulgarians or Serbs. Shall I ever get to know any of them really closely, do you think? or is a sense of the race-barrier bound to intervene?

At present, perhaps, my sisterly sympathy is rather hindered by their views on dress. All those little aids to grace, which mean neither folly nor expenditure but merely awakened æsthetic intelligence, are not so much ignored as condemned by the advanced female Finn. Bright touches that would relieve their monotonous colouring, the softening curves of a hat-brim and loosened hair, long, simple dress-lines to help a stumpy figure, and some indication of a waist where our conventional eyes expect a waist to be—all these are considered “mondän,” a squandering of skill and time, and a distraction from the serious business of life. So the young citizen, who is taught the full value of Beauty and Individuality in the architecture that surrounds him, and in the appointments of school and University, must learn, I suppose, simply to overlook his fellow-creatures, or to regard them as obscure and rather shapeless incidents of the scene? I wonder if he does?

“I should like,” said Celia pensively, “to see just *one* pretty girl before we go home.”

“Look in the glass, my dear,” said Commander Keith.

Celia's praise of modern Finnish architecture, and her general ardour for all things Finn, had tried him severely, for he holds that *nil admirari* is the only becoming attitude for a citizen of the British Empire. But he forgave her, because she looked so very un-Finnish just then, her black hair crowned by a thoroughly mondän and flowery structure, and her lovely Irish colouring set off by a white feathered wrap.

“This Norra Esplanadgatan is *the* fashionable resort of

Helsingfors," said one of our half-English cousins; "but it is quite deserted now. You should see it on a winter holiday! Then it is simply black with Finnish students—dear, dowdy young things in long coats and large, soft, felt hats, looking something like English dissenting deacons, who walk up and down for hours, and fancy they are seeing life!"

"Dowdy they may be," said another cousin, "but the Finnish student of to-day has had a fair chance of seeing life! Six years of Russian oppression and underground politics, then the Great Strike and two years of the most democratic government the world has yet beheld, carried on under circumstances like—well—like Brook Farm, on the slopes of an active volcano, perhaps! No, our young people have had their share of experience lately."

"Oh, but they're so stolid——"

"So people say, but what is the real test of stolidity, I wonder? Now take a new Idea, any nice, crisp, fresh, rather startling Idea, and confront an average English University lad and a Finnish student with the same. 'Which of the two will react most swiftly to the stimulus of the Idea?' as Professor Weilin says; which is more likely to be interested and influenced by the new thought?"

"An Englishman's *mind* is his castle!" cried Celia, "and the drawbridge is generally up. Oh, how long it takes to waken the warder sometimes! The Idea is old and tottering before parley is over and admittance gained."

"I think, my dear, you can see the Governor-General's palace from this point," said Aunt Karin, hastily (for the Commander was beginning to take a very warlike interest in this conversation). "Many and many a time have I danced there! But that was in the old days when Helsingfors was a gay city! Times are changed, and you young people are all so serious now."

And the little lady took up again the pleasant chronicle, interwoven with regret, of the days that are gone. She was married and settled in Helsingfors about 1860, when the steady development of the country's resources and the growth of

education had brought about a period of ease and prosperity. With the pleasure-loving Russians on the one hand, and the cheerful Swedes on the other, Finland's native Puritanism was whirled out of sight, in Helsingfors, in a round of festivities for old and young. Sledge-bells tinkled along the snowy streets, quaint lanterns at the end of long poles were in requisition to light the way across the courtyards of the big houses, and many a girl

Danced the winter evening through,
Till the sole fell from her shoe,

in the warm, bright rooms within. It must have been a friendly little society, for nearly all the distinguished families of Finland were related, gay with inexpensive titles, and composed, for the most part, of admirable dancers, and musicians too. But there were no emancipated, self-supporting women then! Aunt Karin gently acknowledged the superiority of the present time in this and other respects, she even paid tribute to the many tempestuous and crowding talents of the day, yet the burden of her thought was still—"The kindly grace of yester-year."

Then, as we wandered back to the Jussarö steamer in the evening glow, our most Finnish cousin took up the tale. He described the achievements of Finland's modern sons and daughters, their political enterprise, that interest in things intellectual which is to be found even amongst the poorest, and, above all, the national eagerness to live in and learn of To-Day! "We may be poor and clumsy barbarians, but we do recognize that a leaf has been turned over in the History of the World. And we think that Suomi will not come last among these countries—the poor and oppressed ones, mostly—that are learning how to revive the true Spirit of Nationalism."

"What *is* Nationalism?" said jesting Arvid, and would not stay for an answer.

But Erkki Axelsson had found a congenial listener in Celia, who questioned and responded and admired. So they continued discoursing of what you call the Larger Politics, and of Progress, and of that mingled enthusiasm for the race and the

future which bears the name of Patriotism, but may be of wider significance still. Some people think—do they not?—that devotion to one's country may acquire the power of a religion over the lives and consciences of many, and that we shall one day bring to the question of our collective national salvation the burning interest which we had in the saving of our individual souls.

The young people talked; it was like strophe and anti-strophe of the ode upon the Days to Come which I shall write sometime. And behind them followed the old people, who had been enthusiasts once, after their own manner, and thought the world went very well then.

See, on the cumbered plain
Clearing a stage,
Scattering the past about,
Comes the New Age!
Bards make new poems,
Thinkers new schools,
Statesmen new systems,
Critics new rules.

Sculptors like Phidias,
Raphaels in shoals,
Poets like Shakespere—
Beautiful souls!
Is not, on cheeks like these,
Heavenly the flush?
Ah! so the silence was,
So was the hush!

Very sincerely your Pupil,

ROSALIND TRAVERS.

THE GREEN GATE

Is it summer now at home?

Oh! that I were there to see!

Passing through the old green gate

Underneath the rowan tree.

Red and gold the berries fell ;

Red and gold, the afterglow

Pleased a lonely, happy child,

While the gate swung too and fro.

Swinging out, a ship of dreams

Sailing through the arch of heaven ;

Swinging back, with rainbow gold

Laden to the brim at even.

Summer waned and winter fled ;

Little grief my boyhood knew

Till the gate was opened wide,

Till they bore my father through.

Fitfully the passing-bell

Sounded, in the rainy wind ;

Then I took a wanderer's staff,

Left the empty home behind.

Cities have I seen, and men :
Mountain towers, and golden shore—
I would give them all, to stand
By the swinging gate once more !

Where the forest round the fields
Murmurs, like an endless sea ;
Where I gathered red and gold
Underneath the rowan tree.

Adapted from Larin' Kyösti.

LETTER IV

To Francis Clare, in the Tyrol

September 1st, 1908.

AND now, after nearly a month of white-frock weather, as the girls call it, we have had rain. Two days of a fine, straight, silver fall, which made the branches of spruce-fir and all the lighter undergrowth look unexpectedly beautiful, outlined in white water-drops against a grey sky. Then the season began to slip rapidly towards winter, and every day made the downward progress of a week in England. But there have been lovely moments, half-days, hours of sunlight, when the air has the freshness of running water, and all the world seems to be making the best of each minute before the winter comes. On such a day we went for a long voyage among the islands, passing headland after headland and bay after bay, all very much alike, yet never monotonous. Sometimes the forest came down to the brim of the lake, sometimes there were long reed-inlets, and marsh-meadows, already taking a pale russet colour; sometimes rounded slopes of granite and little cliffs rose straight from the pale, bright flood. Five or six feet up there was generally a rusty stain marking the ancient level of the waning tide, for all this coast is slowly and surely rising from the sea. Piloting therefore becomes a very living and important science, for not only currents, but rocks, shoals, and passages perpetually change, while the value of land-inheritances may be a good deal altered when, as sometimes happens, pleasant lakes are gradually turned to marsh, and new foreshores appear.

We were travelling in a Finnish canoe with Arvid, who is a

skilled boatman, having learned the trade as “stock-flötare,” or lumberman, guiding log-rafts down the wild rivers of Northern Finland. It was an unusual training for the heir of one of the richest bourgeois families in Helsingfors, but Arvid chose to spend his wander-year in the remote wildernesses of his own country and Finmark and Lapland rather than, as Commander Keith had designed, in an enlightened survey of the British Empire.

So he is a shy and taciturn but extremely national Finn—a very mine of information about Finland, I am sure, but a mine which neither Celia nor I have yet managed to work.

Under his guidance we presently grounded upon the shores of a delightful place, a long, narrow sand-ridge, crested with pines, which headed out for a mile or more between grey-blue waters to the open sea. On the landward side were the usual brown reed-beds and very quiet waters, but all tangled with seaweed, which brought the fresh scent of ocean, and a wrong train of thought, so to speak, into this lakeland-seeming corner—and yet, you know, as I reminded myself again and again, it *is sea*. Pine woods and sand were quite a pleasant change after spruce-firs and granite; but you, among the mingled glories of Immerbrucken park-lands and rugged mountain scenery, will only laugh at our simple joys, will you not? . . . Then we put to sea again, and the bays and islands grew reedless and meadowless and more and more stony. There were no signs of habitation along the shores, only occasional white-painted wooden structures, about the size and make of a suburban arbour, to give warning of dangerous channels, and the usual white poles to mark the only safe track between hidden reefs. There were dozens of islands, large and small and tiny, some hardly bigger than the front lawn of a villa, with one wizen fir tree in a waste of stone, some large enough for an amateur Robinson Crusoe, scantily furnished with woodlands and grass. So we all claimed islands, and when no one was looking I privately chose two, the largest and most beautiful one of all—for whom?—and a smaller not too far away. Very lone and happy the islands twain looked, as we left them,



THE FORGING OF THE SAMPO

FROM A PICTURE BY AXEL GALLEN

down a shining water-path of sun-tipped waves. Coming back, we saw the mirage : trees, islets, and headlands hanging suspended in the air a little above the horizon—an autumn sign.

You say that just now we have the same elements of scenery, you and I ; but has your autumn colour begun yet ? Here all the undergrowth is turning rosy or pale gold ; the cranberries with their russet leaves and little scarlet fruit, the yellowing bracken, the elder bushes, the tiny birches and rowan trees that seem to spring out of the very boulders—they are all bright in amber or russet, or orange flecked with brown. And have you anything like our rain-fed mosses ? Wandering through the woods you are given a forest overhead, and a far lovelier tiny forest underfoot. Pale greenish grey, they cluster over the grey and rose-tinted boulders ; they are ruddy-tipped in some places, deeply, marvellously green in others, seaweed-like, fronded, feathery, cup-formed, trumpet-shaped, or absolute trees in miniature. Then there will be little clear pools in the stones, and roots of faint pink heather, and perhaps a belated willow-herb in spikes of rose-coloured bloom. About the hillocks of piled boulders there are generally rings of grassy swamp, and in this sapling alders and birch trees are growing up, very clean and straight in their silver and gold. The wind freshens, the little trees sway and flutter, their shadows dance over the green grass, and down a long clearing in the pine wood you see the blue waters dancing too. It cannot be autumn yet ! . . . But you would be sad because the woods are so silent, and the distance is sharply cut in grey or green or forest darkness—nothing like our kindly English hazes of purple-blue. Yet there are times when a pale sun-suffused mist hangs over the water, and we do not see Helsingfors at all : we only hear the deep, barbaric clanging of Russian bells. Alas ! for all her cheery modern look, the little city and her clever new people will have to fight the course with Tragedy before long, I fear.

I had just written so far when Celia burst into the room more violently than that usually graceful person is wont to do.

“Tell me,” she said, “do I look as if I were subject to monstrous delusions?”

“Not monstrous ones, certainly,” said I. “But what’s the matter?”

“Well, you know I went out for a stroll, and, after my manner, I soon left the track and wandered across the woods. I was climbing down one of those perpetual hillocks of grey boulders, in a rather dry spot, where the moss on the stones was a sort of weary brown, like some old animal’s hide, and, just as I swung myself to the ground, one of the boulders slowly turned its head and looked at me! I found myself gaping into a long, melancholy, horse-like face, crowned with huge antlers—and oh! the prehistoric remoteness of the speculation within that languid eye! He was so calm, and I so startled, that I said, ‘I beg your pardon’—yes, indeed I did! I heard myself saying it, as I backed hurriedly away. But the creature raised himself slowly on four deer-like legs, till he stood rather higher than a horse, and began to follow me. No, I didn’t run—there was such an air of dignity and inevitableness about him that I felt it would be no use. I merely walked rather fast towards the road again, and when we reached it he elected to step quietly alongside of me. He was like a vast deer with a shaggy, brown fell; his back sloped downward from the shoulders to a pair of quite inadequate-looking hind-legs, and his neck and head were bowed down with the weight of his antlers. So we proceeded together towards Nybacka village, I getting more accustomed to him, but wondering all the while if he was real or a delusion—I’m not sure yet! Presently we came to the telephone-office—I’ve never been there before, you know, but I saw the wires connecting with the little wooden cottage, and so I made a bolt for it, leaving my companion surprised and a trifle pained. A dear, stout thing, who must have been Sanna, received me into her motherly arms, but as she could only speak Swedish, I got sympathy from her, but no enlightenment. Then she went to the telephone, and the creature looked thoughtfully in at the window. Two little barefoot girls came running out and

saying, 'Shoo!' or some Finnish words to that effect; they drove him away—and really by this time I felt quite sorry for him—his back view looked so misunderstood."

"But what *was* he?"

"How can I tell? You're the only English-speaking person I've met since. Somehow, I managed to prevent Sanna from telephoning to Cousin Arvid to come and fetch me, and I pretended to be quite reassured; but all the same, I did not loiter on the way back."

Not to make a long story, this mysterious creature proved to be an elk. There are not very many left now in Finland, and these are strictly preserved by the State, and allowed to roam wild all over the country, so that, like the fairy hind in Thomas the Rhymer, they sometimes

Come stepping along with lifted head
Into the village street.

They find their sustenance in the woods, and only occasionally make excursions into the crops, the State giving compensation for their damages. Like many enormous beasts, they are very gentle in disposition, and take a mild interest in human beings. You may, if you are so hard-hearted, shoot them during one week of the year, but even for this you must obtain an expensive State permit. The Encyclopædia says, in a circumlocutory manner, that they may be trained to draw sledges, but they have not much staying power.

(Thursday.)

Is it not time you received some more political information? A visitor who came to lunch yesterday took up our instruction in Finnish history much where the Svekoman Senator left off. To be sure, she darkened counsel somewhat, for she belonged to a very different party—that of the Young Finns; but she was a Member of Parliament—yea, a female M.P.—and so we listened to her with reverence. She was a bright little lady, with a crop of curly grey hair and brown eyes—almost the first dark-eyed native of Finland we have seen. Stout she was, of course, but she bore her little roundabout figure briskly

along, plainly dressed in green cloth. She would have been at once a comparison and a contrast to your Austrian baroness—that diminutive female Pooh-Bah—for, like her, our Finnish friend tempered importance with sprightliness; but she had no time for moments of pomposity, or for garments of embroidered black satin. She conversed with us in very good English, helping herself out with occasional French phrases when she could not find the telling English word quickly enough.

The Senator, you remember, told us how the modern Finnish people and their language had developed, during the last century, out of the Swedish-speaking inhabitants of Finland. Hilja Raunio, our new friend, bade us notice that when we had set aside the present Swedish element (about one-eighth of the population) we should still find two different types in the almost purely Finnish remainder—Tavastians and Karelians—Finns of the west and Finns of the east. The peasantry of this district (Nyland) and all up the Baltic coast are generally Tavastians, a small, fair-haired, blue-eyed people of Mongolian features, whose appearance and characteristics I have tried to describe to you. The Karelians belong to the inland country eastward and along the Russian border; they are usually brown-haired, brown-eyed, and rather more comely of feature than the Tavastians. They have achieved distinction with their lyric and musical gifts. Being livelier, easier to rouse, and more forthcoming than the Tavastians, they are thought to be the result of some early crossing of a Slav race with the original “Suomalaiset,” the people of the lakes. As you will guess, Hilja Raunio was a Karelian, and, according to her, the infusion of Russian blood, naturally following on the conquest and occupation of 1808-9, has stood the Finns in good stead. “*Cela servait à les dégourdir,*” says she. Somebody once observed that the Russian Slav is more human than any other human being; and certainly that gentleness, tolerance, and perhaps flexibility of principle which is said to characterize them would mingle advantageously with the latent sullenness, the rather

narrow virtues and the Puritanism of the Finns. But this amalgamation, so far as it went, must have been unconscious, for the chief result of Russian rule in Finland was the development of the true Finnish nationality. What a paradox it sounds!

From 1816 to 1864 Finland was governed by a Ruling Council or Imperial Senate, generally chosen from the leading Finns. Alexander I, in a proclamation of the former year, made it evident that he wished to establish the Finnish people upon an individual political basis, so that they might feel themselves not conquered by Russia, but united with her for their own permanent benefit. His intentions were unfulfilled until 1864, when Alexander II conferred a Constitution upon the Grand Duchy, and this Constitution was a very pretty little affair, within its bounds. The Senate, a co-opted and nominated body, remained, while the country was directly represented by the "Four Estates"—Nobles, Clergy, Burgesses, and Peasantry—elected upon a limited suffrage, with a property qualification for burgesses and for peasants. The remaining two Estates elected members for their representative houses out of their own bodies, so to speak; that is, all persons of family had a vote for the House of Nobles, and all schoolmasters, doctors of learning, professors, and pastors could elect members to the House of Clergy. Of these Four Estates, though each constituted a separate Assembly, the Nobles alone enjoyed a Parliamentary Chamber to themselves—the Riddarehuset, or Knights' House. The Fourth Estate represented the Bänder, or well-to-do yeomen, rather than the actual peasantry, and the House of Clergy had a wider significance than its name implied, for it stood for scholarship and education, while at one time it claimed the great and respectable poet Runeberg as a member. Having thus attained her political majority, as it were, Finland entered on a period of untroubled advancement and self-culture which lasted for some thirty years.

There are times, are there not? in the histories of the smaller nations, at least, when all the forces of social and

political life seem for one brief moment to be working together for good. By Hilja Raunio's account, it would seem that Finland enjoyed some such passing golden days during these thirty years. The conflicting ideals of Swede and Finns worked side by side in healthy rivalry, and all the Four Estates, penetrated with a spirit of enlightened liberalism and true nationality, joined in common labour for their country's welfare. A new element now appeared in the general life. Women of the leisured classes were no longer willing to live at home in dependence upon their men-folk; it became the fashion for girls of every degree to earn their own livings and to be started in the professions as their brothers were. Trade and commercial prosperity increased with the growth of education, and even the country people showed a power of collective action in their co-operative dairies and other undertakings which promised well for the Socialism of the future. "And yet," said Hilja Raunio, "so late as 1894, Feminism, Socialism, and many other 'isms' of that nature received what you call the cold shoulder from the majority of us in Finland, and our very powerful Social Democratic Party did not exist under that name until 1903."

Meantime Russia was regarding Finland's growth in nationality and importance with no friendly eye. Yet her "Fennoman" development was in one sense advantageous to Russia, for it placed a daily increasing barrier against any chance that Finland might seek to return to a Swedish alliance; but so little did the Russian Government understand Finnish matters that, even in 1899, M. de Witte expressed some fear on this head—a fear that was fifty years out-of-date.

On the other hand, the existence of a free and prosperous country (whose tendencies were increasingly independent and progressive) within the Tsar's dominions was a natural menace to the reactionary bureaucracy of Russia. Perhaps, also, the friends of Russian progress pointed the moral of Finland's freedom and prosperity a little too often and too loudly. Tolstoy said on one occasion that the Tsar's Government ought, instead of seeking to reduce Finland to the same

grade as Russia, to try and level up Russia to the standard of Finland. (Have you ever noticed how absolutely impossible it is for Progressives to realize the point of view of Reactionaries? They always believe that the latter privately *know*, in their heart of hearts or in their better mind, that the tenets of the Progressives are right!) Imagine if some portion of the United Kingdom prospered exceedingly—far beyond the rest—upon a basis of serfdom and autocratic rule, you can then enter into the feelings of the Russian Government towards Finland in the early nineties! Anyhow, the autonomy of that little country—only six hours from St. Petersburg—was a constant source of nightmare to them, and they had simply no conception of the warm spirit of personal loyalty to the Tsars which then animated the Finns. “And so, with the accession of Nicholas II, the screw began to tighten upon us. There had always been a little Press censorship, but it used to be an *affaire pour rire*, merely keeping up a proper interest in defended works. Now it became a very serious matter, and the rights of the Press, of free speech, and of public meeting were most sharply restricted.” The question of compulsory military service was again raised, and this, and other matters vital to Finland’s welfare, were placed in the hands of a committee, whose list included the since notorious names of Pobedonostseff, Muravieff, and Bobrikoff. In February, 1899, the Constitution of Finland was suspended by Imperial manifesto, and full powers of dictatorship were entrusted to Governor-General Bobrikoff.

Then began the dark and confused era of “the bad times.” At first the Finns hardly realized the far-reaching nature of their calamities, and spent a great deal of energy in getting up a huge national petition to the Tsar—“which was useless, as it deserved to be. For you see, we had not learnt our constitutional lesson yet,—that, when a people’s rights are seized from them, it is they alone—the people—who can take them back.”

Finland was overrun with spies, agent-provocateurs, and other official vermin; State posts were everywhere filled with

Russians, and Russian influence began to penetrate into the schools. The Finnish army was disbanded, and the barracks in Helsingfors and other cities filled with Russian soldiers and Cossacks. Military rule prevailed, with house-searching, illegal arrests, and all such inevitable circumstances of law and order within the realms of the Tsar.

It was, no doubt, a matter of regret to Finland's rulers that they could find no sufficient excuse for initiating pogroms and massacres. During these five years, 1899-1904, the Finns massed themselves into a body of quiet, orderly, unshakable Passive Resistance, and nothing would tempt them to acts of reprisal for their illegal sufferings. For the greater part of that time they were in very fact a nation in mourning. Women persistently dressed in black, and it was considered the height of bad form to give any large entertainment; so the old traditional gaiety of Helsingfors received its death-blow. Long, strange days of heavy sadness and perpetual dread filled up those five years. "I tell you, every evening as I came home, I prepared myself to find the gendarmes in possession and my house-friend snatched away." Then stress of general suffering quietly borne produced another of those moments of national unanimity, and for a while the old lines of cleavage, Capital and Labour, Swede and Finn, were wholly obliterated. "The Tsar's bloody hand had welded us together, and we were all patriots then."

There was but one act of gross public assault during this period, the "Cossack drive" of April, 1902. "You must persuade Arvid Keith to tell you all about it," said Hilja, "for I was up in Kuopio at the time. You know, we might not speak openly of our political conditions, so I was journeying about the villages and far-away towns giving lectures upon the Spanish tyranny in the Netherlands—ah! you cannot think how they listened, these rough country people! they understood! And then, it was on June 16th, 1904, that Eugene Schauman killed Governor-General Bobrikoff, or, as some of us like to say, 'Bobrikoff was privately executed.' Our party and our people are averse to bloodshed, but if



A PEASANT LAD

FROM A DRAWING BY ALBERT EDELFELT

ever an assassination was justified by the results, it was this one! Schauman met the tyrant face to face and slew him, and then shot himself. And we are so quiet a folk, you see, that the Russians were all amazed; it was as if a stone figure they had been beating had turned and struck them. So they sent us another Governor-General—Obolensky—who, whatever his desires may have been, was afraid to take open measures of repression. And presently they had troubles enough at home to keep them from tormenting us.

“You remember the Great Strike of October, 1905? It reached us in Finland on October 30th, and I may say it found us well prepared!”

So far as one can make out, the general strike here lasted nearly a week, and was an almost complete cessation of national life. The Social Democrats, who were then a highly organized party of very definite principles, having already formulated their demands, simply took the lead everywhere, and the bulk of the people—aristocracy, bourgeoisie, proletariat—followed them like one man. Even Commander Keith says, “It was a mad time, my dear, but we trusted each other, and, I must confess, we were all Socialists for a while.” The leaders proclaimed, “All work is to be laid down, and not taken up again until we are clear about the future of our country,” and this was done. Factories, railways, public undertakings, State offices, schools, shops even were closed. A Committee of Public Safety was formed, and the famous Red Guard, a body of trained Socialists, kept order where order was needful. The Russian troops stood perfectly quiet under arms, and a part of the garrison sent word to the citizens of Helsingfors saying that they would refuse to fire on the strikers, even if summarily commanded to do so. Two or three days passed in wild enthusiasm and comradeship, growing hopes of victory, and the sense that nothing was too unexpected and glorious to come to pass. You will laugh at me and say it is the paradise of a *Daily News* leader-writer, but, you know, it approaches my idea of heaven—a whole people striving unanimously and successfully, in an atmosphere of marvellous

exaltation, to bring about the highest ends of national life—freedom and brotherhood. And they did it, too! During those five days the city lacked the commonest necessities of life, and Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity went about hungry and unwashed, and frequently ran into each other in the dark of the unlighted streets; but they got what they demanded for their country, and hitherto (in a good hour be it spoken!) they have managed to keep it.

The history of 1906 in Finland is chiefly an account of the gradual yielding of the Tsar's Government, the Finnish Senate, and a small capitalist and reactionary group in Finland before the demands of the Progressive parties. In the beginning of 1907 the machinery for the most democratic government that Europe has yet seen was brought to completion, and the first election took place in March. A Landtdag of two hundred members was elected by the fullest adult suffrage upon a system of proportional representation, and in this assembly the Social Democrats formed the largest party—forty per cent of the whole. There were nineteen women members, almost evenly distributed among the parties.

Beyond the Landtdag, you remember, there is the Senate, an Administrative Chamber, whose composition seems to have been left nearly untouched. It is non-elective, and therefore the Socialists will have no part in it; but bills passed in the Landtdag require the agreement of that "other place," and probably get considerably modified there. Then they go to the Secretary for Finland, whose business is to lay them before the Tsar.

"Is he not rather startled," we asked, "by the very advanced legislation that your people send up to him?"

"Poor dear stupid Kola! They say he always does what the last man persuades him, and the Secretary for Finland—General Langhoff—is our good friend so far. But this man, you see, who is a sort of constitutional adviser and Finnish Ambassador combined, forms the most important link between us and the Imperial power. Should he be set aside, all our fine democratic machinery would be just nohow—chucked out of gear, buzzing in the air!"

“And how has it worked? What have your people done?”

“Is it possible for me to say? Firstly, you see, the policy of the Landtdag has been generally instigated by the Socialists, and they are not my party. Then our poor Government have had to make their way among bristling Russian difficulties, matters touching the pursuit of their criminals here, military tribute, the Assistant Governor-General, and so on; while there was very much financial and official business to be done. Some labour legislation has passed, universal Prohibition has been considered, and the condition of our torpare will certainly be amended; but, of course, the Socialists have not done a hundredth part of what they promised and desired.”

“I suppose state-craft is very new to them?”

“Indeed yes. Most folk agree that they made a grave error in policy last spring, whereby our first Parliament was dissolved; but the country has sent them back with a slightly bigger majority, so it must be that they are the people’s will. However, this pretty lady” (signifying Celia) “says she is one of them—English variety I think!—so I will not tell out my mind. But look, if you will come to my house in the autumn, you shall perhaps meet a real Social Democrat there, and he will give you his account of things.”

A delightful prospect, but what will Commander Keith say? For party feeling runs very high here, and there is less chance of Svekomans visiting Socialist than there is of Belfast fore-gathering with Galway. The superfluous mental energy which an Englishman spends on specialized athletics, chess, or the *Hibbert Journal* here goes into politics, and the players of that enthralling game are sedulous as golfers and bitter as theologians. Thus, political toleration is not counted a virtue in Helsingfors. Celia delights our uncle by praising this eminently British quality—which is the result, *I* hold, of a cloudy atmosphere, and thought that lacks sharp edges—but she cannot induce him to practise it.

“To be sure, as foreigners, you and Celia will be able to see people of every party—if you really think she wants to,” says Aunt Karin, with a dubious and even fearful glance in

my cousin's direction. "But you know, all this Progress and 'Parliamentation' has not cut out the tongue of gossip yet! I tell you, Svenska people talk because Hilja Raunio visits us."

Friday.

—Time I brought this letter to a close, for it is a far more practical and instructive affair than I usually send you. And I know you will never resent the introduction of politics into your holiday; you will even tell me, with the kindest untruthfulness, how valuably you found my political gossip "work in" on your return. Never mind! Letters between even those who are in close touch prove the essential isolation of us mortals, do they not? We send the fullest records to and fro, but they do not help you to enter into a single mood of mine, nor I of yours. . . . Well, let us "tell over our fancies" for a little, as we used sometimes in the garden at home, when we had almost talked down the afternoon sun.

Did you not imply that I should find these Arctic forests indeed "woodlands lorn," quite empty of nymphs and elves and naiads, and all such beautiful necessary creatures? Oh! how mistaken you were, for this simple northern land is the very home of wood-magic, and dryads and oreads have been honoured here since most ancient times. You remember, we once planned to write the *Wanderings of Artemis* together, and describe how Dione's daughter with her maiden train

Passed away from the hills of Greece
When the golden days were over.

After staying awhile in Sicily, she came to the English shores—about Chaucer's time—and we were going to tell of her in Elizabethan days, and her nymphs so many that even the lightest poet could see them; but it all went wrong because I was as Celtic as Celia just then, and would bring in "cloud-pale faces" and "shadowy hair" and "the wan wings of faery land," and such-like gloaming matters, very remote from the sunlit gaiety and splendour of Arcadian Greece. Now, I would not be so irreverent as to suggest that Artemis

herself ever set foot here, but why not one of her nymphs? perhaps she who was once changed into a bear?

Anyhow, be they of Callistean ancestry or not, you have as good a chance of seeing dryads in the pine forests of Finland as in our Sussex beechwoods, and the people of the country know them far better. They have names as many as Thetis's maidens. Who could be pleasanter to meet than Tuometar, nymph of the bird-cherry, Pihlajatar, nymph of the mountain-ash or rowan tree, and Katajatar, the little maid of the juniper? And there are many others: the lake-girls, in whose company Aino vanished, rather than take to husband the oldest and wisest man in the world; "Sotka's daughters," who protect the wild-ducks from harm; Sinetär, a lovely elusive being who colours flowers blue; besides serious and important people, like Tammetar, queen of the oak trees; Hongatar, mistress of the solemn pines; Suvetar, the goddess of summer; and finally, Tapio and Mielikki, lord and lady of all the endless forest world. Of these and many more the *Kalevala* tells.

Yes, certainly I have seen them! Have I not spent three weeks of fair weather in these island woods? and pray, what am I a poet for, if the nymphs of forest and river are not more visible, as well as more pleasing to me, than a fragment of mycetozoa, for instance? But hitherto I have only met a few dryads of the fir woods, and I may tell you that, unlike English nymphs, they are all dark-haired. Their locks are blue-black as the distant forest-line, and their limbs have the whiteness of sunlight that flashes on shaken leaves. Scientists will tell you, no doubt, that this is "protective colouring," so that they may pass unseen among the dark firs; just as the hair of an English dryad is shadowy brown in early spring, like the leafless woods, bronze or pale gold among the yellow lights of the forest in summer, and gloriously ruddy in autumn. The fairest nymph I ever saw was in the Rewell Woods one October day—with russet locks hanging about a lovely face, made of rosy and white luminousness, unmortal only in its serenity, she sat gazing at herself in a little pool.

—Dear, what nonsense we're talking !

I wish I had some verses to give you in exchange for your Tyrolean love-song, but I think my muse stayed behind in England. The other day, however, I found a collection of fragmentary Finnish verses, done into English prose by some unknown; here are two or three for you to dream over. Perhaps you will not find the spirit of Finland in them so much as something that is older than the world.

“Lovely is the morning light when the voices of village children come ringing across the lake, and sweet is noonday when the boat slips drowsily through the endless blue; but fairest of all is the long golden dusk upon the waters, for in that clear time we find ourselves, and dream that we have found a friend.”

“For pride alone Väinämöinen called the winter fir tree into blossom and set five stars therein: but oh, for what reason, beloved, have you made my life break into flower, and crowned it with the sun and moon?”

“As one that carries water from a holy spring, so I bear my life now, for it is filled with grace of you.”

“When I love you best, my thoughts of you are almost a prayer; had I a child, I should be well-nigh always upon my knees.”

NYLAND

GOOD Nyland ! home of sailor-hearts,
 Along the Baltic Sea !
Crowned with forests dark and old,
Gay with islands manifold,
 Here's a health to thee !

O pleasure-boats of Barösund
 That cleave the summer foam !
Wheel upon the breeze and glide,
Dip, and take the dancing tide,
 And bear me to my home !

Bring me to the Nyland dales,
 Where song and laughter still
Follow labour hand in hand,
Speed the plough upon the land,
 The axe upon the hill.

For Nyland, like a peasant-girl,
 Is fresh, and fair and strong ;
Bred upon the island-shores,
Listening to the plash of oars,
 And stream and harbour song.

While Nyland speech awakens yet
The valiant, friendly past ;
Old fighting-tales, familiar things,
The cottage-fire, the wind that sings
About the woods at home, and brings
The sailor back at last.

Adapted from Hjalmar Procopè.

LETTER V

To Gerard Bunt,
The Pochade,
Towednack, St. Ives,
Cornwall

HIMLEHOLM, JUSSARÖ.

DEAR GERARD,

You may fairly complain, and even the bitter reference to picture post-cards, or the absence of them, is justified! I *did* promise to report faithfully to you whether Finland was paintable; and the post is *not* at fault—I have hitherto sent you nothing but a scrappy account of Helsingfors architecture, so now you shall have amends.

First, let me try and tell you what the Finnish painters themselves make of their country—but how I wish I had been properly grounded in admiring the Right Thing—the very latest Right Thing—before I left home! As it is, you must allow for my personal equation in this account of Finnish art, much as if you were looking at it through an oddly coloured piece of glass.

I have paid two rather bewildering visits to the Athenæum—the national picture-gallery of Helsingfors—with Celia and some of the cousins, and then alone. They tell me that Finnish painting is hardly more than half a century old, and, like most things of value in modern Finland, it owes its rapid growth to the influence of that admirable little band of patriots—Lönnrot, Castrén, Snellmann, and Ekman. They founded the Finnish Art Union in 1846, at a time when few painters tried to live, since the public required nothing of them but nice, healthy-looking portraits at a cheap rate. However, this Union did so well with drawing-classes, prizes, exhibi-

tions, and "stipendiums" or scholarships for young painters to study abroad, that in 1887 a Public Art Gallery became necessary, and so they built the Athenæum.

It is a big grey building in the Swedish style, designed by a follower of Engel, with bas-reliefs by Sjöstrand and Vallgrén. I don't think these are specially remarkable, but Vallgrén can at least claim the irregularity of genius and its vagaries, for a certain rather questionable and ungainly figure, crowning the new fountain in the market-square, is also of his designing. Going up the usual flight of steps, you come first upon what Celia calls "bad copies of the worst Old Masters," and then you find yourself surrounded by pictures belonging to the earlier days of the Finnish Art Union—good, "tight," old-fashioned, highly meritorious work. There are peasant interiors by Ekman and Janson; studies of birds by Von Wright, and well-constructed sentimental landscapes by Holmberg, Munsterhjelm, and Lindholm—the kind of thing that reproduces admirably in black and white, like Mr. Leader's works. The composition is good, the handling extremely conscientious, and the effect is altogether skilful and praiseworthy—why, then, do such paintings usually depress a modern beholder profoundly?

Perhaps because they are neither pictures in the true sense, nor even faithful records of things seen. The landscapes have been posed and polished, the smug and natty peasants are quite intolerably remote from real life; nature has been arranged and selected—yes—but not with that selection of the inspired glance, which finds the real centre of beauty or interest, nor yet with that penetration of sympathy which makes the indescribable quality that you call "feeling." And so, in a few years, they become something that is neither Art, nor Reality, nor even Decoration—but Matter Once Meant to be Art. Yet of course they still give satisfaction to many, and I heard an excellent elderly cousin defending Janson's "Offer of Marriage" with some heat. She said, "I don't care—I call it a sweetly pretty picture, and so nicely painted," which is just what it was exactly.



LEMMINKÄINEN'S MOTHER
FROM A PICTURE BY AXEL GALLEN

Celia has, of course, promptly, and I think unfairly, connected this old-fashioned and conventional work with the "Swedish Culture" that certainly still predominated when it was being produced. She intends no disrespect to Sweden: she merely wishes to point yet again the moral of national individualism. "These are the pictorial utterances of a people that have not found themselves," says she; "they are painting in a language not their own."

"Just come into the next room and hear them there!" says Erkki. "For when young Finland does find her tongue in colour, she can shout!"

She can!

We were now confronted with a number of pictures (varying greatly in style and merit) all painted by modern Finnish artists, including Axel Gallén-Kallela and Albert Edelfelt, whose work, I think, you have seen in Paris. The general effect is extremely modern, and quite astonishingly original and sincere, but rather startling. You must remember that Finland has not much atmosphere, so it is small wonder if the painters there often render things in a way that seems to us flat, sharp, and hard (although they have a wonderfully gay sense of colour); while, considering the national type, it isn't very surprising that they should have carried the Cult of Ugly to an almost inhuman extent. But it is all so living, so jolly, so go ahead, so *chose vue!* The general effect is twofold; there is that sense of freshness and vigour that you find in any of the modern groups or "schools," where young folk are learning to see nature in a new way; and there is the almost barbaric originality and delight of the people, artistically gifted, to whom painting itself is new. True, the work has more often the quality of "a report on an aspect of nature" than that of a picture; but even when it is frankly bad there is a spring of youth in it—they have heartily enjoyed seeing these unlovely objects, and they have painted them so earnestly! There is not a canvas in the room which gives you the true Royal Academy sense of standing before the work of someone who is middle-aged, and tired, and growing

suspicious of his own weary skill. Of course, I do not know enough to tell you whether the general level of technique is high or not, but—if it be any guide—two clever little oil-landscapes of Sargent, that have chanced to find their way there, look quite at home with the rest.

Albert Edelfelt, at least, had a European reputation, and his work is very fairly represented here. There are two large paintings from his first period—"Duke Carl at the bier of Clas Flemming" and "Queen Blanche of Sweden with her little son"—anecdote-pictures, it cannot be denied, but very skilfully and artistically treated; while the grace and charm of "Queen Blanche" make it deservedly one of the most popular pictures in Finland. From his second period, under the influence of the "Plein Air" school, there are a number of peasant studies, figures and landscapes from the Finnish country-side, that are quite admirable in their sincerity and penetration: national work in the best sense. No one could deny their accuracy, but Edelfelt has not, like some of his compatriots, realized the quite dramatically hideous possibilities of his subjects to the exclusion of their comelier moments. After all, even in real life, people do occasionally look pleasing! Then there are portraits, pastels, water-colours, some curious studies in religious realism, and a series of large black-and-white illustrations to Runeberg's war-poems, *Ensign Stål's Songs*. These last seem to me very fine and free work, showing a mastery of effect in simple handling.

Gallén-Kallela's art is more difficult to describe or estimate. There are some magnificent mythological designs from the *Kalevala*: "Forging of the Sampo," "The Story of Aino," "Lemminkäinen's Mother," and "Kullervo in the Forest." The first of these reveals a very powerful treatment of fire in the open, for a great cavern of flame and fire-reflecting smoke and red-hearted logs fills all one side of the picture, and the Smith Ilmarinen and his helpers—strange barbaric shapes glowing in the radiance—stand watching it. Behind them and above is a thick pine wood, and a little, lovely glimpse of

blue sky. In this, and in the Aino series, there is considerable finish, and the handling would perhaps be judged conventional by the Gallén of to-day. The other two, I think, show the beginning of that tendency to mysticism which makes his later work rather bewildering to an ordinary observer. They are flat, hard, and almost decorative in treatment; the figures are harshly outlined, and the up-standing Kullervo simply cries aloud in his despairing and inhuman ugliness. But the face of Lemminkäinen's mother stands out alone from the curious handling of the rest of the picture, wonderful in technique and feeling—the loving anguish of an old mother.

I think you would like Eero Järnefelt's work also. He has some water-colours, and a broad, impressionist landscape in oils, giving splendid promise of what the autumn colour will be here. Besides these, he shows a realistic study of the "Sved" or burning away of the felled timber, so as to clear and enrich the land before it is tilled—a very primitive form of agriculture seldom practised now. But fine as the "Sved" is, I fear it belongs to the class "Pictures-with-a-Purpose" which you object to; for it was designed to call attention to the extreme poverty of some of the "torpare" in Northern Finland.

All these are men who have arrived. Two remarkable young painters, Rissanen and Halonen, must be noticed, and their work is a judgment upon me; for, confronted with it, I feel precisely as the admirers of the "sweetly pretty" do when contemplating works of art. Well, they are both young, strong, bold, and—in spite of Parisian mannerisms—pre-eminently Finnish. It disconcerts me to find that they occasionally see things quite flat, with hard lines round them, and that the checks and shawl-patterns, in Rissanen's picture of the Fortune-teller, are visible long before you notice the faces in the same. Here the subject and treatment are quite ecstatically ugly, but no one could deny its truth and power.

Halonen seems to delight in sunlight and strength, and paints them well. His "Roadmakers in Carelia" is a fine piece

of work, though a little flat and hard. Take them altogether, great men and small, the most striking thing about this picture-gallery is its very national character. As Erkki says, "Our young folk have realized that nobody cares what Matti Miettinen thinks of Paris or Italy; but people are quite ready to stop and look at his views of Finland, for then he is painting the thing he knows and feels."

The Athenæum contains a good deal of sculpture, and there are monumental groups of stone or metal in various parts of the city. Generally speaking, I suppose Robert Stigell's work is more noticeable than any. He shows two large single-figure pieces, "The Archer" and "The Slinger," in the Athenæum, but his most important group crowns the highest point of the Observatory Gardens, overlooking both harbours. It is a colossal bronze, "Shipwrecked," in which a herculean man's figure stands with uplifted arm, waving for help, on a pile of rock, while a woman and two children cling about his feet. It is a fine conception, but somehow out of place in that quiet spot, between the busy prosperity of the harbour and the sunny stretches of isle and sea. Further in the town is another large group by Wickström, erected to the memory of Lönnrot, in which that great poet and compiler is listening entranced to the song of Väinämöinen. I have no valid criticism to make—except that Lönnrot "listens with his mouth"—but both groups seem to me, in the French sense of the word, *emphatique*; and perhaps this quality rather characterizes the work of Wickström and Stigell.

We were also expected to admire the sculpture of Walter Runeberg, but, after the vigorous realism of the pictures, his smooth pseudo-classic manner did not appeal to us greatly, and we wondered that it should be popular in Finland. However, Walter Runeberg is the great Runeberg's son, and this little people are splendidly faithful to their heroes and to the descendants of these. You would not find a Dickens family in want there! Besides many kinds of "stipendium" to encourage young talent, Finland gives pensions to a few writers, artists, and scientists of achieved reputation, on the excellent



THE FORTUNE-TELLER

FROM A PICTURE BY JUHO RISSANEN

ground that they have by their labours rendered a service to the State. These pensions are, of course, very small, but they are not granted merely to genius in old age or decrepitude; they are just rewards of merit, given so that those who have already produced good work can continue to do so at their leisure.

You know, talent has a much better chance of recognition in the smaller countries! Is the percentage of enlightenment really greater there? Have they more intelligent people per thousand? I dare not say; anyhow, it is obviously easier to become famous among three million than among thirty million, and there is not that heedless, endless, swamping output of mediocre work to compete with. True, there are less buyers and patrons, but renown comes if fortune lingers; and to have once acquired a reputation in Norway, Sweden, or Denmark means that you have gained the ear of a certain homogeneous group, co-ordinated and consequently powerful, while the same number of admirers in England would be all scattered abroad and inchoate. Besides, directly you become an important person in one of the Scandinavian countries, the others hear of you; presently Germany will ask what kind of talent you may be, and there you are with an European reputation! Ah! if you and I had only been bred up here, A. B. and X. Y., shining lights of these Baltic lands, would be growing dim beside us!—But come, we have appreciated each other's talent quite enough—do I not buy your pictures and you my verses? So let us go to other themes. I will give you a glimpse of Southern Finland by telling you about our trip to Borgå.

Borgå (pronounced Bourgo) is a little river-side town, thirty or forty miles (by water) from Helsingfors, in the province of Nyland. It has been of importance in Finnish history, for here the representatives of Finland met Alexander I in 1809 and took the oath of allegiance to him, thus consolidating the Act of Union with Russia. Here also the celebrated Swedish-Finn poet, Runeberg, lived and flourished; and in Borgå cemetery lies the patriot Eugene Schauman, who killed

General Bobrikoff. Besides all this, it is said to be the most picturesque wooden town in Finland, so we were bound to go there.

Celia and I left Jussarö quite early and took boat at the Södra Hamn. Our steamer was an imposing structure of white and gold, spacious and comfortable, with every provision for dining extensively on board. That was the first thing our fellow-passengers thought of, and I'm afraid we soon followed their example; but, as we could not possibly forgo the scenery and bright weather, we lunched on deck upon coffee and cakes. For sixpence or eightpence they give you unlimited "skorpor" (little baked buns) and various sorts of crisp confectionery, very daintily served, while the coffee is of Scandinavian excellence.

Notwithstanding the clear, hard atmosphere, I believe you would find a good deal to paint in Helsingfors. I have seen the town look lovely "under an effect"—but then, so does Letchworth, even—and harbours such as these are nearly always paintable. Just now they are full of the black and green timber-boats, and these make pictures by themselves as they come drifting heavily along the sounds, or lie half loaded by the quays, with the wind sitting idle in their great brown sails. But we soon left them behind us, and the neat little red and white city with the grey twin spires became a mere horizon incident, and then dropped out of sight, as we made way through the islands to the open waters of Sibbo Fjärd.

There is a wonderful, living quality about this northern air when autumn begins. It flowed freshly past us under the cloudless sky, as the waves began to break upon our bows, and little cockle-shell boats, manned by a child and a woman, or two bare-footed boys, came tossing and pitching over the milky-blue waters to the steamer. These arrived from one island after another, to pick up the stout market-women, fair, broad-faced souls, ruddy-armed and tanned, accidentally pictorial sometimes with their many-coloured bundles. We called at little wooden piers belonging to the villa-residences, to set down more important people, and watched these making their way

up the sandy paths homeward, with Scandinavian breadth and dignity. Nearly every villa has its own separate pier furnished with two or three bathing-houses, and boys and girls were still coming out of these for a swim, in spite of the late season, superbly indifferent to spectators.

We began to take interest in our fellow-passengers—one couple especially—whose loud German conversation forced them upon our notice. They were two middle-aged females, and the more important one had a figure like this—



Heaven knows where she got the little extinguisher hat, which so neatly topped her bland and swelling outline! She was dressed all in brown, but she made bold gestures with a very large red cotton sunshade, which gave an oratorical effect to her discourse. We gathered that she had come from Lübeck to be "Mamsell," as Aunt Karin calls it, to a magnifi-

cent villa-establishment in one of these islands, that she had full command of the Swedish, Finnish, and Russian languages, and that she despised them all equally. A Mamsell is the old-fashioned name for a more or less active working-housekeeper, but from the good lady's statements and demeanour, we should have taken the office to be a Queen Regency. Her companion was the sort of colourless person who can fit every occasion with a suitably modulated "Ja—so—o."

We presently drew near a large, rather forbidding island, with long stretches of grass and stone, and a thick wood in the midst. There was no pier, but along the shore lay various simple and ark-like wooden buildings; two peasants came out from among these and put forth, in the roughest and smallest of row-boats, to meet us. A sailor informed the Mamsell that this, and no other, was the isle of her destination. She made use of the red cotton sunshade and all four languages to express her sense of deception, her wrath, astonishment, and dismay. Where was the elegant villa-establishment she had expected? the courtly old master? the crowd of retainers? This could not possibly be Hasselholm! But it was; and the captain, a stern, unsympathetic soul, made her land there, although she delayed us considerably by screaming quite a number of times, instead of jumping, when they were trying to drop her safely into the row-boat. I don't know what became of the companion.

And now we turned up a river, apparently right into a vast meadow of reeds, but the stream opened out and showed us a timber-station with thousands of floating grey logs, and stacks of piled wood, and a few timber-ships half loaded, while behind it all lay the eternal background of spruce and pine forest, whence these things come. Then the shores grew higher, and the reeds turned to pasture-land, and presently there came a few villas, and a long park-like enclosure on one side. And then Borgå, the quaintest, quietest, woodenest wooden town that ever was! It lies up along a hill-side; the houses are all painted dull red and pink and primrose colour, and I fancy

there are only three stone buildings besides the church. And this last they call "Borgå Cathedral," but that conveys quite a wrong notion of it to an English hearer, for it is just a large, vaulted building of barn-like construction, mostly white-washed, bearing a black, tarred roof. The tower, which is also black and white, stands quite separate upon the ground. All the tarring seemed to be newly done and glistening, and an enormous black ladder, also freshly treated, led up over the roof and down again. Inside the church is all painted in glossy white and gold, hung with magnificent glass chandeliers—and again we murmured to each other in astonishment, "A cathedral!" There are many galleries and a rather self-assertive pulpit and canopy of genuine old carving, floridly painted to consort with the rest. There are also frescoes, which relieve the prevailing white and gold, and that is all I need say of them.

The caretakers of public buildings are alike in most countries, I believe, but on this occasion our limited Swedish saved us from the usual boredom. However, we learnt that, though Alexander I received his Finnish subjects here, he signed the Constitution in the upper room of a house near by, and thither Celia went. She is an able and conscientious sightseer, but as for me, flesh and spirit are both weak where churches and monuments and houses of celebrated people are concerned, so I left her to do the rest of our joint duty, and wandered through the town away up the country-side.

Soon Borgå lay behind me: broad, quiet streets of wooden houses, set on stone foundations, most of them only one story high. There are a few shops in the Kyrkotorget, or Church Square, but so austere is the sense of commercial enterprise in this town, so restrained the display of goods, that these look exactly like private dwellings, and it takes some courage to enter and ask to buy. Private or commercial, all these roomy, pale-coloured buildings appear pleasant enough in the sunshine, with their steps and glass folding-doors, and large windows, protected within by plain canvas blinds that look just like big sheets of paper; but how will

they show when winter comes? The red and white cottages further up the hill-side seem cosier, placed in the midst of gardens and orchards, that apparently bear little other fruit than the scarlet berries of the rowan tree. Then a wide, sandy road leads through scattered cornfields and pasture-lands, which are separated by untidy but efficient fences of slanting board. Some cottagers go to the well, and this has a T-piece of large poles constructed over it, with a weight at one end of the vertical arm to balance the rope and the ascending bucket; you may see just the like in Chinese drawings. A flock of reddish cows come down the road, following the bell-bearer, whose bell makes a strange undercurrent to the song of the girl driving them. "Will no one tell me what she sings?" It is certainly something old and unhappy, perhaps about the battles of her country, which are not yet a hundred years ago. And then the woodland and the wild country begin again, for although this is the cultivated and thriving province of Nyland, the forest extends northward as far as I can see.

Borgå's inhabitants are a quiet, busy folk, and generally only their dogs take notice of strangers—but someone advised me to go and see "the Ramparts." I do not quite know why, nor am I certain that I got there, but I finally had a very charming view up-stream. Red houses, with autumn-coloured ash trees and birches in the foreground, and a pale blue river winding northward between pale fields of corn towards the eternal forest-dark. The sky was shifting into golden, and the whole scene was very clear and detailed, but low in tone; it looked like an illustration to one of William Morris's strange, timeless, prose-tales—"The Wood beyond the World."

When I had gazed enough, I went down to the bridge and waited for Celia. She had been to Schauman's burial-place in the cemetery across the river, she had seen Runeberg's tomb and the house where he lived. I expect she told me a great deal, but I can only distinctly remember that she thought the poet's taste in furniture singularly defective, if the interior of his dwelling is really just as he left it. Then we began the

long, pleasant journey back to Helsingfors. A seat against the funnel is no bad thing, as we found, when the evening grows chill; and so we were carried on, warm and comfortable, almost alone on deck, through the gathering twilight. Flying sparks from the engines glowed and vanished like pin-points of fire against the milky haze and the grey-blue sea; warm windows shone here and there among the fir trees on the islands; and at length Helsingfors lay in a crescent of lights upon the darkened waters against the dull rose-colour and dusk of the sky.

But I have forgotten the chief incident of the journey: we picked up our Mamsell again! As we drew near Hasselholm, even the most indifferent passengers were stirred by the wild agitation of some scarlet object among the sheds at the water's edge. Then followed a good deal of whistling and steaming and shouting, and presently, as the sea was now calm as a mill-pond, we had little difficulty in getting the disappointed lady from Lübeck on board. She came jerkily into view up the steps of the landing-stage, telling everyone all about it, and went indignantly and directly below. There I believe she found the sympathy we were too shy to offer her, for, by the time we landed at the Södra Hamn, she had grappled to herself another companion, who was helping her with her bundles, and saying rather unhappily at intervals, "Ja—so-o-o?"

Very sincerely yours,

ROSALIND TRAVERS.

THE DREAMER SPEAKS TO LIFE

O, ONCE I was a King, in the Land of Morning Dream !
Youth for my sceptre, and the golden years my crown ;
Day was all a marvel and Night a silver gleam,
And Song a rolling ocean, where thought may sail and drown.

Alas ! you came and looked at me with grey, living eyes.
My sceptre could but wither, and my crown dropped away ;
Daytime and nightfall were common in the skies ;
Song was bare as silence, and I went my way.

Lost is my Kingdom, and I wander to the grave,
With a pitiful remembrance of all that used to seem.
Ah ! leave the hapless memory ! the last thing I have !
You would not draw away from me the shadow of a dream ?

Adapted from Jacob Tegengren.

LETTER VI

To Mrs. Berkeley Winterbourne,
The Vicarage,
Saxonstead,
Wilts

ON THE WAY TO ÅBO.

DEAR LUCY,

You cannot think how far off you and Wiltshire seem ! I got your letter just before starting, and read it while a Finnish train was bearing me along through miles of spruce-firs and boulders, past the small, ungrateful fields of oat and rye, and meadows where queer black sheep were feeding, and broad-eaved houses of painted wood, and solemn, sturdy little people going to and fro. Then there were lakes and moorland, and marshy hollows where the bird-cherry grows, and a perpetual up and down of low, wooded hills. Seeing all this, to hear of harvest-gathering on the forty-acre fields of the downland, of rides along the shady deep of beech avenues, of elm trees and green lawns and garden-parties, has come like news of another world—and yet it is not one week's journey hence !

The city of Åbo (pron. Aw-bo) toward which I am tending, is the second town in Finland, and about four and a half hours by rail from Helsingfors. We do not travel very fast on these State railways ; our progress is dignified and comfortable, while we have plenty of room for ourselves and our packages, and leisure to appreciate the scenery. Fares are low, and you buy your tickets with Finnish marks, which are the same as francs, from women officials, who have politeness and patience, and generally four languages (Swedish, Finnish, Russian, and German) at command. I did not test them on this occasion,

for, according to the hospitable custom of Finland, quite a number of cousins came to see me off at the station ; and they administered my belongings, gave directions concerning me to the conductor, and showed me how to open the windows—finally pressing nosegays upon me, until I was in quite an embarrassment of flowers and gratitude ! But all this is merely the habit of the country, dating from a time when railway journeys were solemn and fearful things. Besides, a trifle of fuss was justified, for this is the first stage upon my solitary journey northward, as far as the Arctic Circle perhaps, and then inland, and where afterwards who can tell ?

At this point, if I know you, Lucy, you will get up and fetch Berkeley's atlas from the study, and having found out Åbo, you will say, "All very well ; this city lies *west*, and not north, of Helsingfors." That is true, and my first intention was to go straight to Tammerfors and thence onward, but my relations were quite hurt at the idea of Åbo being overlooked. I really think Commander Keith begged me, in the name of the Svekoman party, not to neglect "the most Swedish city in Finland, the home of ancient culture, the place where the good tidings of Christianity were first made known—by an Englishman, my dear—to the people of Suomi." Aunt Karin was less emphatic. She said that I *must* see the Cathedral and the Castle, and that I should certainly enjoy the sight of wonderful old furniture in the latter. As regards the rest of my proposed trip, she added, "It's rather a wild idea, and none of our English nieces have done such a thing before ; but your German will carry you through the towns well enough—and if you get left in the lurch anywhere, you must just turn to the post office, or the bookseller—or the pastor. Only, promise me you won't go down any of the rapids !" So I promised ; and to be quite safe I intend to journey by road up-stream, in the contrary sense, as it were, of the river which provides the temptation.

Celia is not with me. Possibly I shall meet her at Kerpola,



ÅBO CASTLE



A VIEW OF ÅBO

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, located in the upper left corner of the page.

near Tammerfors, in the country-house of one of our relations; but she is not made for roughing it—outside of Ireland—and she will get far more pleasure and profit from a series of visits than from an indefinite journey. I miss her, for she is delightful to look at and entertaining to listen to; but oh, the deep satisfaction of being alone! Solitary, you are answerable only to yourself for trains missed, baggage lost, or alterations of route; discomforts borne alone have only half their weight; and you are your own master, free to start or remain, to go north, south, east, west, as you will. A travelling companion is a hostage to Fortune. You can meet almost any caprice of Fate unmoved if you are sure that you alone suffer; and as a last resource, there is always the Open Door of Epictetus in one form or another, for, being alone, you can, unblamed, give up the enterprise if it becomes intolerable. Solitary, too, you are more open to impressions, more keen to realize all the pleasures and incidents of the way. And surely a strange, new country like this is company enough for anyone! The beauty of it wins you like a lover, and the cold, hard charm of the north enters into your soul.

But having discarded the companion, you will ask what remaining *impedimenta* I have, to meet the uncertainties of climate and chance, during a month or more? Just a big handbag and a hold-all. A thin dress to wear under an overcoat, a thicker one, so that I can “walk out in my waist,” as Sadie says, and a hat to suit either; an umbrella stout enough to lean on, or fight with—is it not the national weapon?—a change of shoes and linen, and that is all. I can carry the whole equipment by myself, independent of porters, and I reckon on getting fresh cuffs, collars, or veils—the small change of one’s wardrobe—along the way.

(Later).

From the PHENIX HOTEL, ÅBO,
11.30 p.m.

They turned us out for a little while at Karis to get lunch. Meals are, of course, Continentally arranged in Finland: the

lightest early breakfast, lunch at eleven, dinner at four, and a late tea. The cooking at Jussarö was half English; elsewhere it appeared generally of a modified German sort. At stations and smaller hotels food seems to be comparatively cheap, and it is set forth in the most confiding manner. The meal is all laid out on a centre table, surrounded with piles of cutlery, and the traveller, helping himself without any restriction as to quantity, bears away the food of his choice to one of the smaller tables and devours it there. He may go steadily through every dish on the centre table or he may confine himself to one—the price is fixed and remains unchanged. The supply is generous, and for one mark fifty or two marks you get a meal that will last an ordinary English person for the day. In larger hotels, where the guests sit down and are served in the usual manner, lunch or dinner begins with the “smörgåsbord.” This is a surprisingly numerous and varied collection of *hors d'œuvre*, set out on the sideboard, to which the guests help themselves in the manner described. As Celia says, “When you have eaten as much as you possibly can of these, the *real* meal begins.”

Many of my fellow-travellers already wore heavy wraps, in spite of the mild beauty of the weather. We clambered down from our high carriages at Karis—a pretty station, with a small public garden attached to it—and trooped into the big, wooden “matsal,” intending to get lunch in some twenty minutes. Those of us who were accustomed to this arrangement did so swiftly and very efficiently—need I say more?

We came towards Åbo across a long tableland of faded heather, but nearing the city we found ourself in “green country”—meadow-land, parks, and gardens, along a river. The town was almost all rebuilt after a disastrous fire in 1827, so that the streets are mainly broad, rectangular, and well planned, like those of Helsingfors, and set with similar clattering cobblestones. The Cathedral tower rises above the trees of the “Windberg,” not far from the river, and this and the Castle dominate Åbo. The former, the “Domkyrkan”—

unlike that strange black and white barn-tower at Borgå—does really seem a cathedral to English eyes ; it is a plain, Gothic building of brick and granite, made upon familiar ecclesiastical lines, dating from the thirteenth century. Across the river and almost at the western limit of Åbo is the Castle. Now, how would you define a castle, if you suddenly had to do so? One thinks of rough, grey towers and time-worn battlements, crumbling ramparts, and arches and curved walls ; but the Castle of Åbo is squarely built of blank white and red ; towered certainly, and many-storied, but absolutely plain without and within.

The best of the city is on the riverside. Here are dignified and spacious stone buildings, in the Swedish style, with trees in front of them ; and all along the neat shores are little brown-sailed market-boats, pleasantly coloured in themselves, and filled with nice, bright vegetables. Further down are my beloved timber-barges, with the green hulls and red or brown sails, then yachts, and big, showy steamers, and so on. The river widens out among shoals of islands ; to the left are low, stony hills, to the right the Castle, and even here the eternal dark ring of forest closes in the view all round.

Åbo was for a long while the first town in Finland in every sense. Bishop Henry, of Upsala (an Englishman), undertook an expedition of conversion and conquest in Southern Finland, at the instance of the then reigning Pope (who was also English). Henry and the Swedes landed here in 1157, and built the first Finnish church at Korois, two miles up the river, where it may still be seen. A hundred years later the Swedes fortified Åbo as the capital of their colony here, and erected the Castle, which was for a long time held by a succession of fighting bishops, who governed Finland. One of these, Bishop Thomas, another Englishman, conceived the notion of severing Finland from Sweden, and making it an independent State under the suzerainty of the Pope, in which enterprise he very nearly succeeded. Åbo had a stormy history : in 1318 it was captured and pillaged by Russians ; in 1509 it was sacked and burned by Danes ; and again it

was occupied by Russians in 1742. After the union with Russia in 1809 Åbo ceased to be the capital of Finland, and after the great fire of 1827, the University, which had been founded there by Per Brahe in 1640, was moved to Helsingfors.

Per Brahe and Porthan both have statues in the Church Square. Henrik Porthan, who lived from 1739 to 1804, was professor at Åbo University, and proved himself a worthy forerunner of Lönnrot, Snellman, and Castren, the originators of Finnish literature. He used Finnish as his mother-tongue at a time when all cultivated persons in Finland wrote, spoke, and thought in Swedish; he promoted the spread of education, and insisted upon the importance of teaching in and through the vernacular. He brought out a large systematic treatise on Finnish poetry—*De Poesia Fennica*—and also edited the first newspaper ever published in Finland. In a word, he merits his statue.

I sheltered from a sudden and violent shower under the trees of the Church Square, and then tried to see the Cathedral. This was not easy. It was closed and locked, and a notice in three languages told that the "vaktmästare" or caretaker was to be found at Kaskisgatan 37. No. 37 was part of a "gård"; that is, it was set, with several other houses, round an inner courtyard, approached by a small archway from the street, and there was nothing to convey to an inexperienced eye that Nos. 30 to 40 of Kaskisgatan were disposed of in this secretive manner. And having, by providence and the kindness of passers-by, discovered 37 at last, I learnt that the vaktmästare had flitted to be guardian at the deaf and dumb school, away up Gertrudsbacken.

I followed, and discovered him among the emphatic gestures and strained, yet expressionless faces of the deaf and dumb children there. Two canaries in the sitting-room were piping with extraordinary vigour, and the vaktmästare's wife said they found their shrill, continual song "very restful" in that labouring silence. She took me back to the Cathedral and gave me much information in German about the Prince-

Bishops of Åbo, the Scottish soldiers of fortune, and Karin Månsdotter.

The Cathedral is a plain, grave building within, only decorated with Ekman's frescoes, showing Bishop Henry, Bishop Agricola, and others playing suitable parts in the Christianization of Finland. The side-chapels, with their beautiful wrought-iron gates, contain the tombs of various sturdy fighters in the Swedish wars, notably that of Colonel Samuel Cockburn, who enlisted under Gustavus Adolphus, and settled and died at Åbo. I think there are Keiths buried there too. After all that journeying and fighting, to lie quiet under the granite so far from home! It took one's thought back to the lowlands of Scotland, and that haunting fragment of ballad in Stevenson's unfinished tale—

O they rade in the rain, in the days that are gane,
 In the rain and the wind and the lave ;
 They shoutit in the ha', and they routit on the hill,
 But they're a' quaitit noo in the grave.

Karin Månsdotter has a chapel to herself and a tomb of black stone. She was a beautiful Swedish girl, who has been adopted, as it were, by the Finnish people, because she spent the greater part of her unhappy life in their land, and was admired and loved by all the country-side where she dwelt. She lived in the latter half of the sixteenth century, and her story, as told me by the vaktmästare's wife, was most like that of the Beggar Maid and King Cophetua. Eric XIV of Sweden saw her, a young peasant-girl, selling nuts in the market, and was so entranced by her loveliness that he vowed to make her his Queen.

So Karin was brought to the palace, educated, and, in due course, royally married to Eric. "And the people all said she had learnt of the Finns to cast a spell on him ; since, you know, in those days the Swedes believed we had the black magic here." Misfortune followed hard upon romance, for Duke John usurped the throne, and imprisoned his brother Eric in Åbo Castle, and then in the Åland Isles. Karin never

saw her husband again. The exiled King died in Sweden, and she ended her lonely days long after in Kangasala, in the district of Tammerfors.

I returned to the hotel between the showers, dined and retired to my bedroom, intending to sleep early and rise with the morning, but Fate has willed differently. For, next door to this otherwise satisfactory hotel certain extensive building operations are in swing, and the matter presses apparently, for they have gone on noisily working by electric light far into the darkness. "Oh, they'll stop at ten," I thought; but no, pile-driving, of the most vehement and disturbing sort, continued. "Surely they'll go at eleven?" No. "They *must* stop at twelve!" Midnight is passed, they have not stopped, and something will have to be done.

Next day.

I was not the only person who found those eccentric building operations intolerable. Some dozen people, in various forms of undress, who had all, like myself, counted upon getting silence after midnight, streamed down the staircase and indignantly overflowed the Manager's office. A large retriever gave a touch of unreality to the scene, looking like the Black Dog of legends turned to fantasy, as he trotted conscientiously after his owner, carrying in his mouth a light purple sock. The Manager, a patient, weary man, wasted few words; he established us all, somehow, upon another side of the house, but the accommodation must have been strained a little, for, coming down early, I found a large bed still in possession of one of the passages, and the retriever on guard there.

To-day I spent at Åbo Castle and at Runsala, but I believe the date will be chiefly memorable to me for my first meeting with Helena Tott. I felt that I was going astray in my search for the post office, and looked round for someone to direct me, when, coming down the street, I saw a little lady whose very outline inspired confidence. She was not stout (for Finland), but there was a sort of cherubic plentitude about her which the

originality of her dress set forth. She had clearly been extremely pretty, and her face now made that vaguely comical effect which some good features do when they are beginning to fall abroad a little in the later forties ; while her whole appearance was so good-natured, so twinkling, so jolly, that a susceptible person would love her on the spot. She directed me fully and kindly in Swedish and we walked a little way together—then, just as I was thinking what good Swedish she talked (for I understood it so easily), I realized that we were both speaking German. We parted, after she had given me much information ; indeed, I think she sketched the whole history of the Post Office in Finland with one comprehensive sentence. She was going to the Castle presently “to get some furniture,” so we hoped to meet again.

I have told you how Åbo Castle appears from without, but the inside has unexpected interests. After you have seen dungeons, chapels, banqueting-halls, and kingly memorials, you are free to roam through some twenty or thirty rooms on the first floor, which are furnished as a very complete bric-à-brac museum. Delightful place ! A good deal of rubbish, some real treasures, and the very worst paintings I ever saw, are all assembled in these quaint, irregular little rooms ; together with costumes, furniture, china, household goods and household lumber, enough to illustrate the fullest possible domestic history of Finland. Armour, brocades, and jewellery ; a bride’s gown of the seventeenth century, with the dearest little white and silver shoes ; an endless collection of crockery, where honest willow-pattern shone out undaunted by the neighbourhood of lovely Oriental china ; florid silver dishes, hardware, wooden utensils, looms, mangles (I think), wrought-iron lanterns, and heavy, gaily-painted sledges with embroidered cushions. The furniture was very cleverly arranged in a series of rooms, according to the styles of different periods : there was a Mediæval room, a Renaissance room, a Louis XIV apartment ; and an Empire suite of rooms that were a joy to see, where the furniture was all white, adorned with raised wreaths and garlands in gold, the lines of it exquisitely delicate and severe,

and the hangings in faint, clear tones. And then came an early Victorian room, grim in mahogany and black horsehair, with the waxwork flowers, and the spaniel in tapestry-work upon the footstool all complete. That ended the series; yet in England I think we could trace two distinct periods after this—the Great Exhibition era, when wall-papers were printed with railway-stations, very nicely drawn in perspective, and tables and chairs tried to conceal the feeble vileness of their design under multitudinous bobs and twirls; and the Plush period of the early eighties, when curtains of this luscious material were attached to fire-places and the saddle-bag arm-chair reigned.

On the walls of these and other rooms hung many paintings which, with about three exceptions, were gorgeously and uniformly bad. Here were some of the Bishops and their evil-faced kindred, rendered according to the Signboard School, and here was the striking portrait of an unknown convict in chains and a suit of check. He wore side-whiskers and a repentant look, his suit was rather large and loud, and the pattern upon it was handled with a vigour that was wanting in the treatment of the chains. Nobody can tell me who he was, and so he haunts my dreams.

After a time I began to wish for a little more local colour about the furniture—something more strictly and exclusively Finnish—but I did not find it, unless the tall grandfather clocks with fiddle-shaped painted cases are peculiar to the country. A visitor told me that I should see real antique national designs in colouring and embroidery, with furniture made after the old Finnish peasant fashion at the Emporium of Native Industries in Helsingfors. “Not quite such primitive chairs and tables as they used for the ‘Bridal in Pohjola,’” said he, “but square, and rough-hewn, and simple enough.”

On the ground-floor at Åbo Castle there is a small furniture manufactory, where two or three skilled workers in wood will imitate for you any piece of furniture in the museum that takes your fancy. Here I met Helena Tott again. She was ordering a facsimile of the quaintest double rocking-chair ever

designed : a little painted affair, in which (like a *causeuse*) people sit in two curves of an "S," side by side, yet nearly face to face. Her business done, we fell into a conversation, which brought out her knowledge of English, and soon made our respective identities known to each other.

"Ah ! then, you must be one of Karin Keith's nieces ! Our little society is so small here, you see, that we all knew that Karin was receiving two nieces, a pretty Irish one and an English one. I think you are the Irish lady ?"

She knew I wasn't, and she knew I knew she knew it, yet I was grateful to her for the intention. She mentioned her own name, and I remembered how Celia, enquiring of the cousins about the growth and development of Feminism in Finland, had been told that all her questions would be most fully and satisfactorily answered by a certain Fru Helena Tott-Jürgens, directly the latter returned to town. This lady had been for very many years one of the leaders of the Woman's Movement, and having done nearly all that was possible to help women to free themselves socially, she now turned to the economic side of the problem, and was stirring to bring forward the principle of "Equal Wages for Equal Work." Knowing that your interest in the condition of women is no less strong, though more staid, than Celia's, I ventured to question her upon these matters. She had several times visited England, and perceived some of the difficulties of the older civilization, if she did not understand them. Would that I could give you any idea of her play of voice and gesture ! But I can only make a very condensed report of her conversation, for she had something of Berkeley's magnificent generosity in the imparting of knowledge.

I suppose there is little doubt that, politically and economically, the women of Finland hold a better position than those of any other country in Europe ? Only two professions—the Church and the Army—are closed to them ; and if they determined to enter either, I have no doubt they would succeed. (It is said that the captain of one of the coasting-steamers is a woman, but I do not vouch for the statement.) From street-

sweeping to the law, all other trades are open to women, with certain restrictions about the higher branches. For instance, no woman has yet been appointed Judge. They are specially successful with architecture, and specially in demand in banking. As the saying goes, the chief cashier of a bank should always be a woman, for she is much less likely to run away with the funds than a man!

The general effect of women's work in Finland seems to be essentially the same as in other countries, only heightened in degree. A large sphere of what one may call second-class employment has been opened to women, and they have entered it willingly. Their advance in first-class employment has been slow, and perhaps the majority of them have not yet shown any striking capacity for it; so far, they have distinctly raised the standard of secondary or assistant work by their very conscientious and thorough fulfilment of the same, but they have not yet come forward as workers of the first class by showing marked originality, or genius, or pioneer enterprise in any sphere of labour (unless it be in architecture). The same is true of them in politics. They have done good work on committees, and for the rest they have mainly confined their efforts to reforms in the legal condition of women and children. There is in no sense a woman's party in the Landtdag, for the twenty-five¹ female members are divided among the political groups in a way almost strictly proportionate to the size of these. The Swedish party, which is, on the whole, conservative and bourgeois, shows no special disfavour to the Feminists, nor do the Socialists show them any special favour—beyond the inborn tendency of these last to come to the support of the weaker in any struggle.

It seems, then, that the women in Finland have obtained all and more than they are asking for elsewhere. I naturally enquired, "How did they get it? and how does it work out?"

¹ September, 1908. This was the high-water mark of women's Parliamentary representation in Finland.

“They got it by deserving it!” cried Helena Tott, which was splendidly final, but not quite clear. However, the main thesis of her discourse was this: Women are so strangely placed in modern civilization, suspended between privilege and slavery, as it were, that they will not gain their full citizen rights until they have shown that they deserve them by the steady performance of their full citizen duties. “And here we think that every citizen’s first duty is to support himself, to work for his own bread, and not live idle at the expense of his kindred, be they dead or alive! Of course,” she kindly added, seeing me turn rather pink, “there are some with us, as with you, who make return in public service for the competence which their fathers have bequeathed them; but hardly one of our women would be content to exist in idle dependence, supported by a living father, or brother, or even by a husband! We bring up our daughters to earn their own bread, just as we do our sons.”

It sounds excellent; but I gather, from the form which Helena Tott’s propaganda has now taken, that the old Adam of masculine (and feminine) preference for the son is not quite rooted out, and that the boy often gets a longer and more expensive training for self-support than the girl. “Yes, she will become a clerk, while he is still learning to be a professor; and even if they both enter the Post Office, or the elementary schools, and receive the same wages, he will be helped to advance while she is kept back, and for why? For what they call the family principle—because he will take a wife, and may have her and the children to support.”

This plea should certainly be much less powerful in Finland than with us. For, so far as I can make out, a Finnish woman does not give up her profession at marriage. She goes on with it until the coming of the children, and generally manages, after an interval of six months or so, to return to work. If there are several children under school-age, she may remain at home, but she continues to earn her own living very fully by the care of them and by household work. After all, there is nothing new in this—our labourers’ wives do it every

day, and the textile workers of the North do far more—yet it surprises one to find proletarian industry setting the standard for bourgeois life. Meantime, in England the proletarian husband undervalues or ignores the constant labour of his own wife, because he sees that the wives of the bourgeoisie are frequently idle. And the workman's wife has no idea of the worth of her own industry, because her eyes are fixed on the class above her, and her ideal is "to set with me 'ands in me lap, like a lydy, and awder abart a little general of me own."

"And yet," I said, "if the right to work is the key to woman's emancipation, why does not the wife in primitive communities hold a better position? For she gets work enough! But, you know, she is nothing but the squaw, the drudge."

"First, because she is only free to do one kind of work, and that is drudgery. She may not hunt or fight, and, as the trades develop, all but two or three are closed to her. And then it takes a civilized—perhaps a highly civilized—community to respect labour. The savage's hero is the idle fighting-man, and even, as he advances further, I guess he would not respect the smith who forges his weapons, if he did not believe there was sorcery in it."

Therefore in Finland, according to Helena Tott, the emancipation of the women of to-day was simply and almost unconsciously brought about by the industry of the women of yesterday. For nearly a generation economic independence has been the rule of the Finnish woman's life. The majority of them were intelligent and self-supporting citizens before "the bad times," and under the stress of political troubles they showed themselves as well able to grasp constitutional problems, to face dangers, and to work secretly for their country as any of the men. So, when the occasion came, they got their reward.

The demand for Women's Suffrage hardly existed, says Helena, before 1892. The general "Women's Union" of Finland made propaganda for that cause later on, but only as



A FINNISH TYPE

FROM A PICTURE BY ALBERT EDELFELT

one among many others ; and at the right moment they perceived the larger opportunity, and the whole efforts of the women, as of the men, were directed towards Adult Suffrage.

What circumstances, I wondered, had turned the energies of former Finnish women so definitely towards economic independence? In answer to this Helena Tott abounded in pictorial instance and illustration, the sum of which seemed to be that the spirit of chivalry had hardly penetrated to this remote and well-nigh barbarous corner of the North in earlier times, and that, even so late as the twenties and thirties of the last century, the position of the dependent woman, married or single, was almost intolerable. Despised and submissive as girl or maid, submissive and despised as a wife, perhaps she was a little wanting in that adaptability and slavish cunning which will sometimes make the oppressed woman so powerful and so dangerous. Who knows? Here is one of Helena's anecdotes: The Finnish father is instructing his wife on the proper way to enter a room. "First *I* come, and then the children ; and then you can come, if you want to, but a good long way after!" This does not quite agree with a certain importance given to women and to the counsels of mothers in the *Kalevala*; on the other hand, there is a Runo describing the life that awaits the bride in her husband's home, which bears out Helena Tott's theory.

She acknowledged the softening uses of chivalry, yet her dislike of that institution is profound. "When I have time," says she, "I will write a very big book to prove that this fair-seeming spirit of chivalry has done as much to abase women as all the seraglio system! You will soon bring a slave to revolt and independence, but what can you do with the pretty, petted animal? Chivalry would keep women apart from life and thought and action in a little silken shrine!" (If I could only reproduce Helena's intonation!) "It would make her just like the expensive little toy-dogs in their satin boxes, with curtains, that I have seen at your shows! Chivalry tamed the wholesome, barbaric spirit which drove a woman out to work

and learn something as soon as her bloom was over ; chivalry made it seem right that they should be still enshrined, even though they had grown old and ugly and remained foolish ; exactly as you, with your tender hearts, go on petting your lap-dogs long after they have become aged and horrible.

“We think, you know, that the world rates women alternately too low and too high—just as you English used to do with your soldiers. Mr. Tommy Atkins was either a hero or a ruffian ; but there was always something strange about him—he was never an ordinary fellow-man. So with women ; men see them as either ill-used angels or fiendish idiots—which is what Strindberg thinks us—but always something queer ; whereas really, you know, we are so very human and commonplace !

“I don’t think,” she resumed, “that a grown woman has often that sense of strangeness about man. She has bred and tended him, you see ; and when she speaks about him from the fullness of her instinct, and not from her reason, there is always a little scorn in her tone. One of our younger writers has said that woman thinks of man with contempt and treats him with fear, while man thinks of woman with secret terror and keeps up his courage by treating her with disdain. Ah ! what vile words these are ! How bitter that we should have to use them of the relations between the two creators of human life ! Yet already our movement has changed things very much, and the man who works and the woman who works are beginning to understand each other as never before. The old feeling of mutual dread and excitement is giving way to good-fellowship, and we are learning what brotherhood may truly mean. The future belongs not to lovers but comrades. Give us women our chance of work and freedom, don’t either despise or glorify us—don’t even exaggerate the honour due to our motherhood, for the father has his worth too—and we shall soon cease to talk and think and crave upon these foolish sex matters which waste so much time !

“Romance spread a bridal veil of illusions over the woman, and it has grown to a brick wall between her and man ; but we

shall cast it down one day, and the two will find each other what they are—friendly human creatures, very much alike.” . . . Well, Lucy, if that is the latest Feminist doctrine, what do you think of it? Are you prepared to give up a certain amount of privilege and illusion? We must face the conditions—at every step upward on the way of Progress we have to leave something fair behind us on the level below. We can well do without it—what we have gained is of far more value—but it was a pretty thing, and it is gone.

I listened to most of this discourse upon the way to Runsala, for Helena Tott and I had the little steamer-deck almost to ourselves. Runsala is a beautiful island, with a good many villa-residences, quite close to the town, but we first made a “lust-tur” among the myriad islands which form the Skärgård here. Look at your map and see if it does anything like justice to their numbers! They are almost a continuous archipelago from the coast to the Åland Isles, half-way over to Sweden. This part of the shore is so mild and sheltered that many trees grow here which are not found elsewhere in Finland—poplars and elms and maples and splendid oaks—so it has a home-look—rather like a dream of the New Forest in flood. And yet these narrow, clear bays, with silver birches all among the faded long grass and the golden reeds, have something northern and strange. Then there is always a little rim of seaweed along the edge of these pastoral-seeming waters, and looking sunward into a marvellous glitter of pale light, beyond these toy capes and islands, you find the open sea.

“Of course,” said Helena, “it is absurd that you, who come from England, should be taken to see our Finnish oaks; but what would you? Everyone will ask if you visited the oaks of Runsala, and they will quote you the oak-passage from the *Kalevala*.”

This tells how Väinämöinen landed in a “voiceless island,” a treeless country, and raised up forest-growth of all kinds, lastly “Jumala’s tree” the oak. After giving some trouble in starting, this grew so mighty that—

In its course the clouds it hindered
 And the driving clouds impeded ;
 And it hid the shining sunlight,
 And the gleaming of the moonlight
 With its hundred spreading branches.

So the hero calls upon his mother, Luonnotar, Daughter of the Air, to help him, and she sends a tiny champion, big as a man's thumb, who cuts it down. Once destroyed, the oak tree brought good luck.

He who took a branch from off it
 Took prosperity unceasing ;
 What was broken from the summit
 Gave unending skill in magic ;
 He who broke a leafy branchlet
 Gathered with it love unending.

And even the chips washed up on the shores of Pohjola furnished sorcerers' weapons.

. . . I have returned to the Phoenix, and find the mysterious building job next door is not finished—indeed, it has stood untouched all to-day—Heaven alone knows why! Helena Tott has gone with my hearty thanks, and hopes of future meeting ; but I do not lack entertainment, for there is a *café chantant* just beneath my window. The performers, being in a roofed pavilion, are invisible to me ; still I can hear very well how the tenor attacks a sentimental melody, and the soprano does her best with a comic one. Is not this kind of thing essentially the same all the world over? Of course the sentimental song has a waltz refrain, and the comic song is full of unconscious melancholy. The laboriously careful intonation of the latter, its calculated *rallentandos*, the pauses when the singer was obviously striking an attitude, the chorus so volubly taken up, and the encores! I could not follow the words, but there are only three subjects in the world for the true comic song—getting drunk, one's mother-in-law, and someone else's wife. I rather think it was the last. And then the moon came out, in a wild and cloudy sky, over the wooded heights toward the river, and over the House of Correction which stands on the

highest of these, and looks in the twilight far more like a castle than the real one.

The dissipations of Åbo are over now and all is quiet, so, dear Lucy, good-night and good-bye. To-morrow I go to Tammerfors.

Affectionately yours,

ROSALIND.

THE FOREST PATH

A LONE and climbing woodland way
Leads up amid the groves, that lie
Folded in twilight, dim and high,
Like shadowy pillars manifold.
Far shines, across their long array,
The white lake-water, blank and cold.

A windless pool! and where it lies
Few golden shafts of summer fall.
“ Silence! oh gentle silence!” all
The pine trees murmur, hushed and slow.
Cold evening vapours float and rise;
—This was my fortune, long ago.

“ This path my way of life portends!
Foreshadowing my fate to be!”
Thus, long ago, to merry friends,
I said, in days of sun and glee.
—I will not chide that idle breath;
Since in such peace the journey ends,
Before the quiet pool of Death.

Adapted from Bertel Gripenberg.

LETTER VII

To Marius Fitzgerald,
The Heights,
Culcherbury.

SOCIETETSHUSET, TAMMERFORS.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,

I have just returned from Kerpola, where Celia is visiting some relations of the old Baroness av Bertelsköld. Kerpola lies about ten miles from my present dwelling in Tammerfors, and the road thither goes all along one lake-side with glimpses of another. It is indeed a beautiful stretch of country, and sorry would I have been to miss the sight; only why did some uneasy spirit prompt me to make my way across it on a bicycle?

There is an English mill-manager at Tammerfors whom I know slightly, and his wife said, when I called upon them, that I must by no means hire a machine; she would lend me her bicycle, because it was an English one. The dear kind lady had not ridden it herself for two years, but her boys had—so now it was differentiated from all other bicycles by just that look of rakish, undisciplined, devil-may-care adventure which distinguishes a Boy's Dog from all other dogs.

Well for me that I am a "rough rider," cyclically speaking! The machine possessed neither bell, brake, nor gear-case, the chain came off at intervals, the road-surface was remarkable, and my skirt was too long. Nevertheless, "I've had a most delightful time!" as Deirdre says when she comes in, bog-muddy to the eyes.

The road, as I say, was interesting, both in material and scenery. It was made of cobblestones, as big as my two fists, within the town limits, and of nothing at all in the country.

Here it was generally black and very wide, having two separate lines of ruts (one to go and one to come), and two precarious footways. (Yet this, they say, is a cycling district!) To cross from one side to another in pursuit of the best surface took both skill and foresight, but passers-by were very kind, and would step out of the way for me. And the country was lovely, *lovely!* The road led between two lakes of marvellous clearness and "skiey grain," gleaming among birch woods that were pale golden overhead and mossy green below. Then came stretches of pine forest with ruddy undergrowth and cheery little houses, then lake-waters again, islands, marsh-meadows, distant shores looking for once quite blue, nearer slopes strewn with villages, and the deepest, most cloudless autumn sky over all. (Also in places the blackest, most shameless mud under-foot!)

Celia's host, Oskar Bertelsköld, is the owner of a paper-factory at Kerpola, and his home stands upon a little hill overlooking one of the lakes and the river rapids which supply the mill with electric power. It is a trim building of wood and stone in a beautiful "English garden," and the further slopes of the hill, with a woody peninsula between the two waters, are laid out as a park for the factory hands. The house is furnished in modern English style, and the only pieces of local colour in the appointments were the embroidered sheets in Celia's room, linen that not even your Irish flax could surpass, with exquisitely worked family monograms.

These came to Kerpola with Fru Dagmar Bertelsköld, a lady of Swedish birth, whose general elegance I can only describe in a most insular way—she seemed like a very nice English woman. It was not surprising that she and her husband were as pro-Swedish as our Svekoman Senator. Their party does not win my heart, certainly, yet when I hear the "Fennomaner" speak hardly of them, I feel inclined to say—

Cet animal est très-méchant,
Quand on l'attaque, il se défend.

They were once in the highly agreeable position of a ruling minority, having full command of the government, language, and culture of the Finnish nation; and now that the majority has (very properly) taken all these from them, they find it difficult to acquiesce gracefully. For instance, our friends at Kerpola have sent their children right away to school in Sweden "because we found they were picking up Finnish ways." Yet how else are they to live happily in this country, where the very names on the sign-posts are now Finnish? It is no use to look for Tammerfors, you must seek *Tampere*; and the road to Åbo can only be found by asking for that town as *Turku*.

You will wonder how Celia, who has so espoused the Fenno-man cause, can get on here. But, you know, she has an adroit way of combining political opposition with a kind of subtle individual flattery, implying that a person so intelligent as her opponent *must* hold the right views, if they are only put clearly before him. Or she will assure him that he does already hold them in practice. For example, she told her host with great conviction and earnestness that the assignment of his park to the factory hands, and a few other instances of his good intentions as employer, proved him to be "at heart a thorough Socialist!" And the face of Oskar Bertelsköld, to whom Socialism does not represent a vague mood of brotherliness, but a very pestilent economic system, was a study in conflicting emotions.

We were to dine at the uncanny hour of five, after Celia and I had thoroughly visited the paper factory. It stands in a wonderful position at the top of a great, stony, fir-crowned gorge, through which the river goes thundering down. Besides supplying the Kerpola company with electricity, this river and the lake bring them all their raw material, rough logs which have been felled and trimmed on higher ground. These may come from far away up Näsijärvi (the lake to the north of Tammerfors), or even from its tributaries, and they are carried across the isthmus of Tammerfors at its narrowest point by "rull-banor," a combination of rollers and slope.

A great deal of timber that comes down the river does not stop at Kerpola ; it is tossed and floated along, merely at the expense of this magnificent natural power, right to the harbour at Björneborg or Pori.

We were shown every stage in the melancholy transmutation of pine or birch into paper : all the machines, troughs, rollers, and screws, the whole business of pressing, tearing, washing, bleaching, and glazing. And when we had seen it through, and were taking coffee in the workmen's club-house, Celia said—

“What a monument of misplaced energy ! All that steam and electricity and labour to turn good forest trees, which took fifty or sixty years a-growing, into—what? Paper to wrap bottles in, or, worse still, material exported to make the *Daily Mail!*”

Poor Bertelsköld was frankly bewildered. He would no more question the industrial system than the sun ; and thought (although he speaks excellent English) that his understanding of Celia's words must be at fault. So he described again the regulations for the welfare of the younger hands, and repeated in detail the reasons why there was not yet what Celia had said the place required—a club-house for the working-women.

We calmed and reassured him, and he told us various things, little gossip of the Finland factory world. For instance, there is a celluloid factory further up country where, because the installation of the machinery is rather narrow and dangerous, the management has induced the women hands to wear gymnastic dress. “There was trouble enough to start it—indeed, I think they sent for Lilja Syrén, who is Factory Inspector, you know—to persuade the girls ; but once they took it up, they were so pleased that they wore the factory dress everywhere, until the men complained.”

Conflict with the new Progressive principle of “equal wages for equal work” has been evaded at Kerpola, by allotting a separate kind of labour to the female hands. They do such light but monotonous work as cutting, folding, counting



THE RAPIDS OF TAMMERFORS



BY QUIET WATERS

reams, and so on. If we regret the absorption of forests into wrapping-paper, may we not also be sorry that such fine instruments as human bodies and human brains should be spent in the soulless dexterity of unskilled factory labour, the wide world over? Counting dozens, rolling cigarettes, tying pairs of boots together—all this seems rather a poor use to make of the heir of the ages and the recipient of eight years' schooling. But will the wisest of us ever stop the mills of modern civilization, or the youngest nationality escape them?

I do not think the feelings between Bertelsköld and his factory hands were hostile, although, possibly, both sides recognized that their outlook and their interests were strictly opposed. He did not regard them with that dreary, detached contempt which I have seen more than once in the English employer's eye. There have been sharp industrial troubles in Tammerfors and elsewhere in Finland; but, so far as I can gather, difficulties are, proportionately, less serious here than in other countries, for two reasons. Firstly, Labour is articulate and well organized; the workers know what they want, and know that they have a fair chance of getting it; therefore they are easier to deal with. Secondly, Capital and Labour fight out their difficulties, to some extent, in Parliament, and not in the open; so that rough series of painful experiments, which generally precedes remedial legislation with us, is, on the whole, avoided. All the industrial trades of Finland are organized in Unions, and the greater part of these have recently been drawn together in a powerful body called the "Land—or National—Organization." This, which contains some 25,000 members, rather more than a quarter of all the industrial workers of Finland, is definitely committed to Social Democracy. One realizes further how closely organized labour here is bound up with Socialism, when one is told that this group dates its political importance in Finland from a national alliance of all the existing Trade Unions which, in 1903, assumed the name and policy of the Social Democratic Party.

As regards special details, such as Antony would ask for, I can only tell you that wages are relatively high, and there is a nine-hours day in the paper and textile trades, while overtime is paid half as much again as ordinary labour. The workers live or lodge in Kerpola village; they have no "factory restaurant," but the ever-necessary coffee and cakes of Finnish life can be had at the club-house. There is no special provision for accidents on the premises, but there is a certain amount of compensation and insurance. The law of 1898 compels a master to pay a workman who gets crippled in his service three-fifths of his wages, for a short time; and he must insure his workman for the same amount in case he is made helpless for a longer period, or for life. A State scheme of mutual insurance is to be considered by the Landtdag next year.

How I wish that I had an exact knowledge of even one branch of industrial labour at home! But I dreamed through life in the rural counties, under a haze of party-coloured newspaper information; and the penetrating questions of these Finns wake me to a sad sense of ignorance. However, Celia and I could give faithful answers on a few things to our host, notably upon that gilded landmark of past ages, the House of Lords. Oskar Bertelsköld, who had been himself an active member of the vanished "House of Nobles," showed a consuming interest in our Peers, and I left Celia labouring to remove his fixed impression that these represented the Intellect of our great and ancient land.

She called for me next day at the "Societetshuset" (which is only the generic name for the chief hotel of any place), and we spent some pleasant, idle, wandering hours in exploring Tammerfors. You know, I came here from Åbo, pursuing, as I thought, duty rather than pleasure, for people told me that Tammerfors was the Manchester of Finland, and had some 45,000 inhabitants—a picture not pleasing to me. But this city might be a very agreeable place of residence, for it has grown up amidst, and dependent on, certain beautiful natural forces. It is built upon an isthmus between

two lakes—Näsijärvi to the north and Pyhäjärvi to the south and west; while in the immediate neighbourhood are three others—Roine, Vesijärvi, and Längelmävesi. Moreover, the town is situated on the river which connects the two lakes first named, and this river is just a mile-long series of magnificent rapids, which provide Tammerfors with endless water-power. Nearly a dozen factories and all the electricity of the town are supplied by “the white coal,” the costless energy of the long cataract, which goes rushing through this neat industrial city.

The drop from Näsijärvi to Pyhäjärvi is about sixty feet, and the incline is steepest at the northern end of the town. From north to south, roughly parallel to the river, there goes a fine esplanade with double rows of lime trees; and toward Näsajärvi it widens out into a sort of rocky garden, that ends in a steep cliff overlooking the northern lake. Just below runs the line to Björneborg, a harmless, pictorial little affair; before you is a bustle of timber and boats and general business about Särkänlahti; and northward all this life and turmoil fades very soon into the quiet of the great lake, with headland after headland of forest, and many lonely isles.

Those who come to Tammerfors in pursuit of the picturesque must not expect to find a city about a cataract. The rapids are “shorn of their bright speed” for industrial purposes, and the general aspect of the town is almost level. But it is astonishingly clean and fair for a manufacturing city, and well provided with open spaces. Besides the Esplanade and its terminal garden there is the “English Park” along the river, the grounds of the Alexander Church, and a large grassy and tree-planted opening near the station; while just outside there is the beautiful hilly woodland of Pyynikki. The whole town seems to have been planned with forethought, public spirit, and generosity (road-surfaces excepted). There are very few wooden houses, and the buildings, public or private, seem nearly all well-placed, spacious, and dignified. We were specially desired to notice the work of a woman architect, then living at Tammerfors, who sets about her

business in the most admirably thorough manner. They tell me that she has even practised bricklaying in order to understand her materials—I do not know how far this is true—but she does certainly try the requirements of the kind of house she is expected to design by the only real test, that is, by living in it. Before she built the large girls' school in Vestra Esplanadgatan she spent a period of critical residence, so to speak, in a similar establishment, and the resulting school is said to be a model of convenience and adaptability. (Certain English architects might well be compelled by law to live in their own houses, *after* they had designed them, for correctional purposes.)

Tammerfors was founded in 1779, but it had no commercial importance until 1835. If Commander Keith did not hate the very name of this city, he would quote it as yet another instance of Finnish prosperity based on English enterprise, for a certain Dr. Patterson, a founder of the Russian Bible Society, first conceived the notion of using the rapids for driving power. He spoke of it to John Finlayson, a Scotsman of St. Petersburg, who, with government assistance, built several mills there, and carried out the idea very successfully.

Were I a female factory hand, I am sure that I and my children would have a better chance of health and comfort at Tammerfors than in any English industrial city. Certain obvious drawbacks exist here, as in England: there is overcrowding, there are no sort of restrictions upon the employment of expectant mothers, and there is no endowment of maternity. But women industrial workers are better organized, in some degree better paid, and defended, as it were, by the whole body of the proletariat. There is little demand for child-labour, and no half-time.

To be sure, I should not get so much excitement and pleasure out of my personal adornment as an English factory girl while I was young; but my later years would not be darkened by the hideous, helpless melancholy of slum-life, the dread of unemployment, and the long sense of a losing fight against Society. Nothing like a slum is to be found in Tammerfors.

I suspect that families are packed more tightly than they ought to be in the big workmen's dwellings; still, if people are constrained to live in one room or two, it is surely better that they should own part of a spacious, well-contrived building in a wide street, rather than a section of a mean little house, in a row which is only one item in a municipal scheme of cheap dingy dreariness. Besides, the Tammerfors workmen have added to their comfort with clubs, libraries, and public kitchens; in fact, they have that capacity and even liking for communal life which dear old G. K. C. would persuade us does not exist in any human mind.

The Commander had much to say about the "rough" character of the inhabitants of Tammerfors in particular and of Finland generally, and did his best to dissuade Celia and myself from walking abroad alone. (Some people appear to think that the most suitable outfit for a journey is a very complete set of fears.) Moreover, both he and Aunt Karin find our English dress and choice of colours too vivid for this country, and liable to attract notice here, where sombre hues are the rule. Now it so happens that my Irish cousin and I rather share Eileen's weakness for "a bit of scarlet somewhere"—though it is more needful to my dusky colouring than to Celia's rose-tints—and Aunt Karin said, "My dear girls, you won't wear those pretty red ribbons in Tammerfors, will you? Everyone would take you for Socialists!" "But I *am*!" said Celia. Our aunt received her reply with the mild exasperation that an untimely declaration of faith usually produces, and continued, "Well, if you *do*, everyone along the streets will be wanting to shake hands with you!"

This was too near a prospect of Universal Brotherhood for Celia, and we both left all our touches of scarlet at home. My travelling attire is now very sober, but I must confess that I often manage to pluck and wear a cluster of the vivid berries of the mountain-ash.

Your dear Eileen used to say that to cast suspicion on the sincerity of a fine enthusiasm was to draw perilously near to the sin against the Holy Ghost. Heaven forbid! therefore,

that I should question the genuineness of Celia's Socialist aspirations—but, on the *Finlandia*, she was clothed in quite a different suit of mental wear, if I may so express it, and that is only six weeks ago. Perhaps some people are absolutely obliged, "by strong compulsion inly wrought," to assume the very latest fashion in ideas, whatever it be. Or, to change the metaphor, there exists in our complex and wasteful social system, a kind of amateurs of Reform, "spare-horses" of the waggon of Progress, like Celia and myself. As spare-horses, it costs them no trouble to keep level with the leaders of the team, and that is really their sole concern. Where the waggon goes, and who drags it, matters little to them, but they have grasped the notion that it is a very fine thing to get on *fast*, and they mean to be in the front. So, at small labour to themselves, they assimilate the newest of New Thought and have the creeds of To-morrow already by heart. (We are all so pathetically determined that To-morrow is wiser than To-day !)

You will remind me of your favourite theory of the Overselves, not Supermen, but those accretions of character that we all make for ourselves ; layer after layer of the thoughts we intend to think, the desires we feel we ought to have, and the convictions we have taught ourselves to hold. If we could take them off, every one, how much real self would be left, and what would it be like? These Overselves are often quite praiseworthy, the results of conscience or reason working upon an undeveloped or not very definite personality. I am not at all sure that I should like to find my real self! for the bits I have sometimes uncovered are startling. There is, nicely tucked away, something lawless and individualist, with strong class-feeling and no special horror of bloodshed or personal combat. How does this square with the deliberate "arm-chair Socialist" and humanitarian that you know? And what may Celia's innermost Ego be?

I sometimes think, following the lead of that Overself which inclines her to hold the most "advanced" ideas yet existing, that Celia might easily be tempted to join the Anarchists. And then, surely, the reconcilment with her family should be

easy, for I take it that only the thinnest wall separates the Party of Property from the Supporters of Anarchy, both groups being clear exponents of Individualism. Is it not strange that many of those sober and tradition-loving citizens of to-day, whose watchword used to be "Law and Order," find themselves now in that political camp which guards the interest of the few, of some individuals rather than that of the popular whole, and so is essentially lawless and disorderly? Meanwhile, the alert, questioning, and independent souls, whose force in other days would have been destructive instead of constructive, are driven into that party which seeks to build a wall about the freedom of the Individual for the good of the Whole. My Whig and Conservative friends hold the language of my old Adam, and stand upon "a man's right to do as he likes with his own." "What a man gets, let him keep." "Work or starve; it's a free country." And I talk, as a Roman citizen might have done, about subordinating individual desires to the Commonweal and maintaining the lofty ideal of the State; yet I could see myself rebelling for my individual rights against the common-sense demands of a ruling policy, as fiercely as any Christian of Nero's time!

But this is a far cry from Finland. I wonder if these young people have had time to develop any Overselves yet? Perhaps not; their lives have been too simple and too serious. They have had no need to persuade themselves to be patriotic, since that shadow of tyranny which keeps the spirit of patriotism alert is still near; and it is no effort to them to be Socialists, for they seem to have an astonishing natural gift for communal endeavour. All that they do collectively is well done. Their public works, museums, galleries, parks, town-halls, schools, theatres, even their banks and flat-dwellings are quite admirable, planned with a generosity, and carried out with a dignity and completeness, which we might well imitate if we could. But those circumstances of general living in which the individual has most play—shops, cottages, home-life, personal adornment and appearance—often seem to fall below our English standards of grace or even comfort. It is our

individual and personal undertakings that give beauty to England—our little houses and gardens, our love of flowers and pet animals, and graceful ease, our myriad ornaments and the daintiness of our women—all these produce the general haze of prettiness that enfolds English life. And such things are nearly all personal efforts, what John Smith has done for the satisfaction of himself and Mrs. Smith and the family. If Brown and Jones want the same sort of thing, let them make for themselves, since (again) “this is a free country.” Characteristically, too, nearly all attempts to arrest the deepening miseries of our industrial system, such as Bournville or the Garden Cities, are not State undertakings, but individual experiments.

(Later.)

To-day I cycled to Kangasala, a beauty spot which ranks higher in general esteem than Kerpola, but is not so much “to my mind.” The road was better, I had mastered the peculiarities of my bicycle, and the only disturbing incidents of the way were the village dogs, who came out in troops at Hyllilä, Juvela, Vatiala, and other musically named hamlets to resent the stranger. They followed me half a mile or so, but nobody heeded them; nor, after a while, did I. The day was cloudy and threatening, the lakes were grey, and the fir woods very dark; but every village was a bright spot, because of the big mountain-ash trees. In each roadside garden there was one—set there for good luck or beauty, I suppose—and their branches were all bowed under their load of blazing scarlet berries; so heavy these are, and so numerous this year. Everyone repeats the old wives’ tale that abundance of berries foretells a hard winter.

Kangasala is a fairly level and cultivated headland, tapering to a peninsula, between Roine and Längelmävesi. The station lies one Swedish mile away, that is, some seven English miles of primitive highway and pleasant woodland, as I found, for I returned to Tammerfors by rail. With only the word “Asemalle” on a solitary sign-post to guide me, I followed

the track of some half-dozen peasant carts along this forest road, in the mellow light which comes after an evening shower. But you will be wondering what I went to see at Kangasala. The village is a summer resort, and has a sort of conscious trimness and prettiness in consequence; and the traveller's duty is to admire its position, visit the church, and then go on to Liuksiala. Kangasala Church is very ancient, and contains unattractive portraits of Charles XII, and Karin Månsdotter, the lovely peasant-girl, who was Queen of Sweden for a brief unhappy while. At Liuksiala, a castle overlooking the lakes near by, she spent her widowhood and died.

Since no trace of her castle remains, I felt excused from visiting the site, and while I sheltered during the rain in Kangasala Church, I made the acquaintance of a fellow-traveller who had been there. She was a young girl from Uleaborg, a jolly-looking, fair-haired creature with a sturdy figure and an unfortunate hat. From her talk, it appeared that she was a good example of that thirst for knowledge which possesses the Finnish rising generation. She had just accepted the not very scholarly office of piano-player at a "Biograph Theatre" in Helsingfors, but this, she was convinced, would only be the first step on her way to the University, and who knows where that might lead? To a seat in the Landtdag at the very least! Anyhow, she was determined not to let pass the smallest opportunity of gaining information, so she had utilized the chance of a brief stay near Tammerfors to visit Kangasala and Liuksiala, and to "reconstruct the atmosphere" of the last days of the unlucky queen. She certainly had the historic sense, and made me, for the moment, ashamed of feeling much more interest in the pushing modern life of Tammerfors than in bygone Karin Månsdotter. We talked in German, for she had been through a secondary school at Uleaborg. She made that city appear rather attractive by her descriptions, and, with a thoughtful eye to the main chance, she gave me the address of her mother, who kept a quiet hotel there. After making three bad shots at my nationality—for these Finns cannot under-

stand an English person having dark eyes—she asked me a number of searching questions upon the history of England while we lunched together, and in answering her I acquitted myself but ill. However, I succeeded in telling that girl about something that she did not know of—and in her own country, too—the Johannes Kyrkan at Tammerfors.

I had visited this remarkable new church on the day before at Commander Keith's request. "Go and see that place, my dear, and you will never believe in Finnish Art again!" But why will not things happen emphatically in real life? If this were a story, I should have been simply overwhelmed by the beauty and originality of Enckell and Simberg's designs; whereas I remain neither horrified, as the Commander would wish, nor yet entranced; only feeling that a little more technical skill would have stamped these decorations as the undoubted work of genius—perhaps.

Johannes Kyrkan (St. John's Church) is a building that was erected about two years ago in the new quarter of Tammerfors. Outwardly, it is simply a Gothic construction in granite with a red-tiled roof, which one is somehow inclined to describe in quite non-ecclesiastical terms of approval, such as neat, strong, and effective; within, it is a large rotunda encircled by a gallery, and upon the solid granite of this gallery there is painted a deep frieze representing a garland of thorns dotted with crimson roses, held up at intervals by life-sized naked boys. Some are bending with the weight of it, some stand erect, and some are torn and bleeding with the thorns. The boys are of Finnish type. The colouring is subdued and the whole treatment decorative, and yet one gains an impression that it loses its full effect by reason of a sort of disturbing realism. On the terminal of either gallery is painted a leafless tree, bursting into flowers of dim flame.

Over the altar is a great fresco of the Resurrection. Here the dead are rising up from their graves "like exhalations," some naked, some shrouded still, into the white and luminous quiet of dawn. There is a fine solemnity about the picture, a sense of deep seriousness and spiritual atmosphere not always



THE RESURRECTION
FROM THE ALTARPIECE BY ENCKELL

attained by the many painters who have touched the subject, and I cannot imagine how it should arouse other than religious feelings. But controversy has raged about it, and there have been the usual shrill protests against the Nude in Art, and—far worse—the Nude in Church! But the reverence of a simple congregation does not seem to have been disturbed by these.

There are other paintings in the gallery itself, but of these I only remember clearly the “Wounded Angel” by Enkell. Two Finnish factory hands, of very workaday appearance, are bearing a sort of carrying-chair, across which there reclines an afflicted little angel, with bandaged head and broken wing. He is a homely and earthworn angel, in a rough blue garment, and his bearers are carrying him, without very much concern, across a dim industrial landscape of factory buildings and chimneys. It is all very simply treated, but the composition has feeling and great charm.

I believe the windows of the Johannes Kyrkan must be something of an achievement in modern glasswork, for never have I seen such superb and glowing colour. They form a series, culminating in a circular west window—something mediæval and appropriate about knights and dragons and final judgments—and I cannot tell you whether the designs are good or bad; but when the sun falls on them, they are like the colours that one sees in dreams. How some hues remain upon one’s visual memory! and what a pleasure even the recollection of them brings! either waking, or in the half-world that preceded sleep. I can still see the blue of Mariana’s dress in Millais’s “Moated Grange.” Colour, landscape, and beauty in women—these three give me that keen sensuous delight which I cannot find in music. But oh! how rare a really lovely woman is! I have never found anyone—even in your country—who was beautiful *enough*.

Farewell now. I must put together my simple baggage and start to take my sleeping-berth for Uleaborg and Torneå—my Farthest North!

Very sincerely your Pupil,

ROSALIND TRAVERS.

ON THE WASTE

THE light is low upon Ten-Mile-Moss,
The boundless fen, the Land of Dreams ;
The track, where the cunning herdsmen cross,
Is a chain of fiery water-gleams.

Strange eyes look out from the shadowy bushes ;
A greyness gathers o'er heath and fen ;
The Soul of the Waste is a-wing, and brushes
My life away from the thoughts of men.

Adapted from Bertel Gripenberg.

LETTER VIII

To Francis Clare in the Tyrol

BETWEEN TAMMERFORS AND ULEABORG.

. . . AND this will be a tiresome letter, Dear, I warn you ; all objective, a mere record of landscape and happenings. Do you remember how, years ago, when we were boy and elder girl together, you used to thank me gravely for my letters because they were "so thoughtful"? But there is no time for thought now ; I am just gathering up impressions as the bog-moss draws in water.

My boreal Odyssey would seem to begin tamely enough in a comfortable corner of a large second-class carriage, built on Pullman-car lines. But think ! I am heading all alone for the Arctic Circle, through a land whose prevailing language is quite unknown to me, and in a country under Russian rule—that is, where anything may happen !

I left Tammerfors in a sleeping-berth and had a terrible struggle with the window, which was already "fastened up for the winter," as the conductor said, with a sickly smile. But I mastered it, and slept peacefully through the soothing progress of a Finnish train. Leisurely it may be, but it is very cheap : only thirty marks (25s.) for a journey of twenty-two hours, and night accommodation. A sleeping-compartment is merely one of the first-class divisions arranged for the night ; and these are like little cabins to seat four persons, shut off within the second-class car. For a first-class fare you can have one of these cabins all to yourself, and travel in stately isolation, if you will. The adjustments of the outer car put you in mind

of winter—the double windows, the hooks for hanging up overcoats, and the roomy nets for extra wraps ; while, disregarding of the warm, bright weather, many people arrive in winterly cloaks and galoshes.

I woke to find myself travelling through an autumn forest. After dressing, with that sad sense of inefficiency which a train toilet brings, I hurried out to the platform at the end of the car, to see the world. We are overtaking the northern autumn, and it is like journeying down the year ; every mile further brings us some hours nearer to winter as we roll on northward through forest and moor. Just here birches abound, and each one, large or small, is dressed in the very fullness of gold, with aspens among them in paler glory, and little fiery-coloured trees whose leaf I cannot discern, and russet mountain-ashes, drooping with scarlet fruit. Fifty or sixty miles of autumn gold I have seen now, and I am not the least tired of it ; but I shall have to find out a thousand ways of saying “golden” before I can describe all this waning splendour to you. From the tawny yellow of the marsh-grass to the rose-flame of the bird-cherry, from the brazen tones of willow and alder to the lemon hues of the aspen, not a shade is missing ; and all this in rich autumn sunlight with no hint of paleness in its ray. The country has grown flat, the trees are small and few upon a level, boundless plain of heather or rough marsh-grass. Are these

Kaleva's untended moorlands,
Lonely heaths, where cranberries flourish ?

Then presently come fields, and queer, tall haystacks, and little grey sheds, and poppy-red houses, then a brief and radiant woodland again, and a stretch of the greenest and mossiest swamp, with a few dwarf junipers trying to look like gorse, and here and there a spruce-fir. There has been no bracken for a long way, and I think I have had my last glimpse of the white, downy heads of willow-herb in seed.

We pass many stations, and stop a decent time at each for traffic or refreshment. Long before we approach, we know that a station is coming by the piles of neatly stacked timber



ALL ALONG THE RIVER
FROM A PICTURE BY SJÖSTROM

along the line. Nearly all this is fuel for the engines, which, being made to consume wood, are very large and ungainly, and generally followed by a tender full of blocks. At each station a great deal of the population for miles around assembles to see us go by. It is Sunday, by the way—although the trains run exactly as on other days—and therefore every man or woman upon the platform is arrayed in what Martha would call “their proper Sabbath blacks.” In their big felt hats and sombre suits the men look rather like countrified Free Church deacons, unless, as sometimes happens, they have added very big fishing-boots to their attire. The women mostly wear a dark, shapeless jacket and skirt, with a black or white handkerchief knotted under the chin, which makes their dull sunburnt skin look stranger still. A quaint, simple, solemn crowd they are, not noticeable for mirth or loud chatter, as they watch us pass in and out again. And then comes more golden woodland, a blue river all choked with logs, a stony tract where the boulders are covered with bright orange lichen, and then a vast, flat, barren, tawny plain, where birches and willows are dwarfed into little thick, bright shrubs, and the very streams are tawny too.

“What does Fraulein think of the Österbotten plain?” said a fellow-traveller, with whom I had some German conversation. You know my liking for these empty spaces of earth and sky: I pleased the questioner, who was himself an Ostrobothnian, by the warmth of my answer.

“Yes,” said he, “I have journeyed in Savolaks and Karelia, but I could not live in a hilly country myself—the vision is so cramped! Now, I can count the trees in the garden of my house, near Frantsila, for five Swedish miles around!” He described the size and variety of Österbotten with proud modesty, as if it were a personal achievement. “Half the bigness of Finland! And you must not think it is all flat either, for as you go eastward the little hills and the great lakes begin again. On the western coast we have cities and cultivated land, and fine pasturage, but right away to the east, in Kuusamo division, there is a huge forest which has not even yet been fully explored!”

Then he told me of the wonderful profusion of sunshine here in summer, and in the wild flight of the spring, which brings all vegetation so rapidly forward. Corn in the south of Finland takes some four months to ripen, 120 days from seed-time to harvest; but here (near Uleaborg) its race is run in 82 days. And the leaves leap out of their sheaths on the first spring day as if one of the old Österbotten magicians had called upon Suvetar and Etelätär (the goddesses of Summer and of the South wind).

Besides all this, Österbotten has given many men of letters and genius to Finland: Franzén, Runeberg, Snellmann, Lönnrot, and that worthy old Topelius, all come of this Bothnian shore. But these, you notice, are none of them indigenous Finnish names, and indeed part of Österbotten may be reckoned as Swedish Finland. For the last five or six hours the railway has followed along the coast within the range of "Svensk" culture, as many of the names, such as Jakobstad, Brahestad, and Gamla Karleby, signify. The sea comes and goes in blue-grey, with dim islands to the left, and everything is growing a little vague and uniform and evening-coloured, though it is only 4.30. Northward still for four hours more!

SOCIETETSHUSET, TORNEÅ,

Monday.

After Uleaborg the sunset hour began. Shall I ever give you any notion of the penetrating charm of the north—of this quiet land of large pale rivers and little golden forests and endless plains? If I could make you feel the clear, dry, yet living air, the faint woodland odours, and the wide silence that is more pleasant than any sound! Well, I reached my terminus after dark, crossed the river in a ferry-boat—for Torneå town is on an island—found an hotel, and so to bed. In the morning the weather was still fair, and I gave myself to a conscientious exploration of this, the most northerly place of importance in Finland. You will find it at the very top of the Gulf of

Bothnia, near lat. 66°, upon the Finnish-Swedish border. It is a flat island, or, strictly speaking, a peninsula, in extremely level country at the mouth of a wide river, connected by a ferry-boat with the mainland, and with Sweden by a long wooden foot-bridge over a marsh. The only thing for the dweller in Torneå to do is to take a walk in Finland or in Sweden, and it costs a halfpenny to reach either, so you see it would be an expensive place to live in.

The town is a collection of toy-like wooden houses, and a black and white church, set tidily down in wide streets, with imposing Finnish names, upon the "enised plain" of short grey-green herbage. Grass is still growing in many of the streets, and there are no trees to speak of except in the churchyard. The birches and the mountain-ashes here make it the gayest place in Torneå, for the scarlet berries simply burn like lamps when the low sun touches them. Twice in the year the island wakes up: in June, when visitors come from far and near to see the Midnight Sun at Aavasaksa, and toward Christmas, when the Laplanders drive in behind their reindeer to hold a winter fair. On a clear day you can just see Aavasaksa, a round hill some seven hundred feet high about forty miles off, up-river, at Ylitornio; and beyond this point the country rises rapidly, the forests reappear, and Lappmark begins.

Torneå was founded, they say, as long ago as 1324, and there has been a church there since 1345, when the Archbishop of Upsala came and baptized heathens in the old stone font which is still to be seen. Neither this town nor its Swedish twin of Haparanda, just across the border, have made history, so far as I know. The most pictorial incident about them was told me by the lady-manager of the Förenings-Bank—where I paid a business call—in the cosy little wooden room, full of green plants and rocking-chairs, which represented the bank premises. She said that the long, rickety footbridge to Sweden was the exclusive property of an old maiden lady, very stiff about her rights, who will neither remove, improve, nor part with it upon any condition. After her death it will be pulled down and possibly not replaced. "But how will you get to

Sweden then?" "Oh, round the head of the marsh, by the boundary-stone—if we really want to go there."

Besides the Förenings-Bank, Torneå possesses a branch of the Kansallis Osake Pankki, and a town-hall, and a hospital, and schools, and three bookshops, and a local paper—all this for the benefit of some two thousand inhabitants! So far as I can gather, the little town on the island is a "cultural centre," as the Professor would say, for many miles around. Beyond the small area encircling Torneå and Kemi the country is very sparsely inhabited, having less than three dwellers to the kilometre. Where cultivated at all, it is taken up by peasant farmers in extensive holdings, with large areas of forest as well. Nearly all Lappmark comes into direct State ownership as "Crown forest," from which grants are made to settlers at an extremely low rate, under certain restrictions touching the care of the trees.

Do you know, there are very few Laplanders even in the extreme north of Finland? Only about a thousand of these Arctic nomads remain. The settled inhabitants of Lappmark are Finns, who live chiefly on their reindeer and the results of their fishing—a hard enough living it sounds! Open country suits them best, because the reindeer moss grows more freely there; in the forest great quantities of trees have to be felled that the rein-lichen may grow upon them. The reindeer supplies milk, meat, and even clothing to his owner, besides drawing-power for the sledge. Somehow, one's mental picture of a Laplander is akin to that of a motorist—a person wrapped in furs perpetually travelling. They tell me that it is extremely "sporting" to drive behind a reindeer, for the sledge will only hold one person, the steed goes a great pace and has only one rein, while the sole method of stopping (for the inexperienced) is to fall over or out.

There are two or three shops in Torneå that cater for the Laplander with fur coats, pointed caps, long fur boots, and sleigh-robos, all gaily adorned with trappings of scarlet, blue, and yellow, for, unlike our Finns, he loves bright attire. He is also extremely skilful in carving bone. I purchased a knife

whose handle was adorned with running reindeer in low relief; and while I was in the shop a wonderful person—perhaps the carver himself—appeared. It was a real Lapp, a sight rarely seen in Torneå so early in the autumn. He had a flat, oval face, deeply brown in colour, straight black hair, and little dark, twinkling eyes set at an angle. He carried a staff and a bundle of skins, his coat was trimmed with scarlet cloth and mangy fur, which had all matured into a rich, indescribable tone—too rich; it suggested things. Small, dark, and inscrutable, he passed on.

But I must not overlook the three bookshops of Torneå! They exist, mind you, for the primary purpose of selling books, not stationery, nor silver inkstands, nor post-cards, and I begin to fear that Finland is very much ahead of Southern England in “book-learning.” Do you think I could find three real bookshops in Riversguard, or even in the whole of Andredswold? Or should I easily come across foreign books, in two languages, for sale in Exeter or in Gloucester? (I can see the sleepy, ruffled countenance of the shopman handing me his best find, Ollendorff's *French Reader*, across the armorial pottery and the photographs of Deans). Yet at Åbo and Tammerfors all sorts of current French and German books were immediately attainable; and though Torneå could not produce these, it had an extensive library of Finnish translations from other languages. In the window of the smallest bookshop, near the Public Garden, I saw at one and the same time Finnish renderings of Herodotus, of Shakespeare, and of Tolstoy. You might call it an epitome of Finnish culture. “Oh yes, we must read,” said the owner of the shop, who had a little Swedish, “or what should we do? Sometimes we get only four hours of daylight, and snow eight months of the year. Besides, Torneå must keep her proper place, as far as learning goes, against Kemi and Haparanda!”

After going down to look at the waveless shore, where a few fishing-boats lay, I went for a walk in Sweden. Crossing the footbridge, I was in Haparanda, a tidy but uninteresting

little town, so I followed a long riverside road due north. It led across a wide, treeless stretch of cultivation, with turnips and potatoes and the stubble of oatfields—it is too far north for rye. There were very few houses, and no hills, no forests, no bracken, no heather, no stones; just sky and river and empty fields, and beyond them a flat, tawny wild. I halted at last on a little bridge over a small, brown stream that flowed between unfamiliar grasses, and felt very far from home. And there, among that scanty unknown herbage, what do you think I found? A *nettle!* as strong and hearty a specimen as any I had ever rooted out of the wilderness beds. Dear, familiar enemy! how the sight of him recalled me to the sunflowers and the dahlias and the beechwoods just beginning to turn colour in the September sun.

I went back to Torneå by the northern end of the marsh, where neither bridge, nor ditch, nor stream exist to show the limit of Sweden; but, rising among the dwarf willow bushes, there stands the boundary-stone. It is just a granite monolith, bearing the Swedish arms, and beside it is a very small toll-house, with a custodian of ruffianly appearance, but great politeness, who takes the toll.

After rest and food I went out again, and took the ferry, to walk as far north as possible, on Finnish soil this time. The country here was a trifle wilder and more marshy, endlessly flat, with small woodlands of birch and occasional fir—such little trees! Do you know the menacing look there is sometimes about a small, tightly set plantation in the open? There are tiny woods up on the downs that are full of the dwarfish spirits of cave-men; these toy forests of Alavojakkala looked as if they were haunted by Lapp wizards—and wolves. Near at hand, men and horses were ploughing in the rough and scanty fields, and I caught again the pleasant smell of up-turned earth, which is the same everywhere, I suppose. Twilight found them ploughing still when I passed again on my return; and very little and lost they seemed in the wide grey landscape by the broad stream.

KESTIKIEVARI, TEERELÄ,

Wednesday evening.

They tell me the post goes twice a week from this place to Uleaborg, and I suppose it is as reliable here as anywhere else. Well, I commit my letter to the care of Hermes, God of Wanderers; I do not think he will let such a budget of marvels go astray.

I left Torneå early on Tuesday morning, and very lovely was my last view of it across the river, all in the pearl-pink and grey and dull, soft gold of a misty sunrise. The air was mild as milk; nevertheless the train was closed up as before, but the last Torneå saw of me was my victorious smile over the window that had been forced to yield. Retracing my way to Uleaborg, I passed Kemi, the rival of Torneå, which I had not properly seen before. A line is now being constructed to run north-east and north for some seventy or eighty miles along the Kemi River to Rovaniemi, and then to Kittilä; so that the directions to passengers will presently be—"Kemi: Change for Lapland." "Torneå: Alight here for the Arctic Circle."

After such prospects Uleaborg (or Oulu) is tame civilization. Yet it stands beside a mighty river, overlooking Merikoski, a mile-length of tossing rapids. Fish, tar, and timber are the products of Uleaborg, and it is the most northerly harbour station in the Bothnian Gulf. Like all Finnish towns that I have seen, in map or actuality, it is laid out in a thoroughly reasonable and rectangular manner; but how was this managed? Did the Finns pull down and rebuild every city they possessed some thirty years ago? or were the original mediæval designers so much more correct and orderly here than elsewhere? For Uleaborg dates from 1400, or earlier, and like many important centres in Finland, it possesses the last remains of a fortified castle on an island in the midst of the river. Here dwelt the various governors who ruled the huge, wild district of Oulu—"Uleaborg's län"; and the castle might have been there to this day, had it not been for the great

thunderstorm of 1793. Lightning struck the tower and exploded a quantity of gunpowder stored there, literally scattering the castle to the four winds. There is now an Observatory on the island, which is connected with the town and the further shore by a long suspension-bridge, so that you have a fine view from it of the rapids above the harbour and shipping down below.

The Observatory Island was my starting-place for a long walk across the river, returning by the railway-bridge further up-stream. Hundreds of logs were travelling leisurely down Merikoski: the river was broad and grey and tumbled, and, beyond it, the town had that curious look of neatness and toy-like trimness which comes of the wooden houses and the absence of smoke. On the northern side, where I was walking, I found villas and fir woods and cottages, and women washing picturesquely by the riverside, with cauldrons upon the stones, and tubs that seemed to be bubbling over with clothes. Here I met the first beggar I had yet encountered in Finland, a poor old bundle of dinginess, who asked in Swedish for alms. I gave with that sense of social guilt that the C.O.S. has laid upon indiscriminate charity, and you should have seen how the other women looked at her! One of them approached me and said, "Fröken must not think that old body belongs to 'Uleaborg's län'; we have no beggars here!"

Later on I went down to the harbour to find the dwelling of a certain Lars Wasenius, timber-merchant and ally of the Keiths, who should direct me how to reach Kajana. Now, Kajana is the terminus of the mid-Finnish railway, about sixty miles from Uleaborg, and only accessible by steamer and road-travelling. Most people journey in the contrary direction, from Kajana to Oulu, but this involves the temptation to shoot the rapids of the Ulea River, which I had promised not to do.

Among some fine buildings, with a suspicion of the New Finnish Art about them, I found Herr Wasenius's office. He was a tall young man, with that langour of manner which sometimes goes with extreme height and seems inappropriate

to so bustling a trade as the timber business. He gave me full directions, and reassured me as to the advisability of my enterprise. "Oh yes, perfectly safe. There is a telephone all the way. And at Hulmi, where you will stay the night, they speak Swedish." (However, in view of what is coming, I will mention that I bought a Finnish-German word-book that night—and lost it next morning.)

Lars Wasenius could be enthusiastic upon one subject, and that was *tar*. Over the coffee and cakes, which make their appearance even upon a business visit in Finland, he declared that no one could do justice to Uleaborg who had not seen the tar-stores at Toppila across the bay. An English guest of his was just going thither; could he not show them to me? "How sad to live in timber when one's heart is in tar," I thought, while he called up his friend upon the telephone. And then I heard Swedish spoken with a dear, unmistakable Cockney accent, and a quaint little man in a very large pea-jacket stood before me. He was the captain of some important sea-going vessel, but he looked more suited to direct the *Clacton Belle*.

Under his cheery escort I saw Toppila, but I am not quite sure whether it is on the mainland, or an island, or both. We took steamer and crossed the harbour, which is shut in with isles and seems, on a calm day, only a large grey lagoon, surrounded with timber-yards, where the piles of stacked wood look like a small town. I heard statistics; I walked through miles of sheds, by millions of tar-barrels; I saw English, Swedish, and Russian vessels; and I learnt that all tar, whether it comes from Finland or Sweden, is bound to be "Stockholm tar." Tar, butter, and timber, raw or prepared, are the chief Finnish exports to England, and in return they take our raw cotton and manufactured iron or steel goods. Not for your benefit, but for the Professor's, I tried to get some idea of Finland's fiscal policy, but this is difficult, for the phrase "*näringsfrihet*," which is rendered "Free Trade," does not mean free importation, but merely the absence of monopolies or restrictions on trade—complete industrial liberty. There are a

number of small protective duties intended to encourage local manufactures, such as the tax on imported machinery—which works to the hindrance of agriculture, so the farmers say, through the excessive cost of appliances—and the taxes on cloth and shoes. There is a small export duty on timber, imposed upon the same theory as the former English duty upon export coal. “But that doesn’t run on all fours with it,” said the little captain, “as even a Dutchman could see! Why, they’ll double their forests in fifty years if they look after them; and surely, the more money in timber, the more encouragement to develop it—that’s what I say!”

All this is likely to come up for discussion in the Landtdag shortly, since the advanced parties are in favour of some measure of Free Trade, as we understand it.

Well instructed and weary, I returned to my inn. Next morning early I drove to a landing-stage above Merikoski, and took steamer to Muhos, some ten or twelve miles up-river. She was a dirty little trampish boat, but she faced the strong current valiantly, and carried myself, a score of Finnish lumber-men, and an old market-woman who smoked a black pipe.

Ulea River was swift, and very broad, and marvellously blue. Now it flowed between steep and stony cliffs, crowned with pale stretches of meadow-land, now the red and grey villages clustered down to the water’s brim, and then again came islands, and hanging woods of pine and faery-like gold. At whiles the sun shone, not over, but *through* the groves of birches and aspens, till they were trees no longer, but living golden apparitions, with that strange air of triumph and advance which only comes when Nature has had a free hand, and achieves something perfectly well.

Everywhere we met timber coming down the stream, now in batches of stray logs drifting by unheeded, now in floats—great rafts of unhewn tree-trunks, fastened roughly together and guided by a lumber-man with a long iron-tipped pole. The current swung them, the little rapids tossed them to and fro, they banged against unseen rocks and careened wildly,

but they went gaily on, their steersman exchanging shouts with the men on board. Presently came tar-boats, long up-curving wooden skiffs, rather like birch-bark canoes, freighted high with barrels and rigged with spare grey sails. One of them was in the sole charge of a jolly-looking girl, bare-footed and red-armed, her flaxen tails of hair flapping in the breeze. We greeted her too, and I think, by the gestures, we chaffed her for the loss of her head-kerchief. She laughed in reply and waved her paddle up-stream.

At Muhos I left the steamer—but pray don't imagine that Muhos is a *place*—it is just some five houses, a landing-stage, and a telephone branch. Here I first discovered that I had lost my new Finnish word-book; but no use lamenting! The “*kärä*” ordered by Wasenius was soon ready, and I took my seat in it. Such a vehicle! A small, springless, two-wheel cart which had forgotten what paint was, a confidential old horse in string harness, and a nice, clean schoolgirl to drive. At first the country was cultivated and uninteresting, but this mattered little, for the road supplied an unfailing element of picturesqueness. In the words of a great poet, “It consisted of chasms and crags.” We set off light-heartedly down a steep hill at a hand-gallop—I remembered that my will was made and all my affairs in order—so I clung on somehow and studied the driver. She held in each hand the reins, which were of mended rope and very long, frequently whirling them round her head with encouraging remarks; but she seldom touched the horse, who took his own track and his own pace unheeding. As regards the former, he cared nothing where the wheels went, so long as his feet were provided for, and the latter was an intermittent gallop and lounge. He was fat as a tub, and of a weird foxy colour, shaggy, and blinkerless, frequently rolling a large and rather humorous eye in our direction through the tangles of his mane. After some four or five miles, when I had learnt how much to allow for his peculiarity of stopping dead when he met a foot-passenger, and how to sit when traversing the more unusually large holes in the road, we came to a post-house.

Here I waited half an hour or so while they found a second horse, cart, and driver—for I was handed on from one to another without any responsibility of my own—and looked about me. It was a shabby, old unpainted house of one story in a quadrangle formed by sheds and outbuildings. The rooms were large, low and dark, hardly furnished, save for a table, a chair, and some folding-beds of rather doubtful aspect. I was glad to remember that Hulmi, and not this place, was my night's destination.

The next driver was a small boy, whom I could have put in my pocket, all but his overcoat. At first the road was of the same nature as before, being always worse in a cultivated neighbourhood, but presently its internal declivities and ascensions became milder, and I could enjoy the country. We jogged on through little bright forests, over heather which had taken an unknown richness of russet, and by yellow, swampy-looking pastures which stretched away to the horizon. Ulea River came and went in a broad, pale blue ribbon to the left of us; now and then I caught the hum of falling waters, and the road continued very slowly and persistently uphill. Everything was silent, serene, and mildly golden—till a succession of quite unwarrantable jolts made me look searchingly into the interval between the collar of my driver's overcoat and the brim of his hat. He too was silent, serene—and fast asleep; I took the reins, and kept them for the rest of the journey. The old horse had at some time of his life been properly driven, and rather preferred it, so we got along nicely together; but soon the driver woke up, and, *pour se donner une contenance*, lit a cigarette. He was not nine years old, so I told him he was too young to smoke.

I made the remark in Swedish, but it had no effect; I went on to say it in German, English, and French, which were also fruitless. My blood was up, and I tried Italian: "Troppo giovane per la cigaretta"—unavailing! Then I remembered the days of my youth, when dear old Dr. Cogerly taught us Latin with a British pronunciation, and I said in solid, insular accents: "Puer, es multus juvenus pro—" It was enough.

With a suppressed wail of fright he dropped the cigarette ; discipline was restored, and I drove on.

After another post-house and another change, we came to a large village, a church, and a threshing-machine in action. The horse gave trouble, and a kindly soul, who appeared to be a Finnish labourer, came out of the field and helped to lead him by. About half a mile further we again stopped at a posting-inn, and I gathered that I was to stay here for the night. But this did not suit me, for it was still quite early in the afternoon, and my directions were to put up at *Hulmi*, a place known to the Finnish Tourists' Association, where the landlady could speak Swedish. My intending hostess was an amiable-looking woman, who did her best to explain *something* to me ; but, as we had not a word in common, all I could realize was that this place was not Hulmi. So behold me ! quite in the dark as to where I was, and not knowing how I should get on ; and, next to forgetting your own name, I know of nothing so distracting as to be unable to find the name of your abode ! After a few minutes, I remembered Aunt Karin's advice : " If you get into a difficulty, go to the bookseller, or the post office, or the Pastor." There might be a post office, and, seeing the church, there ought to be a Pastor. So I picked up my bundles and trotted away : found a post office, but no interpreter : found a large house that looked as if someone cognizant of Swedish must dwell there, but no one was at home. Rather bewildered, I thought of seeking the field with the threshing-machine, whose engineer was likely to be a travelled man from Uleaborg ; and, turning thither, I met the same labourer who had assisted with the horse.

In welcome Swedish, he told me that the Hulmi posting-inn no longer existed, and the Tourists' Association now patronized the place I had come from, the " Kestikievari " or guest-house of Teerelä. Presently it transpired that he spoke German, so we talked freely as he helped me to carry my bundles. I asked if he belonged to the large house, and he replied evasively that it was the Vicarage ; then, on my expressing thankfulness at finding a German

interpreter so far from any town it came out—"Well, I am the Vicar!"

I had the presence of mind to say, "I thought so!" and he continued apologetically, "But I don't suppose you ever saw a pastor dressed in this way before?"

His attire was indeed more picturesque than ecclesiastical, for he wore a jersey which was the colour of many years' weather, fishing-boots, and a most experienced hat. He came back with me to the Kestikievari, and gave me directions for the journey remaining, much fuller than those I had received from Lars Wasenius, and told me something about Teerelä. It is a rather important parish, at the junction of the Ulea and the Talvi, and my good friend is ecclesiastically responsible for a number of minor villages and for a large extent of wild forest country, where the lumber-men have a temporary camp. With the assistance of two young clergy, he makes regular pastoral visits throughout his wide domain, baptizes, confirms, marries, buries, and fulfils a number of official registration-duties, besides farming his own very considerable glebe. He gives religious instruction to the young people, and it is his business to see, before he celebrates a marriage, that both parties are able to read. "Sometimes, as you may think, it is very pathetic! Two years ago there came to me an elderly peasant who never had any schooling, and begged me to teach him, for his poor little intended bride had laboured all one long winter with him and the alphabet, and had failed."

"What did you do?"

"Ah! what could I? He was just a Sven Dufva" [a famous dull soldier in one of Runeberg's poems]. "Such a good fellow, but no head for books! Well, I sent him to the People's High School at Kuopio next autumn, and when Christmas came I married them without more ado; for if he had not learned to read, even there, he had picked up things of just as good service to him."

The Teerelä guest-house is charming. It overlooks a great curve of the Ulea, from the top of a bush-grown cliff of yellow sand. Around it are cornfields and pastures, with

forest closing in the fields, and crowning all the opposite shore. It is a painted, wooden house on a stone foundation, with a broad verandah, placed in the usual quadrangle of out-buildings, among which the Pastor bade me notice the *Sauna* (F.), or bath-house. "Every farm has one," he said with pride, "and even the poorest peasant manages to build a sauna. When a man and a girl marry, and, as often happens, they have to make their own homestead, they will first of all set up the sauna, and live in it until the regular house is built. The whole family bathe once a week—oftener still in the winter—and the bath is the chief gratification of life."

The sauna is a most ancient institution in Finland and Denmark and Russia, but I am told it is not so popular in Sweden. The heroes of the *Kalevala* go to the bath-house before undertaking any serious enterprise, from a fight to a proposal, and it is mentioned among the oldest Danish ballads. In *Waldemar and Tove* (1157), a jealous queen invites her husband's paramour to the bath-house and kills her there.

The form of the sauna has changed little in remoter Finland since the time when Annikki steeped birch-whisks and prepared the vapour-bath for Ilmarinen before his journey to Pohjola. Rounded stones from the lake are placed upon a sort of oven, and water is cast upon them to make steam, which rises up in clouds where the bathers lie, until they are heated through and through. They are then well rubbed and lightly beaten with birch twigs, and—if they will conclude in the true primitive fashion—they should rush out and plunge into a bed of snow.

But to return to the house. My room is gay with green plants, and brilliantly clean. There are strips of white carpet on the floor, a stove, a box-like washing-stand, the usual folding-bed, and a great carved chest of dark wood, inlaid with pieces of a lighter shade. The walls are unpapered planks, adorned with pictures of Alexander II and Eugene Schauaman; the landlord must be a person of definite political views. I was just finishing a meal of brown bread and butter and milk—for I have not yet acquired the national taste for uncooked

salt fish—when my hostess's daughter brought me a note. The Pastor sent it, telling me that some picked lumber-men were going to race down Talvi-koski, that very evening, on logs, a sight no stranger should miss. Maja, the daughter of the house, would show me the way.

Delighted, as you can well think, I followed Maja and all the rest of the family across some fields to a rough wooden bridge over the Talvi. It was crowded already with girls in black jackets and striped skirts, groups of tanned, weather-beaten lumber-men, and solemn-faced peasants. My good friend, the Pastor, helped me to a place where I could see the whole course, and pointed out the foreman of the lumber company, a strange, old Karelian, with a long pipe, whose beard went far to meet his enormous "pjäxor"—water-boots that well-nigh came to his waist, with mediævally pointed up-curling toes.

Talvi-koski was a rapid some hundred yards long, flowing between a cliff-wall and a stretch of stony shore, and having in the midst a rock with a single birch tree, called Konttila-saari. This rock divided the stream, whose lesser part presently went to the mill, while the greater part rushed along under the cliff to a waterfall and a pool below, and finally joined the Ulea. The space between the cliff and Konttila-saari was nearly all filled up with a heap of lumber, which had jammed, leaving only a narrow passage or "strid" on the rock-side by which single logs hurried down to the fall. Up-stream, above the bridge and before the rapid began, there was a much larger mass of timber, held back by a chain of logs fastened across the stream, called the float-bar. The sinking sun was behind us as we stood upon the bridge; it filled the channel of Talvi-koski with a ruddy light, tipped the waves with flame, and turned the cliff-wall, the commonplace pile of wet lumber, and Konttila-saari, into bewildering hillocks of darkness and reflected fire.

Five young lumber-men were waiting on the float. They proposed to shoot Talvi-koski, not in boats—though that even would be an act of skill—but standing upright upon bare,

untrimmed water-sodden logs, guiding themselves with their iron-tipped poles. The course was from the float-bar to the lumber-jam by Konttila-saari, where they were to jump off—if they could.

I gazed at the tumbling rapids, the racing, dark waters in the strid—it seemed a horrible feat of daring! Two or three of the girls looked frightened and clutched hold of one another, but the rest were joking, pulling each other's flaxen tails, and chaffing the log-men who took no part. The old Karelian placed a few men to watch on either shore, and sent a couple to stand ready upon the lumber-pile, lest any unlucky competitor should be drawn into the strid. The lads on the float signified that they were ready; and I chose my favourite among them, a fair lad with merry blue eyes, rather like yourself at twenty, and—let me reassure you—not specially Finnish in type.

No. 1 selected his log—a thick, short stem, floating high in the water—pushed it under the bar, and jumped on to it, stake in hand. Standing boldly up, feet apart, he made the log roll and swash about, for a little display. The stream took him under the bridge like a flash; he dipped up and down a trifle in the first rapids; then the whole log vanished for a moment in a sweep of foam, and we held our breath. Then up came the fore-end; the stern swerved like a fish's tail as the stream caught it, the man pitched and staggered, but recovered himself, and sailed on again. Suddenly the log crashed, end-on, against a stone under water and was flung violently back. The man seemed to leap sideways, in some miraculous fashion, to the stern of the log, crouched a moment, used his pole as if punting, and lo, he was clear once more and flying down unhindered. We clapped and cheered him—when the prow of his log flew wildly up and round, and he plunged backward into a whirl of foam! Two men sprang down to the shore, but he was a powerful swimmer, and a few strokes brought him to a pool, where he came quietly to land and began to empty the water out of his shoes.

No. 2 thought to surpass the first competitor in display; he

stuck his pole upright in the log, danced up and down, and hummed a little tune. Then the waves began to break over his shoes, the log swayed about, and he pulled out his pole, fending himself very cleverly off the first stone. He chose an easier course than No. 1, but it turned out ill. For, in avoiding another stone, he pushed away too far; the current gripped him, swung him full round, and, amid general laughter, carried him stern-foremost down the right-hand branch of the stream, which merely flowed to the mill. He took his defeat easily enough, caught hold of an overhanging branch, and swung in to shore.

No. 3, a brown-haired Karelian, chose a heavier log than the others, and guided it soberly, punt-fashion. He cleared the two first sunken stones, but broke his pole against one above water and went flying, came up half stunned, and had to be hauled in by the men.

No. 4, a sturdy lad in a red shirt, proved the most serious rival to my favourite, who was youngest, and therefore came last. Red-shirt took his stand upon a long and heavy log, deep in the water, and allowed it, apparently, to run right on to the first sunken rock. The great log crashed into it and then swung back and round; the man gave a wonderful leap into the air, found his feet again on the log, recovered balance with his pole, and rushed along to the next. This he dealt with in the same manner, for his theory was, evidently, to let the log take its own course, and give his whole attention to keeping foothold upon it. So he met one difficulty after another with marvellous leaps and balancings; the crowd applauded him, and all promised well for his victory—until he touched Konttila-saari. For the log took it sideways, with a crash that we heard upon the bridge, and Red-shirt jumped as before; but his vessel did not play her part fairly, and he missed footing. The fore-end had run aground in a hidden rock-cleft and was held under water, so Red-shirt plunged in overhead, and dipped up again in a mass of foam. But, just as he rose, the stern of the log swung round, caught him across the shoulder, and thrust him violently, as if with malice,

toward the strid. The men on the lumber-pile flung themselves down and snatched at his red shirt as it swept past them, tore it, lost hold, clutched at his legs, and drew him up inch by inch, as he was being sucked under the pile. Such a gasp of relief from the bridge!

However, the elder people now began to feel things were going too far, and the Pastor, and even the old foreman, tried to dissuade the last lad, my favourite, from his venture. The sun was nearly down, and Talvi-koski lay in a forbidding and death-like shadow, the water looked horribly chill, and I think the boy would really have given it up if the girls had not interfered. But they must needs press round him, catching at his arms and holding him back; so he shook them angrily off, thrust out his log, and swept away. He followed Red-shirt's policy of choosing a deep and heavy vessel, yet he did not leave it entirely to be guided by the will of the stream. Avoiding the first and second stones, he ran full into the third, leapt into the air, as Red-shirt had done, and landed safely, but so near the fore-end that the stern swung right round as the current took it, and the whole log slipped into another part of the stream. Here the water was even swifter and more violent. The boy stood, crouching a little, at the fore-end of his log, which now headed for the mill-stream side of Konttila-saari. It checked against a sunken stone. A vehement thrust with the pole, and it swung side-on to the current, so drowned in foam that only one end appeared. Another pole-thrust, the boy stepped back, the log swept round, spun free, and then pitched with horrible speed towards the strid. The men on the lumber-pile shouted, the crowd yelled, the boy stood idiotically motionless until the very last minute, then hurled himself sideways with a wild splash, drew one leg out of the water, and scrambled on to the pile, laughing.

There are things that only youth can do!

He came towards the bridge with a pardonable amount of swagger, and we all moved down to greet him. The old Karelian patted him on the shoulder, the Pastor said something that combined praise with admonition, and I, being

unable to do anything else, smiled broadly upon him ; whereupon he twinkled his blue eyes at me half shyly, half audaciously, and made a remark that set the whole crowd laughing. I looked to the Pastor for explanation. Now it happened that I was still holding a branch of chance-gathered scarlet rowan-berries in my hand, so he said deprecatingly, "He is a very bold boy, that ; and, you know, he does not belong to Teerelä ! The young rascal says that the travelling lady might give him a bunch of those berries for a prize !"

So I tendered him a cluster, and he accepted it with some grace. Then, after consultation with the Pastor, I determined to rise to the occasion ; and presently the latter announced, in a fine ecclesiastical voice, that the five competitors were invited to take "pullakahvia" (or "kaffé med dopp") at the travelling lady's expense. I suspected that this phrase might imply a certain amount of spirit in the coffee, but I was reassured by the Pastor, who told me that these rural districts were indeed under Prohibition in fact as well as in name.

My good friend and I said farewell, and with snatches of song and laughter, the young people trooped home across the twilight fields. They celebrated the little feast with song also, the sweet, monotonous, and mournful folk-music of Finland. As they sang, it seemed to me the gaiety of the afternoon dispersed like foam-bubbles, and the foreboding of hard lives and long winters, the endless struggle with nature and the northern dark, settled down upon these young souls again. "A brief passionate moment of daring, and our people return to their natural mind ; they are creatures patient, sullen and enduring, willing to learn, but slow to move. What they may be in fifty years no one can tell, but the greater part of them are still living in the shadow of the forest, and the loneliness of lake and fen."

Thus (or somewhat thus) said Erkki Axelsson one day in an unwonted moment of depression, and his words came back to me last night. Does one ever grow to understand people of different race to one's own? . . .

I woke early this morning, for all the household was astir

as soon as the sun came up, round and red, over the forest beyond the great stream. Some illusive association—the falling of a sunbeam, a scent, a sound—put me in mind of the Eden Valley at Armathwaite, and the brown Cumberland rivers, which have their falls and their rapids too. Do you remember that hapless little skiff, the *North Country Lass*, and how we thought we should drown in three feet of water, under the great rock crowned with firs? Ulea River and Eden River! pleasant names and happy streams, that I have only seen in hours of gladness and sun! . . .

AUTUMN AT VAALA

ALL the world is blue and gold !
Broken blue, the river
Lifts her billows, fold on fold ;
Toward the singing rapids rolled,
They clash and foam and quiver.

The open waters, rippling wide,
Are bountiful and splendid.
Moving mirror-gold untried,
Through the arch of Heaven they glide,
By summer dreams attended ;

Past the woodlands, all arrayed
In royal gold and yellow.
Leaves of flame that richly fade,
Amber sheath and fiery blade !
Mingled fierce and mellow.

Sun and wave and water-gold
Built the scene together ;
Flung it, for the earth to hold
Just one moment, ere the cold
Darkening blasts of winter rolled
O'er the crystal weather.

R. T.

LETTER IX

To Marius Fitzgerald,
The Heights,
Culcherbury.

SOCIETETSHUSET, ST. MICHEL, SAVOLAKS.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,

Some six hours walking, and the satisfaction of the hunger that followed, have made me as stolid and thoughtless as any tired little animal; but it's no use lingering—I must continue the record of my *Odyssey* while the adventures, such as they be, are fresh in my mind.

I posted a brief letter to you at Kajana, but, if I remember right, time pressed and the narrative got no further than Teerelä. We travellers, in our egoism, imagine the home-people hanging upon our words, and watching every post that they may trace our further steps in the unknown; yet in truth I expect you only say, "*Another* letter from Finland! Just put it aside until the evening, Eily, and maybe you'll read it out then."

I left Teerelä on Thursday morning. I forgot to ask the Pastor what the Finnish for *egg* was, but a spirited sketch of a proud hen leaving the nest procured me one—raw—and then I had to draw it being boiled. The cart that was to convey me to the next post-house, dirty and paintless like all the previous vehicles, had once been a sort of "little pony-shay," and possessed a back seat, from which my tiny conductor proposed to drive. He just came up to my waist—and, you know, I am not a tall woman—so, in the interests of all concerned, I took the reins myself, while he went promptly to sleep. We still travelled gently uphill; and now the road was less interesting,

for the birches and tawny marsh-pastures gave way to firs, and the river-cliffs were barren, steep, and sandy. We crossed two more tributaries of the Ulea, and by one of them I really thought my last hour had come. Did it ever happen to you, conducted by some runaway nightmare, to drive down the wall of a room, across the floor, and up the other side? Substitute for the floor a rocky river, with a bridge that is none too broad, and you will have a glimpse of the Poikajoki ravine as it appeared to me. The road went cheerily and precipitously straight down into it, and the horse also; for, directly the slope began, he broke into a hand-gallop, and as his mouth was rather less sensitive than a windlass, our chances of hitting the bridge seemed small. The boy woke up and said things; we both hung on to the reins, and spun down, thundering across the wooden bridge and carrying away a piece of the handrail in our career. You may be very sure that I marked the next ravine while it was still half a mile off, and prepared for it; but Heaven only knows how the boy and cart found their way home!

In the last stage of my journey, between Riehki and Vaala, I went in style, for I had a good horse, quite half of whose reins were leather, and a whip, if you please, and a grown-up driver. The last came as a favour, for every other mortal, large or small, about the post-house was required for some business in the fields; and this man, a returned emigrant from Canada, was clearly a very great personage among his relatives. He was middle-aged, and of quite curiously Mongolian features, speaking fair English with American locutions. He had been some fifteen years away, and the great social changes in Finland had all escaped him. When he left home his father, a well-to-do "bonde" (small farmer) had been a person of sturdy independence, with a vote for the House of Peasants and a good share in the government of his community, powers which "the bad times" had removed or rendered null, and the Great Strike had restored and amplified. This period of tribulation had, besides, given the father a political and national consciousness, so to speak, which the son is not



A VIEW IN CENTRAL FINLAND

FROM A PICTURE BY WAENERBERG

likely to acquire—until the next storm darkens upon his country.

He told me at length of his intention to take a “kronohemman,” or State-held farm, a little further north, which should, in the course of ten years or so, become his own. The capital needful to work it was found partly in his own savings, and partly in a loan from the Hypotheks-förening—a State-controlled credit bank, or mortgage bank—which lends money to settlers and farmers, at a very reasonable rate, upon the security of their land. He had as clear a mental picture of his future home as any woman, for, at vast trouble and expense, he had brought a plush-covered “parlour suite” all the way from Canada, and he intended that the rest of his furniture should gradually be brought up to the level of this. It was glorious to him as a newly acquired Old Master is to a millionaire.

His future holding can hardly have been less than 750 acres, field and forest together. This he proposed to work with the help of a wife—just chosen—a brother, and some hired labourers, “drängar,” who would live in the house, and “stat-karlar,” who would be paid in kind and provided with pasture for a cow. Later on he meant to extend his farm and have “torpare” as tenants, men who would take from him small holdings of fifteen or twenty-five acres, for which they would pay him in labour and in kind. He did not look at all favourably on the forthcoming legislation for the betterment of “drängar” or “torpare”; briefly, I fear he was likely to be as complete a little tyrant as any noble landlord, Irish, Finnish, or Russian, having missed the very sharp lessons which his country had learnt during the last fifteen years. But I looked at him with patriotic envy, as it were, wishing that many an Englishman had as good a chance of living upon his own land, in his own country, as this Finn. True, he intended to bring into his farming two elements of which the south-country rural Briton is very suspicious—brains and book-learning. His proposed wife was to spend some time at a dairy school, and he had paid his brother’s fees for a local

agricultural college, while he himself had given time and study to the theory of farming.

He was an interesting companion for the drive, since, besides all this information, he pointed out many incidents of the country-side that were unknown to me. Here stood "riar," or kilns for treating the grain with fire before threshing. The sheaves are first dried in the open on poles, then baked in the "ria," a sort of oven without a chimney; and this process drives away damp and kills all insects that might destroy the germ in the grain. Such oven-treated corn goes much further as seed, and the farmers of Sweden used to send for Finnish rye for planting, until the increase of their own tariff hindered them.

Between villages we occasionally saw small, rough cottages of unpainted wood, surrounded by a little pasture. The owners of these, my guide told me, were "back-stugusittare" (that is, hill-cottage-dwellers), who lived very scantily upon their own little plots of land and by casual labour. These and the "torpare" are the poorest class in Finland. If their condition gets desperate, the village commune gives them a little help; and finally, if they are unable, through age or misfortune, to work for themselves, they may be boarded in a peasant family at the communal expense—not an ideal arrangement. There are also workhouses for the very old and infirm.

A hut, which did not at first seem remarkable, was pointed out to me as a "savu-pirtti" (F.), or "smoke-cottage," a type of building now growing rare. It has an open fire-place, and the smoke is let out by holes in the roof or walls, so far as it is willing to escape. A good deal hangs, cloud-like, in the upper part of the room, drives downward in a wind, and often gives the dwellers in the house ophthalmia.

By this time the road was passably good, and we were nearing Vaala, where Ulea River flows out of the broad Ulea Lake. The sky was clear but the wind very cold, so I was not sorry to bid farewell to kärä and driver, cross to the north side of the river, and find the telephone office, where I was to pass the night. It was kept by a dear, communicative old

body, Fru Spolander, who had enough knowledge of other languages to understand my Swedish quite well, and held me in converse all the evening, without once putting on that look of pained attention which is so daunting! Warmed and fed, I went out, while there was still daylight, to look about me. A new tone has come into the autumn colouring, for all the short undergrowth, cranberries, whortleberries, and a thousand little nameless leaves and plants, have turned beautifully rose-red. Lovely under the fir trees and in the open swamp, you can imagine that it was lovelier still when the birches stood up like faint flames among all this ruddiness, under a sky of rose and grey. Gleams of lake or river came fitfully through the firs, and with the long hum of the distant rapids in my ears I wandered on till, at the edge of the twilight, I came to a place all grey and gold. Do you know that time of gloaming when the sky is very low in tone and every bit of colour on the ground seems to glow and burn? At such a moment I found a little golden island of birches, set in a still, grey lake-mirror in a very lonely land. The yellow autumn woods were no less quiet than the waters, and these were calm as the sky. It was a picture which held the colour of silence and the subdued radiance of dreams—a thing to remember years after in troubled hours.

On the way back I came across a mysterious and monstrous stack of wood, partly covered with layers of earth and grass, standing upon a raised brick platform. This, I learnt afterwards, was an old-fashioned tar-furnace, part of a very primitive and wasteful means of getting tar. All the bark is peeled off a well-grown pine tree about as high up as a man can reach, except a narrow strip on the north side just enough to keep the tree alive. A quantity of resin flows out and makes a hoary crust over the peeled wood, and the same process is repeated higher up next year and for succeeding years; in fact, as long as the tree will stand it. Finally the trees are felled at the beginning of winter, sawn in logs, and put into the furnace. Modern and better kilns are general now, and the tar-burners are more willing to use up stumps, young trees,

and other waste material than they were formerly, but still a sad destruction of woodland goes on. Great tracts of pine have been destroyed or replaced by fir wood because the best trees were all taken for tar. 1863 was the boom year in this trade, they tell me; since then ships of iron and steel have largely taken the place of wooden vessels, and tar is less in demand—a state of things absolutely foreseen in the *Kalevala*! Yes indeed! When “the lively Lemminkäinen” joins the expedition to Pohjola to steal the Sampo, he exercises unusual forethought and brings a plank with him for the vessel’s repair; but Väinämöinen assures him—

“Ever in a ship of battle
 Are the sides composed of iron,
 And the prow of steel constructed;
 Lest the wind aside should turn it,
 Storms should shatter it to pieces.”

Fru Spolander, who enlightened me upon tar, was used to answering the wild and unforeseen questions of strangers, for tourists often came a-fishing or stayed at Vaala on their way down the rapids. Her knowledge of the salmon, trout, and grayling to be found in the Ulea was extensive; but I do not believe that two women will ever talk together with gusto about sport while the world runs on, so we soon passed to more congenial themes. She praised the glorious quality of the air at Vaala, and told how there was no doctor for fifteen miles round—nobody ever required one. “Here at home my children are always well, and if they get a bit ailing with city life, they come out to Vaala for a day or two and it cures them.” (The “city life” was that of Kajana, which holds perhaps two thousand souls.) A son and a daughter attended the second-grade school, and both these young people would begin the world with a passable knowledge of five languages—Finnish, Swedish, German, French, and Russian—as their future professions of chemist and postal clerk demanded. At the good lady’s request I put some questions to the boy, and certainly his acquirements in French and German were not to be despised.

Next morning he took me upon the river to see the tar-boats start for Uleaborg. These are built like very large canoes, some forty feet long by three feet broad, and they carry from twenty to twenty-six barrels of tar. They will get down to Uleaborg in a day and a half perhaps, but the return journey may take a fortnight or more of toilsome towing and carting around the rapids. The boats are astonishingly light, and made, it is said, without nails or iron of any kind, the planks being bound with the stoutest wood fibre. The crew usually consists of a steersman at the stern, two women amidships to row in the calm water between rapids, and two boatmen in the bows. None but professional steersmen are allowed to take boats down the rapids, and surely no one else would wish to do so! for Niska-koski, whose roaring filled the air, and Pyhä-koski, below Teerelä, are simply long cataracts.

We left the tar-boats and paddled towards an island that was a vision of lucent, living gold in the morning sunshine. Set close with birches and aspens, there was no tree, perhaps even no leaf upon it, that had not changed to the likeness of a mellow flame—except where, at the water's edge, one single alder stood quite unchanged in clear and jewel-like green. Imagine such an island, hung between the still blue of the sky and the moving blue of the river; picture yourself looking down into the water and marvelling that anything so beryl-brown in the depths could hold up such a mirror-face of azure to the heavens, or break into such creamy foam. That is Vaala, and it is worth coming a thousand miles to see.

Later on I parted regretfully from Fru Spolander and took the steamer for Kajana. Now I am in the beaten track of tourists and hotels—but oh! some day I'll come back to the wilderness again! What a kindly, honest folk they seem, these far-away Finns! Slow they are, certainly—their best friends admit it—but what demand is there for hurry or punctuality in places like Riehki or Teerelä? And a certain stolidity about the natives is not unwelcome to a traveller. By the time they have begun to wonder at your strangeness,

you are past ; and if it ever *did* occur to them to exploit you, the notion would not arise till you were miles away ! Certainly I could not have been more fairly treated ; I was ignorant of the road, the tariff, and the language, so they might have cheated me times and again ; but my bills for travelling and lodgment from Uleaborg onward are about a third of what they would be in civilized parts.

From Vaala to Kajana is some four or five hours' journey across Lake Ulea. The weather was still fine, the water-view enormously large and quiet ; for miles we seemed to be sailing between two infinities of very pale and very luminous blue, just held together by a narrow frame of encircling land. Far away there were steep cliffs of white sand which glittered in the sunlight, but Ulea Träsk (literally Ulea Pond) has few of those wooded bays and reedy inlets which are the wonted features of Finnish lake-scenery.

I think I was the sole tourist for leagues around. The season for Kajana and its fishing is over, and though the tar-boats still go down the rapids, those rather gayer and cleaner vessels that are provided for travellers have ceased running, since with autumn the cataracts grow more dangerous and incalculable. A fellow-passenger described the delights of shooting Niska-koski and Pyhä-koski in a way that made me rue my promise to Aunt Karin. He was an English-speaking Finn, a commercial traveller in timber, if such a thing can be, who kindly interpreted some questions for me. He marvelled that I should be travelling *up*-stream to Kajana, and told me of his own lively experiences going down with the last tourist-boat of the season. "It is quite safe you know, really, for an inspector examines each boat-load before it starts, but, my word ! when you are once in the rapids you begin to say your prayers ! You are deafened and dazed with the noise, the boat twists and sways in the quarrel of the currents, the waters press hard against the side of the boat—solid hard, like ice—and then again you are tossed away and hurled up like a paper in a draught of flame. Then you fly along downwards as if the waves were after you—fields,

cottages, corn, cattle, woodland—all flash past; and finally, when you come to still water and look at your watch, you see that you have rushed down Niska-koski in fifteen minutes and a half.” (Niska-koski is some nine miles long.)

“Pyhä-koski is more dangerous, they say, but I was getting used to it by then. I remember one corner, though, where the river goes sharp to the right and there is a sort of pass. There the waves boil up under you like glassy hills of water, and you think the prow of the boat will shoot right into the air! There’s a rock they call Pälli, with a whirlpool below it, and if the boat didn’t manage to leap, as it were, and turn half round—well, it would be good night to all concerned! I wonder how Alexander I took it, when he came down the river from Kajana nearly ninety years ago?”

Probably the celebrated journey of the Emperor of Russia through Finland, in the summer of 1819, did almost as much as the Act of Union to endear him to his Finnish subjects. He came from Idensalmi to Kajana and thence to Uleaborg, a most sporting adventure in those days, when there were neither inns, post-houses, private residences, or even roads to speak of; but in spite of this he visited nearly every place of importance in Finland. “However, Kajana was nothing much then,” said the commercial traveller. “It was only after 1846, when they built the big lock, that it began to matter.”

Then he told me something about that very complete system of locks, canals, and waterways, which makes nearly every part of Finland accessible to the timber trade; so that you can now calculate exactly what it costs per log to send wood from the forests to the port. For instance, timber from the Päijänne lake-system, in the centre of the country, floating down to Kotka on the south coast, only costs one-tenth of a penny per log; but on the rivers of the north, floods and other hindrances bring the price up to one mark or even more. However, my informant thought he would surely live to see the day when a series of locks and canals should connect the Enare lake-system (between lat. 69° and 70°) and the great Govern-

ment forests of Lappmark with ports on the Polar Sea. Meantime, he besought me to travel to Viborg by the Saima Canal. It is a wonderful piece of engineering, completed in 1856, which connects the Saima waters and even Lake Pielisjärvi (between 63° and 64°) with the Finnish Gulf, and by a branch-chain with Vuoksi and Ladoga. "By means of the Saima," he cried, with a sort of patriotic hospitality, "foreign ships can penetrate some 400 kilometres into our country, if they will!"

Just upon twilight we came to Kajana, and at this hour, the entrance from the lake is almost dramatic. You steam slowly up a narrow inlet, over sunset-coloured waters, between slopes of olive and gold, to a long quay against a hill-side which is gay with wooden houses, tier upon tier. Dashing little Finnish ponies whirl you up the steep and narrow ascent to the square, the Public Garden, the Societetshuset, and all the usual amenities of a town. Compared to Teerelä, Kajana is certainly a tourist resort; but, when I arrived, the visitors were all dispersed and many of the hotels closed. I was almost the only inmate of a big, chilly, wooden building, and rather glad of the stove which they lighted for me with birch-logs that smelt delicious, and blazed as if they had been full of oil.

This is central Finland, though still Österbotten, and quite out of reach of the Swedish influences of the western border. All the street-names, shops, and signs are Finnish, so that I was very grateful when the people of the house lent me a dear little schoolgirl to be interpreter while I made a few needful purchases. This done, she was proud and pleased to show me her native town, where the great Lönnrot once practised as a doctor, and gathered runes and ancient songs as he went in and out among the people.

Kajana has a waterfall, two rapids, a secondary school, a town-hall, and a terminus, and it is also the dwelling-place of Mr. Herman Renfors, to whom all strangers in search of sport or adventure should apply; but the inhabitants care for none of these things; they make their boast of The Lock and

The Ruin. The Lock is certainly a fine specimen, fifty feet long and thirty feet deep, bringing four lakes and a vast stretch of forest-country, running up to the Russian border, into touch with the timber-depots at Uleaborg. Outside the lock Koivukoski goes rushing down through a gap towards the bridge and the Castle island ; below the bridge there is a lesser lock and another rapid—"Ämmäkoski" (the Old Woman)—which pours into Ulea Lake. Midway of the bridge stands Kajana-Slott, the Ruin. It was once a fortress, built by order of Charles IX of Sweden in 1605, and Messenius, the historian, was imprisoned here for twenty years, during which time he wrote a history of Finland. Then it was besieged by the Russians in 1715. Major von Fieandt, the Governor, with a handful of garrison and a number of women and children, who were brought in for shelter, held it against the invaders for a month or more, till hunger drove them to yield. Tschedin, the Russian General, then commanded barrels of gunpowder to be placed in the castle and exploded there, until it was quite in ruins, as it stands to-day.

All this part of Finland has been, as they say, "dipped in Russia." The first Russo-Swede conflict of importance was in 1293, when the Swedish settlers had pushed their way across Southern Finland to the shores of Ladoga and fought with those whom they met there. In 1323 the River Rajajoki was appointed the boundary of Finland to the south-east, and, after many chances and changes, it marks the boundary again to-day.

In 1617 Finland touched the largest extent of territory she has ever known. Ingria, or Ingermanland, was conquered by Gustavus Adolphus, together with the present isthmus of St. Petersburg and a great deal of Russian Karelia. "And after all," says Erkki Axelsson, "is not most of this country naturally and rightly Finland? The Russians may keep their licentious city of the swamp, Pietari (St. Petersburg), if they will ; but the Esthonians and the Karelians over the border are our blood-brothers in speech and appearance ; our nation ought to be theirs."

However, Peter the Great won back Ingria, founded St. Petersburg, and claimed the province of Viborg in 1721. Naturally, war soon broke out again, and in 1741 the Russians captured Helsingfors, held a truce at Åbo, and claimed all territory as far as the River Kymmene, which flows out on the south coast, not very far beyond Borgå; while Fredrikshamn, Villmanstrand, and Nyslott remained as fortresses in their hands. More fighting went on at odd times without definite result, until the Napoleonic wars. Then, in 1808 Russia crossed the border, on the plea that the Finnish ports had not been closed to England; and as Sweden had her hands full already, Finland was left to defend herself. (The campaign of 1808-9 is always The War to Finnish speakers, since it was conducted by the Finns themselves and alone.) The little country made heroic struggles for a year, but after the mysterious and shameful surrender of Sveaborg she was obliged to yield, and the statesmanship of Alexander I gave her no reason to regret it for many years.

All this and more was told me by "Tyyne," my schoolgirl guide, in a mixture of Swedish and German. I wanted to see the "Samskola," a secondary school on co-education principles, where she had learnt it, but a trifling outbreak of infection had obliged the authorities to close it for a time. (All schools open on September 1st.) Presently we chanced across a number of her school-fellows, who were dancing and playing singing-games on a woodland meadow outside the town. They sang loudly and sweetly, and boys and girls both carried their sturdy persons in the figures with astonishing grace. They danced to the sound of their voices alone, as the peasantry still do in the unspoiled corners of Europe; and it was pretty to see the young faces, the cheerful colours, and flying plaits of hair move rhythmically across the background of sombre wood. Soon after we appeared they began to play "Last Pair Out," which has an elusive resemblance to the old Elizabethan game "Barley-break," or "Last Couple in Hell."

A swift-footed "widower," between two rows of boys and

girls, must pursue and catch his mate—the girl of the final couple—before her partner can reach her again. Several widowers took turn until the time and energy of the company were almost spent; and then, when the last had, after a long pursuit, captured a merry little girl in red stockings, they arranged themselves for a final “ring-dance.” In rollicking measure they swung to the tune of a song whose words were afterwards translated for me by little Tyyne; I give you my version of it:—

My love is like a strawberry,
 So red and ripe to see;
 And nobody else shall swing her round,
 Swing her round but me.

My love is like the cranberry
 That grows beside the way;
 And she alone shall be dear to me,
 Dear to me for ay.

They sang as they danced, with full enjoyment of the tune, yet gravely, and in simple, stolid unconsciousness of the tenor of the words. Then they changed their measure, and with the same sober indifference they voiced the matchless egoism of the young—

Why are the stars all shining
 So bright in heaven above?
 For joy, because a maiden
 And youth have learnt to love.

Why do the stars in heaven
 So gladly burn and glow?
 Because I've found my true-love,
 And let the wide world go!

Tyyne would not condescend to join the dancers, but escorted me home, and we parted quite affectionately. Afterwards I strolled out again alone, and discovered a little vagrant woodland path leading up-river. Now it was deep in forest, now it led across tiny meadows, smooth-shaven as a pleasance with the cropping of the cattle, and finally on to bare rocks, beside the heavy-sounding rapids of Koivu, with a blue and golden glimpse up-stream.

Crossing the bridge and climbing a hill, I came presently to a fine "utsikt-torn," or view-tower, whence I saw a great deal of Finland. Down in front of me was little Kajana, all gaily red and white and brown in a clearing of pale fields; beyond, east and west, were five great grey lakes and a line of low hills. Over all the country lay forest, like a shaggy fell. There was hardly anything to be seen but forest, where lakes were not—dark green woodlands spotted and streaked with tawny gold. Such a strange land!

On the way back I found myself, somehow, in the cemetery of Kajana. It was a quiet, spacious garden, full of black and white crosses, at the top of a cliff looking westward over Ulea Lake; a pleasant place for dead or living. There were winding paths for the latter, and "soffor" seats made of grass-grown earth in the very shape of clumsy couches, so that they might enjoy the view over Ulea at their ease, and fancy their dear, unseen ones beside them, watching the sun go down. If I must absolutely be laid in earth, I should choose that graveyard at Kajana for my last abiding-place; but I can imagine that, even dead, the neighbourhood of others would oppress me! No; should things happen according to my desire, I shall be burnt, and the ashes of a lover of solitude will be scattered upon the emptiness of the four winds.

(*Later.*) ON BOARD THE STEAMER "SAIMAA,"
BETWEEN ANTTOLA AND NYSLOTT.

It was very pleasant upon deck, watching one headland after another draw out of the darkness, and stand clear against the misty mirror of the lake and the dim sky. But it grew cold, and as I am here in an odd little saloon with paper and ink and a very horrible pen, I will continue my Odyssey.

The next day at Kajana was Sunday, and it rained. However, this troubled me little, for I left by early train, making my way due southward, through a land of forest and lake, to St. Michel, or Mikkeli. The journey presented nothing remarkable, except the stone embankment, over 6000 feet long, which carries the line across a narrow part of Kallavesi Lake. All

the woodland colour was enriched by rain, contrasted with black shiny surfaces of rock, and growing less vivid, but more various, as we came south. Some of the alders were still quite green, the bird-cherry reappeared, and the flame-coloured service tree; there was greater difference of size, and therefore more variety of shade, among growths of the same kind, for the youngest and smallest change colour first.

I intended only to stay the night at Mikkeli, but finding that the little town commanded half a dozen lakes and miles of hilly woodland, I remained there over Monday. There is nothing to be seen in the guide-book sense. A good many excellent wooden houses, a town-hall in stone, an ugly Lutheran church in red brick with a spire, and an equally ugly Russian church with lead cupola and gilded balls. Outside Mikkeli the country roads lead through pine forests, up hill and down dale. There are little lakes, grey and round and still, set in birch trees and tawny reeds, with high rocks frowning into them and quiet meadows leading down to the brim. Further on, streams of peat-brown water go purling and sparkling under faded willow-shrubs, and cattle, with their pleasant bells, come wandering through the pines to splash there and drink. Then you find the usual red-painted, wooden farm-house in a grassy clearing, where dogs lie about in sunny corners, and heavy, fair-haired girls go to and fro. Nothing new—all very simple and remote and Finnish—but strangely happy-seeming in the September light, which has here, long before mid day, the quality of mellow afternoon.

Mikkeli is not usually considered remarkable, but I at least find its canine population noteworthy. You told me, in your last, that Deirdre wishes to know the number and status of the dogs in Finland. Well, so far as I can see, there are a great many, and in summer they appear to have a very good time. They do nothing for their living but bark; nobody chains them up, or “bids them” in any way; they loaf about the courtyards and street-corners, and, divining that I “speak Doggish,” they sometimes choose to accompany me on my wanderings. I do not think their owners treat them with

effusion, or pay much heed to their education as a rule; but at Teerelä there was a lovely creature of a collie type, and almost snow-white, who had been taught to draw up her lips and grin in the most engaging manner. (Had you seen the Finnish lad, her master, encouraging her to this display by similar facial contortions, you would not soon have forgotten the sight!) The dogs of Finland seem uncertain and various in breed—crossed in the wilder places, I guess, with fox or wolf. Here at Mikkeli the very strangest mongrels abound. Ask Deirdre if she remembers the Black Hound of Ballynoo? that large-eared beast who shone as if he had been varnished, and carried six toes on each hind-leg, which gave him a very spreading walk. I think the Mikkeli Mongrel outdoes him. His coat is like the clipped part of a curly poodle, he has prick ears, a dachshund build of body, and a stiffly coiled tail; and he is greyish brown, with a sort of white saddle. Imagine having to go through life with that dog!

This morning I took steamer, as I thought, for Villmanstrand on the way to Imatra, but found myself instead upon the boat for Nyslott. Had you asked the captain, he would have said he did not comprehend a word of Swedish, and I certainly have no Finnish; but he made me understand, somehow, that I could either change at Puumala in the middle of the night, or take a cabin and go on to Savonlinna, otherwise Nyslott, and this I preferred. Lunch on board was at first a strange and wordless meal, for I was the only foreigner, and the only woman, at table with the captain and seven solemn Finns. Presently I chanced to say "Viel dank" instead of the Swedish "Tack så mycket," and some minutes after one of my neighbours addressed me in German. I think the others chaffed him mildly in Finnish upon his courage, but he was not to be daunted, and we chatted a great deal in the course of the afternoon. He made one more upon that curious list of travelling acquaintances from whom I have received much kindness and information: a list that begins with Helena Tott, and includes a school girl, a pastor, a farmer, and more than one commercial traveller. This man was some



A VIEW IN MIKKELI



A VIEW IN KARELIA

kind of expert in wood, and an enthusiast for trees, who began by saying that Finland had the finest system of forestry in the world! Having thus blown off steam, he settled down to facts and statistics. For instance, quite 64 per cent of Finland is covered with forests, and of these the pine woods are by far the most valuable; next come the spruce-firs and the birches. In the far north the pine changes its natural pyramidal shape for a growth rather like that of the stone-pine of South Europe; and it takes nearly three hundred years to come to a profitable size, that is, able to yield planks nine to twelve inches broad. In the Lake Enare district and in furthest Lappmark, forestry becomes a waiting business, for it does not pay to clear the ground more than once in two hundred years. Luckily, nearly all the woods of North Österbotten and Lappmark belong to the State, which can afford not to trouble itself about quick returns. It also holds forests in Savolaks, Satakunta, and along the Russian border; and even those who look jealously upon any increase of State property might well wish that it held more, for the peasantry and the joint-stock companies between them have to answer for a terrible waste of woodland. Besides the timber that has been destroyed by the old-fashioned "svedja" system of agriculture, and all that goes for paper, pulp, and exportation, you must reckon a regular allowance of fuel-wood per head of the population, and this varies greatly in different parts. In Nyland and along the coast, where good stoves and waste-saving appliances are the rule, each person uses on an average six cubic metres in the year; but eastward and inland they get through a great deal more.

My informant hardly had words severe enough to qualify the "svedja" system. "All this country has been changed by it," he said. "These spruce and birch woods were once valuable pine forests like those about Mikkeli, but the farmers of an earlier day burnt them where they stood, ploughed in the ashes, made the land bear grain until it could yield no more, and then let it go for pasture. Small deciduous woods sprang up in course of time, and these were burnt down, and the

whole wasteful round began again, until the wretched soil could hardly raise a shrub, and heather started growing. But the Forest Law of 1886 has forbidden all that." By this, burning can only take place at long and stated periods, differing according to the nature of the woodland. The burning of heaths is not wholly forbidden, nor the firing of roots, stumps, and waste if the land is to be replanted for forest. Cattle-pasturing is generally allowed, but the reindeer of the north are mischievous; they trample young trees, and scrape away bark with their horns, so that their grazing-grounds must be limited.

The Finnish Forest Administration dates from 1859, and all its methods were taken from the wood-raising schools of Tharand, in Saxony. A College of Forestry was founded at Evois not long after, and the University at Helsingfors has recently opened a course for inspectors and officials, while the very forest guards undergo some kind of instruction and examination. "Much has been done, but far more remains to do, for the State Forests are still undermanned; and of course a vast deal of work was suspended, or even destroyed, during the 'bad times.'"

I happened to make some reference to the *Kalevala*, quoting a line or two of Mr. Kirby's version. My good friend scarcely followed the English, but an appreciation of the national epic generally wins the heart and confidence of a Finlander. "I wonder," he resumed presently, "whether you, from your island home of meadows and gardens," (!) "can understand how some of us in Finland love our trees? They are at once the sustenance and the pride of our country. Suomi is said to be the land of a thousand lakes, but we should like to make her 'Tapiola' as well, the dominion of Tapio, the Forest God. Whenever I leave the road for the unbroken forest, Lemminkäinen's words come back to me:—

Welcome, wooded slopes and mountains,
 Welcome to the rustling pine woods,
 Welcome to the grey-head aspens,
 And to all who greet me, welcome!

“Myths die hard in the woodlands ; even I was nearly full grown before I quite left off hoping for a glimpse of Tuulikki, Tapio’s daughter, the Forest Maid. And though our young people all go to school now and learn about the electricity of waterfalls, and the making of wood-pulp, and so on, yet, in these forgotten corners of Savolaks and Karelia, I suspect Tapio and Mielikki, ‘the mighty fair-faced mother,’ hold their own still. I have known men who would turn back from a day’s hunting because they fancied they had seen Mielikki in her birch-bark shoes and workaday garments, which is an unpropitious sign. But if she had appeared to them in gold and silver, as she may sometimes do, then they would almost have met a bear single-handed, their luck was so sure !”

So we talked, with all the changes of Finnish lake scenery passing before us, in sun and shade, wind and calm. This is Savolaks, no longer a country of open spaces and sand-cliffs and large, flat outlines, but more like the isles and headlands about Helsingfors and Borgå, with reedy inlets, rounded granite boulders, and little, frequent hills. We thread our way through an absolute tangle of land and water, by narrow passages, islands, peninsulas, and interlocking headlands, such as only a Finnish lake pilot could remember. We look down forest glades, we see wild paths and woodland meadows, lonely isles of sunshine, that perhaps nobody but the wolves have explored. One thinks kindly of summer wolves—the “hounds of Tapio”—poor, half-doggy creatures, whom we might really learn to know and like—if they and we were both disembodied spirits.

Now and then we stop at lake-side villages, and the description of one place, Anttola, will do for all. It was a small, clear bay, surrounded by little poppy-red houses, set close to the water’s edge, and right in the woodland. There was a landing-stage, a road, an avenue of pale golden aspens that almost hid a little church, and down in the foreground were bare-armed women washing, with their overflowing tubs and the blue smoke of their fires. Far round to the left was a saw-mill (wooden, small and harmless) with quantities and

quantities of logs about it, barked and unbarked, floating and piled. We stayed here a long time in the afternoon sun, but at last the captain tore himself away from converse with the leading timber-merchant of Anttola, and we steamed leisurely on into a country always wooded, nearly always desolate, and always quietly beautiful. Night has long fallen, and we reach Nyslott at six o'clock to-morrow; so, my dear Professor, farewell.

Very sincerely your Pupil,

ROSALIND.

BEYOND THE FOREST

My thoughts take wing where the wind is calling
Over the wild wood across the moor.
Purple gleams through the dusk are falling ;
Lone I sit by my cottage door.

Here the wilderness reigns, but yonder
Beats the pulse of the world and stirs ;
By thorpe and meadow the rivers wander,
Home-lights sparkle among the firs.

Here, upon waters dark and lonely,
Lilies glimmer and fade again ;
Never the voice of a mortal—only
The hush of pines, and the calling crane.

Strange in the fields are song and laughter ;
Silent the heavy ploughshares go ;
Silent my husband trudges after ;
In his track follow frost and snow.

Against my bosom I lull my treasure,
For winter is watching to steal my child.
Worlds that never a thought can measure
Lie far and hidden beyond the wild.

Translated from a Swedish version of Larin Kyösti.

LETTER X

To Francis Clare, at Andredshurst

SOCIETETSHUSET, SORDAVALA.

. . . THUS my rapid and uncertain flight through Finland has made it impossible for me to hear from you till I return to Helsingfors. I pay for this wild liberty of movement, now and again, with one of those brief, agonizing visions of the calamities that *may* be happening this minute, unknown to me. Yet, after all, distance has little part in calling up such visions. We can be shaken by them, in all their horrible completeness, when those we love are only a mile away. Wordsworth dwelt no farther off than an evening's ride from Lucy, but

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a lover's head!
"O mercy!" to myself I cried,
"If Lucy should be dead."

And I know the Professor is touched with fleeting, fantastic dread whenever Eily stirs outside the house. Alas! I knew another husband also, who never left his wife for a day without the bitter hope that one or other of them might be dead before the hour of his return.

But no more of this. I direct my letter to you in Sussex, knowing that, unless all England were submerged, Sir Robert would be home "sharp by October," and demanding his Secretary. By the time this reaches Andredshurst, you will be back in those spacious rooms, among the admirable old furniture, the large, elaborate paraphernalia, the graces and superfluties of the life that fits you so well. I wish I could find

a logical ground for my dislike of it! You could hardly be more appreciated or more useful; and if Andredshurst were only a State Institution instead of an individual luxury, if Sir Robert were only a Committee, or a Public Body instead of a private one, I could ask nothing better for you. Yet what solid objection is there to bring against the master of Andredshurst? I cannot reasonably deny that he represents the will of the democracy; for, surely, even the present electors of England have power enough to take that Jacobean house and all its beechwoods for their own uses to-morrow if they chose—but they don't choose! Far otherwise. It is their will, apparently, that Sir Robert should be the benevolent and almost unquestioned autocrat of one-third of Sussex, and not that alone. Since Elizabeth's time the Cunninghams have had a good share in the government of England, and they do not seem likely to lose it yet. To-day, for perhaps the first time in history, the English people are quite able to put an end to the rule of family oligarchies if they will, but they don't really care to do so. The slow substitution of money-privilege for birth-privilege, the possible future replacement of Cunninghams by Schurksteins, leaves them untroubled, and our country drifts along in that lethargy of vast tolerance which makes England such an agreeable dwelling-place—for the well-to-do.

Here there is nothing quite like Andredshurst. There are a certain number of noble families, of Swedish and Russian origin, but I do not think—even in this land of large holdings—that they possess 500,000 acres among them. Many, dropping the aristocratic prefix *av*, have lately moved into the towns and taken up new industrial or intellectual occupations. Sometimes they have sold nearly all their estates to the peasants and farmers; in other cases, particularly here in the south-east, the State has bought up a great deal of land formerly held by the local aristocracy. (Though the circumstances which brought this about are peculiar, it is an example one may commend to governments in general.)

You remember that, in 1743, Savolaks and Karelia were

conquered by Russia and held till 1808. Large donations of land were made during this period to Russians, and hundreds of farms and villages with their inhabitants passed into the hands of men who, accustomed to dealing with serfs, did not know what to make of free-born peasants protected by the law. But they met all legal difficulties in the simple Russian way, by putting in corrupt officials of their own; and very miserable these provinces soon became under their rule. Rack-rents, forced labour, serfdom, military conscription, followed by sporadic and generally unsuccessful revolts, continued until the time of Alexander I. He desired to improve the status of the peasantry in these south-eastern parts; saying truly, that their present condition was enough to make all Finland dread Russia. Some betterment was effected, but at the expense of a decree in 1826 which absolutely confirmed the titles of these settler nobles to their Finnish estates. After the establishment of the Diet, in 1864, a large sum of money was raised by Government for buying back these properties and reselling them to the peasants. Some of the nobles asked a reasonable price, some an outrageous one; however, the whole matter was settled in a few years.

The recent "torpare" troubles on such large estates as remain are probably an aftermath of the conditions to which compulsory purchase put an end. Finnish owners were corrupted by neighbouring Russian examples, so they say; but, after all, class privilege and capitalism can, even in Finland, do their work of stifling the social conscience without help from outside. But that harmless, little, roundabout-looking word "social" shows a red light nowadays, and threatens controversy! Let us hurry away from it, and I will tell you briefly how I have come from Teerelä on lat. $64^{\circ}30'$ down to 61°

. . . Fate, you see, decided that I was to visit Nyslott, and I arrived there at six o'clock on a mild, silvery grey and yellow morning. Such a pretty town! It is built upon half a dozen islands, at the meeting of three lakes—Saima, Haukivesi, and Puruvesi. Here the wooden houses display even more variety

of colour than at Borgå. Nyslott is a patchwork of red, black and white, yellow, pink, and rare blue, with the cupolas of the Russian church, in the middle, showing the soft green of verdigris on copper, a lovely tone. Since Uleaborg, I have hardly seen any of the new Finnish architecture—"Studio buildings," as Celia and I generally call them—and really, their solid, castellated aspect would be a welcome change, for it seems inevitable that wooden houses, if they are decorated at all, should have an air of degraded fantasy. There are also a number of white wooden bridges in Nyslott, high-arched, with an indescribably Chinese effect. All this gaiety of colour, mingled with green gardens and autumn trees, was subdued to a delicious softness and unreality by the silver background of lake and the pearly morning light. I had an unexpected drive round the town, for the only *droska* awake upon the quay when I arrived was promised to the Chief Postman, who kindly gave me a lift, but was obliged to call at the principal depots for letters before he dropped me at a hotel. He told me that Nyslott was an extremely gay place in the season, which lasted from June to September. It has a castle, a bathing-place, a casino, a public park, and a Bishop's palace, and the duty of the visitor is to see all these, and Punkaharju as well.

He was the only journey acquaintance of mine who did not ask, "Why do you travel so late in the year?" On the contrary, he cited the advantages of the end of the season: empty hotels, uncrowded trains, and absence of mosquitoes. He did not mention one drawback, which is, that the windows of houses, as well as of trains, may be already shut up for the winter. It was so with my abode at Nyslott, a pretty wooden house, in a grove of rowan trees, overlooking the swift waters of Kyrönsalmi. The double windows were closed and pasted up with strips of paper over the cracks, and a bit of wadding at the bottom—no wonder these poor dear Finns seem to have one vast perpetual cold in their heads!

Olofsborg, or Olavinlinna (F.) is everything that a castle should be—grey-towered, many-chambered, thick-walled, and



A VIEW OF NYSLOTT



THE BEGINNING OF PUNKAHARJU

surrounded by water. It was built by Eric Axelsson Tott, a Swedish knight, in 1475, to menace the Russians and to overawe the Finns. His men built it sword in hand, so the story goes, for the natives grimly resisted foreign domination, and did their best to destroy this Swedish fortress. For long Olofsborg was an impassable barrier to the Russian advance, and the Finns themselves took it into favour, and called it Savonlinna, the Fort of Savolaks. It passed once and again into Russian hands before 1809, and Alexander I and his successor thought it advisable to maintain a Russian garrison there. Military occupation ceased in 1849, and for some years it was a State prison; now it is an interesting and harmless, if over-preserved, historic monument.

They row you across Kyrönsalmi, a passage connecting two lakes, with a strong current of its own, and when you have seen all the chapels, and Knights' Chambers, and Ladies' Bowers, you may climb to the highest point and look about you. Such a curious mingling of wood and water you will not find anywhere else in Europe, I am sure. Forest and lake, "horned promontories," peninsulas, capes, islands, gleaming surfaces, glittering distances, all the possible changes of dark green and gold, silver and blue and grey.

To the north of Nyslott is Vaarasaari, a lovely garden-like island, tended as a public park, containing an inoffensive Kurhaus and a few villas at one end of its woody, well-kept grounds. Certainly these casinoish, tourist-haunted places should be visited at the very end of the season; for then all their tiresome little appliances of careful paths, steps, rustic seats, summer-houses, and even bandstands have gained an extraordinary pathos by reason of their loneliness and the falling leaves upon them: they possess that strange dignity and charm which the most frivolous things gather from the hand of death. They make you remorseful now, for previous contempt. It is a very subtle and modern feeling; perhaps not quite worth while—but how admirably W. D. Howells would write about it!

The Brunnsark, as they call it, was a beautiful study of

colour on the morning that I left—but are you not quite, quite tired of Finnish autumn scenes? Yet, I assure you, they vary much more than one star differs from another in glory. In the far north all the amber shades of gold held sway, and the birch woods were more like solid sunshine than anything I shall ever see again; at Kajana, the rose-red, berry-bearing undergrowth made all the gold look ruddy; and here at Nyslott the rowans with their fiery scarlet berries predominate once more and cover the island with tawny gold. Coming and going beneath them, raking over the faded yellow grass, were the black and white figures of garden-women, wearing the favourite, though not the traditional, Savolaks costume. Their shapeless black jacket and skirt, white kerchief and black gloves, hideous elsewhere, looked just right among all this colour—but surely, they will not have the heart to wear them when the snow comes?

On the afternoon of the day that I arrived, I took steamer for Punkaharju. It was grey and threatening weather, but the hour's trip was interesting as a further and a closer glimpse of lake-travel. How does the pilot ever remember the fairway through this labyrinth of capes and islands, where the passages are often so narrow that the funnel of the steamer is brushed by overhanging trees? Here and there are white cairns and beacons to direct him, and sometimes long white poles staking out the narrow way. Looking over the side, you see sharp ledges of rock and huge boulders under water, almost touching the vessel, and shoals of fish passing cloud-like over beds of sand.

By the time we reached Punkaharju it was raining and blowing very heartily. The few other passengers made a break for the hotel, but I, stout in waterproof and new galoshes, set out to admire the scene. Those galoshes! Never shall I recall Punkaharju without feeling them cling about my feet, and flop, and flop! For—let me confess—they were a size too small; and all the four miles of Punkaharju, the beating of waves, the wailing of pine trees, and the buffeting of wind and rain, were only the background to my furious determina-

tion to make those galoshes *keep on*, at any cost! And finally, by the third milestone, I succeeded.

Punkaharju (Hog's back) is a most curious, long, narrow, and perfectly regular ridge of glacial detritus or rubble, shooting out across Puruvesi, from the large island which contains a little of Nyslott and most of the parish of Kerimaki, to what one may call the mainland. It is literally no wider than a road for nearly the whole of its four-mile course; it is covered with pines and birch trees, and accompanied, so to speak, with countless isles, promontories, and peninsulas. Natives and foreigners both have praised it greatly, but to my mind it is more curious than beautiful. I do not suppose you ever had occasion to beat up a raw egg, white and yolk together? If you do, note the point when the two constituents begin to mingle in long streaks and blobs; for, letting the yolk stand (after the manner of primitive cosmogonies) for earth and the white for water, this is uncommonly like the scenery of Punkaharju.

This ridge and some eight or ten square miles about its starting-point are kept as a National Park. In any other season it would all have appeared painfully *soigné*, those trim black and white railings, the seats, the paths, the rest-houses, the hotel, and the wooden arbour upon Runeberg's Hill, where the poet composed the National Anthem of Finland. But after nearly three hours of the grey desolation of dripping trees and rain-swept lake, into which the narrow road headed out like an endless quay, I welcomed the traces of my fellow-creatures and sought the hotel gladly.

The steamer declined to put back that night, the other passengers had vanished, so I returned to Nyslott by train after a nightmare drive to the station. A little Finnish horse plunged cheerfully down a steep hill, over snags and long pine roots and occasional boulders, into the howling darkness below. We lost what road there was, great branches struck at the lantern with a wet crash and nearly swept the driver from his seat; but as he did not appear to mind, how could I? Presently we found the station, and I returned to Nyslott.

Late next day I came, by a short railway journey, to Sordavala, which is an untidy little town at the head of Lake Ladoga, and as near the Russian border as I wish to be. As you see, I use an adjective for Sordavala which has never occurred before in my descriptions of Finnish towns. It is, by comparison with the others, disorderly, straggling, and rather ill-kept—all this I put down, with the ready prejudice of the half-informed, to the nearness of Russia. On the other hand, its situation and surroundings make it unusually pictorial. It is built on two sides of a lake-inlet, Vakka-lahti, with woody hills behind it and hilly islands in front. It contains a few "*Studio* buildings" and some very bad stone structures in what I can only call "the gingerbread style," while the rest is honestly wooden and simple. There is the usually Lutheran-Gothic church in wood and a most Eastern-looking Russian church, like a mosque, with domes the shape of an inverted turnip in verdigris-green; also the quaintest little orthodox chapel in a cemetery, having a cupola of fierce blue sprinkled with gilt stars.

Sordavala possesses a large training-school for teachers, some granite quarries, and a considerable harbour-traffic. The incongruity of these attributes will vex you as much as the term "Lutheran-Gothic," but I cannot help it. The churches *do* present a Gothic conception carried out in a Lutheran manner, and the nature of this place *is* to be incongruous; it is unexpected and varied, and rouses a kind of hostile interest. And it procured me two disappointments: I could not go to Valamo, and it was impossible to get a real view of Lake Ladoga.

Valamo is a Russian monastery on an island in Ladoga, several hours away, and the pleasure-steamers had just ceased running, on account of the autumn mists. A neighbour at the hotel here, who visited the island a fortnight ago, gave me her impression of it. At first sight, a personality more inappropriate to the subject could hardly be imagined, for she was a pretty, plump, stylish woman, who spoke American with an indefinable alien accent, and purported to be a commercial traveller in bread, the first "lady commercial" in Finland.

She was a Karelian, with probably a dash of Russian in her blood, and her original home was at Suojärvi, in the Salmen division to the east of Sordavala, one of the loneliest and least-developed parts of Finland. It has lakes, forests, and rivers, like the north-east, a better climate, and water connections with two inland seas, Ladoga and Onega, but it lies in the shadow and lacks enterprise. Three hours across the lake to Impilaks, and then two days or more of driving along a high upland road, through bear-haunted solitudes, would bring this very enterprising product of Finn-Ugrian blood and transatlantic civilization to the home of her fathers. Her parents had emigrated to Michigan when she was a child, and died there; and a sort of inherited nostalgia brought her back to Finland. I would have given much to know how the country really struck her on her return, but, like most of the active-minded and adventurous, she was inarticulate touching personal or subjective impressions. So we only discussed the possibilities of introducing a certain crisp, fancy bread into London, and she told me something of Valamo.

It is a monastery of five hundred orthodox Russian monks, with the natural dependencies of such an establishment, and it is hospitably open during the summer to any number of pilgrims, who are fed and lodged free of charge. Men may join the monks in their refectory, but women are served in a separate guest-room. The "lady commercial" made a few obvious pleasantries upon the monks, which I will spare you, and described the island as a home of plenty. "Just bulging with orchards and gardens and fish-ponds! The earth there's a sort of rich red colour, and the boss church is gilded all over the roofs—I did admire to see it! And then all those comfortable, rosy-complected old fellows—going about in their brown cloaks—I tell you, one felt as if it was Indian Summer there all the year round! They showed us everything, and I unloaded some of my samples on to them, too. I wasn't so much tickled with their other gaudy little churches, myself; but they have got a big bell in one that you can catch the sound of right here, when the wind's this way."

Tradition—not my lively friend—says that the Monastery was founded in 992, while Russia and Finland were still heathen, by two missionary monks from the west. Here should be the tomb of the Swedish King Magnus, who, being wrecked on Valamo in some Heaven-defying expedition, embraced the orthodox faith and died here; but jealous chronicles assert that he ended his life in Norway.

I could have spared the sight of Valamo, but it was distracting to get no glimpse of the real Ladoga, a lake nearly as big as the Finnish Gulf. So it fell out, however. Sordavala Bay is hemmed in by one great and very striking island, a high, irregular ridge of dark stone falling away in cliffs. Around it and along the coast are many lesser ones; and thus, for all I saw of open water, I might still have been travelling in the tangle of the inland lakes. Attracted by the name, I took steamer in the morning to Kirjavalahi, “Bay of many colours.” The day was cold, but gloriously bright, and there was much autumn splendour yet to be seen. Passing the great island, and winding in and out of little ones, we glided down a long inlet between woody shores, all golden on either side of the blue, broken water, to a little timber-trading village. It was a pretty place, but not specially many-coloured so far as I could see. Here I went for a walk eastward through a pastoral country of rounded hills, glowing with birch and aspen, meadows turning russet, red houses, running streams and tiny cascades, and black mud under-foot. Does it sound like a thousand other places in Finland? Indeed, it was different. Kirjavalahi was a glimpse of sunny prosperity in the midst of a wide, various, and rather dark landscape, which showed (or so one imagined) something of the lowering and dread of Russia.

That afternoon, still haunted by the wish to see Ladoga, I took a droska, and was driven a mile or two southward. Three or four lakes, an up-and-down road through winding meadows and tawny woods, always within a wide ring of hills that were stonier, more abrupt, and far more dramatic, as it were, than the usual Finnish landscape. “The East” was

written upon them, with its implication of space and strangeness and fear. Presently, beyond ridges and bays and islands, I was shown a long sea-gleam against the sky, and that was Ladoga—upon whose southern margin Schlüsselburg stands.

Returning, I passed the symbol of the forces that will destroy Schlüsselburg, the great Sordavala Educational Training College. Most elementary-school teachers have spent three years here, or in a similar college, at the State expense; and most secondary teachers have been through the University. It would be difficult to find the equivalent of our uncertified elementary teacher in Finland, or of our under-paid, broken-down schoolmasters and schoolmistresses. You see, both the people and their administrators are convinced of the benefits of education. There has been some kind of general organized schooling for more than half a century; and since 1897 the communes all over the country—even in Lappmark—have been empowered to establish enough elementary schools to educate all children between nine and sixteen. The village community provides a house, furniture, and education appliances, and agrees to supply the teacher with firewood and grazing land for a cow; while the State gives the salary, an average £35 to £45. This is not so meagre as it seems, considering the simplicity of Finnish life, and allows the teacher to maintain his dignity as a small bourgeois. There are pensions for illness and old age, besides an excellent system of educational grants, by which the majority of Finnish elementary-school teachers can spend six months abroad, at the State expense, during some period of their working life. They apply for a “stipendium” to study continental methods of education, to acquire languages, or simply to improve their minds by travel; and such stipendiums, though small in amount, are freely granted and honestly used. The Finns are touchingly conscious of their remoteness from the main highways of European civilization, and this very home-loving race believes passionately in the benefits of travel.

The "view-tower," which forms, perhaps, a sort of introduction to travel by encouraging the eye and the thought to wider range, is a national institution; I think there has been one in every town I have visited. So now, like a Finn, I always go to find the Public Park and the "Utsikt-torn." Here the park is at Vakkosalmi, on the slopes of a hill overlooking Vakkolahti, and Sordavala shrinks to a mere picturesque fragment when seen from the tower on the summit. I found lake after lake, hill after hill, but the great inland sea still played hide-and-seek to my vision among the innumerable bays and isles.

(*Later.*)

Between Sordavala and Imatra the railway was not specially interesting. A fellow-passenger told me that this part of Karelia was once "a noted bear country," but bears, wolves, and lynxes are getting ever scarcer, even along the eastern border. He had something to say about the modern sport, but I had rather remember how Väinämöinen killed the bear that was sent from Pohjola. In its rude way, this episode really exemplifies those lines from *Troilus and Cressida*:—

No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Is not that the finest spirit of a good fight? Väinämöinen meets Otso, "apple of the forest," kills him swiftly, bears him home with every dignity, recites the tale of his half-divine origin, and takes with reverence the eyes, the tongue, the teeth, and the forehead of Otso, that his own may thereby be strengthened.

We passed Kronoborg, once a donation estate with the remains of a feudal castle upon it, now fulfilling a better purpose as a model farm and agricultural school. My informant upon bears pointed it out, and wondered that I had not chosen Kexholm rather than Sordavala, for the latter place has a fortress and a history. "The two daughters of Pugacheff, a noble Cossack, led a rebellion here in the eighteenth century,

and were very nearly successful. However, luck went against them, and they were imprisoned for life in Kexholm Castle."

Would you believe it, he knew no more of the matter than this stimulating and tantalizing anecdote—and was content to know no more? "It was so in the guide-book," he said. Was it a feminist revolt that those two girls led? What sort of spirits were they, and how did it fail? I wanted to ask a thousand questions, but had to "leave it at that."

CASCADE HOTEL, IMATRA.

For once I am writing to you from one of "the best hotels." No doubt they respond to some deep-seated need of human nature, but, for my part, I only find them expensive and depressing. They charge twice as much as the smaller inns, and—since neither the wash-stands nor the supply of hot water are doubled—what does it benefit one? I cannot eat twice as much food as usual, and I do not want a band during meals.

Here of course one pays for the neighbourhood of Imatra. Resist the temptation to call it Imàtra, for, like all Finnish words, it has the accent on the first syllable. The renown of this very mighty waterfall is ancient, and has gone out into all lands. It is mentioned in the *Kalevala* by Joukahainen, "He, the meagre youth of Lapland," the singer who matched himself against Väinämöinen. The old minstrel says:—

What can I myself accomplish,
As a wise man or a singer?
I have passed my life in quiet
Here, among these very moorlands.
On the borders of my home-fields,
I have heard the cuckoo calling';

and asks the youth for "the utmost of his knowledge." Joukahainen, nothing loth, pours forth a stream of valuable facts, medical and geographical, such as:—

Water is the oldest medicine;
Cataract's foam a magic potion;
Marshy country is the oldest,
And the first of trees a willow.

Three great waterfalls I know of
 Underneath the vaults of heaven ;
 But they do not match the Vuoksi,
 There where Imatra is rushing.

Then after some exchange of taunts Väinämöinen sang

No childish ditties,
 But a song for bearded heroes,
 Such as all the children sing not ;
 Nor a half the boys can master,
 Nor a third can lovers compass,
 In the days of dark misfortune,
 When our life is near its ending.

Imatra is so magnificent that it can bear its fame, and not shrink when the Finns call it the finest cataract in Europe, for it is the overflow of a thousand lakes, the tribute of Saima and all his brethren of the north. Five miles after leaving Lake Saima, the whole volume and breadth of the great Vuoksi River is confined into this echoing black stone gorge, half a mile long. You, who feel the magic of running water, can imagine better than I can describe the thundering, galloping, white tumult, blinding white in the sunshine, as it goes roaring down.

Four miles further along the river is Vallinkoski, whose genius is rebuked under Imatra, for, without the former, it would seem a fall magnificently worth the visiting. Both cataracts and a good deal of land along either bank are held by the State as a National Park, so that the temptation to diminish the splendour of either by using them to generate electricity is withheld from Finnish enterprise. Imatra, I must confess, does work a little power-station, which supplies the hotel and the village, but it is a very small and harmless affair.

Here, as at Punkaharju, a paternal Government has been almost too generous with paths and seats and rest-houses, and evil little tin pavilions of umbrella shape. Yet for the last, I trust, the hotel, and not the State, is responsible. This hotel is a well-meant building of the *Studio* sort, made of roughcast

and granite, with a red-tiled roof—very nice, you will say—yes, but the roof is not only red, but green also! a pleasant shade, but quite out of place with the red. Either *alone* suits the building and harmonizes with the landscape; together they become like “*Rilchiam*,” that sudden product of Richard and William in the perfectly balanced mind, cited by *The Hunting of the Snark*.

Did I mention that Sunday once more fell upon a wet day? Wet or not, I came here to see Imatra, and I cannot afford to stay long in the best hotels. So I set forth alongside the river, leaving two damp and mournful Russian officers, in pretty blue uniforms, under the blue umbrella pavilion. Gradually the sky cleared; I found a country road and followed it for some four miles, until it led down through a wood to the river again, and Vallinkoski. What a magnificent spendthrift carelessness there is about these rivers and forests! The steep banks are strewn with fallen trees, white birch-stems, that have crashed down upon the stones, or drenched themselves to rottenness on the edge of the stream, unnoted and unhewn. In the cataract gorge you may find masses of splintered wood torn to fibre, as if it had been chewed and gnawed; such is the destructive power of the stream. Trunks of trees come down with their heads burst and flattened out, after the passage of the gorge: Imatra has used them for battering-rams.

Vallinkoski is a double cataract, whose largest branch comes curling whitely round a wooded island in mid-stream, and breaks down in roaring white and grey. Tumbling and thrusting, the currents make their way to the next bend, where the Vuoksi broadens out like a lake, between the banks of blurred tawny gold, and hurries on to other rapids and other falls.

(*Later.*)

I wanted very much, and quite unreasonably, to get to that island in Vallinkoski, and yesterday I nearly did so. Going down river again, I approached the fall unconventionally from

the other side by a long, rough, and very wet path. Though I say "path," it was the merest shadow of one; in fact, I yielded to an old childish habit, and "went a-woodling," that is, I kept on through woodlands and undergrowth for the mere pleasure of the company of trees, as if I had thirteen instead of thirty-odd years.—In many respects I've never grown up, have I? And certainly I have not yet acquired that thoroughly unfriendly feeling towards rain-water and mud that stamps a mature person. So I got wet, and dried as the sun came out, and went on through the dripping bushes, and got wet again. You know how you can follow a faint woodland path for miles, until you become quite dreamy with the long swell of the pines on the one hand, and the heavy rush of the rapids on the other. The wood itself is a little misty; the straight, fine stems, russet colour or silvery, stand up in their interminable rows, and the dim yellow of fallen leaves underfoot seems part of the dim yellow overhead, where the myriad branches make a sort of golden haze. And, when you are in the right mood, you come suddenly upon Tuulikki's very self—just as the nymph turns hastily into the likeness of a bird-cherry, a marvellous little tree of rosy fire in a clearing among the pines. At last you come out by a farm, and along a narrow, crescent-shaped meadow-peninsula, stretching out across the stream, where the river so arranges itself that you may see from one place three separate rapids at the same time. You are quite ringed in by the swift waters, and only a stone's throw from that troubling island in Vallinkoski. Going back to the mainland, a scramble brings you down to a long, curving river-beach of firm sand, which describes more than two-thirds of a circle, and goes right round in front of the falls. So at last you get a really satisfying view of this cataract, second only to Imatra, as it breaks over, tumbled and dazzling—the currents all thrusting and shouldering and hurrying and rushing upon each other, as they burst from the smooth grey waters above.



THE RAPIDS OF VALLINKOSKI
FROM A PICTURE BY LINDHOLM

(*Later.*) HOTEL BELVEDERE, VIBORG.

I found time to explore the Vuoksi above Imatra also, but it is not specially interesting. There is an inoffensive iron bridge, and a little village with post office and telephone and bakers' shops and tea-houses. One of these attracted me by the busts of Väinämöinen and Ilmarinen (who bore him a family likeness) beside the doorway. Pasted under the former was an advertisement of a performance of *L'Avare* at Villmanstrand. You cannot think how strange the polished, artificial names of Harpagon and the rest looked against the Finnish words and weird Finnish names of the actors.

Next day I took the train for Viborg. Now, had I arrived here straight from Europe, I should most probably have liked the place; but all those tidy, wooden, trim, and yet spacious little Finnish cities—examples of the poetry of town-planning and the quaint, clean graces of the simple life—have spoilt my power to appreciate the squalid-picturesque. I find Viborg a depressing town. The streets are narrow and dirty, the houses indeterminate, the harbour shapeless; and the whole is ringed in with ugly, squat earthworks and fortifications. An unsuspecting visitor climbs one of those to get a view—and straightway five or six brown-coated Russian sentries wave their arms and shout, and dance against the sky-line in a desperate state of nerves. So I went back to the harbour-end of the town. Here there is a gay, crowded market-place, with a round tower in the middle, known as "Fat Katerina." The peasant-women are comelier than in Tavastian Finland or in Savolaks, and more pleasingly dressed; the hair is looser, the kerchief more becoming, and they wear a sort of Swiss bodice with touches of colour. Beyond the market, westward, is a water-inlet, Salakkalahti, crossed by the long Åbo bridge, with Viborg Castle upon an island in the midst of it.

The castle stands up, bold and bare and ancient, from the water by the city-gate. Torkel Knutson built it in 1293 as a fortress against the Novgorod adventurers; and in the course

of five hundred years it withstood siege after siege. In 1495 General Posse held it with some twenty men against Ivan Vassilievitch with, it is said, a thousand. Posse, however, looked upon them undaunted, for he was a Finn and a wizard; or, at any rate, he well justified a reputation for wizardry on this occasion. He induced his scanty garrison to take refuge in the cellars of the castle, while he undermined and blew up one of the outer towers, which, falling like the fruits of an earthquake upon the besiegers, killed many and put the rest to flight.

Peter the Great won the fortress from Sweden after a long struggle in 1710, and the whole province of Viborg was incorporated with Russia from then until 1808.

I went on across the Åbo Bridge through the further part of Viborg, which lies on an island. This island stretches across the upper part of a long, irregular bay (connecting with the Saima canal), which is dotted and splashed with isles, and indented with bays down all its length. Even *this* island was hollowed out by a large bay, within which were islands again. Along the shore were the usual wooden houses, quays, boats, and piles of timber, while further on were villas, looking back towards Viborg across the bright blue water. Sometimes I got a clear view southward, out to sea—for this part of the country is fairly level—and then I wondered no longer that the Gulf of Viborg should be a favourite summer resort for Finns and Russians.

At frequent intervals along my way I passed barracks—dreary, dirty structures of the meanest architecture. Soldiers pervaded the town singly or in companies, and did not add to its gaiety, being, for the most part, ill-nourished, ill-dressed, undersized men. Perhaps they would have compared favourably with the average East-Enders, but one unconsciously expects that the soldier, as a set-off to the drawbacks of his trade, should be a fine physical type, well-nurtured and hearty. If, among the thousand astonishing uses to which man puts his fellow-men, we must reckon this of making them into disciplined brutes of prey, we may at least demand

that they should be carefully tended and happy brutes. The officers shone by contrast—they often appeared of good physique and intellectual type; yet one face, seen in passing, haunts me with its suggestion of a fine, sensitive spirit, miserably broken in to the uses of militarism.

The eastern and mainland half of Viborg is worth exploring. A fine esplanade-garden runs in L shape through the town, crossed by a broad street, the Alexander Perspektivet. Two streets, named Blackfriars and Greyfriars, are all that remain of the first Dominican monastery in Finland, founded in 1318. There is a Lutheran Church, which was built in 1481 for the Franciscans, and an Orthodox and a Roman Church. More important are the six or seven higher-grade schools, adapted to all three races and to their different types of culture. There are "Classic Lyceums" Finnish and Swedish, "Real Lyceums" for young Finns, and a Swedish girls' High School, besides the Russian "Gymnasiums" for boys and girls.

The real show-place of Viborg is Monrepos. The very name tells you what it is—an example of the "graceful relaxation" of the eighteenth century. I do not, you know, appreciate that period as much as I ought, so I was considering my intended visit there without enthusiasm. But my neighbour at the dinner-table, a well-dressed woman with a Russian name, assured me most emphatically that it was an earthly Paradise—it belonged to Baron Nicolay, *and* the Queen of Greece had spent some weeks there. "Monrepos is Finland at its noblest!" she said, with an impressive roll of her eyes—big blue eyes, which were far too pretty to be treated in such a way.

It was certainly worth the drive to see, for anything more curiously out of touch with modern Finland than Monrepos I never beheld. It is a dear, affected, elaborate little park, so like the gardens of any nice Georgian country-house in England that I nearly wept! It was laid out as a pleasance, perhaps a century and a half ago, by a military Governor of Finland and an Italian Count; and later on Marie Feodorovna,

the wife of the Emperor Paul, spent some time there. The house is not remarkable, but the old-fashioned conservatories, dignified buildings with a great deal of solid stone, were just like our seventeenth-century orangeries; and the grounds were adorned with any number of foolish and kindly structures of the peruke-classic sort—the style that always makes you think of Voltaire and Frederick of Prussia. Grecian summer-houses of wood and plaster on carefully tended islands; delicately ruined little ruins upon selected hills; boats intended to remind you of swans; trim white bridges leading across neat and shallow waterways to a dainty temple—oh! it was the product of the most refined sensibilities and the abode of elegant leisure! But nothing could spoil the charm of its situation; the sloping lawns dotted with autumn shrubs, and beds of bright, familiar flowers, the wandering paths and wild gardens and golden-dropping trees; it reminded you of Kew and Hampton Court—and Andredshurst—and many another pleasant home of yesterdays. And then you looked beyond, and seeing the wide lake and the fir woods, the sharp, unfamiliar lines of hill and plain, you remembered that this was Finland and To-day.

Now, Dear, my tour of exploration is coming to an end. The days are growing colder and shorter, though still so bright! the autumn gold is waning, boats are vanishing from the lakes, and school-time has begun. I made the long and not very interesting journey from Viborg to Lahti in the mood of “holidays over”—one of the pleasantest moods in the world, if you’ll believe me! You know I am generally unreasonably well and lively in the early autumn, when other people are wont to feel “a languid grief”; and each year the sense of taking up work again after the summer change—even if that has been all work too—is like a renewal of youth. But the study of Finland is harder than any school-task ever set me—and who knows? perhaps I am learning it all wrong. It takes a lifetime to understand one’s own people, one’s own class even; am I likely to ever pass the barrier of language, and attain to any right comprehension

of a different land, a very different social system, and an alien race?

I broke the long transit from Viborg to Helsingfors at Lahti, a small industrial town at the foot—if one may say so—of the Päijänne Lake-system, which runs up due north to Jyväskylä, and onward nearly to lat. 64°. Only intending to pass the night here, I found the weather so brilliant, and the lake-scenery so beguiling, that I telephoned to the Keiths saying that I should remain absent yet another day. Lahti is only three and a half hours from Helsingfors, and every hotel, every little shop, has full telephone connection. And then, so super-civilized does this appear, that one is foolishly surprised the possessors should only speak Finnish!

Lahti is a very growing place. It has six or seven saw-mills, various public buildings in the new Finnish style, a large secondary school (upon whose premises I chanced to trespass), well-constructed industrial flats, and many bright-coloured wooden cottages among the fir woods by the lake. A pleasant, stout teacher with cropped hair, whom I encountered, directed me across the school-meadows to some woodland paths along the western lake-shore; and here I had one enchanting glimpse after another, through the pines, of bright waters and russet hills, with little red villages at their foot.

Here at Lahti, the same day, there happened a queer, brief episode—the most puzzling in all my Finnish adventures, so far. Was it attempted highway robbery? as Commander Keith would certainly say; was it merely a clever piece of acting, or a rather recondite joke? Whichever it was, I behaved so badly that I can tell no one else—but to you I will unclasp the book of my secret soul upon this matter.

I was stepping along a very lonely stretch of road between dense woodlands, some four or five miles from Lahti, when I was overtaken by a peasant lad. He uttered the Finnish for good morning, as they sometimes do, and I responded in Swedish (more or less) “God-dag, god-dag.” He passed me, went some little way ahead, appeared to reflect, then turned and came back. Addressing me politely enough, he made some

remarks in Finnish. "Jag talar inte finska," said I—"I can't talk Finnish." He repeated his observations in rather complicated Swedish, from which I only made out a desperate and immediate need of five marks (four shillings). "Nej, nej," quoth I, "det kann jag inte," and prepared to pass on.

Then he placed himself squarely in my way, hands in his pockets, and stopped me. We stood and measured each other, like two quarrelsome dogs. He was a mere boy, eighteen at most, of Swedish rather than Finnish feature, and wretchedly ill-clad; though heavier than I, he was not taller, and ill-built about the shoulders. He had, apparently, no weapon: I grasped a stout umbrella.

For quite a minute we stood thus at gaze, when suddenly this pause of mutual combative measurement struck me as so funny that I simply laughed aloud! Besides, how could one take a highwayman of that age and size seriously?

"You little idiot!" said I, in the frankest English; and the boy turned to and laughed also, but he did not move out of the way.

Then—what else could the former president of a Boys' Club do?—I laid a hand on his shoulder and said a few words of moral admonition. They were in English of course, and it sounds the most futile action in the world now I relate it; but you remember how the Professor once said that an unexpected and impressive pronouncement in an unknown language might sometimes have a most powerful effect on a primitive mind. So I spoke, and it must have seemed rather like the apostolic "speaking with tongues" to him. Anyhow, the boy went all manner of odd colours, his eyes filled with tears, and he twisted away and swung off down the road. For a moment or so I stood and wondered.

And then? Why then I spoilt everything by running after him and giving him the five marks!

Imagine any reasonable person——! I know exactly what you will think; please say it, for I clearly need correction. One of the most poignant discoveries of maturity is, that we are never too old to deserve scolding, or even to receive it. From

middle-age and onward one's juniors undertake the office of mentors, and fulfil it admirably. I have heard a determined lady say, referring to one full of years and honour, "I must speak to my father about this," and, from his subdued demeanour at lunch subsequently, I am quite sure that she did.

Next day, finding that no steamer expedition up Päijänne would suit my purpose, I determined to explore along the eastern lake-side and discover some really comprehensive point of outlook. After a time, Good Luck, the Happy Guide, or perchance Hermes himself, led me, as I believe, to the very finest view in Finland.

Now, what makes a view beautiful? Not the natural-phenomenon element, which predominates at Punkaharju and Imatra, I am sure; yet neither does it depend on those lines of composition and schemes of colour that make a beautiful landscape picture. "Feeling" and "effect" have a share in it, I suppose; yet I have seen more "feeling" about a hedge-row, a tree, and a little turnip field melting into the fog than in many broad and famous views. Is it a certain large display of colour and variety, or is it some latent appeal to interests other than those of eye? As Glanvil says, the lines of the country that bred us unconsciously mould our characters and shape our sympathies, so that to one man the smooth curves of the downlands will be more beautiful than all the glories of Italy; and another will demand five ragged firs upon a moorland in Heaven itself, or he will not be happy. But all this brings us no nearer to the wherefore of beauty in landscape.

From a plot of rising ground, in a grove of yellow aspens, you looked north for miles and miles and miles. Down in the foreground were the rounded golden summits of birches, then came great spaces of grey-blue lake, set with gilded island-woods, inlets framed in russet pasture, with here and there a line of shining sand; beyond that, forest after forest, pool after pool, alternating subdued splendours of tawny and azure—till you came to the uttermost fringe of woodland, dark and low, and sharply cut upon the horizon; all this in afternoon light, under

a delicate broken sky, with little flaws of wind. Had there only been more atmosphere, it would have been as lovely as anything words have yet described. But the birches near at hand did not detach themselves from the middle distance, and as the shifting sunlight gleamed upon hill-side and sand-bank, these came forward and caught the eye, so that one almost saw them first. Still, I must not carp at Nature, like a miserable little maker of *pochades*; it was a dream of space and sunshine, and the mellowest, richest, most varied shades of gold ever seen, relieved with waning azure and harmonies of grey and blue. Perhaps the peculiar charm of the scene lay in its suggestion of unlimited faery gold showered upon a poor and barren land. The autumn is "Cinderella's hour" for Finland, and she outdoes everyone of the court ladies in her moment of passing glory.

Yet for all its splendour you would have called this a sad view, I think—sad, because of that very lonely and un-historied character that I love. But do not chide me again for my liking for solitude and waste places, since I pass through them all in the invisible companionship of you. . . .

SONG

A SHEPHERD-BOY in Mikkeli

Lay piping on a grassy lea.

Awhile he piped, awhile he sang,

Until the woodland pastures rang

With merriment and melody.

His tune was like the shaken dew

Of summer mornings, fair and few.

And then he told, in dancing words

More sweetly gay than singing-birds,

How music builds the world anew.

How shapes of golden sound are born

Each day, among the clouds of morn ;

How laughing spirits, lithe and coy,

Rush down the sunbeams, mad with joy,

To wake the springing blades of corn ;

To bid the feathery ferns unroll,

To call the dormouse from his hole,

To give the nymphs of the stream good-morrow,

To lay a sleepy load on sorrow,

To free the heart from its dread control.

—The daylight waned : the melody
Wavered and broke, and ceased to be.
The boy is grown, the song is done,
And nought remains but winter sun,
And half-forgotten minstrelsy.

And yet, I vow, these days of ours
Roll swifter along their iron hours,
—The stars shine fairer through the night,
—The door is open to delight
By reason of long-lost melody.

I tell you, Life's unpitying laws,
And all her scheme of faults and flaws,
Are lighter upon our hearts to-day,
Because, in woodlands far away,
A shepherd-boy of Mikkeli
Lay piping on a grassy lea.

R. T.

LETTER XI

To Mrs. Berkeley Winterbourne,
The Vicarage,
Saxonstead,
Wilts.

MIKONKATU 17, HELSINKI, SUOMI.

DEAR LUCY,

(That is my present address in real Finnish.) I think one of your letters must have gone astray. There was a welcome budget from Saxonstead awaiting me when I returned to Helsingfors, written immediately after the Harvest Festival, relating how Mrs. Birtle picked up the slighted vegetable marrow and walked out of church with it, just before the service began. Then I received another letter from you, three days ago, in which the mollification of Mary Birtle is passed over as a thing accomplished; so I take it that there is a link wanting in the chain of narrative. Arvid says cheerfully, "People lose a lot of letters at this time of year." Foreign mails come quickly and uncertainly by St. Petersburg, or slowly and surely by Stockholm. If your last epistle travelled along the former route, it is quite possible that the authorities have agreed with our dear grandfather's dictum upon your black, upright script, "Lucy writes a very revolutionary hand," and caused the letter to vanish. The best means of safeguarding correspondence at present is to address via Stockholm, and also to number the envelope conspicuously, so that the officials perceive a regular interchange of letters is going on.

I will try and answer some of those firm and piercing queries by which you manage to fasten down my fluttering descriptions to a practical issue:—

(1) The cost of a night's lodging and breakfast upon my journey varied from two marks at Teerelä, to ten marks in the Best Hotel at Imatra. If you and Berkeley will come to Finland next year, you may reckon that an average daily six marks each covers the expense of board and lodging while you travel, and five marks per day is enough if you are stationary. (Taking one thing with another, I can live here very much as I would in country lodgings at home, that is, for a trifle over thirty shillings a week.) Rent and attendance are less expensive than they would be in London, and food is about the same. Milk (which is excellent) costs little more than half the English price—and this in a country where cows have to be kept in shelter for six months at least. (*That*, dear Lucy, is the result of attainable land and State railways; and when you are next making an allowance of expensive milk to John Drudge's thirteenth child, I hope you will remember it!) Good bread is, I think, no dearer than with us, but fruit is naturally much more costly, and tinned foods also, because of the duty.

Little or no tipping seems necessary; is this a happy result of the prevailing spirit of democracy? Hotel servants are friendly and obliging; so too are drivers, shop folk, railway officials, and fellow-travellers—all in a manner that is, perhaps, a trifle more business-like than effusive: as if the encouragement of foreign visitors were an accepted national policy.

But when they *are* genial they meet you on a footing of the frankest equality! A merry little hotel housemaid at Viborg, who had spent two winters at an Adult School, talked long and confidentially with me one evening. Leaning against the stove, she questioned me upon England and English habits, after the usual preliminary mistake touching my nationality, which always rather distresses me. (Being not even of Celtic origin, wherein do I differ from the typical travelling English-woman? Yet differ I must, for journey acquaintances generally give me to France or to Russia.) Her questions were at first strictly practical, touching the conditions of domestic service with us, but from these she glided easily into re-

miniscence and autobiography. She had begun life as a *coiffuriste*, and enquired, with unconcealed disparagement in her voice, if my style of hairdressing were really prevalent in England. She was already a traveller, having taken service at Lübeck—"over the water"—and her further experiences in Prussia and Esthonia were described with some pungency. Then she told how, while she was working at Reval, her Finnish lover crossed the gulf in an open sailing-boat to visit her. "They arrested him when he landed because he had no passport, but we managed to meet all the same. Wasn't it plucky of him? Now, would an Englishman—would any of Fröken's lovers (!) for instance—have done that?"

Certain grave and self-contained figures rose up before me, who would, young and old, have been utterly dismayed at finding the part of Leander assigned them, and I smiled a rueful denial.

Hotel rooms, whatever their size, are invariably furnished with a sofa, a large table, and six chairs. Though drawers and cupboards may be wanting, or the washstand be of pocket size, you will always find the six chairs. If the room is small, the sofa serves as a bed, when its narrowness and the dusty smell of the cushions give an illusion of nightly railway travel. Meals are most conveniently designed to suit unpunctual wanderers like myself, for a lunch-breakfast is available from eleven till one. Dinner can be obtained at any time between four and six, and supper from eight till nine. A single one of these meals, with incidental coffee and cakes (which seem to be procurable at any hour) is enough to sustain an ordinary person through the day.

In answer to your second question, no, *not one!* People tell me that they are still to be met off the usual lines of travel, but hitherto my tin of Keating has proved ornamental only.

You asked if I was at all hindered in travelling by the cholera scare. No; I heard of a few cases in Eastern Finland, but these were one and all aliens who had acquired the disease elsewhere. Viborg, which alone of Finnish towns has an

appearance favourable to epidemics, is so far immune. The trains between Helsingfors and St. Petersburg are provided with directions and warnings in six languages, and each through train will carry a hospital nurse and medical necessaries until the cholera in St. Petersburg has abated.

Well, now we are settled in for the winter, Celia and I, she at the Nylands Pension and I in lodgings at the corner of Mikonkatu or Mikaelsgatan. The Commander and Aunt Karin are much distressed because they cannot give us unlimited hospitality, and puzzled in a minor degree that we two cousins should prefer to establish ourselves separately. (I really believe they ascribe it to the ancient racial antipathy, and say profoundly, "You see, Celt and Saxon are at bottom mentally incompatible, just like Finn and Swede!") But the true reason is that we are both, in our different ways, lonely-minded, and we understand each other's preference for solitude.

The old Keith town-house has been yielded to a younger branch of the family, and is always overflowing with Björkmans and Axelssons. Our great-uncle and aunt do not subscribe to the continental habit of sharing a house with one's relatives, so they possess a flat in Myntgatan, which, furnished according to the Commander's taste, makes a curiously Anglo-Oriental effect. There are Indian carvings and china, well-stuffed furniture, thick hangings, and a general un-Finnish appearance of cosiness, with a large rocking-chair added as a concession to our aunt. "And a good old open fire-place, my dear!" says the Commander. "When Karin was young and wilful she used to say it reminded her of the savupirtti (smoke-huts), but it should make you girls feel quite at home."

It does, yet a single glance from the window recalls our northern surroundings. We look down into the broad Norra Hamn over a mass of shipping, whose masts and ropes stand out in a black network upon the sunset. A row of fine grey buildings in the Swedish style appears in perspective along the North Quay; beyond them are the factories and work-

shops of Sörnäs, while eastward Högholmen and other islands form an irregular black line of woodland against the blue water and the clear frost-bitten air. The roofs, the house-fronts, and all the level surfaces are just delicately tipped with white, for the first snow has fallen. Out in the market-place and in the gardens they are boarding-up the fountains and covering the flower-beds with a deep layer of spruce branches.

“Winter falls soon this year,” says Erkki; “the fur caps have come out earlier than usual.”

“It is not *really* winter,” says another cousin, “until the old women tie their kerchiefs over their fur caps and the snow-ploughs appear.”

The view from Myntgatan is fine, but I like my own outlook better. I have taken two rooms, facing southward, in the unfashionable neighbourhood of Sandvik, close on the shore, so that I can look unhindered over some little islands to the lighthouse upon Gråhara and the open sea. “In a month’s time you will be *walking* out to those islands,” says a Björkman girl. “And if you stay here long enough you will be one of the first to see that little gleam of blue water upon the horizon, which means that the spring thaw is coming and the ice begins to break up.”

Although my rooms are part of a great building in the Finnish style, they have been furnished, alas! in the worst German manner. My landlady came from Hamburg, and brought with her sham oak furniture, oleographs, brackets, and florid china of the Plush Period. How was I to remove these without hurting the good soul’s feelings? I went to the chief print-shop and chose some dozen photogravures of modern Finnish art—Gallen’s “Forging of the Sampo,” an old-fashioned landscape or two, very pleasant in the black-and-white reproduction, and several figure subjects by Edelfelt—all of which you will see in due course. Thus provided, I told her with a clear conscience that I was bringing my own pictures, and so her “beautiful ornaments” might be put away. Two or three plants, a well-filled bookshelf, a new

tablecloth of self-respecting design, and a few familiar silver things have made the sitting-room quite home-like ; but this is nothing to the transformation of Celia's apartment. She is living in a much more central and distinguished quarter, at the Nylands Pension, where she has one large room, painted and upholstered in bilious green, with the traditional six chairs and a sofa, and a vast white-and-gold stove, like a tower. Bed and washstand are screened away, and, for all social purposes, it is (or rather *was*) a handsome and dreary sitting-room. Now it has become something so original that I suspect every inhabitant of the pension has been allowed a glimpse of it during Celia's absence. A large and telling picture-poster of the W.S.P.U. in three colours leaps at you from the green background of one wall ; upon the other are two gentle Irish sketches and a Japanese kakemono in sepia and white. A beautiful piece of Finnish embroidery is flung across the screen, and Celia's trunks figure as divans, draped in Irish frieze. There are a good many photographs, and altogether it is a room that furnishes the "commodities of conversation" in a true sense, for it gives visitors something to talk about. Her view is not so good as mine, though. She looks out on the Old Church Square, a little plot of grass and trees, dominated by Vickström's great bronze group of Lönnrot listening to Väinämöinen and ringed in with houses tall and gray.

All our windows were, I need not tell you, closed up for the winter. We have obliged some to open, for the weather, though sharp, is still gloriously bright throughout the rapidly shortening days. The little Swedish girl who brings me coffee and cakes in the morning shakes her flaxen head in the direction of the window, and says, "Voi ! voi ! Fryser Fröken inte ?"—whereof the meaning is obvious.

From the time of her appearance until midday I read and write and learn Swedish, or, it may be, I have to pay and receive morning calls. All hours from eleven in the morning to ten at night are open to visits, except, what seems to us the natural calling-hours, from three to five, for dinner is generally



IN THE SUBURBS



THE FIRST SNOW IN THE CITY

going on then. Come midday, my sense of duty to "the great god Exercise" and the sunshine generally reigning draw me out of doors, where fifteen minutes in a tram brings me to the confines of this little city. It is a place no bigger than Brighton, and much easier to get away from. The pleasure-grounds on the north, Tölö, Djurgården, Mejlans, merge quickly into a simple wild country of heather and fir woods. Here and there are birches that have lost their gold, and rowan trees, their scarlet berries alone remaining, appear in every cottage garden or sunny patch of field. Overlooking Sörnäs there are stony hillocks, where you may bask in pale sunshine and silence, while the distant hum of town-life rises up from below. At your feet are mosses and obscure green things, the fresher for the recent touch of snow; tiny streams trickle down the rock-side and catch the sun—all the life about you is bright, and scanty, and clear. To the south-west lies the town, red, white, and grey, hardly dimmed with smoke, and the far-off lines of sea and island are cut sharp against the sky. Such a dear, quaint, little land!

At this time of year the "spell of the North" touches you under another aspect—that pleasure which one feels at the sight of cheerful poverty, of small, well-organized resources used to their very utmost. The brightness of the short days, the hardiness of the simple vegetation, have a pathetic charm of their own; and a mere fir branch with a cluster of rowan berries, a bunch of heather, a little basket of moss, become more interesting than many a hot-house nosegay.

Of course there are days of fog and mud and rainy thaw to be reckoned with. People tell me that the fierce, brilliant winter of drifts that are man-high, and a cold of -30 degrees centigrade in the sun, will not begin until after the third snow-fall. I await this rather as one might a kill-or-cure ordeal; meanwhile, there is town-life enough to mitigate the times of dreary weather, and the country is so near that no day of sunshine need be wasted.

Having walked, I generally lunch at a "skafferiet," a small and simple restaurant on the South Quay, unless bidden out

to dine. The meals are very cheap and good, and each guest has a little den of stained wood to himself exactly like the "boxes" of early Victorian eating-houses, so that I can beguile dinner with a book.

Celia and I are under promise to dine at least three times a week with the Keiths, for our dear relatives are persuaded that we neither eat enough nor wear enough to keep the coming rigours of winter at bay. Our social engagements usually begin after this four o'clock meal, and may continue up till midnight, for, as the Finns say of themselves, with most disarming self-criticism, "We are an Arctic people, you see, and it takes us an hour or two to thaw and grow lively like the rest."

Celia "goes into Society" here rather more than I do, yet we are both caught up in the whirl of the winter season of Helsingfors. She has special friends at the Nylands Pension and among our relatives, who manage to give this season something of the pleasure-seeking quality associated with that term; but I, as you know, do not "seek pleasure" gracefully, so I find my amusements chiefly among the workers. With them the winter season is a round of plain-living, high-thinking, and high dresses, which reminds one of society in an university town; but the fierce political interests, and the dim, pervading sense of future perils give a sharp feeling of actuality and importance to the general intellectual life. The young people and their teachers are not merely "polishing their characters" in a fine but remote atmosphere of culture; they are all making serious preparation for the struggle that to-morrow will certainly bring.

But I know too little yet of the university life to write about it in detail. So far, Celia and I have been initiated into the following sets: the feminist circle of Helena Tott and her friends; a mildly Bohemian group, of which Aino Gustafsson, my neighbour at Mikonkatu, is the centre; a Svekoman circle of relatives and senators; and a little lonely company of pleasure-seekers, perhaps the last fragment of that gay society, described and regretted by Aunt Karin, which reigned before

the bad times. Here you may find some pretty and well-dressed women, but neither they nor their men-folk are particularly interesting as Finns, because they are in a state of perpetual opposition to the prevailing conditions of Finland. While their native city is the centre of a marvellous series of political experiments, their talk is of all the other capitals of Europe; and their attention fluctuates between the latest scandal at Homburg and the marriage of a local treble widower to a lady of some matrimonial experience.

Is there anything more vapid than the member of a small nation who has lost his nationality?—the colourless Norwegian, the Dane who has grown careless about Schleswig-Holstein, or the cosmopolitan Swede? They resemble the taste of the Snark—

Which is meagre and hollow, though crisp;
Like a coat that is rather too tight in the waist,
With a flavour of will o' the wisp.

Why, they have lost the very reason of their being! Providence, as Berkeley would say, designed the little nations to be the living exemplars of patriotism—a virtue which wanes before the spread of Empire, as the Christian spirit does at the touch of wealth. With the larger peoples, it may be that race-characteristics persist long after patriotism has died; for the average Englishman certainly takes his nationality with him to Heaven or Hell. But the anglicized Irishman, the Frenchified Finn, is (I hope) condemned to drift about with Tomlinson in Limbo, until he has learnt to think in Gaelic, or in “Suomi’s many-worded speech,” once more.

If this set really desire to be cosmopolitan, they have certainly achieved it, for they are, I venture to think, just like any other well-to-do, unoccupied persons in Europe; the only local colour remaining is, perhaps, an endearing touch of *naïveté* about their pretensions. Villas become estates in the course of narrative, and remote but distinguished relationships are drawn well forward. Tilting her blonde head very much to one side, a beautiful serpentine lady remarked to me, “As

I said to Mr. Wyndham, 'People in *our* rank of life,' I said, 'are just one big European family.' And he said to me, 'Baroness,' he said, 'I quite agree with you.'"

So small a remnant of the real "idle classes" now remains in Finland, that there is something quite pathetic and gallant about the efforts of this little band to go on playing when all the rest are at work. As far as I can gather, the development of the Finnish people ran parallel with two important democratic currents—the struggle of the women for general economic independence, and the growth of industrial and intellectual activity among the native aristocracy. During the last twenty years, one well-born family after another has quietly sunk its prefix and its pretensions in commerce or in public service, while the daughters have learnt to earn their own livings as a matter of course; and all parties, I am sure, found life very much more amusing! Naturally, the bad times strengthened these tendencies by interweaving them with patriotism, and every good Finn became daily more simple, more democratic, and more Finnish.

One evening Celia forsook the pleasure-seekers to join Helena Tott and myself in attending a meeting of the Women's Union. I think this body corresponds in some degree to our National Union of Women Workers. Members from all over Finland assemble at a yearly four-days' feast of sober entertainment—lectures, committees, and discussion; and we were invited to a social gathering held in a large secondary school in Konungsgatan. Helena, looking just like a furry ninepin in her long circular cloak, called for us, accompanied by her husband, Leo Jürgens. He was a big, bearded man, whose fur cap—with a little button on top—spoilt the general stateliness of his appearance. Much in submission to Helena, his identity is so far merged in hers that he is often spoken of as Leo Tott-Jürgens, and he accepts the situation with admirable simplicity, drawing consolation from the unquenchable spring of masculine self-esteem in an original manner. "Think of it," says he; "a poor, unknown fellow like myself, only fit to add up figures, winning such a woman as she! They all

tell me I look an inch taller since my marriage, and no wonder!"

"Oh, you are quite a useful person sometimes," says Helena, "but you may go on to your own affairs now; we shall not want you at the Women's Union."

Konungsgatan is a street of large, grey, dignified flat-dwellings in the Swedish style. Touches of snow outlined the roofs that rose into the black and starry sky, and glimpses of dome and pillar from the Nicolai-Kyrka appeared at the end of the wide roadway, whose whiteness was crossed by a narrow, carpet-like path of fir branches. "That was for the funeral to-day," said Helena. We passed under an archway into a "gård," and entered a large but ungainly wooden house, an annexe to the main school building. Within all was warm, spacious, and modern—wide passages, bold archways, and broad, polished floors—but what struck us first was the very extensive accommodation for wraps. "Well, you see," said our guide, with a perfectly grave face, "when the *real* winter begins everybody wears the equivalent of their own weight in overcoats, or tries to!"

There is a harmless Finnish custom among the bourgeoisie which never fails to exasperate Celia—that of taking off one's hat for any indoor function, from a lecture to a tea-party. She really need not resent it, for her abundant black hair looks even better when lightly ruffled than smooth; but she always mutters, "Barbarians!" and sets her green velvet toque and pins daintily apart from the piles of rather care-worn headgear that prevail.

We greeted acquaintances, and then passed into the lecture-hall, where some two hundred women, collected from every part of Finland, were listening to a young, fluent speaker. She was penned up in a balustraded platform, with a jug of spruce branches placed, in unconscious malice, so as to hinder her from any sort of gesture. It seemed, however, she had no inclination to "orate," but left her words to make their own impression. The audience followed her with a kind of tense impassiveness; they were, everyone, listening earnestly; but

they gave no sign of sympathy or dissent, and scarcely applauded at all. As she spoke in Finnish, we were absolved from seeming to listen, and, in our position at the side of the hall, we could glance up and down the audience. We noticed two, or perhaps three, separate and wonderfully different types, with permutations and combinations of these original race-patterns in every intermediate degree. Here was a purely Swedish countenance, clear-skinned, large-eyed, regular of feature, crowned with a wealth of fair hair—an undeniably handsome woman, but ineffective. Here was a Tavastian Finn, fair also, but dull-complexioned, with sleek, scanty locks, high cheekbones, and small eyes deep-set under splendid brows, wearing a look of concentrated intellectual effort that never seemed to relax. Yonder were two or three faces of absolutely Mongolian cast—their straight, dark hair drawn back in resignation, and their clothes arranged with the hopeless simplicity which shows that the wearer has given up her appearance as a bad job. Celia's glance followed mine as it rested upon these, and I heard her murmur, "Oh, if I might only dress you Japanese fashion, you would look so nice you would not know yourselves!" We noted a few gentle-faced, brown-haired Karelians, and looked with pleasure upon the young faces that appeared here and there among the middle-aged crowd—not pretty, but singularly attractive, through the piquant union of Swedish and Finnish types.

In conversation afterwards, we learnt the tenor of the lecture and the general drift of women's work in Finland. It appears to be excellently un-self-conscious; one felt, moreover, that a number of small considerations and small jealousies had been cleared out of the way. Racial differences, class distinctions, property qualifications, and the respect of idleness—even, perhaps, that singular, passing, but not wholly negligible factor, sex-hatred—all these are so many obstacles overcome in the history of Finland's womankind. They are hard-working citizens, holding political equality, and claiming with steady insistence commercial equality also.

The principle of "equal wages for equal work" has been

admitted as regards unmarried teachers in State Schools, in the Post Office, the Railways, and, to a certain extent, in the paper trade. In opposition to it stands the so-called "family theory," which requires that a man should *always* receive more wage than a woman, when both are performing the same task, because he *may* at some time be supporting a wife and children. "Which is," says Helena, "the recognition of Fatherhood as a profession—and yet they will not contemplate the Endowment of Motherhood!"

I venture to think that the indifference of public opinion in Finland towards this latter scheme has another origin. The young nations, those just beginning to struggle with the complexities of industrial civilization, do not fully realize the dreadful importance of babies. There has always been a sufficient supply of healthy children hitherto in the national life, and they are slow to see that this supply, which "just grewed" like Topsy, will, under the new conditions, require to be safeguarded. Now that all women work, Motherhood must, sooner or later, be held, not a hindering incident in a career, but a recognized State service or a profession.

This and much else—far more than I can remember—I have picked up from Helena Tott's friends, who are earnest, middle-aged women, inapt at small-talk, but eager, patient, and generous of information when questioned. In my amateur way, I am giving lectures on modern English novelists at the houses of Helena Tott, Hilja Raunio, Ida Jürgens, and others, to a small group who have some English and wish to increase their knowledge. These little lectures give just that pretext of self-improvement which the busy and conscientious Finn woman requires to induce her to face any social gathering.

The ruling conception of English life in their minds is one that might have been partially true fifty years ago. They imagine that ceremonious and rather stern good manners still prevail, that there is a gulf fixed between commerce and aristocracy, that our old families hand down their noble blood and their traditions untainted, that—Alas! It is a picture of

the Right Honourable John Bull, which even our South African war could not wholly efface ; and the curious thing is, that those of Helena's friends who have visited England are just as full of illusion as they who have never been—which shows that one should always visit foreign lands with a perfectly blank mind. They accept my description of whirling plutocracy and industrial unrest with some reserve, and say, "Fröken is perhaps Socialist?"

We meet in large, clear, plainly furnished sitting-rooms, which all bear the impress of the owners' various occupations—journalism, teaching, technical work, public service, and so on—for the differentiation of parlour and study is a thing unknown here. (Sometimes we meet in the waiting-room of a rising lady dentist, and then she gives us coffee and cakes in the very Chamber of Torture, around the Chair.) Conversation, like life, becomes greatly simplified, and we go straight to matters of real interest, passing by all the usual preliminaries about weather and mutual acquaintances. Here, too, there are no class-distinctions. Bourgeoise and woman of good family, elementary-school teacher and delegate, daughter of peasant and daughter of Senator, are not only equal in the sphere of their labours, but socially equal also.

One arrives quickly at a sort of close, intellectual intimacy with the members of this circle ; but it is rather like knowing people through books—a great deal that goes to make up personality, such as tastes, emotions, prejudices, things that are, so to speak, the flesh of one's mental life, remain untouched and unknown. And yet not always ; for principles are sometimes involved in these superficial matters, and then they cause strong feeling and serious discussion. For instance, I am giving English conversation-lessons to Helena Tott, Ida Jürgens, and one or two others, and last week a question of this sort arose. Presently I was fighting with my back to the wall in defence of an embodied prejudice, a mediæval remnant, a purely conventional restriction—*stays!* And my strongest weapon was useless, for I *could* not tell these dear ladies how dreadful they looked without them!

Of what use to offer proof that I, in my harness, could run, walk, or even "gymnase" as freely as any ungirded contemporaries among their fold, while my fascinated eye travelled over those bland, bold curves that were absolutely convex, where modern dress and our misguided habits of vision demand something concave!

It is a new sensation for me to play a Conservative part! and, all unconsciously, I find myself following the modern Tory policy, and saying that I should be a hearty friend of the proposed reform—if only it were a little more complete! For instance, were my unharnessed friends consistent, they would array themselves in gymnastic costume, or in simple Empire gowns hung from the shoulders (according to their age), and I should then admire, and possibly imitate them. But their present half-hearted system of wearing a conventional dress, of blouse, belt, and skirt, without producing the conventional outline, which alone makes such a dress pleasing, seems to me contrary both to custom and reason.

Another matter, of small apparent weight, involves a tenet of feminism. All the Scandinavian forms of "Miss" imply a diminutive; for instance, Fru, Fröken correspond to Frau, Fräulein, and my good friends say, with perfect truth, that such forms cast a slur on female celibacy by the implication that it is something little and undeveloped. "Why not address an unmarried man as 'Herr-lein'?" Therefore, in writing they choose to be addressed indifferently as Fr—. "Fr. Hilja Raunio"; and in general speech they are referred to as Fru, or by the whole name. Something in this arrangement jars upon me obscurely. Perhaps we old maids are less at a disadvantage in England than elsewhere; certainly, I have a foolish sort of pride in my single life; it seems to me that I now receive the treatment of an equal, and some degree of deference as well, where I should, being married, have to fight for my equality. (You smile, do you not?) And here they cannot take my point of view either. "I will write to you in England as 'Madame,'" says Ida Jürgens. She means it for a compliment, but I protest violently, and give her

leave to put the Finnish equivalent of "Worker," "Writer," "Poet" even, before my name—anything rather than that!

Ida Jürgens is a stout, soft, motherly woman—Russo-Swede rather than Finn—and a surprisingly good dentist. But all her skill hardly keeps her in clothes, for she *will* treat "Co-politicians," refugees, patriots, and the poor generally at something under cost price. Her fingers were positively itching to remedy some breach in my mouth, so I let her have her will, but when the job was ended she would not take a penny, because I was a foreigner. "Hospitality forbids," said she, with the unexpected stateliness of a big woman; wherefore I am trying to repay my debt in English conversation-lessons—and even these she is too generous to enjoy alone! Yet she can be practical enough in the affairs of another, for she has already found me three paying pupils and arranged satisfactory terms. Her reasons for so doing are curious, and show that habit of simple, direct application of principles to every-day life which, I think, characterizes the Finn. "You see, I *like* you," says she, "and I cannot bear to think that you should be living—even for the time of your visit to Finland—upon unearned income, as a Capitalist!"

And so three people come to me, on a strictly commercial footing, four evenings of the week, for English conversation. Alas! I am only a very inferior teacher of my own tongue, judged by Finnish standards: for their system of language-study is based upon phonetics, of which I have small knowledge and some dislike.

Do you remember our old disputes upon the intellectual value of the effort to learn a foreign tongue? I contend still, fresh from a Swedish lesson, that the mere acquiring of another language is a cheap and popular imitation of real study; it is an exercise of memory, and perhaps of ingenuity, which gives you a pleasant illusion of mental work. Not until you are advanced enough to seize that elusive spirit, the "genius of the language," do you really awaken those faculties of criticism, grasp, and arrangement which, I suppose, constitute real intelligence. How willing one is to let these lie dormant!

And how many people manage to get through life without exercising them at all, unless it be in those unskilled attempts at psychology which are called "gossip." Have we not, more than once, had cause to wonder at the interest, acumen, and critical insight into the mind-processes of their relatives and friends displayed by some of the dullest folk in Saxonstead! Apart from this, how little one really *thinks* at all! One ambles along through life upon chance-bred convictions, the result of some fortuitous meeting of emotions and instincts, or heredity and accident. One's thoughts are nearly always as formless as the games of school-children before the directors of "organized play" arrive upon the scene.

Language pupils all the world over fall into two classes: those who, being unable to translate a particular word into the foreign tongue, leave a blank upon the page; and those of more awakened intelligence who will manage to find some paraphrase. The latter are few in number, but most refreshing to teach, for they possess that fine indescribable quality called "gumption," and my three paying pupils belong to this class. One is an elderly telegraph official, "a little glassy-headed, hairless man," whose memory is almost as bad as mine. But his method is like an adaptation of the homely saying, "Use your head to save your heels," for, by an ingenious system of resemblances, and the discovery of common derivations, he makes his alert intelligence come to the help of his feeble memory. Sometimes, I feel sure, he lands upon empirical etymologies of the "window—wind-door" order; therefore, dear Lucy, be so kind as to send me the abridged Skeat when you next write.

My other pupils are two hard-working sisters, partner and clerk in a tobacco warehouse. If they were English they would refer bashfully to "the shop—I mean, the 'ouse of business," but class-consciousness takes a different form here. The elder has been for some years partner in her husband's establishment, proud of the work, very proud of her own share in it, and inclined to pity the average, little-occupied English wife of villadom. The younger is a soft, fair, rather heavy-

eyed thing of nineteen, who asks wistfully about the pleasant lives which she imagines all English girls lead. Her elder sister meets this tendency with brisk disapproval; and I play up to the latter sometimes by describing the dreariness of such homes as Kempley Court, overflowing with unoccupied girls; or the life of poor Juliet Marlow, not allowed to work, unlikely to marry, and buying every meagre pleasure at the expense of reproaches from her mother and her mother's friends.

Said the elder sister at the commencement of our lessons, "Now you must be very severe with us, for we come to you at the end of the day, tired and idle, and if you are not firm we shall learn nothing." But I cannot—I really cannot—find it in my heart to be severe with two weary women. So I have beguiled them along the path of learning in the following manner: I discovered a Swedish translation of that mirthful and engaging work *Three Men in a Boat* in the Lending Library. With this as a key and final arbiter of meanings, we are working through the Tauchnitz edition of the same, and I assure you that the episode of "George and the Beef-steak Pie" had a success that would have warmed the author's heart.

Now it is really time to finish this letter, so I will end, where I meant to have begun, with my visits to various schools.

Aline Björkman's Seminary (where we attended the Women's Union) is a good example of Finnish secondary education. It is a private, mixed day-school for both sexes and all classes, worked on a basis of £9 a year per head, receiving a Government grant of £800, and accepting 250 to 300 pupils. Their ages vary from eight to seventeen or eighteen, and the majority are girls. The building is much like a London High School in plan, but more spacious, for, though fresh air is still made welcome to some extent, it will be impossible to fling the windows open when the real winter comes, and so more air-space within is necessary. Besides, every Finn who builds for educational purposes designs in the grand style—he (or she) simply cannot help it! The big class-rooms were filled with lively-looking, healthy, and generally comely children, studiously plain in their attire.

I was introduced to the "Rector," a little dark, brush-headed man, enamoured of German theory, who shares the management of the school with Aline Björkman. (Do not imagine that his title has any clerical significance.) Aline is the sister of Hilja Raunio, a gentle, care-worn lady, prematurely grey, and the first really pretty woman I have seen in Finland. Her regular Swedish features are fine enough to be perpetuated in marble, and only the sudden blaze of her blue eyes reveals her as a person of energy. She is a sufferer under an unfortunate marriage, but not permanently the victim of it. She and Björkman divorced by mutual consent, after six months of separation, as the Finnish Law allows, and both are now free to make the best of their lives, unhampered by an early mistake. Aline, they tell me, has great influence with young folk, and is an educationalist in the fullest sense, so that her pupils leave her well prepared for the freedom and responsibility of their student years. Girls and boys both may put on the ugly little student-caps as early as seventeen, if they can pass the entrance examination. Commander Keith shakes his head, and says that the great independence of non-collegiate University life comes rather prematurely to these young people, who have, on the whole, more temperament than one would expect of a northern race; but Aunt Karin maintains that the previous years of co-education, and a certain austere outspokenness in the instruction of the young, form an efficient safeguard in most cases.

I wish I were able to compare the Finnish standards of Secondary education with ours! It is certain that most students leave the University as happy young polyglots, with five, or even six, languages at command; and those that I have met astonish me by the extent and solidity of their general culture. Last week I chanced upon two agreeable girls, former pupils of Aline Björkman, and past students, now occupied in practical science at the Helsingfors laboratory. In the course of our talk, they not only handled Victorian literature with grace and understanding, but showed knowledge of its latest developments, for they discussed that brazen Tyrtæus of Empire, Mr.

Kipling, with critical appreciation. Imagine if the Ramsay girls, for instance, were able to talk freely with a Danish visitor upon the merits of Georg Brandes! I am ten years their senior, and pass for educated, but *I* could not do so!

(*Later.*)

Helena Tott literally woke me by telephone this morning, saying that in an hour's time she would bring me to see two model elementary schools, those of Tölö and Fabriksgatan. We journeyed, by a comfortably heated electric tram, through the frosty morning world, to this quaint suburb of wooden houses, deserted summer villas, and bright lake-inlets strewn with isles. Tölö elementary school is of unremarkable exterior, but admirable within. For breadth and dignity, for real beauty of appointment, these corridors, vestibules, class-rooms, and studies surpassed those of any private school that I have yet seen. What an education for children from overcrowded, one-room homes to move about these large, light, well-adorned spaces, to possess each their dainty little desk and chair! These schools will make the rising generation Socialist, in the finest sense of the word, by revealing to them what communal effort can produce, and how much State action and State care may achieve.

Flowers and pictures everywhere showed that individual attention was not lacking, and it was pleasant to see how carefully the furniture and fittings were handled by the pupils themselves, and by the half-dozen elder girls who fulfilled housemaid duties in turn.

The teachers have classes of reasonable size and a great deal of freedom in instructing them, since, though there is Government inspection, no standard examinations have to be worked for. Strangely enough, education is not compulsory.¹ The schools are open to all children from seven to fourteen, with kindergarten for infants, and even to neglected adults, if they choose, but none are forced to attend, for the State, I suppose, holds that the natural love of Finns for

¹ This was written in 1908. A Measure for compulsory school attendance is now before the Landtdag.

education and the obvious attractions of school-life are compulsion enough to the parent. Also, there is yet very little demand for child-labour, and a strong tendency to forbid it. This system of trust works well upon the whole, but there is some waste of power, and a Bill for compulsory school attendance is likely soon to appear.

So far as I can tell, what the children learn approaches nearly to my ideal curriculum of elementary education for all classes and both sexes, which is :—

1. To dance.
2. To sing.
3. To speak (which includes recitation and story-telling).
4. To read.
5. To write (that is, to express themselves clearly on paper).
6. To cipher.
7. To run (which includes gymnastics).
8. To swim.
9. To fight (i.e. to box, wrestle, and shoot).
10. To sew.
11. To cook.
12. To carpenter.
13. To take care of your own body.
14. To nurse a baby or an invalid.
15. To know the way about your own country (which covers nature study).
16. To understand the use of a vote (which includes history and citizenship).

As for ethics, if my instructors do not succeed in teaching these unconsciously at every lesson, and almost every moment, they are just morally incompetent and unfit for their magnificent profession. Theology may be left for Sundays, in the hands of those who feel equal to the task. Would it really take more than the regulation eight or ten years to accomplish all this, with small classes and efficient teachers? Happy would be the nation in such a case, and the individual also !

Here, as you can imagine, there are restrictions about the teaching of subject No. 9. Shooting may not be taught, and the advantages of instructing girls in self-defence are not yet realized. Nos. 10 and 12 are conventionally allotted to the separate sexes, while neither 11 nor 14 are yet part of the scheme of elementary education in Finland. Rather more women than men are employed as elementary-school teachers over the whole country, and there is, so Helena tells me, a growing tendency to promote co-education, and to leave the general business of State teaching more and more in the women's hands.

The children gave us a little display of gymnastics, which was not altogether effective, for they were wanting in smartness and discipline; but their singing and dancing made a delightful impression—so spontaneous it was, so free and graceful, instinct with enjoyment! Their little, thin bodies swayed and undulated, their scanty plaits flew round, and their clear voices rang out full and true.

The Fabriksgatan school is for town-children, Tölö for suburban ones, but they do not differ much in size and appointments. The Fabriksgatan building has to serve double shifts of scholars; one set attend from eight till eleven and from four till six, another from eleven till four. It is an uncomfortable arrangement, soon to be remedied. As a set-off to this drawback, they display their bath-rooms, where there are facilities for washing each pupil once a week, with great pride. Public baths and various forms of the *sauna* are very cheap and popular in Finland; they are comparatively easy to establish, since people are not shy of being seen by one another in "the altogether" on appropriate occasions.

Free meals are considered a necessary part of the educational undertaking in all town schools and in most country ones. The medical inspectors recommend children for these if they find them under-nourished, and the teachers can do the same. I waited expectantly for the familiar phrases "pauperization," "loss of self-respect," but they did not come. Well-to-do parents pay for their children's meals—necessitous children are nourished free. "And what is there to make a fuss about?"

says Helena. "Do your English school authorities really understand the nature of the proletariat at all? When I was in England it seemed to me that the School Boards—or whatever you call them now—passed their time guarding against imaginary dangers and protecting non-existent susceptibilities! We don't find that the prosperous steal advantages intended for the indigent, nor that the poor want to conceal poverty. It is like your religious difficulties—the school authorities would like to teach every child the exact shade of theology that its parents require—but, if you can find me five separate elementary-school parents in England and Wales who really care *what* religion their children learn at school, why—I will pay myself to have their effigies set up at Madame Tussaud's!"

Helena Tott has often been in England, yet perhaps she has not grasped our extreme individualism in theological matters, nor the vigour of those two militant minorities, pastors and priests, who dispute for the guidance of an amiable apathetic majority, like fighting-crabs about a large jelly-fish. Here the bulk of hand-workers are Lutherans, while the bulk of brain-workers are Agnostics—and there is nothing more to say. Both parties keep their militant energy "for more important things," as they naïvely remark. The State schools are upon a purely secular footing, with no "right of entry" for the pastors; yet I believe a good many children still are confirmed, whatever the religious views of their parents, because the confirmation is of the nature of an official certificate, without which it is difficult to get married. The Socialists, however, refrain from all such religious ceremonies.

Helena introduced me generally to the teachers. Uncertificated pupil-instructors are no more to be found here than classes of eighty, so that the education staff appeared as an agreeable collection of cultured, hard-working, yet un-harried men and women; pillars, but not martyrs of the public weal. They could not have watched over the children's interests more closely than many of our English teachers do, yet they also possessed leisure and strength to work for the larger good of the school.

In all this scene of fine appointments and efficient teaching, there was one element that gave dissatisfaction to an English eye—the physical aspect of the children! Such poor, weazen, ugly little souls! somehow suggesting unsuccessful young fish, by the prominence of their bony structure and their tight, pale skins. But there was nothing else fish-like about them—no drooping mouths or round, unspeculative eyes. Their lips closed firmly above strong chins, and looks of alert enquiry and criticism darted from under well-formed brows. Ida Jürgens, who treats many of them dentally, says that the lack of pink chubbiness, which distresses me, is due less to poverty than to injudicious feeding—coffee, salt fish, and sour brown bread from their earliest years—and want of fresh air. Yet they are hardy enough; one sees them abroad at all ages and in all weathers, stiff, doll-like, woollen bundles tied into tiny sledges drawn by other children, taking their occasional upsets with stoicism. But the transition from dry stuffiness within doors to fierce, ringing cold without is very trying to little children; and the Arctic winter generally is said to be a great strain upon the vitality of the young.

Set a typical English child of the proletariat and a similar Finn child side by side, and you would surely think the latter, with his sharp, anxious look and pallid features, must be the offspring of the old and careworn race. And yet, no! The little, unheeded product of a vast industrial civilization bears latent in his countenance a very different expression of suffering to that which already stamps the face of his small brother of Finland. The forbears of the latter fought against impersonal enemies, frozen earth and bitter skies—a long battle, but not always a losing one; while the ancestors of the former have been crushed to the very edge of life by the heedless, indifferent pressure of the crowd—their luckier fellow-men.

A few days ago I passed a trampish couple drifting along the Mejlans road, both poverty-stricken and beaten under by circumstances, yet, if I may trust my impression, they came of different blood and had experienced different ills. The man was clearly a Finn, and showed traces of the age-long

warfare of his race against the hardest material conditions and relentless nature—a fierce combat, yet not a cruel one, since the forces in opposition to him were intangible and non-human. But she, poor soul! the slack lips, vacant eyes, and features that seemed smudged into degeneracy, marked her as a victim of that human tyranny which is none the less cruel for being collective and half-conscious. She was the flotsam of an ocean of dingy streets, a creature who had been weary long before she was born.

But it is irksome to your practical nature to be kept

Brooding above the fierce, confederate storm
Of sorrow, barricaded evermore
Within the walls of cities.

If you and Berkeley ever suffer from what our grandfather called “inflammation of the humane sentiments,” you meet it in the most admirable manner, by at once doing something, however small, to mitigate the public ill that is troubling you. I will follow your example and take shares in Port Sunlight or Bournville!

Your affectionate sister,

ROSALIND.

“*VOI, VOI, KUN KULLALLEIN*”

ALAS! my love is far away !
Long, long, his face I have not seen.
How shall I bring my heavy thoughts
To cross the miles between ?
The rushing floods and forest green !

There is no spring, on mead or fell,
Where two fond lovers sundered are
By leagues of moor, and boundless lake
That mirrors many a star.
In dreams I wander and lament ;
No dream can follow where he went !
No bird may fly so far.

Adapted from a Finnish folk song.



QUEEN BIANCA OF SWEDEN AND HER LITTLE SON
FROM A PICTURE BY EDELFEIT

LETTER XII

To Carolus Glanvil, M.P.,
Priest's Place,
Chauntrybere.
Hants.

MIKONKATU 17, HELSINKI, SUOMI.

DEAR MR. GLANVIL,

Your question is simply very inconsiderate. There was I, primed and loaded with Parliamentary information, ready to fire off pages of minutiae upon procedure, together with a general review of Finnish history, past, present, and future (especially the latter), and you ask me, "Are the children of Finland well brought up? Not merely *educated*," you are careful to add, "but prepared, mentally and spiritually, for life." Such a question comes like one of your disintegrating speeches in the House--and all my fine edifice of knowledge concerning Finland goes toppling to the ground. How can I tell? Could I tell if I had lived here for fifty years? Could *you* answer it, with any precision, touching the children of your own constituency? However, I will try and give you my impressions.

The juvenile bourgeoisie here seem to me rather spoilt and obtrusive, but I know that we English pass this judgment upon most continental children. Of the young proletariat I can only tell you that they display unusual politeness to their elders in trams, and have, for the rest, a generally staid and serious demeanour. The responsibilities of life begin early in Finland, although there is scarcely any child-labour beyond the selling of papers before and after school hours. I wish that even this were forbidden! The Social Democrats deprecate but do not hinder this traffic, and meantime boys and girls cry

“Tyomics” and other strange titles in tones of heart-breaking melancholy up and down the snowy streets. It gives me that dull, vicarious discomfort, that sense of humanitarian uneasiness, which my sister calls “a pain in one’s sympathy.”

Since not only the sons but the daughters of the bourgeoisie earn their own living as a matter of course, there is little scope for those demanders of filial sacrifice whom Dr. Jabez Elderbattle describes as “Vampire Parents.” You know the type: fathers and mothers who, all unconsciously, expect their children to “honour” them by the renouncement of their own interests in favour of parental exigencies. Daughters are the usual victims, are they not? Poor spiritless girls who have given their best years, unthanked and unpaid, in a sacrifice not chosen, but expected of them, to attendance upon the elder generation. Abnegation is a feminine virtue, and rarely, with us, do parents hinder a son from entering a profession on the plea that they need his services at home. Now the extorted sacrifice of a daughter’s interests is equally rare here, but I do not learn that filial piety suffers in consequence. Antigone was not less ready to follow her father into exile because Œdipus and his contemporaries refrained from claiming her devotion as a right.

I suppose the natural antagonism between the elder and the younger generation exists in Finland, much as elsewhere; but it would seem that public sympathy here inclines to the latter side. Perhaps—allow me this one dangerous generality and no more—the same is true of Scandinavia as a whole, and of France (where, though progenitor-worship still exists, it is attacked on sides); while in Germany and with us there is still a prevailing sentiment in favour of the elder generation.

The life of the young people here flows in three main channels—the primary day-school, the secondary day-school, and the University. I have already written to you about the first of these, so I will relate what I can of the two secondary boys’ schools which I recently visited. One was a large private establishment, of Svekoman principles, for the sons of

the bourgeoisie ; and the lads attending it would in England, probably, have gone to some of our lesser public schools. One visualizes that phrase "public school" in a mental picture of white flannel and active, well-washed chubbiness upon a background of green playing-fields ; and, with such a scene in one's mind, the first effect made by the establishment and the pupils was one of pervading dinginess. Celia—perhaps a little cross with being stared at—summed up her impressions in a trenchant aside—"Small washing, small discipline, and less manners, *but*—no lack of brains!" She adopts a standpoint of insular prejudice in the first item ; omitting that, I agree with her in the main. Many of the lads seemed weedy and delicate, while the elder ones looked, to an English eye, curiously old for their age. They grow up early here, in spite of the climate ; but I guess that the exhausting political experiences of the last few years in Finland—experiences shared by old and young—may be for something in the present general effect of old heads upon young shoulders. These children are, to my fancy, types of the nation. They, like Finland, have grown up a little too soon ; and they are bowed with new responsibilities, heavy for them yet to bear.

As you would expect, sports remain in a rather unorganized condition. Gymnastics have become a study, but games are still play. Passing the school grounds, I see most of the boys walking about and talking, while the rest keep up a brisk but formless kind of football. Winter sports, which are heartily pursued in Kajsaniemi park, and on the frozen harbour, are independent of the schools.

I also visited the Finska Real Lyceum, on the other side of the town, a Boys' High School of astonishing cheapness and excellent appointments. Being a State establishment, the building and fittings naturally excelled those of the private enterprise, but the pupils were, as an English middle-class parent would say, "dreadfully mixed," for many promising, elementary-school children are sent there. The ladder of educational facilities is here a fact, and scholarships are supplemented with grants to parents for the food and clothing

of their children while these are attending Secondary schools. You will remind me that this is not unknown in England: I can only say that the whole system works more freely and smoothly here; since all the component parts are *willing*. Hand-worker parents really desire that their children should be fitted for brain-work if they show promise; the Government is anxious to help them, and bourgeoisie and teachers do not enter into an unholy alliance to keep proletarian pupils out of Secondary schools.

If I wished a son of mine to learn languages, gymnastics, music, and patriotism thoroughly well, I would send him to the Finska Real Lyceum. Gymnastics, music, and patriotism—how Greek it sounds!—yet classics are of quite minor importance here, and Greek itself is only a voluntary subject at the Real and Normal Lyceums, in which the scholars hardly go further than the *Anabasis*. The Classic Lyceums, however, make Latin and Greek a necessary part of the course.

Few European nations seem more remote than Finland from classic influences; yet I can imagine the ghost of some ancient Greek of Pericles' time looking about him in Helsingfors, not only with amusement, but with sympathy. Communal life, the importance of architecture, an active democracy, hospitality to ideas and eagerness to hear some new thing, all these would be springs of life familiar to him. But surface classicism is, except in some buildings of the Swedish style, hardly to be found, and appears very slightly in letters and in life.

All that dim, enormous background of Roman training and Grecian mythology which influences us, every one—which makes our scholars and writers and even our average men appear like creatures moving before some gigantic tapestry in a vast hall—that is absent here. Life stands out sharp and bleak in the open. For a background there is the forest, the home of primeval magic, and the whispering enchantment of the north, but no foreigner will ever learn how near or far that stands from the soul of the Finn.

I have asked again and again, "What is the religion of this

people?" At first they would put me off thus: "Lutheranism is our State religion, and the country-folk are very pious." Now I know better how to frame my question, and I say, "What do your young people believe in?" The usual reply, "Nothing," is also manifestly conventional, and only means that I must recast the query to suit the person I am consulting. This done, the answer will be "Progress," or "The Service of Humanity," or "Our Country," or even "Music and Socialism."

To you, who profess that very highly systematized combination of theology and religion which bears the Imperial name and might, such replies will seem pitiable in the extreme. But they do formulate the vehement spiritual effort of the greater part of this nation, and their way of communion with the Unseen Powers. Patriotism, the visionary figure of Finland, Progress, the visionary figure of future humanity, become for these people Spiritual Companions, unsealers of their fount of inward life, ideals for which they will reckon it glory to give up all things material, and life itself. Have not such forces many of the stigmata of Religion? True, they bring no fluent answer to the Riddle of the Universe; they have no system to ensure Immortality; but they do lead mankind within touch of those invisible and exalted powers which are called God. They enjoin brotherhood, they incite to boundless self-sacrifice, and they give miraculous strength in hours of trial and death.

Nor are the perils that beset the higher ways of mysticism absent from them. The path of the ardent patriot, like that of the saint, leads among narrow heights and fearful deeps; like the saint, he may fall from grace almost without knowing. He may descend only, as he thinks, to climb higher—he will serve his cause by devious means, since these are more effective than straight ones—till, from step to step, he becomes at last fit for the work of betrayal, and joins the ranks of the traitors, those spiritual carrion, "long dead before they die." Judas, according to modern interpretation, is only an extreme and misguided example of Revisionism.

Or the patriot may find himself in a position of power, and slowly frozen among the glacial heights of office. But for him there is no conscious falling away from the ideal, no opprobrium and no tragedy. He only sees life more steadily, as it seems to him. Had chance raised the mistaken disciple aforesaid to the position of Caiaphas, he would doubtless have played the same part as the High Priest; but he would have earned (like M. Briand) the applause of all sensible people, and lived to an honoured old age.

And now to lighter themes. Did I tell you of Hilja Raunio, a female member of Parliament, in my former letter? I think I must have done so, for you reproach me for "dwelling with gusto upon certain dangerous and unwomanly activities." Well, this admirable lady, who honours Celia and myself with her acquaintance, promised that we should meet several interesting political figures at her house. We had hoped to interview samples of all four parties assembled there, but she assured us that certain combinations, such as Svekoman and Social Democrat, Old Finn and Young Finn, would incontinently cause the roof to come off. However, by means of a neutral intermediary, she furnished me with an introduction to some Old Finns, Lauri and Helmi Kataja, and I found at their house a frank emphasis of local colour that seemed to me delightful. It was part of a flat in Skatudden, where the new Finnish Architecture had developed originality to the verge of inconvenience; but within all was pretty and comfortable, though in a thoroughly distinctive way. One room was fitted up as a typical Finnish stuga, with beamed ceiling, wooden walls, furniture of archaic design, and a broad couch, covered with rustic hand-woven stuffs. All the children's names were Finnish; they danced folk-dances, sang the most authentic Finnish melodies, and, it maybe, they learnt the ancient runes and spells.

One evening my hostess, Helmi Kataja, appeared in "Aino costume"—a pretty, traditional dress of Western Finland, so different from the reality!—and sang to the national instrument of Suomi, Väinämöinen's Kantele. It is a kind of dulcimer,

a stringed instrument which seems unable to discourse any but melancholy music; archaic, monotonous, and rather hypnotizing in its effect. The ancient hero first constructed it from the jaws of a gigantic pike, with strings of horsehair, and invited all those in his boat to play upon it, but they could not succeed. At last Väinämöinen himself began to play, and all the people, all the forest creatures, all the nymphs of the woodland, and even the maidens of the air, came to hear him.

Gathered round him all the squirrels
 As from branch to branch they scuttled;
 From his heath the bear aroused him
 And the wolves ran lengthy journeys,
 Till they sat upon the fences,
 Side by side against the gateway . . .
 On the field the gate fell over;
 Then they clambered on the pine trees.
 . . . Sage of Tapiola illustrious,
 And the whole of Tapio's people
 Climbed upon a mountain summit
 That they might enjoy the music . . .
 And the birds of air assembled.
 Came the duck from deepest waters,
 Came the swan from snow-wreathed marshes,
 . . . All in thousands they assembled
 And alighted on his shoulders,
 All rejoicing in the patriarch.
 Even the Daughters of Creation
 Gathered to rejoice and wonder.
 Some on arch of air were seated,
 Seated on the dazzling rainbow;
 Some on little clouds were seated,
 Resting on their crimson borders . . .
 There to hear the songs of Väinö
 And to listen to his playing.

Finally, the heroes weep for sheer joy of the music, and Väinämöinen himself lets fall great tears of pearl.

All this passage, you will say, is but the lyric "Orpheus with his Lute" writ large. Yes, perhaps; and formed by the infinite leisure of long winter nights, when singer after singer has added some touch of nature, some descriptive detail.

The best examples of the high musical development of the

Finns have been set before me in vain—for you know my appreciation of music is still at the primitive stage—yet I have, in one way and another, picked up a good many folk-songs. Among them all I can only find one which has any sort of jollity—a great favourite with the Kataja children, who dance to it deliciously. I suspect that it is valueless, musically speaking, but I like it, because the tune conveys something of the anxious mirth, the *carpe diem* sense of gaiety, that characterizes Finnish merry-making. The words are almost untranslatable, I merely give you the drift of them :—

Rattling over the country highway,
 Past the woods and the lake so blue ;
 Since my old love won't follow *my* way,
 Off I jog, to find me a new.

Deep the ruts, and my springs are quaking ;
 Dangerous roads for a little cart !
 But country wheels take a deal of breaking ;
 Tough and tried is the peasant's heart !

However, folk-songs are not to the point just here, since I wanted to tell you something of the political outlook of the Old Finns. Frankly, I shy at the subject, for I have kept company so much with members of the opposing party that I do not think I am able to state the Old Finn point of view quite fairly, but Lauri Kataja's father has given me some account of the origin of this group, which I will repeat to you. In the early days of constitutional life in Finland, it was simply the pro-Finnish party as opposed to the pro-Swedish one. It consisted of people who, being indifferently of Swede-Finn or purely Finnish extraction, worked for the development of the national type and the national tongue, and finally succeeded in establishing this last in its due position of supremacy as the language of the majority. But it is said that this party, in their anxiety to gain the support of Russia for the "Finnicizing" of Finland, advocated certain unwise concessions to the ruling bureaucratic power, which weakened the Constitution of the country and opened the door for Russification.

During the bad times, this policy—originating in simple good faith and an eager sentiment of nationality—degenerated into a form of opportunism. “Russia is so great that it is impossible to resist her openly—therefore keep Finnish officials in power in Finland at all costs!”—that was their cry. “Better for the nation that a few Finns should make concessions, diplomatize, and be apparently false to themselves, than that our folk should be entirely in the grip of the Russian bureaucracy! It is expedient that a few men should die (morally) for the people.”

Their opponents maintained that this policy depended on obliviousness of the old proverb concerning pitch—political pitch—and defilement. They said it was a dismal corruption of good material and a terrible source of division,—but it may be that the tone of opportunism which seems to characterize the Old Finns’ policy has been exaggerated. They stand undeniably for pronounced nationalism, more so, I think, than the concurrent party of the Young Finns, who, in their general sympathy for culture, would tend rather to break down than to build up the language-barrier between Finland and Europe. The Old Finns lost power and were regarded with a good deal of mistrust at the end of the Bobrikoff period; and, perhaps, at the best, theirs is a policy which requires daily explaining and justification. At present they put forward an exceedingly democratic programme, second only to that of the Socialists in breadth, but I believe the Left regard them with suspicion and reckon them among the Capitalist parties. In the first Parliament—that elected in March, 1907—the Old Finns had fifty-eight members (of whom six were women) and counted second only to the Social Democrats. To-day the Old Finns are five less in number, while the Socialists have gained three.¹

Soon after my first visit to the Katajas, Celia and I were invited to meet some young Finns, a Svekoman, and an Agrarian member at the house of Hilja Raunio. This lady and a certain Lilja Syrén, who is also in political life, keep

¹ Written in 1908; since then the Old Finn party has decreased.

house together, and are generally reckoned among the most interesting and valuable people in Finland. The phrase "Hilja and Lilja" runs so easily, and the two ladies form so picturesque a couple, that they naturally cannot escape the attention of the comic papers. "Fyren," the organ of Svekoman jesting, and perhaps of *l'homme moyen sensuel* in Finland, has frequently portrayed them, stout and slender, lively and demure, in many an undignified position. The fun cannot be called good-natured, but the attacks of "Fyren" are so unrestrained and universal that sufferers under its pen only meet with laughing condolence.

Lilja Syrén is a quiet little lady of small size and colourless appearance, who is both factory inspector and member of Parliament. In her leisure hours she writes folk-ballads, and she has won this special and happy fame, that her songs, as well as her public services, are known throughout the country. When she comes into a factory, people say, it often happens that the workers lift up their voices and greet her with a verse or two from her own ballads. She holds Young Finn views, and is certainly not democratic; but her constituents, of whom the majority must be proletarian, realize that she has gifts above party—a clear head, untiring energy, and a keen sense of justice. She has now been twice elected, and will probably serve again and again.

"No; I haven't time to go about and make speeches," said she. "I just told the people, 'You know what sort of a worker I am, and you can send me back to the Landtdag if you want to. If you *don't*, I have plenty else to look after; if you do, I can manage well enough.'"

Of course, with adult suffrage and proportional representation there is comparatively little chance for electioneering, and that detestable element of personal opposition is almost entirely wanting. The particular system used here is, they tell me, based on D'Hondt's distributive principle, and contains elaborate safeguards against the undue tyranny of majorities. I can't profess to understand it in detail, but here is a rough outline of its working. The country is

divided into sixteen large constituencies, proportioned to the population, and these return altogether two hundred members. Any group of more than fifty persons can publish a list of three candidates. The elector may vote for any one of these or for all three in order of preference. If he does this, the first name is counted as a whole vote, the second as half, and the last as one-third of a vote. This done, simple addition shows how all the candidates on a given list are placed. The candidates then each receive a comparative number; that is, the first in order is credited with as many votes as there were voters for that particular list, the second with half as many, and the third with a third; and thus, you see, it is the comparative number, and not the actual tale of votes cast, that really counts. There are many other details and safeguards, but the main thing is that the system gives to every vote almost its fullest possible weight, and makes corruption impossible, or at least highly unprofitable. It is further claimed that, by bringing out the full value of minorities, so to speak, it will prevent that exasperating "swing of the pendulum" and give some coherence to the policy of the country. There have only been two elections so far, but the second was carried out under circumstances which might well have caused a revulsion of political feeling, yet the balance of parties was only altered by five. The chief drawback of the system is, that the ordinary elector cannot understand anything so elaborate without considerable effort. (Just imagine trying to make it clear to the voters of Andredswold !)

I am told that neither Hilja nor Lilja are quite typically Young Finn. When the occasion came for meeting representatives of some of the political parties at Hilja's house, she brought forward our cousin Erkki Axelsson as a future candidate for the Landtdag, and a characteristic norm, as it were, of this group, which shares with the Old Finns the position of Centre in the House. They are, as nearly as may be, the "party of Culture," and naturally form only a small fraction of the Landtdag. They numbered twenty-five representatives in the first Parliament, of whom two were

women, and in the recent election they have gained one seat more. "We stand for the interests of the brain-workers," said Erkki. "Your Social Democrat friends may call us 'one of the capitalist parties,' but we really represent those of the bourgeoisie who rely upon their intelligence, and not their capital, for the means of existence."

Young Finn principles are a good deal like those of advanced Liberalism, with a Fabian colouring; or, again, you may say their supporters resemble those many clever and kindly people in England who call themselves Socialists on the strength of their humanitarian principles, and not by reason of their political economy. Erkki was very ready to point out the educational deficiencies of certain Social Democrat members of the Landtdag, and even Hilja said, "Our people have had to help them a good deal with the routine work."

Some Young Finns would willingly limit the terms of admission to Parliament so that only those who had received a fair measure of secondary education should sit there. "And don't you see," said Erkki, "the logical consequence of *full* representative government is simply this: A comparatively uneducated majority of hand-worker citizens may elect a similar majority of hand-worker representatives. Then the greater number is very properly represented by the greater number, yet not only will the cultured minority suffer, but the work of government being in unskilled hands, will be badly done, and the whole country will be the worse for it."

"But," says Lilja Syrén, "that is an argument *in vacuo*, for you are leaving out human common-sense. In the first place, the 'comparatively uneducated hand-workers' govern their own organizations pretty well, as it is; and in the second place, our hand-workers have an enormous respect for education. If they must choose between an unlettered hand-worker and a brain-worker who did not represent their interests, I dare say they would elect the former; but their object is to produce a class of brain-workers who will keep up their proletarian sympathies."

“With us in England, the rise by education means too often entrance into another class; and the small brain-worker, striving after gentility, hates the hand-worker who doesn't pay income-tax, yet whose demands are perpetually causing the rates to increase.”

“Yes; your nation like to live in strata, do they not? But it was an Englishman, William Morris, who set forth the ideal of the really cultured hand-worker, and did something to attack that snobbish reverence for brain-work from which our people are by no means free.”

“Morris and several English Socialist writers have been translated into Finnish,” said Dr. Ahlström (the Svekoman), “and they circulate freely among the people. Our Finnish workmen have a fierce appetite for printed matter—highly spiced and inflammatory, if possible—but, failing that, they will read anything they come across.”

Not having yet used my introductions to certain Finnish Socialists, I encouraged Dr. Ahlström's obvious wish to give a little descriptive lecture upon the party of the Extreme Left. His account, slightly annotated by the comments of Lilja Syrén, represents them as pure Marxians, with tenets unmodified either by Trade Unionism or by bourgeois Fabianism. They heartily preach class-consciousness and class-war, and they are—their enemies say—Socialists first and Finns afterwards. They do certainly stand for the proletariat against the bourgeoisie, though the chief planks in their platform have a familiar and almost old-fashioned appearance—old-age pensions, agrarian reform, and the municipal franchise.

After the first election they numbered eighty members, of whom nine were women. It is said that this large return was a surprise even to the party themselves, for they had hardly expected to gain more than forty seats. People then generally believed that the three other groups would unite to form a “Bourgeoisie Bloc” against them, but the differences separating these last were too strong to admit of such a course. In the present Landtdag they hold three more seats, and—

especially if the political sky grows stormy—the party is likely to go on increasing in strength.

How far the Social Democrats are in touch with the Russian Revolutionaries no one quite knows. During the Great Strike and the uncertain months that followed, the former were ready with a constructive policy and mainly directed the course of affairs. Until the first election, and the year of government that followed, the Finnish Social Democrats seem to have been considered very terrible fellows by the bulk of the bourgeoisie. No doubt the party has its firebrands; and there is a hooligan element in the Finnish proletariat as elsewhere. But power, and the necessity for constructive work, produced their usual pacificatory effect, and the Social Democrats in Finland are more occupied with government and political economy than with revolutionary designs at present. If, however, by a series of acts of Imperial aggression, the Finns were convinced that the safety of the Duchy lay in the freedom of Russia alone, then the Revolutionaries in that country would find a priceless ally in the Social Democratic party here.

Dr. Ahlström, the Svekoman, who ventured thus to discourse at large under a Young Finn roof, was an elderly man, with an air of leisure, geniality, and tolerance that seemed home-like as a breath of soft wind in this rather tense and tingling mental atmosphere. We led him on to describe his own party. He did not deny that they were, on the whole, the representatives of capitalism and of upper-middle-class interests. "Somebody must stand for Capital, you see, so long as it exists; and even a rich man has a right to vote." Yet the Svekoman principles were, he maintained, thoroughly Liberal, for nothing corresponding to Conservatism is to be found in Finland. Neither the emotional nor the intellectual Tory has any place here. The person who maintains that property has a higher claim to representation than the individual, and says, "But since I hold land in fifteen constituencies, of *course* I must have a vote in each!" would be laughed out of the country. The nearest approach to the intellectual Toryism of Plato's

Republic, for instance, is to be found in the Young Finn camp, where—as you have seen—some form of “Government by the best,” i.e. the better-educated, is occasionally put forward. But the principle of “government *by* the people, *through* the people, *for* the people,” is so thoroughly part of the national life, that this suggestion merges into a plea for the better education of *all* the people, with which suggestion the whole spirit of Finland is in full accord.

In other countries the Svekoman party, who here represent the Right, would hold the place of Centre, for—apart from Capitalist interest—they stand for the people who say, “Yes, but . . .” to all projects of reform. They do not meet these with irrational obstructiveness, yet, influenced by a constitutional dislike of change, they scrutinize the possible objections to any reform more closely than the actual evils it would allay. It is hardly surprising that so very progressive a country only chose twenty-four representatives of this temper at the first election, one of whom was a woman. In the present Landtdag they number twenty-five, which bears much the same proportion to the whole two hundred that the Swede-Finns do to the population of Finland.

“Our special business,” resumed Dr. Ahlström, “is to look after the welfare of the Swedish-Finns, whose language, interests, and culture are being gradually forced out. Nyland is our chief centre, and we shall probably maintain a sort of Swedish colony there long after the rest of Finland is completely, I may say hopelessly, Finnicized; having raised up the barrier of an extremely difficult language between itself and Europe.”

“But the Finns are a people so hospitable to ideas! Surely they will remain bi-lingual, or even tri-lingual, as the educated folk are now!” said Celia. (For most of the conversation has been carried on in German.)

“Perhaps! At any rate, I think Finland has need of us still. We love her no less than all these hearty patriots do, though we think of her as Nyland, rather than as Karelia. And we may uphold the sober ideals of Swedish culture yet a

while, and check the somewhat fantastic legislation of our extreme friends. Their ideas are magnificent, but they are not politics. Think how this Prohibition Bill would work out!"

You have heard, have you not? that the Landtdag recently passed a Bill for the total exclusion of alcohol from this country—saving only supplies wanted for medicine and manufacture. The Senate will modify the Bill, and the Tsar will probably refuse it altogether; but it is nowise regarded as matter for academic discussion only. Dr. Ahlström thinks such a measure would rouse that curious human quality of Perverseness, sometimes awakened by legislation that is ahead of a nation's moral growth. People in such a mood drive the proverbial coach and six not only *through* an Act, but up and down it, so to speak; and laws that are too vehemently paternal in enforcing temperance may produce a party who will make it a matter of perverted conscience to get drunk. Such, at least, is Dr. Ahlström's theory. I fancy, myself, that these fits of perversity are matters of common individual experience, representing the very first stage of repentance. Have you ever proposed to do something you knew to be very wrong, and found yourself hindered against your will? If so, you may remember that you spent the first moments of your rescue in a fierce effort to carry out the foiled intention. Such moments make one realize that evil may demand as much intellectual labour as goodness—and the way of the transgressor, though interesting, is certainly hard.

But, as usual, I am straying from the point. One very small fraction of the Landtdag, the Agrarian party, remains to be accounted for. There were eleven of these in the first Parliament, of whom one was a woman, and they lost a single seat in the last election. Ten Agrarians and two Christian Labourers, who, I think, profess a form of Tolstoyan faith, make up the tale of the Landtdag now. It is said that the Agrarian party is likely to increase in numbers and to adopt a definitely Young Finn policy as time goes on. If this be so, Finland will in the next few years present an example of two political paradoxes: a Socialist party whose main strength is

among the peasantry, and a yeoman or small-farmer group in close alliance with the party of Culture.

One Agrarian was present at Hilja Raunio's assembly, an interesting woman of countrified appearance and a look of stolid spirituality—if you will allow me to use so very contradictory a term. No other words can render the effect of those broad and sober features—almost as impassive as her smoothly parted hair, yet illuminated by a curious inward fire as she listened, with rare moments of speech. As an Agrarian, she represented the secular interests of the small peasant landholders, and perhaps their religious sympathies also; for the sensibilities of those who remain Lutheran or belong to the Pietistic movement of the eighteenth century, which still survives, are sometimes hurt by the militant agnosticism of the Socialists. Yet the real strength of Finnish Socialism lies among the peasants, and over half the supporters of this party come from the wild country districts. A thing for us to meditate, is it not?—we who assume that such views can only touch the countryman after he has come into the town and passed through the industrial mill.

This Agrarian member began life as an elementary teacher at a remote village school, by a lake-side, far away in Central Finland. She has been to one of the Training Colleges, where she gained the art of self-expression without losing any of her original simplicity; and two years ago she published some naïve and powerful studies of village character. The criticism of life displayed in these, and their downright attack upon ancient abuses, caught the attention of that small but enlightened public which makes the general opinion of progressive Finland. So her name was placed upon the list of Parliamentary candidates, and she was duly returned, to work faithfully, if not specially brilliantly, for her constituents.

Members are paid fifteen marks (12s. 6d.) a day while Parliament is sitting or while they are employed on committees; and those who are, like teachers, State servants, may find a substitute to do their work while they are in the Landtdag. Payment of members has not yet advanced

Parliamentary life to one of the lucrative and corrupt professions, as you see.

With information, theories, party views, and objective statements all simmering in my head, I took leave of Hilja and Lilja, wrapped myself in a vast coat, hood, and snow-shoes, and set out across the city to reach my home in the southern quarter. Celia and Erkki Axelsson parted from me at the corner of the street. Voices carry far in this cold stillness, and my escort and I could hear that her Gaelic League enthusiasm had renewed itself like the phoenix, as she foretold a national revival for Ireland, equal if not superior to Finland's own. Will that ever come true? We have so long regarded Ireland as a lovely inevitable figure of Tragedy, our grace and our reproach, that the world of poetry will seem narrower if Celtic prosperity is to take the place of Celtic dreams and woe.

The Celt and the Finn disappeared into the shadow, and Dr. Ahlström looked at me with a demure twinkle in his eye. "It is good for Erkki that he should *listen* now and then, instead of talking—just as a change," said he. "Shall we go by the Observatorium and see the night view?"

Ice and snow reign everywhere now—though hardly six weeks ago I was warming my very soul at the blaze of autumn colour. Having climbed the Observatory Hill, a small public garden which commands a wide view of Helsingfors, we stopped to look at the strange wintry picture, in which all the high lights seemed to come in unexpected places. Dim, white roadways, whitened roofs, and cornices gleamed in the blue darkness, long jewel-chains of light sparkled along the black masses of buildings in every direction and even upon the night-coloured bulk of vessels, frozen into the vast pale expanse of ice-filled harbour. Music and murmurs floated up from the skating-field in the Södra Hamn, and tiny lights moved rhythmically there as the skaters wove in and out in the torch-dance. The landscape was wonderfully wide for a night scene. To the left of us, diminishing points of light, pricked the irregular darkness away and away to the northern verge of the city, while to the right the vague ice-plain, thinly

covered with snow and hardly yet safe to traverse, reached on to the islands and the further sky.

This morning I crossed Observatory Hill again on my way to attend a session of the Landtdag before it was prorogued. The Senate House, the Landtdag Chamber, and the most important buildings of Helsingfors are now in the northern part of the city; but if the designs of the present Government be not interfered with, a modern, characteristic Parliamentary edifice will be raised upon this admirable site, which dominates city and harbour both.

To-day the view from Observatory Hill was no kindly one. Light shone under a bleak and bitter sky: the fallen snow had thawed and frozen again, and wretched trees on the hill-side stood up out of a smooth grey mixture like ground glass. In places the harbour plain was rough as a rocky shore, for the first ice had broken in the storm, and then, drifting up in crackling blocks before the wind, it had frozen together once more. The bays were irregularly white almost to the horizon, but there came a narrow line of gleaming grey where the sea was open still. The barracks and entrenchments of Sveaborg stood out clearly, half a mile distant, and near at hand there rose up suddenly the beat of heavy and tuneless singing—for a detachment of Russian soldiers had come out of the barracks in Kaserngatan, and were marching up the hill, keeping time to the sound of their voices. They were rough, small, brown-coated men of Tartar physiognomy, mostly from the Volga and the Caucasus districts. Poor souls! they had nowise the air of conquering aliens! rather that of overworked beasts, cheered on into momentary and factitious spirit. The passers-by glanced at them with pity more than with aversion, if they noted them at all.

The Landtdag now sit in the great hall of a former Volunteer Fire Brigade in Hagasundgatan, at the corner of Järnvägs-torget, just behind the Athenæum. Having, as you know, a turn for facile symbolism, it amused me to note how the centre of modern Helsingfors seemed to be shifting from the Senate Square, where St. Nicholas Church, the University,

the Library, and the Senate House itself, all appear, to Railway Place, about which stand the Landtdag Chamber, the Athenæum, the Finnish Theatre, and the Station; while in its neighbourhood is to be found the Students' Club House, whence spring the newest activities of young Finland.

The Landtdag Chamber is an unpretentious public building in the Swedish style. I trotted up the steps, presented my card to a "vaktmästare" and a secretary, and waited a few moments (observing and observed) in an ante-chamber where sober-looking deputies came and went. Then, on mentioning my nationality and my profession, I was at once conducted to a roomy place in the Reporters' Gallery. (Finns, you know, are admirably hospitable to foreigners. Some days ago I went to attend a lecture at the University, and having mislaid my ticket, I stood like the guest without a wedding-garment, expecting much the same fate. But I urged, in extenuation, that I was a foreign visitor, whereupon the guardian at the door uttered the equivalent of, "Oh, are you? Cut along then!" And I went gratefully in.)

The House is a large, light, business-like room, decorated with the inevitable white and gold that belongs to buildings of the Swedish period. At one end is a large, bronze statue of Finland with the lion and the sword, similar to the figure in Alexander II's memorial, which keeps the centre of Senate Square. At the other end is a *daïs*, with desks, tables, and an arm-chair for the Speaker, besides two reading-desks, or "tribunals," from which members address the House if they have to say anything which will take more than two minutes in delivery. The gallery where I sat (upon the Speaker's left) runs all around the hall, and below are seats and desks, of a thoroughly practical nature, arranged fanwise facing the *daïs*. There is no gangway, but two main passages divide the Centre, Right, and Left.

Simple and school-like as the appointments were, they did seem excellently well adapted for business. Waiting till the House assembled, my fancy wandered back to the Grille, the shining bald tops of Ministers' heads, the orderly confusion

of boxes, papers, and Mace upon the table below, and the familiar green benches, suited neither for writing, speaking, or even for easy slumber. I saw again the atmosphere of dignified dimness, wherein traditions and conventions hovered like numberless notes—the good old atmosphere of England—collective stupidity lightened by individual brilliance, and darkened again by the love of things as they are. I remembered how little Camberley had answered, in the intensely proprietary accents of a new member, to some youthful criticism of mine: “We don’t want the House of Commons to look like a Council Board-room!”

The deputies were beginning to file in, and the Speaker, Per Svinhufvud, took his place. He is a Swede, as his name shows, but of Finnish appearance—massive, pale, and solid-looking as a block of granite: a Young Finn in politics and, from all I hear, a leader equally well suited to lead the constructive work of prosperous days or the defensive policy of stormy ones. He began business by calling over the names of members, without any prefixes or titles, and then made remarks in Finnish relating to the Order of the Day. From my paper of agenda (in Swedish) I gathered that the debate was mainly technical, and referred to the duties of a certain Grand Committee upon Savings-Banks. It was an excellent room for sound as for sight, and I heard all the various speakers said, though I could only understand part. Deputies having something to say would catch the Speaker’s eye, utter the word “Ordförande” (Chairman) or its Finnish equivalent, and then, coming to the tribunals, would express themselves in Swedish or Finnish, while the House listened with the usual Finnish impassiveness. Very seldom did I note anything like “Hear, hear,” and only once was there a slight laugh. Can you remember the thrill with which you first heard Cabinet Ministers—those superhuman creatures—speak in tones of temper or apology? With a similar sense of finding a touch of nature in alien beings, I noted that some deputies used expressions of obvious acrimony, and the Speaker called an erring member to order with great briskness.

A dark-haired, youngish man of Karelian type came forward from the extreme Left and began to speak in Finnish. There was a general quickening of attention, as he spoke in an educated voice with incisiveness and—so far as I could gather—with satire rather than with vigour. “Who is it?” I whispered to my neighbour.

“That is Iivo Korhonen, the leader of the Social-Democrats.”

The women deputies, who formed about one-sixth of the whole assembly, were in general middle-aged, with fine intellectual faces, and very simply dressed in dark colours. Only one spoke on this occasion, a quite notably quiet-looking little woman from the Left, who rose up and said a few words in Finnish that appeared to give a different direction to the whole debate.

Sittings usually begin at eleven o'clock, and continue till six p.m., or as much later as the work demands. I stayed some two and a half hours, and, if I were writing a story, I would describe how one of those many perilous questions arose, upon which the House has had to steer its way between cowardly surrender to the reactionary designs of Russia and unwisely bold opposition to the same. But this is a narrative of facts, and I cannot deny that my visit to the Landtdag fell upon a homely occasion. Let me, however, tell you something about the previous Parliament.

The Landtdag of March, 1907, composed of singularly novel and untried elements, had first of all to drive the chariot of government drawn by a most incompatible pair of steeds: a powerful Social Democratic party, openly anxious for thorough-going reforms and perhaps secretly sympathetic to the Russian Revolutionaries, and a timorous, non-representative Senate, which firmly believed that the least opposition to Imperial designs would bring the whole country under martial law. And this non-elected body, the weakest point in Finland's constitution, was, and is, practically Executive and Second Chamber in one. The Finnish people must have no small measure of order and shrewdness, since they

manage to keep so oddly constituted a Government moving at all.

In the summer of 1907 the Landtdag had to decide two very important matters—the claim of the Russian police to search out and arrest Russian Revolutionaries on Finnish soil, and the demand for an indemnity for Finland's exemption from military service. Decision upon these matters was especially difficult, since no one knew how far the Imperial Government was solid, so to speak. Many people underrated the forces of reaction and believed that they would crumble away at the touch of courageous opposition; but cautious counsels prevailed, and the police claim was reluctantly admitted, while the military indemnity was paid for that year.

As regards self-defence, Finland's position is indeed desperate. Before the bad times she possessed her own little standing army, known as the Finnish Guard, and a system of militia. Both were disbanded by Bobrikoff during his dictatorship, when he tried to introduce conscription after the Russian manner, and met with quite noteworthy ill-success. After the Great Strike, Finland was declared entirely free from military service, but an annual grant of £400,000 for the next three years, to meet the expense of the Russian garrisons in Helsingfors, Viborg, and elsewhere, was required of her. The Finns stand thus in the position of a conquered people, and they are jealously watched for any signs of military training on their own account. Barracks full of Russian soldiery within Helsingfors, and the cannon of Sveaborg without!—it takes the toughness and endurance of a Finn to keep up national spirit under such circumstances.

After much discussion the annual military grant was ratified for 1907 by the Landtdag, but two events of that winter showed that a yielding policy was more likely to bring oppression than concession in return. Gerard, the kindly and constitutional Governor-General, received an "assistant" in the shape of Major Seyn, formerly Bobrikoff's right hand, and a noted believer in the possible Russification of Finland. Later on, four Finnish Radicals were, in defiance of every civilized law,

seized at St. Petersburg and flung into prison. After some eight weeks' imprisonment, two of them were, without any form of trial, exiled to Siberia, and the other two released. (The exiles escaped in the course of the next year.)

In February, 1908, M. Gerard found the ministrations of his "assistant" unendurable, and was forced to resign. Governor-General Böckman, a colourless personage of military antecedents, succeeded to him, and retained the valuable help of Seyn. Meantime the internal dissensions of the Landtdag and the mutual jealousies of the three bourgeois groups increased and flourished, till at the end of March these culminated in a "tactical blunder" for which the two extreme parties appear to have been almost equally to blame. The Old Finns moved a vote of want of confidence in the Government, alleging that the Senate had shown too great distrust of the Russian authorities; and the Socialists retorted by a similar vote of want of confidence, but upon precisely opposite grounds:—namely, that the Senate had been too complaisant towards Russia. The remaining parties produced a third motion of peace-making intent, which was merely a pious wish that the Senate would do all in its power to safeguard the constitution. The Old Finn motion was lost—Centre and Left voting together against it—but the Socialist motion, intended merely as a retort, was carried, since the Old Finns abstained from voting. The Senate resigned in a body, and the Tsar could hardly do otherwise than dissolve the Landtdag.

Imagine what an amount of party recrimination, fear, and foreboding these imbecile happenings produced! The Senate (nominated in December, 1905) was in the main Svekoman, and most people expected that the body succeeding it would be prominently Old Finn; while this party certainly looked for an increase of strength in the Landtdag. Events, however, proved the contrary; the Old Finns lost five seats, and the balance of parties was otherwise undisturbed. A sort of Coalition Senate was appointed, and all seemed going well with Finland.

But in June of this year (1908) M. Stolypin put his finger

upon the connecting band which united Finland's constitutional machinery to the Tsar, and managed to throw it all out of gear.

Measures approved of by the Landtdag and Senate were formerly given to the Finnish Secretary of State, M. Langhoff, who transmitted them with due recommendations to the Tsar ; but it has recently been discovered that, since last June, these measures have been passed to the Russian Council of Ministers, and dealt with by a Committee of Finnish Affairs, composed of the surviving friends and allies of Bobrikoff. Little chance now have bills for old-age pensions, full municipal suffrage, or agrarian reform, of obtaining the Tsar's consent ! Respectful petitions and remonstrances have been already despatched from the Landtdag and the Senate, but meantime other highly controversial matters are pending.

The annual military indemnity has been discussed ; now appears a fresh Russian demand in the shape of the "Neva Millions." Says the Imperial Government : "In order to link up the Finnish and Russian railway systems at the terminus of St. Peterburg, it is necessary that a new bridge over the Neva should be built ; and who so proper to pay for this as the Finns ?" Unfortunately Finland does not *want* to be further linked up with Russian rails, and can only look for loss, and not gain, by any closer connection ; since the rolling-stock of this country, which is said to be in much better order than that of Russia, will wander off upon the latter's lines and be no more seen. All parties are, I believe, united in disliking this scheme, but what can they do ? Suggestions from the Imperial Government have the force of commands, backed up with lawless powers of unknown extent.

Altogether, here is a very pretty dish of complications, legal and illegal, to set before the most democratic assembly in Europe.

You will wonder that I have not yet cited any specially "budgetary" causes of dispute between the Grand Duchy and Russia. Why these have not arisen I hardly know, since Finland has been for some time in the curious position

of a poor country with a rich revenue. Whereas the land yields but a very meagre return, and the average individual here is, by comparison with general European standards, rather badly off, the actual community is rich, and the State income has for several years regularly exceeded the annual estimate. "A magnificent chance for bureaucratic jobbery and fortune-making, you will say!" But this is automatically hindered, so to speak, by the strong and universal feeling against the accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few.

I have tried to compare the financial status of those two units of a nation—the rural labourer and the industrial hand—in England and in Finland, but I find it an impossible task. Life here is simpler and harder: conditions are widely different. I can only say that, were I a working-man (rural or industrial) and able to decide whether I would be English or Finn, my choice would be for the latter, since I should have a better hope of gaining my independence. Yet taxation, I take it, falls more heavily upon the hand-worker here than in England. Very broadly speaking, every Finnish adult has to meet the following taxes in some degree:—

(1) The "man-tal" or personal tax, which is two marks a year for men and one for women.

(2) Income-tax (collected by Communes, Urban and Rural) varying from one to three per cent upon incomes above "two skatt-öre"—that is to say, 800 marks, or £32.

(3) A small Church-tax, amounting to perhaps four marks a year, for the average bourgeois.

(4) Land taxes, and ordinary communal rates.

Customs, stamp duties, land taxes, inheritance duties, returns from surplus capital and public enterprises—these are the chief sources of Finland's national income. It goes out in the usual channels of government expenditure, and in a good deal of supplementary public work, such as the upkeep of hospitals, libraries, scholarships, pensions, forestry, agricultural development, and the assistance of the poorer communes. The Budget, which used to be made up every three or four years only, is now annual, and the Landtdag has nominally full

control of it; but by delaying or refusing confirmation to other State proposals the Tsar can cause great financial confusion, if he so desires.

(Later.)

I would have sent this letter some days ago, but Ida Jürgens invited me to come with her and see the prorogation of the Landtdag. Before noon to-day, a sober, silent, unemotional Finnish crowd had assembled in the Senate Square to see the deputies go up to the official service in St. Nicholas Church, which preceded the closing ceremony. Members of the three bourgeois parties (and a very few Socialists) passed, one after another, up the great flight of steps into that domed and classic building, which surveys the square. Within, the church is decorated in the conventional white and gold, its most conspicuous ornaments being two great gilded angels on either side of the altar steps. Two black-robed pastors conducted a service in which there was a good deal of fine choral singing, and then one of them preached from the round, drum-shaped pulpit—in Swedish first and then in Finnish. I gathered that the addresses were conventional and not specially patriotic; meantime, the attitude of my companion, and her comments afterwards as we crossed the square (following the deputies to the Governor's palace), threw further light on the religious views of Finland.

Ida Jürgens is one of the kindest, most selfless, most truly spiritual souls that I have ever met; still, she had nothing but impatience for the ceremonies we had just witnessed and contempt for their ministrants. "All that," she said, with a backward wave of her hand, "is mere officialism; and during the bad times we saw how much it was worth! There were pastors who openly preached and worked against those who were trying to save their country; and the text 'Render unto Cæsar' has become accursed to us by association with their sophistries."

"Perhaps, as State servants, they were trying to be neutral."

"It may be! But our people said if the established religion

taught the pastors to be false to Finland, they would have none of it; and they are keeping their word."

She continued in a strain that was not so much anti-Erastian as wholly detached from all those considerations, spiritual, theological, superstitious, and social, which are carelessly assembled under the term "our religious views." If any such were inculcated in her youth, she knows nothing of them now. Ida Jürgens's highest endeavours are called forth by certain humane and patriotic ideals, which are not yet, she declares, the mainspring of any accepted religion.

We reached the palace, and were ushered by decorative guards towards the gallery above the Throne Chamber. This—familiar to Aunt Karin as a State ballroom in the old, untroubled days—is adorned with the inevitable white and gold, hung with chandeliers, and dominated by a great gilt throne, blazoned with the double-headed eagle. In came the representatives of Democracy, who arranged themselves in a half-circle at the end of the room furthest from the throne. Some of the men were in evening dress, and the women wore a kind of official costume of black silk, with white collars and cuffs—simple, graceful, and dignified. At the throne end now appeared Senators and officials, the former in semi-military dress, with cocked hats and much gold braid. Seeing them thus, I realized, with that clearness that only visual impressions give, how impossible it was that any Socialist should ever hold a place in the Senate.

The members of this body drew away to the left of the throne, and there entered a glittering conclave who put them quite in the shade—the Governor-General's Council. They were imposing and picturesque in the greys, blues, and whites of Russian military and naval uniform, all sparkling and tinkling with medals and orders of merit—awarded, no doubt, for their conduct of the Russo-Japanese War. Similarly attired, General Böckman stood in front of the throne, and received an address from the Speaker, delivered in Swedish and in Finnish. He responded in Russian, everybody bowed, and the ceremony was over.

Dr. Ahlström, who met me that evening at the Keiths', was in retrospective mood. "I never see crowds now in the Senate Square," said he, "without thinking of the 'Cossack Drive' of April 18th, 1902."

"Ah, don't speak of it," said the Commander. "It's the sorrow of my declining years that I was not there!"

"If you *had* been, perhaps the history of Finland would have run differently. For you would have attacked the Cossacks—how do you say?—bald-headed: you would have simply insisted on being killed. We should have avenged you, and then there would have been a general massacre."

"Well, since I was absent, it falls to you to tell my niece what happened, Ahlström, for we have good reason to know you were there."

"How did it come about?"

"It was just after one of Bobrikoff's abortive attempts at conscription. Some of the hated Senators who had favoured this move came out of their chamber into the square, and were received with shouts and hissings by a considerable crowd. The Russian Governor of Nyland, Kaigorodoff, found this an admirable opportunity; he sent off post-haste for a squadron of Cossacks to 'pacify' the people. So these came tearing down Alexandersgatan, all agog for a 'pogrom'—broad-faced, rough-coated brutes on their little horses—riding over folk on the pavement, dashing into the trams, and swinging their nagaikas upon all that they could see. Arrived in the square, one division rode their horses right up the church steps, where people were still coming out—for it was a service-day—and then scrambled down, charging the crowd; while others galloped round the square, swinging the nagaikas, slashing indiscriminately at men, women, and children, and shouting all the while."

"And what did you do?"

"If you will believe me, I stood blankly still on the University steps for nearly a minute, gaping at the Cossacks who were riding up the steps, and thinking—could I ever teach Lempi to do that? Then I heard a woman scream, and I

bolted down into the crowd and helped some ladies to scramble up the base of the Alexander Statue."

"He will not tell you, of course, but he was laid up for six weeks after that affair! All the hospitals were full, and so many students were wounded that some of the lecture courses had to be suspended for a time."

"It was then, you know, that a Cossack got into the laundry-passage of our house, and the washerwomen regularly soaped him down," said Aunt Karin, with a delicious chuckle.

And, upon that good-humoured note of ancient rancours avenged or forgiven, I will end this monstrous letter.

Very sincerely yours,

ROSALIND TRAVERS.

THE DOOR OF DEATH

It opens very silently, to close without a sound ;
And many ways go thitherward, but never one is found
To bring the travellers back again, who journey on and on ;
And none reply, though each may ask, where all the rest are gone.

The ways are black with travelling souls, and many go in fear ;
The heavy tongues of phantom bells are clamouring at their ear.
And "whither? whither?" still they ask, in late repentance sore ;
But every path is barred across by that unyielding Door.

So vast and silent there it stands, to mock them as they wail ;
Their questions fall as arrows drop from off an iron pale.
And all without beat up and down as vainly as the wind ;
But every soul that enters in shall there his answer find.

Translated from Hjalmar Procopé.

LETTER XIII

To Marius Fitzgerald

FROM MIKONKATU 17.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,

A thousand thanks for the Christmas-box! I discovered and claimed it with infinite trouble in an obscure corner of the Customs House on Skatudden, and spent the greater part of yesterday reading its admirably chosen contents. What is more delightful than a batch of new books by known and trusted authors? especially when all fear of disappointment is removed by a letter of introduction which says: "X, Y, and Z, continue to increase in genius, and flourish exceedingly."

I cannot yet give you the detailed critical impression you ask for, since I have only skimmed over the pages and dipped in here and there. The three volumes of Essays form a most ingenious contrast; and two at least—the works of our mighty Castor and Pollux—lend themselves kindly to hurried reading. You, I know, deprecate "the poster style of literature," so it was very tolerant of you to send me these. In some moods I like the clear, firm, dogmatic thoughts, with hard outlines, that leap at you from their pages, with the fierce art of a modern hoarding picture, and the narrow but unfaltering truth of the railway porter's celebrated dictum, "Cats is dogs, and rabbits is dogs, but this 'ere tortoise is a insect."

Castor and Pollux have each brought their strong, unclouded vision to bear upon this world of confusion and over-subtlety, and, like that porter, they have produced—each in their different ways—simple, original, startling, but perfectly adequate criticisms of life.

To be sure, after many hoardings one turns with gratitude to a quiet landscape; and after luxuriating in the young, defiant splendour of the Twin Brethren, I took up Dr. Penseroso's volume with that sense of welcome that one gives to a grey day at the end of June. All the half-tones of life came out again, its haziness, glimmer, and confusion, infinite differences and infinite subdivisions—in a word, one passed from the porter's rapid and efficient summary to a world where the feline quality of cats and the racial individuality of rabbits was again recognized.

Such transition, also, is like turning from one's Tribal self to the Habitual Overself, that sober creature of circumstances, custom, and experience. The Tribal self—I call it so because I think I recognize therein the prevailing characteristics of one side of my family—sees life in a bold, simple, rather melodramatic way, as a place of swift adventure, high virtues, and infinite possibilities; in fact, like Commander Keith, my Tribal self might say, "Mais moi, je vois la vie en rouge." The Habitual Overself sees life as a very complex web of mingled grey—rich, certainly, with infinite shades of lavender and purple and azure, and colours that have no name yet—but a thing of rather flat surprises and disconcerting outcomes, of enthralling intellectual interest, yet certainly more funny than heroic.

I really prefer the outlook of the Tribal self, and would willingly change eyes with Commander Keith—but I can't. However, we have all got an opportunity of seeing life in red and black just now in Helsingfors, since for the last three weeks we have been living in an utterly defenceless city with the cannon of Sveaborg turned towards us, ready to fire at any moment!

Nobody seems to know why. Rumours of military preparations against Finland have long been in the air, and all the Russian regiments here have been lately increased by drafts of soldiers—from the Volga districts, which means that they are as remote as creatures of another race from the Finns. This may be only in furtherance of the usual rule that the same

corps of Russian soldiers are not to be stationed in Helsingfors for any length of time, since the mental atmosphere of that city is found to have a disintegrating effect upon the spirit of abject military submission. If they remained there too long they might refuse to shoot down unarmed citizens when required. But, however this matter stands, there is no doubt that the cannon of Sveaborg, which were formerly turned on the sea, are now directed full upon Helsingfors, and earth-works have been thrown up on some of the fortified islands, as a protection against rifle-fire from the city. There is no concealment about this, for even my short-sighted eyes have noted them from the shore. Also, it is said that rooms have been prepared in the fortress for the Governor-General and his suite—and especially for Assistant-General Seyn—so that these representatives of the Imperial power may take refuge there at a moment's notice and give orders to bombard the city.

No adequate explanation for all this can be found. Obviously the Russians here are expecting some revolutionary outbreak, but they appear to be the only people in Helsingfors who do expect anything of the kind. "We shall all be quite punctiliously law-abiding for the next month or two," says Aino Gustafsson, "since that will annoy them more than anything else."

After the first day's interest, all these aggressive preparations seemed to affect the citizens of Helsingfors only in the mildest degree. They were a week old before I heard of them, for Commander Keith and Aunt Karin were temporarily away from home. My Feminist friends were taken up with some Women's Congress or other: in the Svekoman group it was good form to ignore these little home difficulties before a foreigner: perhaps Aino Gustafsson's set alone, with its fringe of Revolutionary sympathies, considered the matter grave enough to discuss and they considered it only with regard to those people who should go softly, as they might be considered suspect. What a sober, unemotional, courageous little nation it is!

Even our Uncle Keith is very quiet about the matter ; yet he stands so long looking out of the dining-room window, which gives a sideways glimpse of Sveaborg, that Aunt Karin fears he may be preparing to do something rash. "Hjalmar is really too old for another revolution," says she. "If anything happens, I know the Keiths will bear their part ; but now, I shall just persuade your uncle that we must run across to Copenhagen and spend Christmas with Lisa there. Of course it is nothing really, or we should not allow you English girls to stay ; but I am afraid for him."

Under the circumstances, you will not wonder that the frozen harbour has some attraction for me. Do not fear that I hover about the neighbourhood of Sveaborg—very far from it—but I am curious to see how the fortifications look from a mile or so out, and how these islands lie with regard to others. All round Helsingfors, as far as eye can perceive, the sea lies stiff in a grey plain, lightly sprinkled with snow. It has frozen and thawed and frozen again, but little snow has fallen yet, so that the ice gives a fair walking surface in the seaward directions, yet is not impossible for skating in the sheltered bays to the north-west. Going by train to Tölö, the northern suburb of Helsingfors, and walking half a mile westward, I find quiet shores, where I can put on my skates and practise unobserved, for the Finns disport themselves so very skilfully and well on the ice that a clumsy body like me does not care to appear among them. The weather now is steadily and serenely cold : it is the time of blue skies and red sunsets, when every branch and twig is furred with rime. Little sheets of ice form upon one's veil, any loose lock is soon powdered white with frost, and careful people cover up their ears and feel the tips of them now and then to make sure they do not freeze. A few moments of anguish while you put on your skates and scuffle out to the clear ice, and then all the delights of lonely exploring begin. You wind in and out of little bays, you dart away towards outlying islands, black and sharp against the sky, you wheel round and round some little inlet where the ice is good, like a solitary bird. Fir trees and



"WE'VE BEEN TO TRY THE ICE!"



OLD HELSINGFORS

heather-land come down to the shore; there are deserted gardens here and there, and shut-up villas and landing-stages forlorn. Soon darkness comes on—for at this season daylight only lasts from nine till three—and you tramp back along hard white roads to the town.

Celia does not share my view that a city is, in the main, a thing to get away from, and takes most of her exercise and diversions within Helsingfors. Sometimes she walks southward over the harbour with me, but most often I go alone, or in the company of Dr. Ahlström's collie, a handsome and well-bred person from Lancashire. "My lively compatriot," as the Doctor calls him, does not get exercise enough in Helsingfors, so, if I have planned a long walk, I call for him. Sophie Ahlström, the Doctor's sister, lends him all the more readily, since she and her brother have a great distrust of "English wandering ways" (!) and think that I must surely fall into some undefined danger one day—which danger the presence of Laddie might avert. So we set off southward over the rough grey ice patched with snow, past fishermen's cottages and frozen-in boats, towards the open sea. Four or five miles off, at the edge of the frozen plain, there is a vessel dimly to be seen, and somewhere out there the lighthouse lies. Once you are past Flisholmen and Ugnsholmen, which lie close to the land, the isles are chiefly small and uninhabited, surrounded in places by a very fortification of tumbled ice-blocks, where the storm has broken the first ice and piled it up in pieces of every size and shape against the shore. We flounder into unseen holes between them; Laddie finds a pocket of snow and wallows in it, coming presently, with great affectation of distress, to have the little lumps of frozen stuff picked out from between his elegant tan-coloured toes. Helsingfors still looks very bright and clear and close at hand, but the sky is reddening, and it is time to return.

A long, quiet evening before me, with—for once—no prospect of engagements, visitors, or pupils; so I will try and answer your question, What is the literature of Finland really like? You don't want me to begin at the beginning

and discourse about Väinämöinen, do you? You will find a most excellent translation of the *Kalevala* in Everyman's Series, and the Encyclopædia tells you all that any professor outside Finland need know of Suomi's ancient magician and hero. But it is different as regards the *Kanteletar*. This—"The Daughter of the Dulcimer"—is a treasury of lyric and ballad poetry, collected by the ever-to-be-honoured Lönnrot, and not yet fully translated into any accessible language. Through fragmentary German and Swedish renderings I have had a glimpse of these strange folk-songs, "born of beauty, moulded in sorrow and distress"—the work of an imaginative, melancholy people, well used to poverty, suffering, and exile.

The greater part of these verses are purely lyric. They are songs for all sorts of occasions and for all kinds of people; every incident of daily life is crowned with verse, and every situation, from a cut finger to a marriage, can be met with an appropriate chant. Not many ballads find a place in the *Kanteletar*, and few of them are historical. Like the *Kalevala*, all these verses are curiously dateless, and seem to belong to a period outside the measured centuries. Was it yesterday that Aino wept before the prospect of marrying Väinämöinen? or was it five thousand years ago?

The structure of ancient Finnish verse is, they tell me, as rigid and careful as any classical form—a strange thing when you remember that it springs from an unschooled race of the wild. It is generally translated by the *Hiawatha* metre, which reproduces the fall of the accents quite correctly, but gives no idea of the grace and variety of the lines, or the modulation of the vowel-sounds and the frequent onomatopœic quality. Here is a fragment from Runo VIII of the *Kalevala* :—

Tuo oli Kaunis Pohjan neiti
Maan kuulu, ve'en valio,
Istui ilman wempeellä,
Taivon kaarella kajotti
Pukehissa, puhtaissa,
Walkeissa vatehissa.

Lovely was the maid of Pohja,
Famed on land, on water peerless,
On the arch of air high-seated,
Brightly shining on the rainbow ;
Clad in robes of dazzling lustre,
Clad in raiment white and shining.

In the strict Runo form, the laws of accent, alliteration, rhyme, and parallelism are all observed. The accent being always on the first syllable of every word, each line begins with a trochee ; and there should be two alliterations of consonant or vowel in every line. Rhyme (which may occur within the lines as well as at their terminations) is freely used, but not obligatory : long passages may occur without it. However, in such a highly synthetic language as Finnish the abundance of grammatical forms and similar word-endings makes the rhymer's work unexpectedly easy.

Parallelism is the repetition of the chief idea of the first line (or a part of it) in the second line. This passage is a fair example :—

Yesterday in time of evening,
As the sun was slowly sinking,
While I wandered through the bedstraw,
Tripping o'er the yellow meadows,
In the bush a bird was singing,
And I heard a fieldfare thrilling.

The principle of repetition is further carried out in the actual singing of the epic runes. Two men, the *päämies* or chief singer, and the *säistäjä*, or twister—he who, as it were, twists the thread of the song while it is gradually formed—sit facing one another, knee to knee. Holding hands, they sway slightly together, and half raise each other alternately from their seats. The *päämies* sings half a line alone, the *säistäjä* sings the remainder of it with him, and then repeats the whole line, while the *päämies* is silent. As you see, this method of singing and the principle of parallelism are well adapted for allowing the sense of the rune to sink into the minds of the audience ; it suggests the endless leisure of an arctic winter.

I will send you a specimen of the archaic, melancholy, and rather hypnotizing melody which is played upon the kantele while the epic runes are being sung. Certain authentic rune-singers, appropriately dressed in traditional Finnish costume, visit Helsingfors and give representations of the ancient art. I have heard them once or twice, and was not quite as much

impressed as I could wish to be: on the other hand, I can genuinely admire the material of their songs.

To me the *Kalevala* and the *Kanteletar* appear singularly beautiful. The imagery is brilliant; their style (so far as one apprehends it) is full of unconscious skill and charm and "the world half seen." The mystical woodland life of nymphs and elves and water-spirits, and the beings of lake and fell, lay as near to these ancient Finnish singers as to the Celtic bards of old.

Inevitably, I suppose, one tends to compare the poetry of Finland, primitive or renascent, with that of Ireland in the past and of to-day. Both countries possess a treasury of antique myth and song in the vernacular, which has not even yet been completely explored, and both dwelt for several hundred years beneath the rule of an alien race, learning to use an alien tongue. In each case the conquering nation was of a more practical, successful, and worldly type than the conquered, and both subject peoples made conscientious efforts to adopt the literary tone and ideals of their rulers. Then came a time when Irish writers slowly but surely discovered that they could achieve real literature only when they dealt with Irish subjects in an Irish way; and similarly the Finns had found out, a little while before, that their productions were of small interest to themselves or others unless they wrote upon Finnish matters in a Finnish way. And in Finland, as in Ireland, the patriotic renaissance, the revival of the vernacular and of nationalism, has produced a new literature, and to some extent a new people.

But here the parallel ends and a number of differences appear. For instance, the history of conquered Ireland is one long tragedy of misunderstanding, oppression, and woe; while the Finns have had few grievances to bring against Sweden. Further, modern Irish poetry has already reacted very powerfully upon contemporary English verse, but I have not learnt that the spirit of Finland has at all affected the literature of Sweden or Russia. Again, the twilight words that come naturally to one's lips when trying, in a heavy

Saxon way, to describe the quality of Irish verse and thought, are out of place in speaking of Finland. Dreams, glamour, tenderness, grey waters and low green hills—a sense of tears in human things—none of these apply to the unhistoried magic and the clear loneliness of the north. Here are blue lakes and black forest, the hard, white splendour of an Arctic winter; life, thought, and background have all something strangely independent and remote from the main currents of the European stream.

But if I continue I shall only pile up adjectives and similes, without ever catching that most elusive and contradictory thing, the spirit of a people. If all my descriptions and quotations have not given you some glimpse of it by now, I have written in vain. You understand, I am sure, how the German and Swedish translations of the *Kanteletar* cannot do full justice to it, since the genius of either language is wholly different to that of the Finnish speech. I venture to think—but here I am treading on very dangerous ground—that the special charm of German verse lies in the skill with which simple words, full of homely association, and a not very extensive vocabulary, are made to produce a high artistic effect. Now, Finnish poetry, old or new, is, they tell me, extremely coloured, imaginative and pictorial, sometimes almost untranslatable in its luxuriance of metaphor and simile, so that it goes constrained and shorn of splendour in the raiment of a German translation. And I believe the same is true of most Swedish versions of Finnish poetry. Scholars say that the language of Sweden is rich, varied, and extensive; but, so far as I can judge, when used to translate Finnish verse it only shows the qualities of German poetry, dignified homeliness and skilful simplicity—attributes fine in themselves, but not suited to render the manifold, picturesque, and infinitely varied Finnish word-forms.

Is not the language of England, which certainly possesses all the qualities of wealth, colour, and variety claimed by the Finnish, the best medium for making the literature of this strange little country accessible to Europe?

Two well-known Finnish authors have thought somewhat thus ; but, unfortunately for my thesis, they are not poets nor romance writers. Edward Westermarck and Yrjo Hirn have each acquired a perfect mastery over English, and no doubt they have by this means more quickly reached that European public which their attainments and genius deserve.

The Finns are, I believe, very rapid at acquiring foreign tongues, and they have had long practice. All through the six hundred years of Swedish rule the writers of Finland had to learn how to express themselves in Swedish, or remain silent. They grew accustomed to the discipline, and contributed a great deal of scientific, historic, and poetic matter to the libraries of Sweden ; but, for persons of average learning, the next landmark in Finnish literature after the *Kanteletar* is Runeberg, and his forerunner, Franzèn.

J. L. Runeberg is very properly revered all over Finland by Swede and Finn, old and young. His statue is almost the first thing seen on landing ; his bust or his portrait is to be found with absolute certainty in every public building in Helsingfors, and in many a private one ; he has achieved European renown, and therefore he can do very well without the appreciation of one small English writer. For—through some mental defect of mine—I cannot admire Runeberg. I find him colourless and undistinguished, not powerful enough to show the cosmopolitan quality of the really great writer, whose appeal is beyond nationality, and yet having lost that intensely native strain which should be the charm of a poet from one of the little peoples, among whom patriotism still survives. He appears to me to move in a pseudo-pastoral atmosphere that is equally distant from classicism and from reality ; and—if it were possible to maintain a foolish individual judgment in the face of critics such as Edmund Gosse and others—I should place Runeberg somewhere between Voss and Schiller.

Runeberg died in 1877. Snellman and Lönnrot, the fathers of Finnish literature, survived him some few years. They were, all three, men who would have been distinguished in

any country, great or small; the circumstances of their time made them deservedly national heroes of Finland, for to their labours the Finnish renaissance is greatly due.

I sometimes fancy that we writers or thinkers (*quorum pars minimissima sum!*) are like children straying about in a hall full of vast, unapprehended machinery. We lift a handle here, or move a crank there, and something happens; but we had only the vaguest idea of what we intended to do, and the result is generally something quite different to our expectations. Here are a number of us tugging away at a particular lever on one side—almost as many are pushing at some counteracting bar opposite, while neither group understands the movements of the other, nor has any definite idea what the result of their actions will be. Something gives way at last; certain imprisoned forces are released, and perhaps the air of the great hall becomes a little fresher, but neither we nor the opposing group know quite how it came about. But sometimes—once in several thousand years—one of us children puts his unwitting hand to a crank whose movement can be understood with small trouble, and for once we perceive a reasonable connection between action and result. Such, I fancy, was the case with Snellman and Lönnrot; they laid hold of the lever of Nationalism and—among a number of unexpected by-products—they were able to see the direct outcome of their labours, and to realize that it was good.

Meantime, while the springs of modern Finnish literature were slowly welling up, the steady stream of Swedish-Finn writing flowed on. There were (and there must still be) many in Finland inspired by genuine national feeling who are yet conscious that Swedish is more truly their native tongue than Finnish. A typical figure among these is Karl Tavastjerna, who died in 1898, leaving a fairly large collection of prose and verse. His novels attract me because they are subjective and critical, and pungent with quiet irony. Tavastjerna had, as it were, a Finnish mind trained to the European attitude, yet national against his will; he would like to achieve the detachment of cosmopolitanism, but

Finland has grappled him with hooks of steel. *Hard Times* and *Women's Rule* are, I think, his best novels; and I believe they would be worth translating into English, for they describe with keen insight and satire "the Finnishness of the Finn."

Curiously enough, his verse has little native quality. It is graceful and pleasing, but fragmentary, and now and then just hovering towards the commonplace; seldom or never does it give one either the thrill of absolute poetry—as many a minor poet can—or that sense of fresh worlds revealed, which one finds among even the unskilled forerunners of a new epoch.

The names of Procopé and Gripenberg follow naturally upon that of Tavastjerna. They are Swede-Finn poets of some note, and I have sent you translations of their verse from time to time, but I know very little of their work as a whole.

What ails Poetry nowadays? Do we not—in England at least—feel that the art needs readjusting to a changed world? It demands new material and a new standpoint, or a fresh criticism of life. With us the craft of handling words has attained a high degree of excellence, and it is widespread, too. Vigo Street can show a hundred poets who will rhyme you exquisitely about "apes and peacocks and ivory," and almug trees also—and about fair women and nature as well. But it has all been done before. Meantime, pages are being turned over in the world's history, and new powers are breaking a way to the light. Few poets have sung the People yet, and fewer still have given expression to either of those poignant emotions of our time—the dreadful involuntary responsibility for the sufferings of others and the torture of impotent compassion for others' pain. Prose has handled these darker themes, but Poetry still lingers among the flowers.

Returning to Finland, I think you would find that such new material and fresh standpoint are already represented in the native Finnish literature. It is, in the main, strong and serious. The output has been considerable during the last

sixty or seventy years, and, among a great deal of mediocre or trivial work, five writers of undeniable genius have appeared. These are Alexis Kivi, Minna Canth, Juhani Aho, Larin Kyösti, and Johannes Linnankoski—the last three being still alive.

Alexis Kivi was the son of a village cobbler in Central Finland, born about 1830. Much of his work has become alms for oblivion, but two admirable village comedies, and his great novel of peasant life *The Seven Brothers* (*Seitsemän Weljestä*) deserve a wider fame than Finland alone can give.

The Seven Brothers is a story of Homeric size and outline, and in it this hard, grave, stolid little people of the land of granite and snow are seen in their happiest mood. Kivi tells of the unchanging atmosphere of Finland's wilderness, brief summer, with its wealth of flowers and berries, and the endless winter snow. He relates—with marvellous wealth of description, fighting, adventuring, story-telling, and dreams—how, after their father had died in conflict with a bear—the Seven Brothers go forth into the forest together and make a home for themselves. Like the *Kalevala*, *Seitsemän Weljestä* conveys a most penetrating sense of the careless splendour of Nature, even in the far north, and of the slow, smiling courage, the good-humoured, indomitable obstinacy of the men who can meet her in these latitudes and force their bread from her reluctant hands.

Certainly these rough Finnish lads do not make such edifying literature as Runeberg's poem of *Bonden Paavo*, the pious farmer, but there is a wild ring about them that carries far. Yet Paavo is as true to one side of the Finnish nature as they are to another.

It is said that the style of Kivi's *Seven Brothers* almost defies translation. His vocabulary is extremely pictorial, even for so coloured a language as Finnish, and his manner adapts itself to every occasion—humorous, dramatic, or idyllic. His sentences have a mighty rhythm of their own, and he heightens their effect by the use of alliterations,

onomatopæa, and turns of phrase almost impossible to render in another tongue.

The book has lately reappeared in a superb edition illustrated by Axel Gallèn. It is printed in bold German type, every page enriched with decorated initials, grotesque or lovely, full of powerful black and white work, and coloured reproductions of much beauty. One winter evening Celia and I returned to a pleasure of early childhood, for we looked at the pictures while Aino Gustafsson read the story to us, translating at sight from Finnish into German. We lingered over the fairy tales, hearing how the mountain spirit captured a maiden and shut her up in the rock : how there is a tower in the moon from which you can see into the homes and hearts of all men upon earth : and how the daughter of a great baron loved a weaver's son and her father slew them both at one blow. Then Celia was called away, and Aino and I told love-stories while the snow fell soundlessly in the dark without. We exchanged family traditions, memories, half-confidences—but cautiously, as women do. One touches upon the episodes of yesterday, but rarely indeed does one relate the love-story of to-day !

Next in importance to Kivi I should place Minna Canth, who is only recently dead. She came of a middle-class Finnish family, and was born in 1844 ; she married early, and was early left a widow with a young family upon her hands. She writes with bitterness of the poor and unsuitable education with which she was sent out to meet the responsibilities of life, and the conventional difficulties which, even so late as 1879, hindered her from earning a living for herself and her children. Apparently, her relations and friends expected her to act with proper womanly submission, and live thankfully upon their charity, until a second husband presented himself bold enough to undertake the burden of a large step-family. This course she refused, and, in spite of her poor health, scanty leisure, and lack of capital, she managed to open a little shop for woollens at Kuopio, in Central Finland. With intelligence and favouring chance she built this up into

a thriving business, and supplemented her commercial returns with the earnings of her pen. (A family cannot live by literature alone, even in Finland !)

I have read several of Minna Canth's novels and plays in Swedish translations. They have none of the poetic quality of Kivi's work, nor, so far as I can tell, anything at all like his rich and poetic manner. Her language is grave and unadorned, she avoids description, and presents a series of plain characters and bold yet simple dramatic situations. Minna Canth's style, in fact, is admirable for what it leaves out. She can write strongly of feminism without propaganda, of democracy without sentiment, and of injustice and oppression generally without melodrama; and, by so doing, it seems to me that she stands for one side of Finnish nature as clearly as Alexis Kivi typifies another. She had not the staying power, nor perhaps the leisure, to construct long and complex works of fiction, and she is best in short stories and drama. With quiet realism she describes the toil and destitution of the Finnish labourer, and the mental poverty and clumsy vices of provincial middle-class society. But do not think she only studies the dreary aspects of life: she can draw the promise of youth and self-reliant modern womanhood with great charm, and she describes very skilfully the morbid beauty of character that is finally gained by the victims of involuntary sacrifice, daughters or wives. It seems to me that she is sometimes guilty of forcing the note, but her exaggerations, if such they be, are of subject-matter, never of style: she tells of violent and vile things in the impersonal manner of a Greek messenger.

Juhani Aho's genius is of wider wing but less force. His reputation has spread abroad, and a volume of short stories by him, *Squire Hellmann and Others*, has been translated into English, but it does not fairly represent his work. Two studies of provincial Finnish characters, *A Pastor's Daughter* and *A Pastor's Wife*, first brought him into general notice. His work is curious, delicate, and subtle rather than powerful: allowing for the difference of hemisphere, it reminds one of W. D. Howells in his earlier days. His stories are told

leisurely in a pleasant atmosphere of poetry and nature ; and, like most modern Finnish work, they are sufficiently realistic. But Aho and Minna Canth interpret this term in the artless manner of the 'sixties in England. Theirs is the realism of *Household Words* and Mrs. Gaskell ; the frank interest in simple matters and things—country roads, cottage interiors, meals, arm-chairs, slippers—not that pained realization of the ugliness or malice of enfolding circumstance that you find in George Gissing or Thomas Hardy.

Under the pressure of the bad times Aho's delicate genius was strengthened and intensified. He brought out a collection of short stories called *Shoots of Juniper*—the name typifying the tough, unconquerable Finnish spirit—and some of these are quite admirable in force and simplicity. "Judgment," a play belonging to the same period, is a picture of the Bobrikoff tyranny in the home of a Russianized Finn, who has taken office under his country's enemies. It shows with bitter force the anguish of exile, the savagery of political hate, and the dreadful loneliness of the man who is drawn into betraying his people for their own good. Aho is still writing—I came lately across a tender and charming little story by him about the animals' Christmas Eve—but only a part of his work has been rendered into Swedish.

You must remember that in all this would-be criticism "I speak as a fool"—or rather, as a child, from the limitation of my opportunities. Aino, Helena, and Ida tantalize me with accounts of young Finnish geniuses whose works are not yet translated ; and Dr. Ahlström begs me to ignore every native Finnish production as worthless, and read August Strindberg, the well-known anti-feminist Swedish writer. Meantime, Erik Axelsson procures me all the Swedish translations of local work he can find, and among these two books are noticeable—the poems of Larin Kyösti and a recent novel by Linnankoski.

I have once or twice sent you my renderings of the former's verses. They must be very far from the author's intentions, I fear, since I can only use the Swedish metrical translation ;

but, even so dimly apprehended, I know I am in the Land of Real Poetry. Larin Kyösti's poems tell of nature and simple folk and the eternal timeless things, and yet they could only have been written by a Finn, and a Finn of to-day. It is not specially powerful work, and too often fragmentary, but there are glimpses of the new standpoint—life seen not from the point of view of the middle-classes, but from that of the average working-man.

Now for the last writer of my chosen five, Linnankoski. I may be unduly swayed by the brilliance of his latest work (1908), the *Story of the Flame-red Flower* (or the *Song of the Burning Flower*), but it seems to me that nineteenth century Finland has certainly produced two writers in the vernacular of original and undeniable genius—judged by European standards—Alexis Kivi and Johannes Linnankoski.

So far as I can judge from a Swedish translation of the *Song of the Burning Flower* (which does not, I am told, do it full justice), the style of the latter must be astonishingly rich, poetic, and beautiful. The descriptions live before the reader's eyes with the clear splendour of a northern summer; there is a freshness and force of emotion that suggests the work of youth, together with a sustained power and constructive skill that belongs only to maturity.

The story is not great: it merely records the adventures and the loves of a Finnish yeoman's son, who leaves his home to wander up and down the forests and rivers of his country as lumberman. The chief interest is, frankly, "the way of a man with a maid," or, alas! with many maids. But Olof's adventures, though numerous, are never gross or trivial, and the treatment of love leans to realism of the emotions rather than realism about the senses. Linnankoski has drawn a very exceptional type of amorist, a volatilized Don Juan, as it were, who brings the flame-like clarity of a first love to every new experience; and, by what is surely an extraordinary *tour de force*, the author describes this renewal of the fire and freshness of young passion again and again without monotony.

The conclusion—Olof's marriage and his constancy from

thenceforward—is brought within the range of possibility by the character of his wife, Kyllikki, a strong woman forcibly drawn. Yet I think this happy ending mars the book, for always, according to romance or history, “these violent delights have violent ends.”

You will ask me if I can justify my admiration for this work on the grounds chosen by myself—that it presents new literary material or a new standpoint? Yes; for—unlikely as it seems from the subject-matter—a feminist standpoint is maintained throughout; that is, behind the glamour and beguilement of each incident, one is made to feel the unpardonable injury to woman that it entails, and Kyllikki finally pronounces the reckoning. (Perhaps some day we shall come to a newer standpoint still, and realize that such things are also an unpardonable injury to man.)

This *Song of the Burning Flower* rather puts me in mind of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. But though Linnan-koski's handling of love is more richly poetic than Hardy's, the Finnish book is not near so great as the English one, because it lacks that sense of cosmic tragedy, of pitiful happenings which are the inevitable consequence of relentless laws. When he wrote *Tess*, Thomas Hardy had formulated a stern criticism of life, before which this imperfect scheme of earthly things was arraigned and judged.

Are such criticisms of life the signs of an aging civilization, or the forerunners of a new religious impulse? The tendency to cross-examine the accepted philosophies of life and to construct new ones is not, as far as I can judge, so marked in Finland as in the rest of Europe. Here the majority of educated people seem to have cast the skin of their ancient established religion quite painlessly, and, if they have grown another, they do not appear to know it. Theosophy has a certain hold on some, and Tolstoyism upon others, and the views of these last are put forward in a book by Arvid Järnefelt, *The Brothers*. This is a long, detailed, and rather artless description of the spiritual developments of some Finnish youths, the sons of a country pastor, who grow up from orthodoxy or indifference into a

sort of quietism, a mystical reliance upon the orderings of Providence and the negation of self-will. This is a path which leads, I know, to heights of spiritual knowledge, freedom from care, and communion with unseen powers, but it is a lonely and rather breathless way. Moreover, Järnefelt does not face the ultimate conclusions of his philosophy, nor question the nature of a Providence which allows some things of this world to go so disastrously awry.

That quietism by which the individual soul, assured of the safety of its own spiritual way, goes on untroubled by world conditions, commends itself to one side of the Finnish character—their Mongolian fatalism—but this phase appears to be passing out of sight in general effort towards the betterment of some of these world-conditions. Progress and labour for the amendment of evils of human origin, have for the time thrust aside the religions, those attempts at solving the riddle of the universe amending cosmic wrongs and bringing mankind into relation with the unseen rulers of this scheme of things. Speaking in this sense, Erik Axelsson said to me, “We Finns are just now the most irreligious people in Europe.”

Yet the professors of many curious religions, from Evangelism to Fire-worship, pass through Helsingfors and obtain a tolerant though detached hearing there. And among those Finns who move outwardly in complete indifference to theology, there are some who have constructed a private religion, or philosophy, or theory of the universe—call it which you will. Of these the most remarkable is Professor Anders Weilin.

Celia and I first met him at the house of Aino Gustafsson, a neighbour of mine who has “the social gift,” and in whose parlour local celebrities do often congregate. He has the entrée of the Feminist set also, and may be seen in Helena Tott’s rooms, at Ida Jürgens’s, or in the big sunny sitting-room of Hilja and Lilja. A small, delicate-looking, white-haired old man, in whose dress an inborn desire for trimness and elegance struggles with the sketchiness caused by extreme short-sight, he is welcome, but not familiar; a reserved friend,

but never an intimate, in many circles of Helsingfors. I think he holds some small University post—or the pension ensuing upon it, I am not quite sure—and he has published a few unpopular volumes of poetry and criticism. The son of a Swedish father and a Finnish mother, with Germany and Poland also represented in his ancestry, he is magnificently polyglot, while holding Finnish for his native tongue. But understand, I describe him to you more as a typical inhabitant of Finland than as a representative Finn.

He was an obscure but devoted member of the Socialist Party in the bad times; since then, however, his growing individualism has caused him to be distrusted by all political groups as a crank. He now lives surrounded with books in a little wooden house at Ulfåsa, beyond Tölö, overlooking a quiet westward bay, and here Celia and I were lately privileged to have tea with him.

He passes for rather unapproachable, or as we should say, “he takes a good deal of knowing,” but he fell a hopeless conquest to Celia’s grace upon their first meeting. I never saw anyone surrender so simply and touchingly to the charm of beauty—he was like a child entranced with a picture. Celia’s face was certainly an adorable study of animation in rose-colour that evening, lit up with blue, starry eyes and framed in black hair, as she leaned forward, declaiming a little—I forget what about—with swift gestures of slender arms, and the rustling of a very “mondän” white gown. To her winning address we owe it that Anders Weilin demanded to meet us again at other friends’ houses, and finally invited us to Ulfåsa.

Here, in that curious sudden intimacy which sometimes springs up with twilight, he expounded to us what he called his Promethean theory of life. Outside the windows of his book-lined parlour, the orange sunset waned over the blue-grey of the snow-covered inlet, tiny black figures dotted the way along from the mainland to some of the inhabited isles, and gradually darkness fell.

“It is one of your English writers,” said he, “who teaches

that we do not really believe in our religion till we dare make a jest of it. He is right, I think, and a further sign of true faith is, that we cease entirely to make propaganda for our creed. If Prometheanism is true for many—in time the many will come to hold it. At present perhaps it has only three adherents in Europe—Thomas Hardy, Tolstoy, and myself—and I am not sure about Tolstoy.”

“But what is it then?”

“You remember the old tale of Zeus and Prometheus? How the good Titan, the friend of man, stole down fire from heaven, and taught the gentler arts of life to suffering humanity? That tale comes from the Greeks, who have always been wiser than we know—and is it not, after all, the most reasonable explanation of the cosmos?”

“I mean thus,” he added, seeing our bewildered looks. “Zeus stands for the First Cause, for the Designer of the Universe, for those streams of tendency which direct material life, or for what Christians call the Almighty. Now it is manifest to any sober observer that this force or forces is not at the same time all-powerful and all-benevolent. If we assume that He, or It, or They, is of a kindly nature, there is clearly also a power which is *not* kindly—a Power that is callous to the suffering of sentient beings. Therefore, is it not simplest to agree that the Ruler or Designer of material life is what one might call a Scientific Mind? working out by certain laws a vast and magnificent scheme, and merely ignoring our pronounced human distaste for suffering, pain, and death. But into the world, as this scientific Zeus planned it, there comes a spirit clean contrary to all its designs. Humanity, with its specially distinctive ideas of devotion, self-sacrifice, altruism, right and wrong, its standards invisible to a material world, its spiritual appeal, stands in eternal opposition to the designs of Zeus.”

We made some faint objections not worth recording, and Weilin continued—

“See him—this strange, contrary spirit—defying the laws of the visible world that he knows! Says Zeus, ‘Preserve

life at all costs.' Says Prometheus, 'Give up the crimson tangible thing for another's welfare, for an idea, for a dream!' and man obeys. Says Zeus, 'Maintain the race.' Says Prometheus, 'Think many times before you summon other souls into this unsatisfactory world'; and man is beginning to obey. Says Zeus, 'Lay up sustenance for yourself and your own kindred.' Says Prometheus, 'Gather for the community at large, not for yourself and your own'; and even this man is beginning to do."

"But can you trace the first opening of this Promethean spirit in primeval life?"

"Only empirically, alas! I am no scientist. I hold it to have arisen with the first instinct to preserve the race or on the first occasion when the parent creature was willing to give its life for the young. The impulse went further when the elder animals of a pack learnt to make a stand in times of danger, and cover the retreat of their mates and offspring; further still when comrade creatures, animal or human, began to rescue each other from the enemy and venture their lives in so doing. Then came obedience to the call of greater and more impersonal devotion, and men learnt to lead a forlorn hope or die at their posts for the sake of the community. Anywhere, everywhere that an obvious material good is sacrificed for another mortal's sake, or for an idea, such as that of purity, liberty, patriotism, I think I see Prometheus standing beside the hero or saint."

"Yet," said Celia, with puzzled brow, "I do not understand how such a philosophy can be called *religion*?"

"Well, what *is* a religion? Putting aside hierarchy and dogma, any religion must fulfil two demands: it must give a plausible explanation of Man and the Universe, and it must supply a mystic and emotional stimulus to morality. Does not Prometheanism do so? For, in obeying these immaterial voices we are labouring with the Friend of Humanity, strengthening Him even while we are freeing ourselves from the grosser bonds of Zeus. With each little act of service or self-sacrifice that we do, the sum of spiritual effort is in very

fact increased, and the Promethean stream of tendency grows more strong. What is more powerful than the thought of helping God? With how little superstition can we behold Him rejoicing in our advance, sorrowing when we fail, and even sharing our anguish when the bitter, inevitable laws of Zeus have brought woe upon us and ours. Bound to the inflexible rock of Zeus' law, that life shall exist by means of death, He suffers with us the torments of ineffectual compassion, but He too works with us here below in our tiny but ceaseless efforts to rescind that law. And I think that some day, æons hence, His will and ours will prevail."

"But if you consider this world as the work of Zeus, and irredeemably bad, how do you account for the extraordinary charm and the elevating influence of Nature?"

"Oh, not irredeemably bad, rather a subject for the deepest scientific reverence—interesting, magnificent, sublime even, but non-moral: a thing that, in all its splendour, repels our best instincts. But you ask how I account for the spell of Nature. Frankly, I do not know! For it takes us in all moods—when we look at the beauty of the lake and woodland with unquestioning eyes, and when we recognize the eternal battlefield and see how Death feeds the flowers. Sometimes I have thought our joy in Nature was only Zeus's most skilful lure, yet I am certain now that there is in it something divine which only Prometheus could have stirred. Perhaps He has taken the mere animal pleasure of existence on a fine day, and uplifted it, as He did our impulse to continue the race, into something exalted and unrecognizable, making it a path that spirits may tread."

After some unimportant remarks I ventured to suggest that Prometheanism was not wholly unlike Christianity.

"Why, dear lady, there is nothing really original in it, or how could it be true? It is Greek, Oriental, Caucasian, even nineteenth century perhaps! Certainly, some passing English preacher that I was beguiled to hear had acquaintance with Prometheus, for he spoke of the God Immanent, and his teaching was, 'Arise! the Kingdom of God is within you.'

But he avoided the question of Zeus's being and nature, and one could not tell whether he held the melancholy Christian theory of the Fall of Man or the infinitely more inspiring one of Man's Ascent."

"Is there room for a Principle of Evil in the Promethean theory?"

"No; only the callousness of natural laws that take no account of suffering, and the diseases and parasite growths that arise from original infractions of law. Now and then I have been tempted to believe there is such a force as pure intellectual evil, but when I try to think clearly, I see that every manifestation of it may at least be explained as an illness of the mind or soul. I look forward to a time when there will be moral hospitals for people like Stolypin and Purishkevitch and your American and English millionaires; with a moral convalescent home for such as our unhappy Tsar."

"Does Prometheanism furnish any answer to the eternal question, What comes after Death?"

"No; for, like all such theories, it is a hypothesis. We assume this, that, or the other—what else can we do?—and find that a certain number of known facts support our theory. But the period after death offers so wide a field that no hypotheses are possible. Theories cannot exist where there are no known facts and all is blankness and silence."

We resisted the temptation to open the endless controversy of psychical research and its possibilities, so he continued—

"But Promethean theories do, I think, allow mankind greater freedom to pass when they will through 'The Open Door.' No mystical or superstitious considerations will hinder me from ending my life when my day of communal usefulness is done, or if some calamity, moral, mental, or physical, should make me a burden to my fellow-creatures. True, the finger of Zeus may touch me unawares, some delicate little fibre or vessel in my brain may give way, and I shall pass on, as better men than I have done, by the road of a long, humiliating, lamentable death. But it will not happen with my will."

"Do try and tell us, though, what you really expect after

death," said Celia, chin on hand and starry eyes gazing into the dusk.

"Dear and beautiful lady, your time is too good to be wasted on such fantasies! I have always had a leaning towards the lovely myth of transmigration, and I should be glad to find that, in some infinitely subtilized form, a spiritual interpretation of the laws of disintegration and reassemblment were true. You see, though I do not possess an iota of exact knowledge, I have a fawning, propitiatory regard for Science, that inexorable master of our days, and cannot even enjoy my fantasies without a backward look towards his way."

"You said once that the natural language of any religion, old or new, was poetry; then surely, if you express your Promethean theory in that medium, Science should have no more terrors for you."

"So I did! Years ago I thought to set the world on fire, but it is not even charred yet! Well, well, the little pages that were to inaugurate a new era of thought have doubtless wrapped many a half-pound of butter for the hucksters of Copenhagen!

"It is strange," he continued pensively; "I have never yet succeeded in presenting this philosophy of mine, which seems to me a pre-eminently reasonable and even gracious thing, in any favourable light to my fellow-creatures! They are indifferent or repelled; some from ingrained monotheism, some from that subtle intellectual snobbery which demands an extra-human and omnipotent divinity, which cannot bow the knee to a striving and suffering God—the Spirit of Man. And the rest will not see Zeus's pitiless and terrible scheme of things for what it is, muffling their thoughts in ignorance or so-called trust. That is not your case, I think; but even you are chilled, and Miss Celia is frankly troubled and amazed.

"Enough of speculation—is it not? Let us turn to bright and practical things. You must see my Parrot; people tell me that it is a standing miracle he should thrive so well in our climate; but he does, and he can swear horribly in seven

languages ! My housekeeper is very fond of him, and though she is a pious woman herself, I fear her friends have caused his profane knowledge to increase."

A brown, bent old woman, with features so gnarled and weather-beaten that they put me in mind of an ancient thorn tree, presently appeared, bearing a handsome green and blue parrot, falcon-wise, upon her wrist. Stimulated by the promise of a "skorpa," he said, "Darn your young eyes," with a strong Thames-side accent, in a very affable manner. Anders Weilin assured us that he judiciously varied the adjective before "eyes" according to the appearance of the person addressed. The parrot repeated this sentiment in other tongues. When he reached Finnish he appeared to become more explicit, and was borne hastily away. And so farewell.

Very sincerely your Pupil,

ROSALIND TRAVERS.

“ *TUUTI LASTA* ”

LITTLE one, lost from my arms so long,
Have you forgotten your mother's song?
I laid you down in the earth alone,
Over your sleep the grass has grown ;
But still, sometimes, when the stars are high,
I come and murmur a lullaby.
O child ! does it reach your narrow bed,
In Tuonela, among the dead ?

Such little feet and so fain to stray !
How could they follow that lonely way ?
But now, in a land of dreams and dew,
Tuoni's children sing to you.
O Daughters of Mana, hold him fast,
Within your shadowy arms at last !
Let him not waken till I come
Myself to Mana's boundless home.

Adapted from a Finnish folk-song.

LETTER XIV

To Francis Clare, at Andredshurst

FROM MIKONKATU 17,

January 14th.

“THEN did she say, ‘Now have I found this proverb true to prove,
The falling out of friends so true renewing is of love.’”

Need one add anything more, Dear? only that a far more serious misunderstanding would be atoned by your proposal to demand a fortnight’s leave and come to Finland to explain.

But of course you must not do anything of the kind! I respect Sir Robert and my country’s Government far too much to dream of removing an unnoted, but very important wheel from the machine for even so short a time. And I—slower and harder of feeling perhaps—do not realize the estranging sense of distance as you do. If I can look forward with that daring trust in probabilities which we poor mortals call “human certainty” to a meeting some time hence, the miles between us at this moment and the hours between now and then affect me but little. You have often seemed further away when you were only in the next county; and near or far, I school myself to meet possible disaster by whispering to my thoughts each night, “It may be that I shall never see him again.”

Shall I give you some account of Christmas festivities here in return for your narrative of those at Andredshurst? No, I will not; ours were very patriarchal and just a little German, and you would say unkind things. Suffice it that the Market in Railway Place was like a forest with all the Christmas trees, great and small, for sale; and the old Keith town-house pre-

sented a scene of rather laborious jollity—amidst the aromatic scent of the sacrificial fir-candles, glittering toys, dancing children and devoted elders, a scene whose like you would find in most Teutonic or Scandinavian homes all the world round. We had an odd meal, of ritual nature, in which salt fish and hot boiled ham were important and not disagreeable items. Commander Keith made a generally congratulatory and benevolent speech for one side of the family, and Great-Aunt Lena Axelsson, stout and shining and quite candidly bald, responded for the other. St. Nicholas Church was a gay and pretty sight, and the singing admirable. We gave and received numerous gifts of unexpected and delightful nature,—and that is all I have to say of my Christmas in Finland.

As I remember, the Pickwick-Gargantuan side of Christmas festivities has been abolished at Andredshurst, and replaced by a sort of decorous Saturnalia, if I may so put it. Plum-pudding, turkeys, port wine, holly, conviviality, and servants' ball, all the feudal apparatus rolls by in a chastened, almost educative form, like a modern Lord Mayor's Show. Yes, definitely educative, when you remember Rowena's young village actors and the institution of the Christmas Play. Delightful child! how dull Andredshurst will be if she ever grows up! So this year, as on two previous occasions, she has determinedly chosen her piece from "the best literature"? and Sussex school-children, with their rich dialect and precise wooden gestures, are again called upon to render Shakespeare. Well, Rowena has the faith that moves mountains, and will even stir the British play-going public in days to come. With her gifts of organization she will, some ten years hence, gather together all the budding efforts of British drama into one enterprise, and call it the Literary Theatre of London, or some wiser name. Time, moreover, will moderate her audacities of adaptation, which now outdo Tree himself. You were not there, I think, two years ago, when she began? To reduce *Midsummer Night's Dream* to a fairy-and-clown piece within the compass of her actors was legitimate enough; and even her contracted version of the



GIVEN UP
FROM A PICTURE BY ALBERT GEBHARDT

Merchant of Venice next year might have been defended, if she had only refrained from "writing in an explanatory love-scene between Lorenzo and Jessica, in order to use the stage-window!"

And now you tell me that she has incorporated Dogberry and Verges into *Twelfth Night* "because there were not bright characters enough!" If Andredshurst escapes being struck by lightning on the night of the performance, implore Lady Cunningham to keep the acting version for me to read!—After all, it is just what Shakespeare himself might have done.

You say one would rather expect such riotous daring from a young people like my Finns than from the child of an aged and reverent civilization; but it is only in painting and architecture that they show exuberance. Their favourite plays, original or translated, are mainly of grave material, and very quietly rendered. I have visited the Swedish and Finnish theatres several times during the last two months, and, of all that I have seen, three recent plays are most likely to interest you. These are a little social comedy in Swedish, a Finnish version of *You Never Can Tell*, and a real native piece by a very forcible woman dramatist, Minna Canth.

Would I could tell you about their music and the national opera, for I believe it is far more characteristic of Finnish genius than their theatre! But of what use to give you second-hand criticism? Some day or another, Jean Sibelius or someone else will produce a great Wagnerian sort of opera about the *Kalevala*; and then, if we are both alive, we will come out here and listen to it, and you shall tell me what I ought to feel and think. Meantime you shall hear about the little Scandinavian play *Those Dear Relations*.

It was given at the Swedish theatre, a roomy but unremarkable building at the top of Esplanadgatan. So far as I could tell—for my grasp of the language is still imperfect—it was a quiet, clever little production, which would in England have been either somewhat better or a great deal worse. That is to say—the first act showed so much character-drawing and study of men and manners that one expected a criticism of

life to follow ; but the presentation of the story was so uncritical that it might equally well have ended as an after-dinner farce. The same subject, in our English dramatic atmosphere, would have become either *The Tribal Sacrifice*, by Granville Barker, an ironic exposition of that pressure of communal stupidity which makes a girl marry to benefit her relations, or *Oh, the Family!* a scuffling series of burlesque episodes, with innuendoes and pyjamas. Being neither this nor that, it puzzled an English beholder. A Danish woman of distinguished appearance took the chief part, and so far as I could judge, it was all excellently acted.

Later on, I went to see how *You Never Can Tell* was being rendered at the Finnish Theatre in Railway Place. I have sent you a picture of the outside of this building, and the inside was, I suppose, completed before the spirit of fantasy entered so thoroughly into the new Finnish decoration and architecture, for it is unobtrusive to the point of plainness.

An English resident in Helsingfors had supervised the staging of the piece, and at first sight the furniture of the dentist's torture-parlour seemed perfectly correct. Fire-place, desk, carpet, door-handles, everything was English—and yet? Presently I discovered that one of those Finnish blinds in pale canvas (which looks like very thick paper) was set into the window, and naturally destroyed the whole illusion of an English room.

The play was acted in Finnish, and I followed it from an English volume of G. B. S. All the performers entered thoroughly into the spirit of the piece, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the atmosphere of this dry, gay comedy was quite congenial to them. The problems of feminism and marriage, so lightly yet incisively touched by the author, were very familiar ground to the actors and to the audience. I do not think either of them quite understood that sudden terror at the prospect of wedded life which grips the hero, since the Finnish law regards marriage not as an indissoluble bond, but a partnership terminable at will. Dolly

was presented to the approving gaze of Helsingfors as a sort of Swedish soubrette—a reading which might not have found favour with Bernard Shaw; while the man who played that admirable old waiter missed the humble friendliness and the unshaken self-respect which is the basis of his personality.

I fancy this curious performance has done more than weeks of constant intercourse to reveal the inwardness of Finnish character to me. Beneath the extremely foreign effect produced by the hard, clear, rather clattering language, and the Mongolian features of some of the actors, it seemed that there was a strong intellectual kinship between this Celtic (or English) author—long neglected in his own country—and these Finnish actors and audience. Both view life mainly in a “dry light,” and are acutely interested in ideas—also in those topical formulæ which sometimes pass for ideas. Perhaps in a “standardized” Finnish character, so to speak, inborn poetry would take the place of Mr. Shaw’s odd streak of sentiment, natural or acquired. Without discussing the absolute intellectual merits of Shavian drama, you will allow that there is no such sense of kinship between it and an English audience; and we may end with the platitude that mental sympathy goes far towards obliterating differences of convention and race.

In the same theatre I presently saw a thoroughly national and typical piece—*A Workman’s Wife*, by Minna Canth. The performance was a considerable mental strain to me, for I had to follow the words as best I might, from a Swedish translation, assisted by Celia’s brief and misleading apprehension of Finnish, and the German explanations of our escort, Yrjo Vaina.

A Workman’s Wife is a singular, powerful, and unflattering picture of life among the hand-workers of Finland in the early eighties; a tragedy of character rather than circumstance; for the personages belong to “the respectable poor,” and their misfortunes are more due to vice than poverty. The play opened with the marriage of Johanna, an amiable and thrifty girl, to Risto, the attractive, good-for-

nothing young workman, who is both hero and villain of the piece. The wedding ceremonies are disturbed by the appearance of Risto's former sweetheart, Kerttu, a gipsy girl, whose tale makes Johanna decide to leave Risto then and there. But Leena-Kajsa, a typical Pietist figure, preaches submission, reminding Johanna of her marriage vow, which enjoined upon her utter obedience and humility, and, since all the women but one are against her, she gives way and follows her husband. The rest of the play shows how Risto, with surprising swiftness, runs through all Johanna's savings, bullies and cajoles Kerttu, starves his child, drives Johanna to madness and death by the theft of a loomful of cloth entrusted to her, and then prepares to court Vappu, a well-to-do single woman. Hereupon the ill-used and avenging Kerttu tries to shoot him ; but, by the injustice of man-made laws, which take no account of the girl's injury and provocation, she is carried off to prison for a length of years, while the worthy Risto escapes scot-free, concluding the play with his favourite remark, "Let's go and have a drink."

The first scene, gay with provincial costumes, music, and dancing, was extremely pretty ; so were others representing a market-place and a moonlit woodland, while Kerttu's vivacity and powers of dance and song were used with great skill to relieve the rather lurid atmosphere of the play. As you see, the character drawing is not subtle, and the joyous turpitude of Risto's career can only be compared to that of Mr. Punch in the show. And yet, since there is never a touch of false colouring or sentiment, the play ends by commanding your respect, and presently you realize that these bare and simple personages are astonishingly alive. They are like outline sketches by a very sure hand—Phil May drawings perhaps—in which all but the essentials have been left out, not from ignorance, but from choice.

If *A Workman's Wife* had been written with a shade less of unconscious skill and natural genius, it would long ago have passed into oblivion as a dramatized pamphlet on temperance and the rights of women ; but it is so objective, so far from

moralizing or purposeful comment of any kind, that it will, I think, endure as it deserves.

Minna Canth belonged to the middle-classes, but still one might describe this play as a symbolically proletarian work. Like a genuine folk-ballad, it has a natural good style, untouched by scholarship and free from pedantry and preaching. The characters are seen intensely in a small field and a very clear atmosphere, while the reader cannot avoid drawing conclusions that are clear and intense also.

“Proletarian work” is a carelessly written but suggestive phrase, and I suppose you will ask me to define what I mean by it. Folk-ballads and folk-lore, some of Robert Burns’s verse, some Irish poetry, and, generally, whatever the hand-worker writes or sings when he has been truly *educated*—that is, drawn out—and taught to express what is in him, not crammed with the half-apprehended productions of the brain-worker and depressed by a snobbish respect for the same.

Is it not a pity that the conscientious efforts of the bourgeoisie and leisured class to improve the proletarian world, and the struggles of the latter to better itself, have, in the main, only served to increase that formless, ever-growing, unsatisfactory accumulation of brain-workers that we call the Middle Class? From this our best literature has arisen; from this, too, arises the unceasing demand for the poorest stuff that pen and ink can produce. It is a vast, chaotic land, a weltering plain! On one side of it lies the Country of True Scholarship, from whose serene heights you may behold all the kingdoms of the world; on the other side there is serenity also: the short, untroubled vision of those who are in touch with the earth and the simple facts of life. In between there is a good deal of mental fog, and, as it drifts, you catch sight of piles of laborious learning and unfinished culture and cracked moral systems, and other people’s judgments, and semi-detached villas, and worry, and rates and taxes, and miles and miles and miles again of the halfpenny press.

Well, Helsingfors is the last city of the world where one

should decry the bourgeoisie, for in the microcosm of social life here they play many and varied parts. Lately I have, while not deserting the Feminists, seen more of a lively and congenial group which centres about my neighbour, Aino Gustafsson. She lives with two sisters in the same block of flats as I do, on the ground floor. These three hard-working girls, slightly younger than myself, are respectively a journalist, a banker, and a dentist, and they dwell together and see a good deal of company in a three-roomed flat. (In strict accuracy, the two younger girls are only respectively a banker's clerk and a dentist's junior partner, but life is not long enough for such details.) To the superficial eye their home consists of a hall, two parlours, a dining-room, a bathroom, and nothing else; so that the visitor is left wondering where on earth these neat and lively young women can sleep, cook, or put away their clothes, not to speak of the servant. "For, of course," thinks the house-ridden visitor, "there *must* be a servant; these girls are working at their respective offices all day long; how could they look after the home? Besides, they often have visitors to stay." You shall see.

The front parlour is a large and pretty room, overlooking the shore, furnished as a sort of Chippendale drawing-room. In one corner is an unobtrusive screen, in another a small divan; and here sleeps Aino, who, in her double dignity of eldest sister and journalist, has a room to herself. The back parlour, which has wooden walls and rustic furniture reminiscent of a traditional Finnish *stuga*, also possesses a light curtained erection, like two ship-berths, against one wall; and here the banker and the dentist repose. The dining-room contains the regulation six chairs and a sofa, upon which one visitor can sleep very comfortably, but I don't quite know where they put the other. In the hall, a sort of family dressing-table serves all in turn. There is no servant, for what Berkeley calls "serious food" is sent from a communal kitchen not far away, and coffee and cakes are easily and often prepared on the dining-room stove. But I can hear Lucy asking, "Then who dusts? Who blacks the boots?"

Who fetches in the wood and cleans the stoves?" To which the answer is, that the girls do all such light jobs themselves. And this would bring about my dear sister's conclusive remark: "Well, *I* should not like to live in a house that was carried on in such a way."

There were family tempests to weather before the little establishment of Mikonkatu 17 was finally formed. The girls were orphans in the care of an uncongenial country guardian; and Aino, launched upon the world long before the rest, determined that her sisters should finish their education in Helsingfors under her direction, and not far away in Österbotten. The guardian refused, but the two younger girls wished to join Aino, and got their own way finally by "going on strike"—refusing to go to school. Loss of education is more dreadful even than a "hunger strike" to the Finnish mind, so the guardian gave in—and now thinks of sending his own child to lodge with Aino!

Into this quaint and very self-contained flat comes nearly all that is clever and young and enterprising in Helsingfors. Gifted students, "magisters" and doctors, distressingly Parisian artists, genius from the backwoods, sunning itself in the happy facile fame of a little country, gentle-faced Revolutionaries with unpronounceable names and lurid reputations, and Scandinavian celebrities passing through Helsingfors on their way to Stockholm. They come together in gatherings which may be large or small, lasting two hours or nearly five, with conversation carried on in French, German, Swedish, Finnish, or in all four languages; but there will certainly be coffee and cakes, interesting people, and intelligent talk.

Helsingfors is a little city, so alert and wandering members of other sets often find their way here also. From the cosmopolitan group in which Celia first moved comes a girl Art student, whose pictures I do not venture to judge. But three years in Paris have taught her to wear the simple and serious dress of working life here with a style that fills me with envy—and does not that bring credit enough to her artistic training?

Ida Jürgens and Helena Tott are also sometimes to be found

here, the latter prompt to enliven the most solemn discussion with some refreshingly inappropriate anecdote or audacious flash of fun. She is the female counterpart of our G.K.C., I think: vivid, undignified and lovable, always ready to fight, laugh, or rejoice. What a treasure she must have been in the bad times! I shall continue to believe, in the face of all denials, that the Episode of Bobrikoff's Butter-tubs, a story which she is always willing to relate, was inspired by her alone. As she tells—with a mimicry of voice and gesture that cannot, alas! be rendered—it runs somewhat thus: While the Constitution was suspended a very severe censorship naturally reigned, so that a wide system of underground correspondence arose, and letters, pamphlets, and so on, containing suspicious matter, generally travelled in the false bottoms of those little butter-tubs that are in daily commercial use. The Russian authorities learnt this, got possession of certain butter-tubs with unexpected ease, and proceeded to investigate the correspondence. A number of memoranda in Finnish were found, and, says Helena, General Bobrikoff and his staff assembled to hear them read in Finnish by an authorized interpreter. But these memoranda proved to be a detailed account of the scandals—social, financial, military, and bureaucratic—in which the distinguished General had been concerned. A bulky collection it was, and substantially accurate; so the meeting broke up in confusion.

Still, when this little tale is related Lilja Syren and others sometimes say: "Ah, yes, but we ought not to have given away the butter-tub system; who knows when we may want it again?"

Erik Axelsson is often to be found in Aino's parlour, for he sings very well, and the banker accompanies him on the piano or the kantele. Here too comes Yrjo Vaina, a puzzling and interesting person whom I may have mentioned to you before. He speaks excellent English, and in appearance he could equally pass for Saxon, Norman-French, German, or Scandinavian, for he is fair, trim, rosy, of indeterminate feature, and wears pince-nez which effectually conceal whatever expression

there may be in his eyes. He, too, studied art in Paris for a while, then chemistry in London, and he is now some kind of a doctor; but, as Aino says, "Perhaps he is seeking to cure larger evils than mere bodily ones." His chief claim to notice is that he was illegally seized and imprisoned for a month without trial in St. Petersburg last year. I think he is now trying to build up a reputation for political indifference through a sudden and almost English devotion to out-of-door sports, a taste comparatively rare among Finnish men. He skates, and skis, and goes ice-yachting, and rides on the bay with the Ahlströms of Vestlaks, about whom I will tell you presently. Since the last snowfall he has taught Celia and myself to ski, and my cousin often meets him at the house of Vera Rydèn.

The latter is a fine-looking, dark-haired woman of middle-age, whose gentle demeanour is oddly contradicted by the restless, searching, and furtively hostile glances of her deep-set grey eyes. She shares, with Yrjo Vaina and several other Finns, the distinction of imprisonment in the past and suspicion in the present.

Vera Rydèn and most of the people who visit her are quite frankly known in Helsingfors as Revolutionaries. They do not conceal their opinions from anyone who is likely to be in sympathy with them, and possibly it is this very disarming openness about superficial matters that enables them to keep their methods so profoundly secret. Briefly, they hold that Finland's welfare is bound up with that of the advanced party in Russia, and that through this alone can Finland's freedom be established. They think that this country committed a sad mistake formerly by refusing her sympathy to the Nihilists, and allowing her soldiers in earlier times to be used to crush those efforts which other parts of the Empire were making for liberty, and by boasting her loyalty to the Tsar. They hold, too, that the Russian and the Finnish national characters are well suited to work together, and that Finland ought not to shrink from taking her part in the greatest struggle of the twentieth century—the freeing of Russia. "There is a magnificent part for Suomi to play, if she will but dare."

All this talk is well worth hearing, for it comes from people who have paid for their opinions with fortune and reputation ; people who are quite ready to pay the ultimate price. My way of life has been in the main so countrified and sheltered that I still expect to see those who are in permanent opposition to the forces which pass for Law and Order wearing a wild look, as it were ; I look to find their enthusiasm shining through the cracks in their conventional bearing. Yet they appear tranquil and ordinary folk, be they Finns, Lithuanians, or Russians ; and the daintiest and most mannerly of all was a little grey-haired gentleman, ten years a prisoner in Siberia, who stayed briefly and at his peril in Helsingfors.

Talking with the Russians, I had again that feeling of extreme remoteness which I find in their books and their thoughts. I do apprehend them—Dostoievsky and Tolstoy, for example—but only at a great distance ; I suppose the gates of my mind are closed towards the East. By contrast Finnish ways of thought are a Western country, clear and comprehensible, if not familiar ; and, though I have advanced to intimacy with two or three Finns, they have never yet given me the alien sense, or made me turn to Celia with the thought, “ *You*, at least, will understand.”

She has been much more often than I to the Rydèn house, and I fear she is assimilating Revolutionary ideas with her usual speed and completeness. It makes me feel a little old-maidish and uneasy, for the Keiths have not yet returned from their Christmas trip to Denmark—and you know what Celia is ! She could be very easily persuaded to join a bomb-throwing excursion, and—though I might not under some circumstances entirely ban the end in view—yet I do feel that *Celia* should be kept out of such matters ; for she would be utterly inefficient and careless with explosives ! Those long, graceful “ Botticelli hands ” of hers might be all thumbs, to judge by the sewing they produce, and their general aptness to lose and mislay things, or let them fall unnoticed. Through them I have, to my great regret, lost your rather unwilling gift—Bekhovsky’s *Records of Russian Tyranny*. Since it was

published in England, Celia thought the Rydèns would probably not have seen it ; and, carrying it with two or three other books to their house in Eriksgatan, she dropped the little paper-covered volume by the way. She went out very soon after to look for it, but it had vanished ; and we did not altogether like to advertise. I am unhappy, since you gave it to me, and the loss even of one among many gifts hurts like an involuntary unkindness. . . . Still, neither your name nor mine is written in it, and I believe you will be rather glad that it has passed out of my possession.

I have tried to distract Celia from these interesting but rather too exciting acquaintances by a visit to “Tyoväen Talo” the “Workmen’s House,” and the Social Democrats ; but—though she used to call herself a Socialist—questions of economics, and sober constructive reforms have little charm for her. So I have called alone to present my letters of introduction to Iivo Korhonen, and visit the great building. It is in Sornäs, the chief industrial quarter of Helsingfors, and lies to the north of that curious inlet, Tölö-vik, which makes a peninsula of the greater part of the city. The bridge of Unionsgatan crosses this bay at its narrowest point, the entrance ; so Tölö-vik is for all practical purposes a lake, traversed by the railway, prettily bordered on its southern extremity by the little park of Kajsaniemi, and on the north by the hills and pine trees of Djurgården.

“Tyoväen talo” rises stark and grey, something between a mediæval castle and an enlightened industrial building, upon the eastern shore of Tölö-vik. Before it is the lake, edged with a curving line of villas, and shut in by the railway embankment ; behind it lies a meeting of road-ways, and a rather sordid and unlovely little market-place, from which factories, quays, sheds, electric plants, and workmen’s cottages of the older sort lie in the familiar ugliness and confusion of a commercial district.

Within, it is a magnificent building of some fifty or sixty public rooms and five great halls. Of these “Juhlasali,” the Festival Hall, is the largest in Finland. It is constructed and decorated in the new Finnish manner, and its adornments are

not quite finished, for the house as a whole was only completed in 1908. Symbols of the crafts are worked into the scheme of decoration, like armorial bearings of the future, and, as far as possible, all the carved wood, wrought iron, and copper and carved stone are done by hand.

They tell me that the actual building of this house was a successful experiment in brotherhood. All the bricklayers, plumbers, carpenters, painters, and the rest looked upon "Työväen Talo" rightly as their own, and laboured at it with intelligence and enthusiasm, doing their very best to make it strong and beautiful. When the day's work was over they would stay about the place, criticizing and discussing further details of colour and form, and rejoicing in this great symbol of the people that is to be. "Työväen Talo" costs, they say vaguely, "more than a million," and the money was raised partly by subscription and partly by a large loan, which is being repaid by the returns from the house. The "Tyomies" concerts which are held here attract many outsiders; while the restaurant, offices, printing-press, and publishing department all help indirectly towards the up-keep of this great building.

After displaying the main features of this People's House Iivo Korhonen took me to his own dwelling, where the familiar litter of a small study, hastily fitted up and overflowing with pamphlets, seemed home-like, after the broad stone corridors and pillared public halls. A baby and some reactionary-looking toys were snatched away upon our entry. Iivo Korhonen—whose speech in the Landtdag had impressed me though I understood not a word—was a small, dark-haired man of thirty or so, who had little of the Finnish proletarian about him beyond the fur cap and high country boots. We talked chiefly about details of party organization that would not interest you; and upon this or some later visit—I forget which—I made the acquaintance of the celebrated Aili Pesonen, "the maid of all work who was at the head of the Admiralty during the Great Strike." Such, at all events, is her traditional fame. She began life as a general servant, but her wits and organizing powers soon declared themselves, and won her

a wider sphere. She formed the Union of Domestic Servants, and she has done a great deal for the Women's Trade Unions within the National Organization. Twice returned to the Landtdag as a valued Socialist member, she is likely to be a standing example of the uses of a working-woman in Parliament for some time yet. In appearance she is a quiet little bourgeoisie, with that expression of spiritual serenity which great enthusiasts sometimes bear.

I wonder if I inflicted a good deal of information about Finnish Social Democracy upon you in an earlier letter? You know that this party is more powerful and in a larger proportion to the population here than anywhere else in Europe; and that their strength lies greatly among the peasantry. They hold firmly and with a surprising amount of unity to a very definite policy, which implies not only "the nationalization of the means of production," etc., but a clear defiance of capital and a clear renunciation of the bourgeoisie. Opposition to capital is nothing new, you will say. In principle no; in individual practice, yes. The test for the individual is not: Could I give up a large fortune if it were left to me? but: Could I relinquish some really interesting means of becoming rich—if such were open to me—because of my conviction that it would do myself and my fellow creatures harm? Hardly one of us would stand *that* trial, unless we were helped by the pressure of a society which had well-grounded objections to allowing any one person to accumulate much of that power which is money in his hands. And—it may be exaggeration—I may only be seeing what I wish to perceive—yet it appears to me that the bulk of intelligent Finnish society has developed those well-grounded objections. I think there is only one millionaire in Finland; and, what is really more important, many of the moderately rich go about apologizing, as it were, for their accumulated power, and doing their best to use it for social service. Yet these, remember, are all well outside the fold of Social Democracy.

But, as regards the second point: What precisely is meant by renunciation of the bourgeoisie? So far as I can judge, it

stands partly for a tendency to make Social Democracy exclusively a hand-worker and proletarian movement—contrary, perhaps, to one of the articles of that creed—and partly for a barrier against weakening of principles and revisionism. As the first it is noteworthy, for it seems to recognize the difficult fact that any mental training which goes much beyond primary education *must* at present turn the proletarian into a bourgeois; to put it crudely, he begins to regard life as the man in a starched collar does, not as a labourer. If the bourgeoisie is to be wholly renounced, there must be some new kind of education which will produce for the guidance of the party an ideal group of hand-workers, as well instructed as the average bourgeois, yet living by handicraft in all the simple surroundings of the proletarian.

Well—these be matters too high for me. Let us return to Aino Gustafsson's circle and social considerations.

As you surmised, I have already given some little evening parties in my rooms. Delightfully simple affairs! for here you can invite all your guests by telephone; and even Senators expect no better refreshment than coffee, cakes, and cigarettes. Within limits, it is possible to bring together members of distant and well-nigh inimical groups, for they will meet in amity upon the neutral ground of a foreigner's floor. Thus, Dr. Ahlström, Professor Björkman, and the old original "Svekomman Senator" of Jussarö, found out that Lilja Syrén and Ida Jürgens were much less surprising persons than they had been led to expect. Yet in the main Helsingfors is difficult ground for an English hostess, since people are impassive even in their social demeanour, and it is hard to find out whether one's guests are really enjoying themselves or not. Also, one cannot succeed in weaving the men and women together, so to speak, as we do in England. Among elder folk, at least, there is a tendency for the women to draw apart and talk (most interestingly and intelligently) among themselves, while the men gather together on another side and do the same. Perhaps this is the usual Scandinavian habit? The quaintest development of it which I have yet seen is that, now

and again, the women talk, and the men sit respectfully and listen. In general, it seems as if both sexes in Finland had found out that they could often do better work together than separately, yet had not extended this principle of comradeship to the hours of play.

Of course the young people amalgamate easily enough, and flirt as much as you would expect. In this respect Celia has proved an utter puzzle and disappointment to a large part of our acquaintance, for I never met anyone so blankly ignorant of that simple social art. With all her winning manners and Irish grace, there is something left out of her—that mixture of kindness, wish to please, and a few less desirable things, without which no beauty can charm or hold long. And yet she *is* lovable, for man or woman; and if one of these foolish creatures only knew the right way to approach her he would find her a warm and true friend. Meantime it is delightful to see how she serenely walks over all their admiration and advances, and obliges them to talk about matters on which they do not wish to discourse at all.

The conventions hardly seem to exist here. I suppose there *are* things, in themselves harmless, which would, if done, cause one to be lightly spoken of, but I have not discovered them yet. To venture upon a dangerous generality—in such matters—propinquity goes for nothing, but real passion is held to condone a good deal. As regards propinquity, Aino told me that when she and her sisters first set up house in Helsingfors, two old aunts of unblemished respectability seriously advised them to get a larger flat and take in a student or a professor as lodger; “it would be so much safer.”

I fancy that incidents which would bring social disaster to a girl in England are judged less irretrievable here; on the other hand, it is said that venal adventures are more strongly condemned. Nothing in the world is more difficult than to describe the attitude of any people toward marriage and the relations of men and women; I will not do more than give you an instance of Finnish views.

Aino asked me one day to meet a certain Doctor Nilsson and

his wife, who were passing through Helsingfors. They were an elderly couple, either of Swedish or Swede-Finn origin, both interesting and highly intellectual workers in their different lines. I met them two or three times during their stay, and was attracted by some illusive resemblance that they bore to Marius Fitzgerald and Eileen. They were so unlike them in most respects that I found the resemblance difficult to explain; however, it seemed to arise from this, that they, like our dear Professor and his wife, had the rare distinction of being a perfectly mated couple. They differed in tastes; their thoughts and activities did not always move upon the same plane, but their natures had achieved some fine essential harmony which made each the very complement of the other. Their devotion was obvious, their mutual dependence almost terrible in this world of cruel chance; you felt certain that one could not survive the other more than a few days. Presently they left Helsingfors, and speaking of them to Aino, I happened to say:

“Did they marry quite young?”

“They never married at all,” said Aino calmly.

“Never married——!” I gasped.

“Theirs is and always has been a free union. I suppose they have lived together now for over thirty years. Of course it made a great disturbance at first, but they never concealed their views, and in time people grew accustomed to it; while now they are received everywhere and treated with the utmost respect, as you see. We agreed not to tell you before, because you are English; but I knew that you would appreciate them if you *did* meet.”

I made the usual remark: “What about the children?”

“They were most carefully arranged for, when Dr. Nilsson and Fru Gerda agreed to live together. Money was settled and all sorts of papers were drawn up and signed with regard to the possible family, and what should happen to them if their parents agreed to part; but, you see, they never did.”

“Yet separation and even divorce is so very easy under your Finnish marriage laws that there seems no need for free unions.”

“But we have not yet civil marriage; what are people to do whose consciences forbid them to accept the religious form? Besides, it contains promises of obedience and submission that, if sincerely made, are degrading to man and woman; and, if insincerely made, how dishonourable!”

“Could they not have been married elsewhere?”

“Perhaps; but why?”

“Because the bond, civil or religious, is a pledge to society, that two people seriously intend to ‘forsake all other’ and live together and take care of their children.”

“Well, so they have. Could any bond do more to unite them?” And so on. In fact, we covered the usual ground of such discussions; of which, as Kingsley says, “You have heard them once and that is too much.” Let me finish with Aino’s visitors. Two ladies from Denmark appeared in her parlour one evening, who were oddly presented as “the *late* Governess and Bishopess of Iceland.” Being interpreted, these titles signified that they were the widows of the Icelandic functionaries indicated, and they now live together in great amity in Copenhagen. They were two of the most charming women I have ever met. One was small and thin, the other ample and stately; both had brilliant blue eyes, twinkling under their broad brows crowned with grey hair; both spoke admirable English; and their combined knowledge of the literature of my own country simply dismayed me by its depth and acumen, contrasted with my own superficial learning. Quiet, unpretending, and far from “mondän” as they were, they received a good deal of attention in Helsingfors, but they gave me a fair share of their leisure. The Bishopess has edited Icelandic sagas, the Governess has written a history of the island, and their descriptions so stirred my imagination that I have let them plan a northern itinerary for me to follow next summer. From here to Torneå as before, thence to Lulea, a little Swedish town near the border, and from there by mountain railway right across Sweden and Norway to Narvik on the Norwegian coast; thence to Bergen, sailing on to Iceland; and returning perhaps by the Färö and

Shetland Isles. A wide, wild, delightful journey! How angry you would be if I stayed to carry it out this year!

For general intercourse in Finland my new friends used Swedish, to which their own Danish is closely akin. I can read their books with little difficulty, but the pronunciation bewilders me, for it is so much softer and more guttural than the language I have learnt. In this polyglot little city, the usual conversational opening of strangers is—"What language would Fröken prefer to speak?"

At one very hospitable house, near the Roman Catholic church, where many of the resident foreigners in Helsingfors meet, I heard nine separate languages at one gathering, and counted eleven nationalities: English, Swede, Finnish, Belgian, Spanish, American, Polish, French, and Dane.

For the few Latin aliens in Helsingfors, and for some of the Slavs, the little Catholic church is the natural centre. It has existed in its present shape during fifty years or so, and ministers to the spiritual need of a number of Catholic Poles—some the descendants of Polish soldiery quartered here long ago, some the children of those Slavs who found their way here during an orthodox persecution of the fifties, and some Italian workmen and their families. The Helsingfors church also serves Åbo, where a few Catholics of the same kind remain, while Viborg has its own Catholic church. The Spanish and French Consuls and a few other families of Latin origin come here; so also do some English residents, for the singing is fine, and there is no Anglican church in Helsingfors. I am told that various members of the Established Church of England in this city have twice petitioned the ruling powers to send them a chaplain and have collected all necessary funds; but the prospect does not seem to attract the English clergy. However, there is a very flourishing Salvation Army in Helsingfors.

Close to the Catholic church stands a little rambling house coloured blue, with a scrap of garden and a summer-house which gives it an exotic yet suburban look. Here four or five French nuns have taken refuge and attracted to themselves

some dozen orphans. A gentle, scared, pathetic little group! so indescribably alien, with their pictured saints and virgins, their French broideries and the Latin atmosphere of it all, amidst the indifference of Lutheranism and the terrifying vibrations of utterly unfettered Free Thought that surround them! Still, I do not think they are unhappy. They have learnt Swedish—for it is only to the Svekoman population that they address themselves—they give lessons in French, their church overshadows them, even in these arctic lands, and they have found children to teach and tend.

(Later.)

By the way, you asked about Dr. Ahlström, saying that he “flitted in and out of my letters a good deal.” Dear, what an instinct you have! for I did not mention him more than Erik Axelsson or Yrjo Vaina, I am sure. Well, he is a middle-aged Doctor of Philosophy, who lives with his sister in a pleasant flat upon the Norra Hamn, furnished in cosmopolitan style. They belong to the class of the apologetic moderately rich, and do a large amount of social service. Sophie Ahlström is busied with homes, orphanages, and children’s hospitals; while the Doctor is trying to reform the rather unsatisfactory Poor Law conditions that prevail. He is extremely Svekoman and deplures my outlook, but I find him instructive and very companionable; more alert, socially, than the Finnish men I have hitherto met. He has travelled widely, possesses a nice library, and keeps a charming Lancashire-bred collie, “with whom,” as Deirdre would say, “he talks quite good Doggish.”

Through him and his sister I have met the Ahlströms of Vestlaks: jolly out-of-door people, who keep several dogs and a large stable. Fru Signy Ahlström, who manages a sort of riding club, has promised to mount me in a day or two and take me “riding on the sea”—that is, across the frozen and snow-covered bay.

I often go out upon the ice-plain, walking or ski-ing, for there is a fascination in travelling dryshod over the sea to find

islands: you feel like Lucian's Cork-Foot folk. Till lately the colour of the snow over these large spaces was grey, blue, or lilac, and indigo in the shadows, but hardly ever white. While it was still shallow, and hard enough for walking on, you might have thought yourself upon a strange low-shore expanse of silvery grey sand. For the snow was all over drifts and ribs and ridges, like any wave-worn beach; and in places the storms had swept it right away, leaving the black ice bare, like pools after the tide. The wind had a peculiar ring as it whistled and murmured along the cold, cold level, and sent the snow flying, low and steady, in little puffs of blue-white smoke. The islands stood out black with their unchanged fir woods; and there was generally a wooden quay, drifted up in snow, a tall post with a silent bell hanging to it, and a little road leading inland through the wood. A dear little road! with the red sun glancing toward it among the trees on the west, and snow-hung branches of the pines darkening together on the east—the sort of road that one refrains from exploring to the end, so that one may return in dreams to follow it—and not alone.

Looking back, one saw almost all Helsingfors; so tiny, so far, yet so inconceivably clear, like a child's toy-city laid out on the near snow; for there is no atmosphere at all over the ice. And behind it there was a wide, pale, opaque, cloudless sky. On the way back all the ridges on the rougher ice were faintly rosy with the western fire, and one's shadow was monstrously long, and coldly, impossibly blue.

More snow fell a week ago, and the weather is now clear again and sharply cold. The pavements were covered three feet deep, but all this is now shovelled off and piled up alongside, so that you walk by miniature Alps, six and seven feet high. What remains does not scrunch under your feet, but gives a high, indescribable sound: "the snow screams," people say, and this is a sign of the great cold.

Ski-ing is now good, so I set off exploring again one afternoon among the isles and bays to the north-west. Beyond Mejlans, beyond even Fölisön, I think, there was a little point

with a dozen red and white cottages clustering among the firs. As I drew near the most outlying of these little homes a woman came down to fetch water from a hole in the ice. She looked weary and troubled, but said "God-dag," to which I responded, adding the original remark that it was cold. She was a Swedish-Finn, so I enquired the name of this hamlet and what sort of people dwelt there, and presently we were chatting as if she were a Sussex woman by her garden-gate. She asked me to come in and warm myself a moment, and I gladly complied.

It was a little, dark, poverty-stricken stuga, with a few strips of carpet on the floor, scant furniture, and a stove. Near this was a low bed, where lay a tiny, fair-haired child, perfectly motionless, watching us with unastonished eyes.

"That is my little girl," said the woman. Looking gravely down upon her, she added, "She's dying, so they say."

The child was perhaps seven years old. She lay folded in her own thoughts and visions, not suffering, not frightened, but disregardful of all life. Perhaps she was so near the edge that she could see across, and it was more interesting than anything here. Her look reminded me of Deirdre after one of her day-dreams, when she says, "I've been away; and I know something more than I did just now—but I don't know what it is."

But, turning to the mother, I could only feel the unreason, the monstrosity of the fate that allows a young child to die—and the pity of it! I said futile things, and we probably cried together.

"It was the rickets and weakness," she told me. "If she could have got better they would have taken her into the Cripples' Home at Berghåll; for there's little room here, when the other children are back from school. She couldn't thrive, somehow, after we came; and I never liked the place; my home was near Esbo. Perhaps, when it is all over, my brother will take us away. . . . I've had my share of trouble. My husband went with a fishing village on the ice last year, and the floe broke loose, and he was drowned."

Towards the eastern end of the gulf the coast dwellers do a great deal of fishing through the ice at this season. Whole camps go out on to the frozen plain together, with tents and provisions and firing, and stay a long time ; but now and then the spring thaw comes earlier than they expect, or storms bring disaster, and the ice breaks up and drifts away. Still, a Finn never shrinks from danger by river or sea.

We talked for a while, the poor mother and I ; and presently I gave her what little material help she would accept. She thought the child took notice of me, so I held the tiny, cold, unanswering hands in mine for a time. Then, since we fancied that it brought a look of pleasure to those strange eyes, I left my bright-coloured scarf spread out upon the bed. I promised, vaguely and uselessly, to come again ; but when I went yesterday, the cottage was deserted, and all traces of life were gone.

“ILO-LINTU-ILMAHINEN”

(A CHARM TO RAISE THE WIND)

O BIRD of Joy! bird of the air!
Come at the sailor's call!
Bring me a wind, so fresh and fair;
Fly to the infinite chambers of light,
Where the Sun, arrayed in his morning might,
Is flower and flame of all.

Winnow the clouds with a golden wing!
Sweep over the boundless main!
Till the happy wind shall breathe and sing,
Filling the sails; and the water slips
Along the keels of the hurrying ships
That follow the sea again.

Adapted from the Loitsurunoja.

LETTER XV

To Francis Clare, in London

PIETOLA, HAAPANIEMI, TAVASTLAND,

February 20th, 1910.

So here I am in a real, old, Finnish country-house, which would in many ways delight your heart. Yet, before I begin to describe Pietola, I must recount a rather disturbing adventure that befell Celia and myself a few days ago. Chance may have it passed over as lightly as it deserves, or chance may cause it to bear disagreeable fruits for us; who can tell? I hope you will say once again that I am "borrowing trouble"; for I have so often brought my apprehensions to you, and seen them disperse in the "dry light" of a common-sense that was never yet wanting in sympathy! Ten or eleven days before I can hear from you! but perhaps the mere relation of the matter will set it before me in its true bearings.

Celia looked in upon me at Mikonkatu on Wednesday evening to meet Aino Gustafsson and hear about the Students' Masked Ball. Aino had enjoyed it as only an exceptionally fine dancer can do, in a place where the standard of dancing is unusually high; but she patted the full curves of her shoulders, and referred wistfully to the coolness of English evening dress—since it is very seldom allowable to wear a low-cut gown in Finland.

We were sitting near the window, and looking out over the moonlit harbour: a white, clear picture of black and grey, and dull, frosted silver with little points of fire. Said Celia, "There's not a soul about, and just look at the moonlight! Do, oh do let's wander out across the ice towards Rönnskär!"

Aino demurred a little. What if the mist rose? or we happened upon some wandering Russian soldiers from Sveaborg? But the moonbeams and the white waste drew us, and in five minutes we were all three warmly wrapped up and running down to the shore.

It was nearly ten o'clock, and Mikonkatu is an early-retiring quarter. The cold, dry air seemed to crackle in the moon-rays, lamps twinkled at us from the dark mass of the town, as we set off, and we could just see the gleam of the lighthouse away on Gråhara. There was a frozen crust upon the snow, which made walking possible. An English thermometer would have been below zero, I reckon, but not a breath stirred, and so we hardly knew it was cold.

"They say the ice only reaches a mile or two beyond Gråhara," said Aino. "What a mild winter!"

"We'll go and find out," said Celia.

The space, the moonlight, and the sense of adventure went to our heads. Aino and Celia looked like frost-fairies, for a thick, white rime had settled upon the fluffy edges of the shawls that wrapped about their faces; it powdered every escaping lock, and even their eyelashes and their eyebrows were grey. The moonshine took away Celia's colouring, and made the brilliance of her blue eyes wane; with her black hair thus disguised, she might have been the sister of the soft, neutral-tinted Aino. We mocked each other's greyness; "*Dark eyes*," said they, "are the only wear for powder." We laughed and sang, we danced as well as our "pam-poushkas" allowed; we ran races over the hard-frozen snow that was scarcely six inches deep in some places; we went on further and further, and did not notice that the moonlight was growing dim.

"Isn't there a fog rising?" said Celia. "I can hardly see the town."

Then we knew our danger and hurried homeward. Till the last minute the ice-mist never grew thick enough to shut out the gleam of the city—or I should not be here now—yet we lost our bearings, for there are a number of other lighted

buildings about the harbour, besides those on shore. Just opposite Mikonkatu, and a quarter of a mile from land, there is a group of harmless islands with fisher-cottages and boat-houses upon them ; but two hundred yards or so from these, Harakka and the islands that compose Sveaborg begin. At length we found ourselves in a very dense patch of mist—near shore, we knew ; but were those blurred glimmerings from the mainland or from the isles ?

We heard voices. A brown-coated Russian soldier, with a small lantern and a gun, appeared out of the mist, as suddenly as if our fears had materialized, and bade us halt.

He said other things, appearing half amused and half suspicious. Aino, who has fluent Russian, explained the situation, trembling a little, and he received her account with obvious disbelief. It was a pity we did not speak, Celia and I, for nearly every Continental holds “these mad English” for creatures apart from the ordinary laws of behaviour, and capable of any escapade. But we remained silent, and he inspected us all three by the light of his lantern with growing disapproval. Aino said something more and made as if to move away, when he seized her roughly by the arm. She screamed, and Celia, practised in Suffragette methods, struck at the sentry, in a way which was something between a trained blow with the fist and an open-handed feminine cuff. I don’t believe it touched him, but he ducked and let go of Aino, and we all three ran for our lives !

Luckily we had the sense to keep together, and the mist was a good friend to us. We heard shouts and, I think, laughter for a moment ; but certainly two or three soldiers gave chase, and certainly a gun was fired somewhere. We caught each other’s hands and ran, as athletic girls can run nowadays, till plump little Aino gave out, and then we put her in the middle. By sheer luck we reached land at the Brunns-park, scrambled up the broken ice and the rocks, and then quickly and quietly made our way home.

Celia dreads that this episode may reach the Keiths’ ears and be reported to England with exaggerations. Aino besought

us not to say a word to anyone in Finland about it. She thinks that the unconscious disguise of the hoar-frost will hinder even Celia from being recognized again, and our names were not asked. Unfortunately you see, we have visited Vera Rydén, and other interesting persons who have the honour to be disapproved of by the Russian authorities in Helsingfors. These last have shown that they stand in momentary dread of "a rising"—the very word is foreign to Finnish habit and thought!—and have doubtless kept watch upon suspected persons and noted those who frequent their houses. I have a boding that some foolish enquiry may come of our adventure in the mist. Well, we are lucky to find ourselves at so safe and exemplary a place as Pietola for the present.

The station, Lahtonen, is about four hours from Helsingfors, and Haapaniemi, the post-town and parish, is some seven miles from the railway, while Pietola is four miles beyond. Two sledges and Kurt, our host's eldest son, were waiting to receive us at Lahtonen. Much more snow has fallen here than in Nyland, and the "slink-fore" or sledging surface is admirable—all the familiar irregularities of a country road being lost under a thick layer of snow, frozen, and faintly gleaming on the top. The sledges are small, and so low that you seem on a level with the horses' hocks. Dumb with shyness before these almost unknown Englishwomen, young Kurt could only express his welcome to Celia and myself by packing us up into utter shapelessness with extra rugs. Then we set off at an exhilarating pace, under a sky of real turquoise, opaque and shining as the jewel itself. We hurried along, with a silver clamour of bells, across the broken gleaming surface and the deep blue shadows, past woodlands, far and near, that looked as if they were etched upon the white, past red wooden houses and silent snow-rounded fields. Great spruce-firs stood up here and there in a thick drapery of snow, fantastic, arm-stretching shapes, such as Axel Gallen loves to draw.

The outline of this country is rather like Devonshire, with the close-set hills and dales and small meadows—all white and

still. The lakes are white also, and good as is the general sleigh-running, horses and drivers so much prefer the exquisite smoothness and level of the lake-surfaces and the little rivers, that they will go out of their way to follow them.

We glided along such a river-valley as smoothly as we might have done in summer, and then, on the further side of a lake, we saw the park-like groves and spinneys of Pietola, and the great wooden houses, with all its dependencies, imposing as a small village, upon the hill. Pietola estate has been for four hundred years in the hands of the Reinholms, an old Swedish-Finn family of some distinction. A Reinholm was contemporary of Porthan at the University of Åbo, and became a noted astronomer in Scandinavia; while Anders Reinholm, great-grandfather of the present owner of Pietola, had, in his day, an European reputation in medicine, and is believed to have forestalled some modern discoveries. I must write at great length to Lucy about Pietola—but it is the little prefix *av*, and not the scientific ancestry of the Reinholms, that will interest her just now. For—did I not tell you?—there has been a visitor from Scandinavia in Saxonstead, an English solicitor's daughter, who married a Stockholm trader, and she appears to have talked a great deal to Lucy about the "ancient Swedish nobility of Finland." So my dear sister writes very prettily, "I wonder if you are likely to visit any of those fine old country-houses in the south of Finland that Mrs. Blum speaks of? I should like to hear something of the old Swedish families that are left; they must be such an interesting contrast to the Feminists and the Young Finns."

Some of these, as you know, have dropped the aristocratic prefix and become "Young Finns and Feminists." Others have sunk their ancient importance in distinction of a different kind: one old family is now best known for its connection with certain famous ironworks, another through the renown of that saintly lady who has made the reformation of Finland's prisoners the great achievement of her life. No special intellectual or political interest attaches to the Reinholms at present; but I believe the master of Pietola was a valued

member of the House of Nobles, and a figure of some weight in the bad times. Now he is content to manage his estate and bring up his large and interesting family.

As for that, however, they bring up themselves! Some five or six children of school-age live alone together in the Reinholm town-house during the term, while their parents and the eldest son remain at Pietola. The lively flat at Malmgatan is a kind of Republic of Children—only under the nominal guard of an old servant. They are in telephonic communication with Pietola, it is true, yet this very little affects their sober and discreet independence. Out of school-time they “live their own lives,” sometimes receiving their parents on a visit, and playing host to them in the most engaging manner, yet with proper dignity. Thoughtful boys, looking at you from under heavy Finnish brows, and demure, smooth-haired maidens they may be in town, but at home they let themselves go, and “Pietola barnen” or “Pietolanlapsit” have a wide reputation as the bringers of glorious and unexpected adventure.

The dwelling-house at Pietola consists of a couple of large two-storied wooden buildings, standing near together and forming an open L. On one side is the entrance and the gardens (which are of no great importance); on the other are the dairies, out-buildings, the stewards' houses, and the farm generally. Of the two houses forming the L, one is painted dark red, with a high-pitched black roof, and is two hundred years old; the other is modern, of paler colour and different shape, with a broad verandah. The old house is only used in summer, when quantities of relations come to stay. Within the modern dwelling there is a fine hall, and several large, light sitting-rooms, opening out of each other with folding-doors. Study, parlour, or drawing-room, they are furnished very much alike in the prevailing simple and hygienic Finnish fashion, with distempered walls, painted floors, and curtains of embroidered muslin. (That rather dangerous word “cosy” does not seem to exist in reference to Finnish furniture.) In the drawing-room there is an authentic Empire suite, with an

admirable little desk in white and gold, and one of those old long couches, made to seat five persons of breadth and distinction side by side. There are rocking-chairs of course, a piano, some good modern water-colours, and tables well provided with books in four languages. The space, the prevailing pale tones, and the large windows with the reflection of snow outside give a wonderful air of lightness to the house, which must help out the dark days. Everywhere there are groups of green plants thriving in the still, dry atmosphere of these stove-heated rooms, whose double windows are never opened from November till April or May!

It is not so bad as you would think. The stoves do a good deal of ventilation unsuspected, and air circulates in from the hall, whose door *must* occasionally be opened, all through the house.

Bedrooms are furnished so much like sitting-rooms that the bed and wash-stand have only a temporary look, and indeed, in the simplicity of Finnish life, the day and sleeping apartments often interchange duties. Two casual visitors were put up for the night in the drawing-room and the study; they dreamed of no other accommodation, although half a dozen bedrooms on the first floor stood vacant. But, in kindly deference to a prejudice which must have seemed to them as unreasonable as the request of a separate dining-table for every visitor would be to us, Celia and I have each our room; and the linen of sheets, pillow-cases, and table-covers moves us to perpetual envy and admiration. They are all woven of the finest flax, lace-trimmed, brodered, and magnificently initialled; while the great linen-cupboards of Pietola are a sight to see!

About three things the Reinholm women are justly house-proud—the linen stores, the library, and the cook. The library is a big room upstairs, containing a rather valuable collection of the works of Anders Reinholm and his contemporaries. It is kept in severe and perfect order by Brita Reinholm, the eldest girl, when she is at home, and during her absence the household take out books in a surreptitious

and guilty manner. Brita, I believe, is responsible for bringing the collection up to date in natural science. The books were all beyond my powers, in language and in contents, except a certain early treatise upon the *Magical Medicine of the Finns*, whereof you shall hear more presently.

The family circle consists of Lars Reinholm, our host, and his wife, an Ostrobothnian, from the eastern side of that enormous province, who is short and jolly, and dresses with the simplicity appropriate to a busy country life. Finnish women of the elder generation are not usually athletic, but Fru Reinholm was celebrated on the skis in her youth, and can still be coaxed to slip her feet into the straps, and go gliding off downhill, like a little dark pin-cushion, with a pace and steadiness that only her son Kurt can rival. He and Oljanen, the "engineer" or manager, and two or three stewards make up the circle; the latter come and go almost speechlessly as far as we are concerned, for they have very little Swedish. We talk that language readily but incorrectly, and help ourselves out with German or French, according to the preference of our companions. Celia has learnt a very little Finnish, just enough to mislead herself and others, and, if anyone else were concerned, I should say enough to flirt with; but that is the very last idea to enter Celia's mind. We have now stayed here two days, so that Kurt and Oljanen have passed through those stages of emotion which are natural to unattached men in Celia's neighbourhood—glowing admiration, bewilderment, and final, puzzled acquiescence. Her charm and friendliness seem to lead them on, while she merely ignores all their attempts at courtship in such absolute unconsciousness, that they must presently accept her society on the footing which she intends. Certainly Celia is what Lucy calls "plain-minded," and so entirely oblivious of her own attractions that she destroys their effect.

You will ask how we spend the time? We do not appear until the lunch-breakfast at half-past ten or eleven, and then the daylight hours go very swiftly in ski-ing, tobogganing, driving to places of interest, and visiting the farm. We have

tried to reckon up the estate in English measurement, and I think it is some twenty miles round. Lars Reinholm says modestly, "Well, there are five lakes upon it." We were driven to various outlying parts for a general survey, and we find that it possesses forests, pasturage, arable land, clay-works, turf-bogs, fisheries, the lakes aforesaid, and a small river with rapids. You can hardly imagine a more complete and self-contained estate; or, as you will see, a better example of intensive culture.

The Levasjoki river, which flows to the west of the hill where Pietola house stands, is used to supply power for a small electric station, a saw-mill, and a corn-mill—dark, wooden buildings of the roughest appearance outside—which fill up the valley of the stream, and stand out sharply against the white hill. Near them are brick-kilns, ice-houses, washing sheds, a charcoal-burning apparatus, a forge, and a workshop, beside store-barns innumerable. We went through these, surveying products known and unknown, and handling the specimens of grain that were displayed to us with a scientific air, and presently we came upon a pile of most familiar-looking roots, with a blue-painted English slicing-machine. "We should grow twice the amount of roots that we do in Finland if it were not for the duty on those machines," said Lars Reinholm, in passing. But the smell of the chopped turnips took me right back to the Wiltshire uplands, and the great bare fields above Saxonstead. Oh, the wind over them on a grey winter day! Here the glass stands many degrees lower, but I maintain that this dry, unvarying cold is far less cruel. The air here has the quality of sand or fine frozen snow, as compared to a current of icy water; its bitterness does not penetrate. Kill you it may, but the chill does in some indescribable manner stay outside your body, while our damp English cold thrusts clammy fingers through every wrapping, and reaches the marrow of your bones.

On the other side of the hill are dairies, cowsheds, stables, and "Pietola torp," with a little school of its own. The cowshed is a large, lofty, well-ventilated building for the

“communal life” of 150 cows. Each inmate has a chart above her stall on which is entered her name, birth, family, the quality of her milk, and the minutest details of her career. The stock is of various breeds, but Reinholm finds that a cross between the Jersey and the native Finnish cow, an ugly angular beast of foxy colour, works out best. It is only human nature that Kurt should hold views directly opposed to his father’s theory, and favour Swedish cows.

Milk goes every day to the creamery at Haapaniemi, in which Reinholm is a partner. This is not one of the co-operative dairies, but a private association of some dozen “herrgårdar” or gentlemen-farmers, who buy from their neighbours for miles around. The peasants bring in their milk, which is at once tested for its butter-giving quality: the bringer is paid according to the amount and the degree, and has no more trouble. The business is so large that the natural irregularities of delivery from peasant farms over a very wide district “average themselves out” and do not matter.

Pietola only keeps thirty-five horses, five for household use. They are of Finnish, Swedish, and English breeds, and the native animals are miraculously sure-footed. Behind them we go up and down hills that are like the sides of a roof; we cross boulders and fallen trees; we plunge at twilight into the narrow aisles of a pine-forest upon a steep hillside—and you know there is no satisfactory means of holding back a sledge! The mere slope leading from the house to the village is so abrupt and slippery that to walk is difficult, but we drive boldly down every day.

“Pietola torp” is hardly a village, for it only consists of the cottages of the “drängar” and “stat-karlar”—labourers in direct connection with the works at hand. The single men and dairymaids live, some in the house, some with the second steward or foreman; the “stat-karlar” have cottages and pasture for a cow. There are also “torpare” in the outlying parts of the estate, who give service with a horse and cart for a fixed time in lieu of rent. So far as I understand, the landlord can exact whole-time service only from the “drängar”; and

those of his dependants who hold house and land from him look to that primarily for their living. In this point they seem better off than our south-country labourers, and they cannot be hastily dismissed; but the torpare system appears to give the landlord a very wide scope for oppression in other respects. He can enforce unfair agreements, he pays for services in kind, and he gives no sort of compensation for improvements when the torpar moves. And besides, according to the old law he had the right of personal chastisement.

Some of the difficulties of the torpare question have touched Pietola, I think, for Reinholm speaks with bitterness of the proposed legislation on this matter. Good landlords suffer with the bad, unfortunately—the most zealous individualist cannot get rid of communal responsibility in this respect. Lars and his family are Svekoman, and freely criticize the Young Finns and the Socialists; yet, to my great thankfulness, Celia does not take up the challenge. Some reference was made to her advanced political opinions, but she only said lightly that she had “got beyond all that.” The Reinholms received this as a further proof of Celia’s grace and good sense, but the statement leaves me anxious, for there are, so to speak, more roads than one leading onwards from Socialism towards the Millennium; and some of them are full of surprises.

February 21st.

I see that this letter contains a great deal of solid information, but I’m afraid you must have a little more yet. We have visited the creamery, the local hospital, and Haapaniemi School. Will you hear about the last? The school at Pietola was a tiny affair for about twenty-five children and a mistress; here they have over a hundred scholars from the ages of nine to sixteen. Outside the door of a good-sized wooden building were all the children’s skis, large and small, a wonderful collection; and within we found several well-appointed classrooms—not so fine, of course, as those educational palaces of Helsingfors, but containing a better-coloured and healthier set of children. Four teachers caused their pupils to sing and

dance delightfully for our benefit, and a Swedish-speaking boy recited one of Runeberg's poems. We were then invited to ask them questions by interpreter. At first we offered some simple arithmetical problems which were almost contemptuously disposed of; next, gaining courage, we enquired into their knowledge of England, and found it surprisingly definite. We ventured gingerly into natural science, and heard a good deal on the subject of thunder and lightning; and finally, to bring about a happy conclusion, we asked if anyone could relate the Aino legend from the Kalevala. This was enthusiastically done by the very ugliest little white-haired girl that I have ever seen.

Our visit concluded here, as everywhere else, with coffee and cakes. The chief teacher, a bland, broad young woman with sleek hair and a delightful smile, bade us into her parlour, and told us of the wild weather that the children sometimes faced, and the distances they would come. "Ill or well, too, they are determined to come to school, and the parents do not hinder them, even when they should." It often happens that they have learnt to read and write at home, she said, for parents and children both have benefited during the last ten years by the associations founded for spreading knowledge among the people, such as the Society for Popular Education and the "Home School," which is, I fancy, rather like our Home Reading Union. Nearly all the workmen's unions and Young People's Associations, literary or benevolent, have libraries and circulate literature; but the best results of all come from the People's High Schools, which I shall presently visit.

We spent the evening of that day in Lars Reinholm's office, for it was very cold, and the stove there was proportionately largest. For a while we kept the stove-door open to have the treat of seeing the birch-logs blaze, and the curtains were not drawn, so that this little corner room seemed a ship full of warmth and light, heading out into the dark. Then quite naturally we fell to telling ghost-stories. My favourite legend of "the small black hand" lost some of its creepiness in

Swedish, but Celia gave a very successful account of what befell Shamus O'Driscoll, who paid no heed to the Little People, and ploughed up a "gentle place." With these tales the springs of strange lore were unsealed, and presently we learnt many things.

Here in Tavastland the people have a double or even a treble store of phantoms: those of primeval Scandinavian myth, brought over by the Swedes; those born of Christian legend and their own overflowing world of spirits, beautiful or strange. We heard of that Northern superstition that the wood nymphs are hollow, or look like the stumps of old trees when seen from behind. What ugly, half-witted mind first conceived such an idea? They told us of the water-kelpy, who shrieks from lonely pools and brings disaster upon the wanderer; of the little gray man of the woods, who has a fiery tail; and of the kind, homely "tomtar" or brownies, who—according to a modern legend—bring a gift to every animal in their neighbourhood, wild or tame, on Christmas Eve. On entering a cottage you must say, "Good day to all here," even if it appears empty, because the tomtu might be present. Then there is the Death-horse, who comes limping to the house of those that are near to die, and the White Hounds, whom you may see trotting alongside your path just within the forest. You go fast or you go slow, but they keep steadily level with you, and you know that you will never see the new year again. Also there is the Wild Huntsman, probably "Hin Onde," the Evil One himself. "Oh, yes, an old woman in Mankola swears that she saw him one night! It was at the end of summer, and there had been a wonderful red sunset; earth and sky were as if dipped in fire. Her eyes were dazzled, she said, and she went astray on the moor, and wandered far from home, taking shelter at nightfall in an empty hut. And there, she vows, Hin Onde came and looked in upon her through the open door—horns, hoofs, and tail all complete! He snorted three times, and whispered, 'See you again, Marta, see you again!'"

"Pooh!" said Reinholm. "She merely saw an elk."

“That may be, but she amended her life from that day.”

Then the younger people dipped into the store of Finnish mythology, and told us legends comparable only to the Celtic for beauty and for the sense of all pervading spirit-life in Nature. Kurt repeated “Ilo-lintu-ilmahinen,” by which becalmed fishermen call upon the breeze, and Finn sailors raise the wind at sea. Oljanen told us of the charm for those who are lost in the woods at dusk—the invocation to the Twilight Maiden, praying her to spin a thread of fine gold to lead them through the shades. We knew of the charms for bear-hunting and bird-catching, and we had heard of the spell to keep the cows from harm in the summer pastures. Said Fru Reinholm, “There was a girl from Karelia here once as milkmaid, and when she drove the cows she used to sing words that were extremely like the spells of Ilmarinen’s wife when she sends forth the cattle, and prays the bears and the wolves to keep away from them.”

“I know the passage,” said Oljanen, and he quoted in Finnish :

“Tellervo ! thou maid of Tapio,
 Little daughter of the forest,
 Clad in soft and beauteous garments,
 With thy yellow hair so lovely,
 Be thou guardian of the cattle.
 All through Metsola so lovely,
 And through Tapiola’s bright regions . . .
 When the sun to rest has sunken
 And the bird of eve is singing,
 Then do thou lead home my cattle.”

And this is part of the charm to keep away the bear :

“Otso, apple of the forest,
 With thy honey-paws so curving,
 Let us make a peace between us.
 When thou hear’st the cow-bells ringing
 Hide thy head among the hillocks,
 Or conceal thee in the thickets,
 That thou mayst not hear the cow-bells,
 Nor the talking of the herdsmen.
 If the herd should wander downwards,
 To the deeper wood retreat thou ;



KALEVALA RUNO XXXIII

KULLERVO CALLS DOWN THE WOLVES

FROM A PICTURE BY AXEL GALLEN

Glide away like fish in water,
As a flock of wool drifts sideways . . .
That the herd thou dost not frighten,
Nor the little calves be injured."

"Yes, so it went," said Fru Reinholm. "I don't suppose she meant it seriously. But when old Lina spoke to her, she replied that of course Jumala [God Almighty] was great, but there were other powers, and it did no harm to stand well with all.—You know, Lars, the cattle throve wonderfully with that girl!"

"Mother, do you remember the story of the widow-woman of Lentiira?" said Kurt.

"Perhaps it is too sad, and the English girls might not like it."

We pressed her to tell us the story, and she began :

"I do not answer for it myself, but my father was pastor at Kuhmoniemi, and he visited the woman on her death-bed. There was a poor widow, living alone in a miserable little back-stuga near a marsh, who earned her bread in summer by gathering 'hjortronbär'—the big yellow cloudberries—and the neighbours noticed that she always brought more berries to sell, and finer ones, than anybody else. They asked her how it was, and she told them that a child helped her—a little girl who came to her across the swamp—and she welcomed her, because she was all alone and had no children of her own. Then the neighbours shook their heads, and said no living child could find its way over the marsh; this was an evil spirit, and she must beware. But she paid no heed to them, and grew more and more familiar with the ghost-child. It used to play about her path in the woodland, and ran to meet her at twilight, and they say it would rap on the window, of a black winter's night, and she would let it in.

"So the village folk began to look dark at her, and say she was a witch, till at last they persuaded the pastor of Lentiira—not my father—to go and exorcise the spirit. When he came to her stuga he heard the widow talking like a mother to her child, but not a thing could he see. So he reproved her

severely, and told her she was tampering with witchcraft and in danger of deadly sin. Then he began the prayers of exorcism—and he heard a frightened cry, and little feet running away down the path. He made the sign of the cross and followed after the sound of the little feet, which led him through the forest and round the edge of the swamp, a long, long way. At last the feet stopped beside some thick willow bushes; and there, looking about, he found a few white bones—the bones of a very young child.

“The ghost never came again, and soon after the lonely widow died. Some people thought it was a wood-spirit that had borrowed human form; but my father said the poor woman told him she had been ‘in trouble’ as a young girl, and her baby had died. She had loved the tiny thing, but she feared her neighbours and the priest, so she buried it by the edge of the swamp all alone. Then when the phantom came to her long years after, she gradually knew it for the ghost of her own child.”

Presently Kurt told us of a legendary hillside near Impivaara, where all the snakes of the forest for many miles round used to hold a great assembly, and their king gave judgment. He was a very old white adder, with a crown on his head; and a hunter of overweening courage once drew near the assembly and snatched away his crown. “Then all the snakes pursued him, taking their tails in their mouths and bowling along like hoops! They followed him through heath and forest, and across running waters, but they could not pass fire. He saw a ‘svedja’ burning, plunged through it in his wet clothes, and escaped unhurt, but every snake that leapt after him perished; and that is why there are no longer many snakes in Finland. All the same, if you chance upon a very old white adder, you had best beware! for the king of the snakes is immortal, and he is still looking for his crown.”

“But,” added Oljanen, “if you can contrive to kill and eat him just before you hear the first cuckoo, you will understand the speech of birds, and have knowledge of all things to come.”

“There are not many legends of horror in your mythology?” we asked.

“Not many. Our people have lived so long door to door with Nature that she is familiar, enemy or friend. It is the townsman who spins terror out of the forest and the black night. We may fear Tuonela, the abode of Mana, the dreamy land of the dead; but we know the spirits of wood and wild, and we keep friendly with them, for they are harmless and easily controlled. Perhaps there are a few evil hill-dwellers left; they, however, are feeble and foolish, like the voice that haunts around the logmen’s fires at night, saying, ‘Shall I kick it out? Shall I? Shall I?’ If one of the men says ‘Yes,’ then a skeleton with four hands and four feet springs rattling out of the darkness and scatters the fire to bits.”

“And if we do not go to bed soon,” said Fru Reinholm, “we shall hear those ‘four hands’ tapping on the pane.”

(Later.)

Yesterday was Sunday, I think—for Fru Reinholm put on a lace collar—but the day was marked by no sort of theological ritual. The family at Pietola have given up church-going, partly from indifference, and partly from political motives. The pastor of Haapaniemi is one of those who preached submission in the “bad times,” and, though he is recognized as a useful and necessary State official, whatever spiritual authority he possessed over the better-educated members of his flock is now gone. The peasants still go to church, but those of the bourgeoisie, who neither regard the services nor respect the officiator, feel no social obligation towards conformity and few sentimental leanings. “We went at Christmas,” said Fru Reinholm, “for old custom, and for the pleasure of the long starlit drive across the snow. Once a year, you see, we forgive the pastor for having shown himself no patriot, and, in the warm gay church, we all meet as neighbours and friends.”

Yesterday, then, we went to spend the day at a “herrgård,” some ten miles off, across several lakes and up a steep hillside. It was a home and household very like Pietola, only distinctly

Fennoman. The owners had recently reverted from the Swedish name they had borne for a hundred and fifty years to their original Finnish one; and they explained how, in the old days of the Swedish domination, Finns wishing to hold any official post, or even to enter the University at Åbo, must not only write, speak, and think in Swedish, but must even assume Swedish names. All that is past, however, and the family appear as Oksanen, and no longer as Ahlqvist, to friends and foes.

The eldest daughter, Aura, and a friend staying with her, accompanied us back to Pietola. Aura was an agricultural student with a farm of her own in prospect, and she wanted to study Pietola methods. In appearance she was very like a pleasant English boy: fresh-faced—for all Finns look their best in winter—deep-voiced, with a crop of thick fair hair brushed up straight from her brow, and a square-shouldered flat figure. She drove herself and the friend in a separate sledge, and set out to show us a new short cut to Pietola across the biggest lake. Down into the darkness we followed her, and out upon the level white surface, over which there lay a sort of dim “owl’s-light.” Presently Aura and Kurt disagreed as to our bearings—a certain distant spark of illumination belonged either to Kalho or to Sarva—and a difference of seven miles in the journey hung upon the decision. Why are questions of locality and direction so peculiarly trying to the temper? I have seen Lucy’s tranquil husband grow purple in the face while disputing the exact locality of a barrow; and similarly, Kurt and Aura waxed furious, yelling at each other through the darkness, till nearly all the party joined in. Then it began to snow, and Lars Reinholm said with authority that we must go back to the main road. But it was not easy to find our tracks to return, for several sledges had circled about each other; and two drivers got down to reconnoitre. Suddenly a swift, black, four-footed beast came flying towards us out of the dimness—and there was a lively commotion! One horse bolted, two sledges whirled round, crashed together and upset: all our steeds were snorting, and trembling, and

sweating with fear, though they had never seen a wolf in their lives. Calming the horses and picking ourselves up, we found that the disturbing creature was only Panu, Aura's greyhound, who had slipped out and overtaken her—so we left the direction dispute unsolved, and returned quietly to the main road.

From the chill of this upset, or from too much ski-ing, Celia fell a victim to neuralgia. Fru Reinholm was full of suggestions, Aura's friend offered to go and get remedies from the hospital, but, of all proposals, that of trying the *sauna* pleased Celia most. We knew and appreciated the Turkish baths of Helsingfors, we had learnt to recognize the softened, parboiled expression that prevails among the inhabitants of every Finnish town on Saturday, and the prospect of trying a primitive bad-stuga quite cheered the sufferer. Since the bath is—in the country, at least—regarded as an almost convivial occasion and not a ceremony of solitude, Aura, her friend, and myself were to join Celia. Towards nightfall an old woman appeared, laden with sheets, and bearing a very small lantern, to conduct us to the sauna. It stood down by the river, near the mill and the electric station, half a mile away. We followed the old woman and her lantern through the snow, till we entered a barn, and passed through a room full of tubs into a small windowless apartment with walls and floor of rough, dark timber, and tiers of seats covered with straw, which rose step-like to the ceiling. This was the sauna. It was deliciously warm certainly, but we saw nothing at all that suggested a bath. Here, however, in these dream-like surroundings, in the faint glimmer of the old woman's tiny lantern, we were invited to disrobe. We then found that steam was rising through the straw-covered seats, and that the topmost one was as comfortable as any couch in the Turkish hot-room. The old woman disappeared, and returned accompanied by an agreeable tea-like odour, which came from the bundles of steeped birch-twigs that she carried. With these we were thoroughly beaten, and then followed hot water, massage, and the ordinary processes of a steam bath. It should be concluded by a plunge into deep snow, but for us the cold

douche sufficed. The whole thing is curiously pictorial—the dark walls, the straw, the Rembrandt-like shadows and glimpses of bathers in the faint light—no wonder Finnish artists have often painted the sauna.

Of course it cured Celia's neuralgia for a time, but the pain returned next day. Remedies were again discussed, and presently Oljanen said, very shyly, would Fröken Celia perhaps let him try an extremely ancient cure—a—a sort of influence—if he might call it so? It could do no harm, and would perhaps distract her mind from the pain.

Celia consented. He placed her in a chair facing himself, and began a curious monotonous chant in the Hiawatha metre—eight syllables and a light ending. We were all interested and drew near, but the singer remained absolutely unconscious, looking dreamily upward into open space.

“Why, that's from the *Loitsurunoja!*” said Kurt. “He's singing the Magician's Chant, which calls upon the good spirits of earth and air to help him. What a joke!”

The chant became loud and joyful, almost ecstatic, yet still to the same tune.

“Yes—now, he is praising the ancient art of Magic, which can heal all evils by knowledge of their origin.”

Then Oljanen's song passed into a graver and more deliberate style, and he appeared to be enunciating something with great care.

“That, you see, is the most important point of all. He is reciting the origin of neuralgia, which is, of course, an evil spirit, one of the descendants of Kiputytto, Daughter of Pain.”

Presently the singer stood up, and, looking fixedly at a point rather behind Celia, began a chant of menace. Clearly, he was threatening the spirit of neuralgia with unknown penalties if it would not depart. Then he uttered the Expulsion Formula, so Kurt told me, banishing the spirit to some dreary land beyond Pohjola, or to Manala, the region of the dead. Finally, came the Chant of Fastening, which pinned the neuralgia immovably in its place of banishment, and

bade it ever remain there. Through all these changes of feelings the tune remained the same, and conveyed, even through my uninstructed ears, a vision of slow fires in the depth of a northern forest, wizardry, and the still unfolding darkness of ancient time. It had a singularly dreamy and hypnotizing power, and, when it was ended, we hardly knew what to say, or how to keep up our careful, modern assumption of taking the matter as an artistic joke. Oljanen broke his own spell by making a neat military bow and saying, "The English ladies have now beheld an exhibition of our ancient Finnish Magic."

"Wherever did you get it all from?" said Fru Reinholm.

"Partly from the *Loitsurunvoja* and partly from that old pamphlet upon Magical Medicine in the library. Since it was written by Anders Reinholm, you cannot object to my using it! And partly from tradition, for my mother's grandfather was a well-known wizard of North Österbotten, and narrowly escaped the fire."

"I know the famous Anders anticipated certain modern cures by suggestion in his writings," said Aura's friend.

"All the same—these are not safe things to meddle with," said Lars Reinholm, with the weightiness of a householder and a family man.

"Safe or not," said Celia. "I am most grateful to Herr Oljanen, for my neuralgia is certainly cured."

Cured it was and cured it has remained, so far.

February 22nd.

We were sharply recalled from the days of magic to modern realities. One of the children in town telephoned this morning to Pietola: "They say the Tsar has dissolved the Landtdag!" Further enquiries have confirmed the report, and we can talk of nothing else.

He has dissolved Finland's representative chamber by proclamation, just three days after the deputies reassembled. The reasons for this remarkable step are given in the proclamation itself. They are: (1) that the Speaker, Swinhuf-

vud, ventured, in his opening address, to refer to the action of the Russian Ministerial Council in Finnish affairs; (2) that this reference proves the inability of the present Landtdag to comprehend the intentions of the said Council, which acts for the welfare of the whole realm. Consequently this Landtdag is dissolved and a new General Election appointed for May 1st, 1909.

That "consequently" is admirable, is it not?

About three weeks ago this same Ministerial Council refused to lay certain local "propositions" before the Tsar—propositions long since passed by the Finnish Government, to which the Tsar's assent was much overdue—on the plea that they were measures of the Diet of 1907, and because that Diet was dissolved, all its measures, petitions, and propositions became *ipso facto* null and void. But the Ministerial Council had already dealt with and forwarded to the Tsar any number of these 1907 propositions, before they made this discovery!

Is it not like the Constitutionalism of Gilbert's *Mikado*?

Pietola takes the news characteristically. It is all over the farm by now, and the very dairymaids are to be heard discussing the proclamation—as indeed, being voters, it is only right they should do. But there is no heat, no sound and fury of comment among work-people or employers—merely sober, low-voiced conversation here and there. In the house everybody regards the question from their own standpoint, and the younger ones yield to the natural temptation to prophecy. Aura, who has Social Democratic leanings, tells us that this procedure of Russia's has come just at the right moment to stem the tide of bourgeoisie reaction, and to force Capital and Labour into mutual tolerance. Kurt expects that it will be a death-blow to the Old Finn party, whose temporizing attitude towards Russia makes them, in his eyes, a menace to Finnish unity. And Aura's friend, who enlivens a colourless personality with Revolutionary views, thinks that, sooner or later, Finland will throw in her lot with the Progressive Party in Russia, and prove a most valuable aid in the overthrow of the bureaucracy and the Tsar.

“But,” says Lars coldly, “*which* Progressive Party? There are about fourteen of them, altogether, and they are as changeful as the wind. Patriot to-day and spy to-morrow—that’s “brother Mishka,” so far as we know him here!”

Surprise and indignation are curiously absent. It is only Celia and I who let our wrath and sympathy get the better of us, whose imagination runs on to the results of the next election, to a possible wholesale suppression of the liberties of Finland, another Bobrikoff period, and a revolt. Lars Reinholm says, “Things don’t happen like that in our country. Certainly our liberties will be suppressed, but Stolypin is very subtle, and Finland is very hard. Bit by bit, he and the Tsar will chip away our Constitution. Some of our friends in Europe may protest a little, but I doubt they will not interfere—not even England. And then, it will seem to you and Fröken Celia that we are sleeping perhaps—we take it so quietly; and you will grow quite impatient with these frozen Finns. But all the while we shall be secretly making propaganda, even in the furthest districts, drawing our people together, gleaning money and sympathy from the Continent, and labouring to educate, educate, educate at home, till, when our opportunity comes once more, we shall rise up again as one man—but as a man full grown.”

Much more of fact and theory I could give you on this matter, but I will not pile up a wall of political statement at the end of my letter—unless it were likely to be useful in Carbury Square. If so, wire. . . . Thanks to you—to us?—Sir Robert is so far superior to the rest of the Cabinet in geography that he knows where Finland is, and does not share Hexham’s belief that the inhabitants are black and furry, and wish to belong to Norway! But there are more pressing matters than Finland to settle, and even Sir Robert, whose department is happily remote from the disorganized alternations of parochialism and imperialism that make up English politics, must keep his eyes within Great Britain for the present.

Lars Reinholm is unusually clear-sighted touching England. I have often heard the Finlanders express a pathetic belief that

we should make use of the Anglo-Russian *entente* to protect the rights of this country, if necessary. Alas! England stands to them for what she might be—the symbol of ordered liberty, the home of sober and democratic individualism. With all their mutual disdains and enmities, the nations do really, I am sure, conceive vague, ideal portraits of one another, and these could be valuable factors in the general betterment of Europe if they were more frequently brought into the light.

For instance, even to the average Englishman, assured in moral supremacy, France stands for a pervading alertness of mind, a clear mental atmosphere, and untrammelled thought; while his Teutophobia is rooted in envious esteem of German perseverance and educativeness. . . . But you have a very proper suspicion of my glittering generalities, and may remind me—oh, so delicately!—that I know more of Finland than of Europe; *ne sutor*, in fact!

So, dear mentor of mine, farewell.

OUR LAND

The Finnish National Anthem translated by Fr. Anna Krook.

OUR land, our Finnish Fatherland !
Ring out, dear name, and sound !
No hill nor dale, nor sea-worn strand,
Nor lofty mountain, whitely grand,
There is, more precious to be found
Than this—our father's ground.

Our land is poor—so let her be
To those who gold would crave !
The strangers proudly pass ; but we
Shall ever give our love to thee,
O land of moor and fell and wave !
Our country, bright and brave !

Our fathers strove and laboured here
With sword, and plough, and thought.
Ringed in by foes, they knew not fear ;
And still in clouded times and clear,
Their Finnish hearts beat high, and wrought,
And bore what fortune brought.

Should we to golden clouds arise
To bliss from here below—
If we should move in starry skies,
Where no one weeps, where no one sighs—
Ah ! still our longing love would flow
To thee, our land in woe !

Dear Land! thy bloom, now hid from sight,
Shall burst its sheath ere long!
Yea, from our love shall spring, through night,
Thy sun, thy joy, thy hope, thy light!
Higher than ever, full and strong,
Shall ring our country's song!

J. L. RONEBERG.

LETTER XVI

To Francis Clare, at Andredshurst.

MIKONKATU 17,

March 1st.

. . . AH, my Dear, how envious you will be of me ! for the late frost and snow that have hindered you from riding at Andredshurst have brought my rides out here to perfection. Matters were very different in early February, before we went to Pietola. The snow on the frozen harbour was still shallow, and our horses' shoes could not be taken off; the days were shorter, and I, still timorous in such unwonted equestrian surroundings, had not yet begun to hunt. (To *hunt*? say you—but it is all right; I have not been blending my pleasure or my pride with sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.) And now the snow is deep, the sunlight brilliant, I have regained confidence in my old cross-saddle seat, and, best of all, I have had a fall or two, and realized that horse and rider may both come down in four feet of snow, without the least damage to either.

I told you in a previous letter how Fru Signy Ahlström had gently but firmly insisted that I should try the unique Helsingfors sport of “riding on the sea.” With some misgivings, I let myself be mounted on the quietest beast in the stable at Vestlaks, and carried out over the wonderful white harbour-surface dotted with isles. But very soon I rode again, and Celia followed me as readily as a duck goes to the water. We both joined a sort of informal riding club, conducted by Fru Signy, through which half a dozen or so of busy but adventurous people are able to spend the early morning hours in the

most exhilarating exercise you can imagine. The mere pleasure of riding is heightened by an innocent element of sport; a drag is laid on the previous day, cleverly arranged so as to provide a series of natural-seeming checks and runs; and this is wildly followed up by two couple of English hounds, giving tongue in the most correct manner—the Whip and the field after them, all in order due. Now that the weather conditions are perfect there is nothing quite to equal it for winter fun. The deep half-frozen snow, overlying a couch of ice, is far more springy than the finest downland; each hoof-beat just breaks through the “skära,” or iced surface, and gains fresh impetus from the elastic floor beneath. The horses are delighted with the new feeling of the snow to their unshod feet, and scatter it in white dust behind them, while the keen, dazzling air rushes at you like a mountain stream. The sun is only just up, so you may have all that rare, wild sense of morning, which the Professor calls “dew-madness”—and oh, the desperate and yet delicious cold! It suffocates you—you think at each breath you must die of it—and yet with every heart-beat you feel new-born. Dear, what it would be to ride here together! But come! I’ve been writing just as Celia talks; let me tell you all about the Helsingfors Riding Club and Drag Hunt in a reasonable manner.

Fru Signy and her husband, Boris Ahlström, started it four or five years ago. They have a large house and stables just outside Helsingfors, overlooking a northern bay, and here the club assembles, two or three times a week, at half-past eight or earlier, for the members of it are mostly hard-working folk, with plenty to fill their days. They are drawn from both parties, Svekoman and Fennoman. I have met some of the deputies, Senator Ilmarila’s daughters, two or three professors, that unexpected person Yrjo Vaina, and even a young officer on leave from Sweden, on these occasions.

The sunrise is generally turning from red to gold as we arrive. The frozen snow-crust of the harbour gives the glories of the dawn faintly back, and turns to a sea of golden glass, against which the black trees and little dull red houses



AT THE SPRING

A STATUE BY VICTOR MALMBERG

on the islands stand sharply out. On one side is Helsingfors—grey and yellow buildings, factories, steeples, towers, frozen-in vessels, steam-cranes, and busy quays, all small and clear and close together, as if seen through a telescope, with people and sledges crossing the ice to and fro. On the other side are the black woodlands, the silent white country, the isles, and all the frozen sea.

Within doors there is the space and equable warmth of a northern house, and here I generally put on my riding-clothes, lent by the large-hearted Fru Signy, who seems to have costumes and mounts for all who come. It cannot be said that her cross-saddle suit fits me exactly, comfortable though it is; and when I first appeared in it she looked at me thoughtfully and remarked (with a fine detachment, for it was her own suit) “Curious, isn’t it? that so slender a girl can be turned into so fat a boy!” Then, equipped with fur caps, felt boots, and mighty gauntlets, we go down to the stables, where six or seven horses await us.

Signy Ahlström, who can ride anything, generally prefers a wicked-looking little black beast of Arab strain; Fröken Ilmarila has a small chestnut thoroughbred; and the men are usually mounted on big and rather heavy animals of mixed Swedish and English breed. The Finnish horses, as you know, are small, sturdy, and astonishingly sure-footed, but the Ahlströms do not favour them greatly, for they have very little mouth. However, after a few experiments, I have settled down to an English-Finn mount, “first-cross,” called Lempi, an ugly little soul, with a head like a camel and the paces of a dinner-table, but much lighter-mouthed than you would expect. Celia has tried this and that, for she is a very good horsewoman, but Fru Signy will not allow her to ride the horse upon which she has set her fancy—Aiatos. Aiatos is a big English hunter, dark bay, with a very fine shoulder, and forelegs that just begin to show wear. She came in early youth to Sweden, and after a chequered career, which included some wild sort of race-course training, she passed on, with a bad reputation, into the Ahlströms’ hands. But they know how

to manage her, and she is a valued and trusted member of the Vestlaks stables.

The hounds—only two couple now, but wait till next year!—are led off by the whipper-in, and we all trot down to the sea. At the appointed place, after casting about a bit, they pick up the scent and go off at a rattling pace over the snow-covered ice-field. The chestnut thoroughbred ceases to snatch at her bridle, Fru Signy's little Arab becomes rather less like a circus-steed, and Lempi falls into a good even stride, as regular as a rocking-horse, in the body of the hunt.

Sometimes the scent has been very cleverly laid, with unexpected checks and false trails, that puzzle the hounds for a while. The Ahlstroms' coachman, Jussi, goes off on skis with that rather unpleasant preparation of the inside of an ox known as "the drag," about half an hour before the hunt starts, and he has grown singularly expert. Till the last snow fell, it was only possible to have the equivalent of "a good burst in open country" along a fairly straight inlet or passage between the isles, since the ice was but lightly covered in some places, and a sharp turn might bring both horse and rider down.

By laying the trail through an island or across a promontory some very irregular and odious going is provided, a wholesome discipline to horses and riders. For the snow covers up everything—holes, pathways, logs, stones, boulders, ice-blocks even—and the only thing to be done is, as nearly as possible, to lay down the reins and trust to your horse. Some of us, however, being acquainted with the neighbourhood, can tell where sledge-tracks through the woods will lie, and follow them as cunningly as any old gentleman who "knows a line of gates."

One morning Jussi carried this particular trial of our skill rather too far, for he led the trail across one of the outer islands, where the chances of wind and weather had flung up one of those fortifications of ice-blocks that always fascinate me, somehow. It was several yards deep, and though no one block was larger than a drawing-room table, the whole, heaped

and flung together, and swept quite bare of snow in many places, formed a most effectual barrier to us riders. Even the hounds slid and scrambled on the sloping faces of the ice-blocks as they quested for the lost trail.

“Now what,” said Yrjo Vaina pathetically, “did Jussi *think* he intended us to do?”

We pulled up and wondered. Then Lemminkäinen, the most forward hound of the pack, suddenly found the scent again, and the rest followed him madly over the ice-blocks and across the island.

Boris Ahlström, as Whip, declared that he felt bound to go after them anyhow, and put his little mare, Kerttu, at the fortification. Really, I cannot think how he got through! Perhaps he had recourse to magic—for though he is only part Finn, his steed was on this occasion purely Finnish, and she suddenly seemed to develop the clinging feet of a fly. Somehow or another Boris and Kerttu scrambled over the boulders, and disappeared into a wood of snow-laden spruce-firs, while the rest of us went humbly round the island and rejoined them presently.

Hitherto we have had no worse casualties than an occasional roll and plunge in the snow, but last week we were upon the verge of a very nasty accident. You know, they generally store the ice-houses of the island villas in January or February, cutting great slabs of ice five feet deep or more from the frozen sea at any spot conveniently near. This work was going on at Knappersholm, where there are a good many villas, and several dozen blocks had been cut out at different times and carried away. The water whence they were drawn froze over immediately, and in some places this new ice was covered with snow and fairly safe, but in others the clear black surface was of only one night's growth. We had been warned of this spot and should have passed it safely enough, but, in the excitement of a good run the young Swedish officer's horse, getting rather out of hand, blundered on to a piece of this new ice. Tyyne Ilmarila, who was following him, saw the danger, and pulled sharply round to the off side. Conse-

sequently and coincidentally, Tyyne and her horse came down in one direction, while the Swedish lad and his mount went crashing in the other! We in the rear halted violently: Lempi put out his forefeet and slid like a London cab-horse on a greasy day, and I saw a confusion of splintered ice, black water, and struggling dark figures in a regular dust-storm of scattered and flying snow. But things righted themselves directly. With an awful scramble the young officer and his horse flung themselves on to the safe ice again, while Tyyne Ilmarila, who was also riding cross-saddle, rolled off unhampered into the snow like a ball, and sprang up unhurt. Nobody was damaged, but the poor Swedish boy and his mount, being wet as well as snowy, froze hard in a few moments. The horse's saddle was hung with icicles, the flaps of his rider's gay blue overcoat stuck out like boards, and even his hair grew stiff with ice, but he could not be persuaded to turn back. We have another hunt tomorrow, and I only trust I may have no similar incident concerning myself to record to you.

(*Later.*)

No, Lempi and I are all right, as befits such sober, middle-aged people, but Celia! After all, I believe she enjoyed it—and really the Ahlströms' groom, Pekka, is as much to blame as she.

She had her way this morning, being for the first time mounted on Aiatos, and very small she looked perched up there on the big, spirited hunter above these unfamiliar fields of snow. All went well at first, but we were a less numerous party than usual, and the trail had been laid by a comparative novice, Jussi's understudy, Pekka, a stolid-looking, Finnish country lad. There was a rather long check of an outlying point called Yttersudd, where the horses got chilly and fretted a good deal; but presently the hounds struck the scent again, and went away like the wind over a magnificent mile-wide plain of unbroken snow. How glad we were to go once more! No possible danger could lurk in the great white space before us; we had only to hold our horses together, and give our-

selves up to the full enjoyment of the rhythmically springing bodies beneath us, and take our delight in snow and sun and speed.

Lempi and I were keeping our usual steady pace in the rear, when I noticed that another figure beside the Whip had detached itself from the confused company of riders and was forging well ahead. Regardless of our usual etiquette, it had passed Fru Signy, it would soon overtake the Whip, and—good heavens! it was Celia!

To all appearance she was sitting well back and pulling hard, but without the least effect. Her combs had fallen, her neck-fur went, her cap flew off, her black hair fluttered straight out in the wind; she looked a female Gilpin whom no power on earth could stop. I think she called out something, and the company replied with confused cries and advice, which naturally availed nothing. The space between her and us widened like magic; she passed the Whip, she was soon only a dark figure in the rear of those four flying dots, the hounds.

We were all going pretty fast, but Aiatos had not forgotten her illegitimate racing experience in Sweden—perhaps the very light weight she bore reminded her—and there was nothing to be done.

“Don’t worry,” said Yrjo Vaina, “she’s not very likely to outrun the hounds.” With a touch of envy he added, “Fancy dear old Aiatos going like that!”

Celia believes my heart was torn with anxiety for her, but, so far as I can remember, my thoughts ran in a circle completely devoid of emotion to the rhythm of Lempi’s pace, something like this: “I wish I could go as fast—she’ll reach the land across the gulf if she keeps on—that’s the coast of Esthonia—the sea isn’t frozen all the way—she’ll stop at open water—I wish Lempi would go as fast.”

Meantime, islands were closing in round the free space again, some wooded, some long and bare with low buildings upon them. Aiatos and Celia, having nearly overtaken the hounds, slackened pace a little, and we seemed to be gaining on them, when the situation changed afresh.

The hound Lemminkäinen, lively and wilful as the hero whose name he bore, suddenly started away from the pack, and made off on a line of his own in pursuit of some stray beast that we could only just see, presumably a fox.

Boris Ahlström uttered frantic summons in vain. Those of us who knew the hound personally called out "Lemminkäinen! Lemminkäinen!" in an impulsive and futile manner, but of course to no effect; and meanwhile Aiatos, judging that Lemminkäinen was the swiftest and most sporting of the pack, mended her pace again and went off in pursuit of the independent hound and his quarry. For a brief while the fox, Lemminkäinen, and Aiatos—Celia being evidently negligible—enjoyed a fine private run on their own account.

In a sort of exasperation the rest of us simply gave no heed to them for a few minutes. The three correctly behaved hounds were nearing "the kill," when Fru Signy pointed away to Lemminkäinen and called out something that I did not understand. "Sveaborg!" cried one of the professors. "The sentries—they'll fire at them!" exclaimed Tyyne Ilmarila. I was bewildered, for the Sveaborg fortress-island lay quite a mile to the west of us. But Boris Ahlström struck off from the rest of the party, and went as hard as ever he could go towards Aiatos and Lemminkäinen.

Now the fox, that original source of mischief, had veered from his first course and was making straight for one of the islands with the low buildings. It was a mistaken line for any wild animal to take, but it luckily brought him and his pursuers, Lemminkäinen, Aiatos, and Celia, round in a curve not so far from the main party. Then several things happened all together. Two men in overcoats came hurrying out from the buildings, shouting, signalling, and looking quite inhumanly grotesque as they plunged about in the deep snow to the lee of the island. For the moment I watched them impassively, then I realized. "Those sentries again! It must be Sveaborg, somehow. Oh dear! there's bound to be a bother with that girl!" And then I am sure I saw one of the sentries raise his gun to his shoulder. I turned Lempi and dashed out towards

them, with what intent I hardly knew. But Boris Ahlström waved a hand to the floundering sentries and cried out; then dashed up alongside Celia and seized Aiatos's bridle, at the same time calling down such terrible Swedish imprecations on Lemminkäinen that he forsook his quarry and slunk away.

Rapid and unintelligible parleyings with the sentries were still going on when I came up to Ahlström and Celia. The former has a fair command of Russian, and what is more, a complete understanding of the relationship between the average Russian official and current coin.

The sentries withdrew to the island at length, and we made our way quietly back to the rest of the hunt, straightening out our various confused explanations and justifications as we came.

This unlucky island is one of an outlying group that form a scattered powder-magazine and is—naturally—stringently forbidden to public approach. The inexperienced Pekka had committed a serious blunder in laying the drag even at a quarter of a mile from there; but when Lemminkäinen, Aiatos, and Celia descended straight upon it, the situation became openly dangerous, for the sentries—who live in a permanent state of nerves since the Sveaborg mutiny—were perfectly ready to fire. During some minutes, the girl on the big bay hunter, the foxhound, and no doubt even the fox himself, appeared to them the forerunners in a singularly original and daring Revolutionary attack.

The "kill" was long over and the drag devoured when we reached the others. I think the general significance of her adventure escaped Celia; she was most concerned to find out whether she must expect scolding or sympathy for being run away with by Aiatos. "I couldn't hold her a bit," she cried. "I'm sure there was something wrong with the curb—it didn't seem to touch her; and oh! I can hardly move my arms!"

The cold and the long strain of pulling in her tight, fur-lined jacket-sleeves had made the poor child's arms quite numb and powerless. She let them hang pathetically while I twisted up her streaming hair, and Yrjo Vaina, not un-

willingly, took charge of her horse. We rode back by the same way to look for some of her lost apparel, rather laboriously making light of the whole affair, and dwelling upon Aiatos's paces and spirit and prowess generally.

"Did they want to take your name!" I heard Fru Signy ask her husband.

"My dear girl," he answered rather impatiently, "you know they can find out everything about us in half an hour, if they want to—and they know that well enough."

All the same, either that boasted surveillance of the Russian police is relaxed in Helsingfors, or they make exceptions in favour of English visitors. I do not think I have once taken my passport out of its case since I started, and certainly Celia and I could not have spent seven months in a German city, or even a French one, without giving some sort of account of ourselves to the police or municipal authorities. But here—possibly by reason of our eminently respectable relations—no one has demanded to see our papers; we have frequented all sorts of society, and gone to and fro unquestioned and undisturbed.

The political situation continues to be acutely interesting. The Agrarian Law, designed to improve the semi-feudal conditions under which many "torpare" on the larger estates were living, and to prevent those evictions which were the scandal of the preceding winter, was passed not long ago by the Landtdag and the Senate, and sent up to the Tsar. He now returns it, duly confirmed, but with a very dangerous preamble. This sets forth that the "Little Father" has confirmed this measure out of the goodness of his heart and his solicitude for the poor and oppressed, in spite of the invalidity of the Bill, which, having been elaborated by a Diet that has been dissolved, is really null and void. As you see—a further development of that interesting constitutional discovery made by the Russian government at the end of January—to the effect that the dissolution of a Diet brings all the measures and petitions *ipso facto* to naught.

But this preamble is a cleverer piece of work than first

appears, for it is designed to bring about a split between the Moderates and Progressives of the Landtdag. The bourgeoisie parties in the main disliked the Agrarian Law—though, so far as I can learn, it was anything but drastic—and they will naturally rejoice to have a good constitutional reason for dropping it. But the Social Democrats have pledged themselves to amend the Agrarian conditions, and some of them consider these so bad that any possible means should be taken to better them. The Old Finns, with their conciliatory policy, would of course accept the Bill and the preamble; are the Socialists to endanger the Constitution, or to send the “torpare” back to the same misery, for Heaven knows how long? Not an easy matter to decide, but the peculiarly uncompromising character of the Finnish Socialists has before now stood them in good stead, and will again.

“Poor Seyn has been once more disappointed,” said Yrjo Vaina to us yesterday. “That rising in Helsingfors, you know; he *can't* seem to bring it off, try as he may.”

The story goes that, directly after Svinhufvud had made his protest, upon the reassembling of the Landtdag, a number of reactionary Russians with Seyn at their head visited Governor Böckmann, and persuaded him that the President's remarks were an insult to Russia, to the Emperor, and to himself. Off went the Governor-General post-haste to St. Petersburg, but M. Stolypin did not treat the matter very seriously until Böckmann showed him a telegram, announcing that violent demonstrations were being prepared in Finland. A ~~hoax~~, of course—or, as politicians say, “a fabrication”—but it was so far effective that the Diet was dissolved. Seyn and his friends cheerfully expected that the sudden dissolution would bring about serious disturbances in Helsingfors and elsewhere—if only the *agents provocateurs* would do their duty. Then would follow military occupation, arrests, perhaps even massacre—the Finnish Constitution could be torn up, and the Finnish Civil Service be once more open to the Russian bureaucracy.

Cherchez les affaires nowadays, and not *la femme*.

Business—the natural desire of Russian officials to make their purses heavy in Finland and elsewhere—is at the bottom even of this sinister little affair with all its tragic possibilities. But, once more, the Finns have refused to play the game.

After all this, what can I tell you that will not seem dull? But you were asking about the University, so I'll turn to, and answer some of your questions as briefly as I may.

To begin historically, Finland has maintained an University for more than two hundred and sixty years. Per Brahe, a Swedish Governor, founded it at Åbo, and, when the capital of Finland was transferred from that city to Helsingfors, in 1812, the University followed a few years after.

By its constitution and by the mingled independence and self-government of its scholars this corner-stone of Finnish education is, I believe, more like the older Scottish Universities than anything else. The students are organized, according to their native provinces, in Unions or "Nations," an arrangement which dates from the earliest days of the University. To one of these every student must belong, and the "Nation" exercises over its members a certain disciplinary control, authorized by the University statutes. This is carried out by means of an "Inspektor," one of the University Professors, elected by the members of each Union, who maintains a kind of supervision over them. But do not for a moment imagine that his rule infringes on freedom of speech or thought! These "Inspektors" are unrestrictedly chosen by the students; they attend their meetings, are treated with all consideration, and have more than once averted serious conflicts between the young folk and the higher authorities.

Each "Nation" meets weekly under the direction of a Curator—generally an elder member—and deals with administrative and economic matters; for these Unions dispose of not unimportant sums of money in loans to scholars, stipendiums, and so on. Then questions of literary, philosophic, or sociological interest are discussed, but discussion alone would not carry the "Nations" far. They have programmes of special work of a very practical order, particularly

in ethnology and folk-lore; and the present ethnological museum, to which some of the "Nations" still contribute, was maintained for many years by the students alone.

While the bad times reigned, these Unions maintained a very widespread and admirable system of popular education in the country during the long summer holidays; and, now that this is not so greatly needed, they have turned their energy to the support of the "People's High Schools" or Adult Schools—whereof more anon—and the various societies for the distribution of cheap, good literature. It seems as if competition had for once been of real use, since the rivalry between the Swedish and Finnish Unions stimulated both to magnificent efforts in this educational work.

All these Union meetings and much other general business take place in two very fine Students' Assembly Halls. The chief one—the "Students' House" of Helsingfors—is a fine building at the corner of Alexandersgatan, raised by national subscriptions during several years, and completed in 1870. The Swedish students have their separate meeting-house, raised at their own expense. The freakish irony of human things has willed that the main Students' House, which is the home of the Finnish "Nations," should be constructed, generally speaking, in the Swedish style; while the "Nylands Nation" House, where the other students meet (in Kasarn-torget), is built rather more in the Finnish manner.

There are about two thousand men students at the University and seven hundred women, who are in every respect treated on an equal footing with the men, and even admitted into the "Nations." So far as I have learned, they have been in no way separately organized, but are simple members of the Unions to which they belong by their original provinces, and amenable to the same rules. You know how I dislike a "Women's This or That" and women's branches of corporations or societies, where they can possibly be avoided, so this greatly pleases me.

"When girls first entered the University, were things made easy for them?" I have asked this question several times

and received conflicting answers; but the majority of my informants, women who were students fifteen or twenty years ago, tell me that they were treated with all consideration and kindness, and soon admitted to comradeship. These favourable replies do not seem to bear any direct relation to the comeliness of those questioned, so I will gladly believe them to be true.

Erik Axelsson, who is a third-year student of the Savolaks "Nation," says that we must by all means be present for the great students' festival of the 1st of May. "Quite, quite early in the morning, the streets will be full of young men and maidens wearing, for the first time that year, the little white cap with the golden lyre. It is a token of Spring! Every one has a bunch of flowers, and many will be lifting up their voices as they go, singing as only Finnish students can sing. The Fennomaner make their way to the Swedish-named park of Djurgården; the Svekomaner to Finnish-sounding Kajsa-niemi—irony again! Sometimes the weather is more unkind even than your English May can be; snow lies upon the hillsides, the pools are covered with grey, slowly-melting ice, and white flakes drift down upon the budding green. But there was never yet a first of May without some gleam of sun—and you know what our Northern sunshine can be."

Towards the end of May another festival is sometimes held, but this is a very solemn affair, and only happens once in every four years. It is the day when the degree of Master of Philosophy is conferred upon a happy few. Our dear Finns have something of the German aptitude for making a ceremony, and weaving together the edifying, the dramatic, and the sentimental on all great occasions of public or private life. The University Hall is filled with the students and professors in their best, young women in white dresses with great bouquets, and elder ladies arrayed as festally as is possible without incurring the blame of being "mondän." About the professorial chair on the platform stand shrubs of laurel, or bay, and the precious laurel wreaths which the magisters are to receive—wreaths that have been woven for them by their

present or prospective sweethearts. One of the professors is "Promoter," and modifies the emotional aspects of the scene by a long and learned speech, to which the "Primus" of the candidates replies in one yet more learned, if that may be. Then, amid the strains of triumphal music, the "Promovander," one after another, come forward to the Promoter, who places the laurel wreaths precariously upon their brows, and gives to each an engraved golden ring. When all the magisters have been crowned, the promotion of the doctors begins, and each of these honoured scholars must receive, with due reverence and solemnity, the present of a hat and a dagger. Then the quaint ceremony ends, with a few more speeches, presentations of flowers, and a service in St. Nicholas Church. As Dr. Ahlström said, speaking in a rather German mood: "You smile, perhaps, and find these ordinances unfitted to the solemn and sacred pursuit of knowledge? But it is one of the few beautiful old traditions that have survived into our commonplace times. There lies about it a poetic glamour that should appeal to *you*, Fröken; a glamour before which cold criticism must bow the head."

But this agreeable ceremony with its flowers and music is preceded by some very grim scenes, at one of which I was present. To become Doctor of Philosophy you must, among other things, write a learned treatise which is "thrown to the wolves"—that is, passed on to the University authorities for criticism; and it is the candidate's business to defend his or her treatise publicly, *viva voce* and impromptu, against the assaults of one of these. I call it a cruel scene! In one of the smaller lecture rooms, flooded with the unsympathetic light of a grey January morning, was an impassive Finnish public, consisting mostly of students and professors, and upon the platform a scrupulously carping critic, and a brave but agonized young woman, vindicating herself and the child of her brain against his practised onslaught. Her treatise, of which I afterwards saw a copy, was in exquisite French, and dealt with some subtle questions of Italian history, but the public controversy was carried on in Finnish. My heart

ached for the poor girl, and I honestly rejoiced when I heard that she was safely "received."

Crossing the Senate Square yesterday, on my way to the University Library, I was struck afresh with the extraordinary effect of harmony and dignity which this quarter of Helsingfors presents. Soberly grey and solid under the bright blue skies of the spring-winter, the pseudo-classicism of "the Swedish style" does not seem out of place, as we expected it would. After all—they had hard weather in Greece sometimes! And the unanimity of the architecture, if I may so put it, in this area is very pleasant. St. Nicholas, pillared and dominant, at the top of its steps, is in perfect keeping with the University Buildings on one side and the Senate House on the other; while, close at hand, the University Library, the Standerhuset, where the Landtdag used to meet, the House of Nobles, the House of State Archives, and the very Bank of Finland, though designed by various different architects, make a wonderfully harmonious whole.

I have not done my duty by these buildings! Five—nearly six months are gone by since I came to Helsingfors; and a conscientious sight-seer would have been through them in the first week; while all except "those that are of use," as Celia says, remain unfamiliar to me.

I have spent hours in the Library, which is sober, roomy, well-lighted, and adorned with fittings of dark, carved wood, as a Library should be. Here, under the bust of Runeberg, I have been trying to find out the actual contemporary history of Finland. There are some sort of Annual Registers in Finnish, and there is a fully detailed and interesting account of the Great Strike in Swedish, but, apart from these, it is difficult to find any compendious record of the years from 1905 onward, which are my chief concern. I can also get material from the Volksbiblioteket, or General Lending Library, in Richardsgatan; and this, too, keeps me well supplied with fiction. Since it is a Finnish Public Building and an educational one, I need not tell you that it is constructed in the grand style; and vestibules, corridors, reading-rooms, and

all appointments are an example of the spirit of communal dignity and self-respect that inspires this little nation.

(*Later.*)

I have just returned from a two days' excursion with Ida Jurgens to visit her favourite Volkshögskola, or adult school, at Surnumaki. Surnumaki is a small industrial town on one of the central lakes some five hours from Helsingfors, a home of saw-mills and wood-pulping factories and neat wooden houses in a circle of forest-covered hills. Now that there is so much sunshine, you cannot think how *white* all the world looks! Fields, lakes, hills, trees, buildings, everything meets you with a cold blue or grey dazzle; and even indoors the thin colouring of walls and woodwork, the absence of dark shades and stuffy furniture, all add to the impression of abounding space, cleanness, and clearness which the light of the spring-winter gives. I shall really be homesick for it next year among the Rembrandt shades of London in February.

We spent the night at a little hotel, and presented ourselves at the Adult School well before eight o'clock in the morning. This establishment at Surnumaki is one of some thirty or more scattered over Finland for the general education and culture of the handworkers during the four winter months. They are State-assisted, but not State-supported, and they appear to be in their working something between Ruskin College and Toynbee Hall. For thirty marks (25s.) a month, any working man or woman who is over eighteen can be boarded, lodged, and instructed here for the season; and, if you have at all realized the nature of the Finns from my letters, you will guess that each school maintains several scholarships and "stipendiums," raised by the pupils themselves. Living and working together, these young men and women receive a kind of humanizing education, a broad and very genial culture, which is neither practical nor "examinational," but directed to the general improvement of the pupil. Half the day is spent in technical work, the other half in easy-going conversational instruction in history, ethics, poetry,

elementary science and hygiene, folk-lore, singing, dancing, and gymnastics—singing above all! The whole school appear to know thousands of songs by heart, and upon the merest hint they give them voice.

We arrived there at a bleak and untuneful hour, as I told you; but when we entered the hall where the master was teaching, he did but start a word or two of some little song of welcome, and all the class broke into hearty and melodious utterance of hospitable sentiments. At the conclusion of every lesson, before and after every meal—yes, directly after a heavy dinner—and upon every occasion where a change of thought or a stimulus to the spirits seems desirable, they sing. Mighty is the civilizing power of music, men say; and in the Finnish schools it has a chance to prove its use. Sometimes the pupils sing in parts, but more often they merely give voice in unison to simple but lovely melodies—and render them, I am told, with great accuracy and natural skill.

In the Surnumaki district these adult scholars are chiefly the sons and daughters of neighbouring yeomen, of small shop-keepers, or else town and country servants. So far as one can see, the system tends to make the hand-worker or proletarian wise, happy, and civilized upon his own grounds, without seeking to draw him into the immense and formless bulk of the bourgeoisie. The method of teaching tends to keep up the oral memory, that treasure of primitive life, alongside of the recently acquired habit of book-learning; to teach a preference for home-crafts over the unskilled labour of casual factory-work; and generally to make the country *stuga* no cheap imitation of a bourgeois interior, but a home of light and life, simple poetry and song.

Naturally I abounded in expressions of praise and interest, but Ida Jürgens, like a fond parent who depreciates his child that others may praise, would say from time to time, “Ah, yes, but you should see the Danish *Volkshögskolar!*” Our host and hostess, too, painted fancy pictures of all that they would do, if funds were larger and Adult Schools more widely spread in Finland. They were a rather charming pair: he a little

dark Karelian, with that curious expression of benignity which comes when the eyes are set widely apart, and she a fair Tavastian with Swedish blood, unusually comely and tall. I need not tell you that husband and wife were co-partners, on a footing of entire equality, in the management of the school. They were responsible to a directing Committee, but in the choice, arrangement, and extent of subjects for study, they had an absolutely free hand.

I am trying to think how such a system of Adult Schooling would work out in England. At first, certainly, it would be captured by the smaller bourgeoisie, the social stratum just above those whom it was intended to reach ; and they would bring a little class feeling in with them, and strongly object to working and living with "girls who were only *generals!*" if some such ever found their way there. Then, too, the management would be sorely tempted to arrange work for some special object, such as the easier public examinations ; and, at the very least, they would insist upon regular courses and standards, and issue certificates. Then the clergy of all denominations would ask for right of entry. Finally the Established Church would obtain control over a good many of these Adult Schools, and, having beaten up enormous subscriptions, would use them as "hostels" for the production of really efficient Sunday-school teachers !

Ah well ! how I should like to see the Finnish system unspoiled in England ! And—I am going to utter sacrilege—how I should like to see many fine old country-houses diverted to communal purposes, by being turned into Adult Schools. Imagine the happiness of the small clerk or shop-keeper, who now gets his culture from a Mutual Improvement Society and a ten days' trip to Llandudno, if he might spend three months of easy study and recreation with his fellows at—Andredshurst !!! (I do not want to turn out the Cunninghams just yet ; but give me the refusal of it for the People, before it slips, as it must do finally, into the hands of Schurkstein or Van Skunk.) You, who know so well the intimate charm of old walls and ancient gardens, who love cloistered walks and

gentle learning—you whom Trinity made—would you not like to see these kindly influences brought within reach of more than a few?

Well, to continue. The school at Surnumaki holds some sixty or seventy pupils, men and women; and the simplicity of Finnish domestic arrangements enables them to be all packed into one fair-sized house, half wood, half stone, placed upon a hill-side overlooking the little town, the forests, and the lakes.

I slipped out for a walk in the afternoon, while Ida was resting, meaning to explore a corner of those snowy woodlands, but I was beguiled by the sight of a handsome "*Studio* building," i.e. a specimen of the new Finnish architecture, not far away. Enquiring of a temporary custodian, who had some Swedish, I found it was the Union Hall of the local branch of the Social Democratic Party; and, upon mentioning Iivo Korhonen and "Tyomies," I was cordially bidden to enter.

It was in the best sense of the word a Public House, a fine example of individual proletarian effort. Here was a library, a reading-room, a lecture-hall, a gymnasium, and a non-alcoholic restaurant, besides all sorts of accommodation for musical, social, and even theatrical entertainment. "We have some two hundred Dramatic Unions in our Party," said my guide. He was a furry person, with high boots and unusually long hair, of forbidding countenance but genial manners; and he told me how nearly all the decorations and fittings of these rooms had been made by the members themselves, men and women. "It is our own building, too, and we have not a penny of debt on it," he proudly added. Here they maintained an "Ideal Union"—the Socialist Sunday-school—for the children; also soirées, concerts, plays, lotteries (at which I shook my head), and pleasure-trips for the young people, with lectures and debates for all. The only things they did not yet possess were a Communal Kitchen and an Adult School."

"Surely you don't want another Adult School in Surnumaki!" I cried.

"We have no opening yet for a Communal Kitchen," he

went on—being one of those methodic persons who do not like to leave loose ends of conversational subject-matter—“and certainly the establishment yonder is excellent of its kind—for I passed two seasons there! But, you understand, it is high time that the Party possessed some Adult Schools of their own, where instruction would be given in a Socialist spirit and a Socialist atmosphere—where the scholars would learn how it was not the Kings and the Priests, but the People who made history! I do not say that they are narrow or reactionary over there—but *we* must begin sooner or later, and why not at Surnumaki? You will hardly find a more vigorous or better organized group in all Finland; and think what honour a Social Democrat Adult School would bring to our little town!”

Here indeed was a real local patriot! He saw things intensely, though his vision might be small. I delighted him by saying that a true account of the Surnumaki Union would find its way to England; and I have kept my word; so now, Dear, farewell.

THE FAREWELL

IN the bitter February winter,
 Weary, white, and cold,
When the snowdrift hangs, a frozen billow,
 On the plain uprolled—
I must leave the forest and the lakeland,
 The beaches where I played ;
Where the women laboured, where, in summer,
 Plunge the maidens, unafraid.

Now I leave the moorlands to the wanderer,
 And the wild things all ;
Leave my father's ploughland to the reindeer ;
 Leave the birds that call
"Homeward ! homeward !" in the happy springtime.
 —I must weep no more !
Learn to put my village from remembrance,
 And forget my father's door.

O my sister Helmi ! gentle-hearted !
 Though we said farewell,
Still my heart, a phantom on the threshold,
 Lingers, where you dwell.
Yet, like mortal feet that leave no traces
 On the icy ground,
It will cross your little lighted window
 Without a sign or sound.

Adapted from the "Kanteletar."

LETTER XVII

(WHICH IS PRECEDED BY)

*Telegram to Francis Clare, in London.
Suddenly leaving Finland. No calamity. Tell Professor.
From—Travers, Mikonkatu, Helsingfors.*

To Marius Fitzgerald, The Heights, Culcherbury

STEAMER "OSMOLA,"
BETWEEN HANGÖ AND COPENHAGEN,
March 13th.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,

By the time this reaches Culcherbury you will have become more familiar with the idea of our departure from Finland than we are yet ourselves!

To-day is Friday. On Monday afternoon, at the bleak hour of half-past three, Celia telephoned to me, "Are you at home? Please come here at once"—and not a word more. Imagining all kinds of disaster, I hurried out, took sledge, and was at the Nylands Pension within a quarter of an hour. In Celia's apartment I found herself, Commander Keith, and the new English Consul, seated on three uncomfortable chairs in the middle of the room; and I never in my life saw a neat little old gentleman look so like an explosive shell as our great-uncle did that day.

"They want us to go away!" cried Celia.

The Commander entered upon a rapid, furious explanation, mixed with Swedish, from which I could only disentangle the words "infernal tyranny—lunatic officials—British subjects—laughing-stock of Europe!"

"*But* regrettable imprudence," added the English Consul

softly. He was a bald, calm man, with a diplomatic manner, and soon made things clear to me. "The fact is, a certain Russian personage, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, called upon me this morning. He was most polite and considerate—*but*—he asked me to convey to Herr Kommer-seråd Keith that a charming and enthusiastic young relative of his had behaved with some imprudence—being no doubt led away by the misrepresentations of interested and dangerous people. He wished me to understand that he was acting, for the moment, unofficially, since his Government would deplore—simply *deplore*—having to take any overt steps against a British subject of Miss Celia's position, and a connection of Herr Kommer-seråd Keith's; *but*—unless the lady would undertake promptly to leave the country—her recent highly suspicious actions with regard to the island and fortress of Sveaborg, together with her known frequentation of the houses of disaffected persons and her distribution of forbidden literature, would absolutely oblige the Russian Government to take proceedings against her as a spy."

I will spare you the Consul's further diplomatic phrases, Celia's indignation, and our great-uncle's sense of outrage. He was exceedingly unhappy, because his tribal loyalty and determination to support "a gentlewoman of the United Kingdom" under any circumstances were at war with his natural desire to point the moral to Celia, and to emphasize the danger of keeping company with Socialists and Revolutionaries. After a great deal of talk this fact remained: the Imperial authorities seriously believed Celia to be connected with Russian Revolutionaries, and to have twice attempted an illicit descent upon the islands of Sveaborg! Two innocent and well-nigh farcical episodes gave colour to this delusion—episodes which I briefly related to you as they occurred, did I not? The first occasion was when we lost ourselves upon the ice and had an encounter with a sentry; the second was when Aiatos ran away with Celia and carried her nearly on to the powder-island.

Doubtless these two adventures would have gone unnoticed



WHEN THE SPRING-WINTER REIGNS
FROM A PICTURE

if we had been merely passing English visitors in Helsingfors, or if we had taken no interest in the political life of Finland. But the Finnish capital is small, and Celia's striking personality and freely expressed opinions attracted notice in more than one quarter. Probably the Imperial authorities keep an intermittent watch upon the upper end of Eriksgatan; anyhow, it is certain that from the moment she so unluckily let fall the *Records of Russian Tyranny* in this neighbourhood she became a suspected person, whose most casual actions would be darkly interpreted, strictly recorded, and promptly judged.

Extraordinary as it seems, Commander Keith and the Consul were agreed that it would be useless to try to convince the Russian authorities of the blankly accidental character of Celia's attempts. "But, my dear young lady, what could we say? You were conveying a book which—though printed and published in England, and doubtless entirely justifiable—is "forbidden literature"; and conveying it to personages known to be in conflict with the Imperial Government. You were so unfortunate as to drop this book almost upon the threshold of these persons' house, where it was picked up by one of those deputed by the authorities to supervise that neighbourhood. This having once happened, the merest pretext for official action sufficed; and such pretext was amply afforded by those two entertaining and picturesque little adventures of which we have been told."

But now, what was to be done? Must Celia indeed run away from Finland at the shortest notice, and under the shadow of an odious accusation? It seemed intolerable! I heartily supported my cousin in her desire to stay and face out the enquiry, secure in her innocence, and hoping to cover her accusers with ridicule. But the two men bore emphatic witness to the perils of such a course, the danger it entailed upon the "persons at Eriksgatan," and upon the community in general.

"Things are touch-and-go just now in Finland," said the Consul, passing into his second diplomatic manner—the crisp

and confidential. "You know, we are living under the very eyes of the cannon in what is, to all appearances, a totally defenceless city. If the authorities chose to institute stringent enquiries on account of this delusion of theirs—if they instituted a house-to-house search—if they began provocative measures—why then you would be making history, Miss Celia—*but*—have you counted the cost!"

"Now," he pursued, "why not go to Stockholm or Copenhagen for a bit? Very pleasant towns, and there's an Educational Congress on at Copenhagen—just the thing to interest you. If you were to take the steamer *Osmola* at Hangö on Thursday, you could see our famous ice-breakers in working, Herr Keith here would have a load off his mind, your Revolutionary friends would escape notice for the present, and you would save the Russian authorities from making fools of themselves on this occasion, at any rate! Come, Miss Travers," he said, turning suddenly upon me, "you're a woman of the world—you must see that it's impossible for your cousin to stay and fight it out! Too big a job! Too serious! And besides—they really are making it very easy for you; they give you nearly three days for packing-up!"

The appeal to a simple and rather old-maidish soul as "a woman of the world" is almost irresistible. Nevertheless, I believe I supported Celia's proposition, to remain and take the consequences a little longer than she did herself. The suspicion of espionage is, surely, an imputation upon one's personal honour! and one that should be repudiated, even at very serious cost. I think this appeared so obvious to Celia and myself that neither of us put it into actual words, and, as often happens, the true motive of opposition remained unrevealed. We sacrificed each other with the greatest calm; I was unmoved by the description of the troubles awaiting Celia, and she did not stir an eyelid when told that her arrest would involve mine. But the Consul perceived the drift of our minds, and cleverly conveyed the impression that, although Celia might be nominally accused as a spy, the authorities believed bomb-throwing to be her real intent. She felt that

she could still hold up her head under *that* accusation; and so we finally gave way to the persuasions of the Consul and Commander Keith.

When they were gone we stood looking out of the window for a few moments in dreary silence. It was not yet dusk, a cheerless pale gleam filled the square, and played over the grotesque high lights made by the fallen snow upon the statue of Lönnrot and Väinämöinen. We had that stale sense of acquiescence in a sordid world which often follows upon a prudent decision. Alas! Why is there such a sad family likeness between prudence and cowardice? And can it *never* happen that those who are older and wiser than ourselves will tell us to "throw our hearts before us," will counsel the bold action, the heroic course? It was some consolation to reflect that Celia's retreat was nearly as bitter to Commander Keith as to ourselves. He had earnestly seconded the Consul's arguments, for he perceived the dangers involved, and was glad to escape the scandal of the trial of his niece for espionage; moreover, he hated the Revolutionaries—but oh! it galled him to withdraw from a chance of a fight with so great and detested an enemy as the Government of Russia!

Well—the secret of "the Englishwoman's attempts upon Sveaborg" is hidden in the Governor-General's archives, and we have adduced our desire to visit the Educational Congress at Copenhagen as a reason for our sudden departure. This statement has been made by us, or on our behalf, to all our circle, and not one of them, I feel sure, really believes it. Helsingfors is a remarkable town for "underground news," so to speak; and, although the Consul and the Commander have kept the strictest silence on this matter, nearly every one of our friends has some notion of the facts.

"All this," you will say, "is reason enough why Celia should leave Finland; but it does not tell why her cousin accompanies her."

True, my harmless name has not been mentioned, for the authorities do not keep watch over the portals of "Työväen Talo," and no one has traced the *Records of Russian Tyranny* to me,

or to the original and most unlikely donor, Francis Clare. But Celia has simply assumed that I am going with her; and, indeed, I can give no valid reason why I should stay on. In both our cases, the sentence of exile, imposed from without or from within, has long since expired. Celia's suffragette interests are overlaid by several strata of foreign matter, and I have decided the questions that I came so far from England to consider. I would have stayed on to see the Finnish spring, but now—I think of English daffodils, and the bronze of young oak-woods, and of another incarnation of youth, who will always be as light and untroubled as they.

All the same, it is lucky that I received a local suggestion, involving future residence in Finland, with a negative!

Besides the Commander and Aunt Karin both implore me to go with Celia—saying that they will not have an easy moment if they know her to be alone—she might even go to St. Petersburg! “As it is, Copenhagen is a regular meeting place for Socialists and Anarchists and Revolutionaries, and no doubt they will find her out soon enough! I wish she had never set eyes on Eriksogatan! Still, Denmark is a civilized country where the authorities make allowances for all kinds of heady talk—and anyhow, my dear, *keep her to Socialism* if you can; there's not so much danger in that!”

Commander Keith, the Svekoman, the bourgeois, the exotic British Imperialist, becomes an advocate of the Red Flag! *Il ne faut jamais dire: Fontaine, je ne boirai point de ton eau.*

We shall, therefore, spend a fortnight or so in Copenhagen, visiting “the Governess and the Bishopess of Iceland” in their retirement, and calling upon various other non-political folk, to whom the Keiths have hurriedly given us introductions. Then I shall restore Celia, a little sobered, a trifle more experienced, but unrepentant, and full as ever of infinite variety, to the bewildered keeping of Cousin Kathleen Amelia. What will she do next?

It is just possible that she may follow the matter-of-fact counsels of Professor Anders Weilin. We found time to go out to Tölö and bid farewell to that strange character on

Wednesday night. After the revelation of his philosophy of life, we were uncertain whether we might still find him there, for a person who holds that he is not bound to carry the burden of life a day longer than it seems profitable to him, may pass at any moment through the Open Door. But he was still alive, and welcomed us again to the little, dusty, book-filled room in the old-fashioned wooden house. As before, coffee and cakes presently appeared, the parrot entered with his guardian, and addressed us with good-humoured and irresponsible profanity, after showing off his latest accomplishment, the faithful imitation of a choking cough. And as before the old Professor watched and waited upon Celia with devotion, occasionally glancing to me for sympathy in his utterly frank and child-like admiration of her grace.

We told him of our departure from Finland and prospective return home. "So you presently go back to England?" said he, "to that home of the most disturbing contrasts, the most complex web of humane intelligence and smiling barbarism that the world has yet seen! I think I should go mad to live there! But you have grown up under the burden, and you are of the Titan's race. So—what will you do in England now?"

I gave some unimportant answer. Celia, with a momentary reversion to her earlier style, said that she meant to labour for International Unity abroad, and work with those who were striving to better the lot of the toiling masses at home—or words to that effect.

"*Work*—with those hands?" said Weilin gently.

They are well-tended beautiful hands. She perceived the implication, and after a few moments of verbal fencing, she spoke more directly from her real self than she is generally able to do. She said, "They *could* be very useful, just as they are; and, anyhow, I don't promise to spoil them—but tell me what you think I ought to do?"

"Ah! how can I put myself in your place? If I were young and beautiful, there is so much I should want to do that it would leave no room for 'ought.' But you are different.

If you really mean to help the underworld, upon whose labour and monotony the graces of your life are built, I think you must learn what labour is. Through hand-work, skilled or unskilled, you are eased and tended, and even kept alive; but I understand you are ignorant of the very arts that serve to keep your room in order and prepare your food."

"It is my own fault," said Celia valiantly. "A great many English girls of our class know how to sweep and cook."

"Are there really so many? And how do they regard such work? When I was in England it seemed to me that household labour was more considerable than with us, but less esteemed; it was service unintelligently rendered, and held in contempt by high and low."

We could not but agree, for we remembered certain melancholy newspaper correspondence of the silly season, revealing how one man after another finds marriage upon £150 a year impossible, since he dare not ask that refined lady, his intended wife, to undertake the vulgar drudgery of housework.

"You see," he continued, passing with relief from the concrete to the abstract, "all down the ages hand-labour has been despised, by comparison with brain-work and with idleness. Now we are beginning to talk about the dignity of labour, and trying to give the hand-worker his due place. But how can we do that, unless we know, in our aching limbs and scarred hands, what work really is? Further, how shall we help the hand-worker to a better standing, unless we show him the way to put interest and intelligence into his work? If we take our place beside him, and say, 'Look, by using that brain of yours, left dormant since the age of fourteen, thus and thus, you will save your back and hands'—*then* we shall be doing him a daily service, and he will rightly give us his trust.

"It is not a new suggestion I make you, for I believe Ruskin and his followers once broke stones for the highway. People told me that the road he constructed was not a good one; but you must do better than that. There is little joy and no dignity in unintelligent labour, yet even this is

better than living upon the sufferance of your fellow-creatures, feeling that you make no return for your living, and knowing that you *cannot* make any. How dreary a lot! To those who are so placed, one can only say, with Goethe:—

Stirb und werde!
Denn so lang Du Das nicht hast,
Bist Du nur ein trüber Gast
Auf der dunklen Erde.

They must die to their pride of birth or education, and rise again in the knowledge that they can render humble necessary service with their hands, and have so earned the right to live.

“But this is a world of compromise. Those who possess an unearned competence do sometimes try to repay it to society, by acts of so-called ‘public service’—or, like myself, by the production of unremunerative literature, which they honestly believe to be beneficial to the world at large. If, as I do, they rate such literature and such service at ten or twenty times their real value—well—we must give the high gods cause to smile now and again! But the other way is best.”

“Do you really mean,” said I, “that Celia would be more useful and pleasing to the world at large if she were to live by housework?”

“Not that! But I do say that, whatever service she will finally render her fellow-creatures, be it of heart or brain, will be vastly strengthened if she has learnt to work with her hands.”

“It will take time,” said Celia, a trifle wearily, “and there is so much else to do!”

“Why yes! But to feel that one has two means of living—two ways of being useful to others—is not that worth while? Does not each capacity strengthen the other? And we are to think, not of yourself, but of your power to help ‘the toiling masses,’ are we not? In your place I would ask myself, By what trades do the young women of the proletariat in my country live? And I would choose out one of these trades to learn. It should not be unskilled work, nor yet factory labour,

nor one of those foolish and degrading activities that grow like a fungus from the rottenness of our civilization, but something simple, necessary, eternal. Dynasties change, races and revolutions both pass away, but those who can tend children or care for the sick, those who grow corn or bake bread, those who weave garments or forge iron, must always be with us, for they will be needed as long as the world lasts."

"I am glad you do not choose the nursery or the hospital for me," said Celia.

"No; gentle and lovely as you are, I cannot fancy you with babes or with sufferers. Besides, labour of this kind has already attained a certain dignity in our time, and so has the intelligent care of the soil. I would like to see you lending a brief grace to the trades that are still thought lowly of, needful though they are. I can imagine you learning to do housework or to prepare food, not as the girl of the proletariat does, ignorantly and contemptuously, but bringing your brain and your personality to bear upon these humble tasks, so that you may be able to say to your poorer sisters, 'This is well worth doing, and thus it should be done.'

"I have tried to practise what I preach," he resumed. "True, I can neither grow corn, nor bake 'skorpor,' and I have striven in vain to teach Marta to take away dust with a damp cloth, instead of flicking it aimlessly abroad with a dry one. But though the State were to remove my pension and the public ceased to buy my books, I could still live if I chose to, for I have a handicraft. I can mend shoes! It is no amateur jobbing either, for I was solidly taught, and that is a piece of my work."

He pointed with honest pride to a large leather wen upon his right foot. We said appropriate things—and felt that we amateurs could have done it a good deal better ourselves.

Our last hours were like a turbulent dream of rebellious, overflowing trunks and late-remembered necessities, and farewells. We started from Helsingfors early on a grey and snowy morning, and left behind us a whole crowd of friends,

who came to the railway-station to see the last of us. These fell into three sets, which could by no possibility mingle: the Keiths and other relations, Helena Tott and her circle, and Celia's political group.

But how kind they all were! How freely they had taken us strangers into their interests and their lives! Here was dear Ida Jürgens, unrecognizable behind a thick woollen veil—assumed because she knew she would cry; there was Helena talking cheerfully of her next visit to England, and stately Leo Jürgens making a background, as usual, to her lively personality. Hilja Raunio was there, trim and round-about as ever, sparing time to bid us farewell between two “agitations-resor”; Lilja Syrèn also, on her way to some factory; Aino Gustafsson, Dr. Ahlström, several Reinholms, and a Social Democrat friend. Besides these appeared Erkki Axelsson, with a whole tribe of cousins; while, keeping tactfully upon the outskirts, Yrjo Vaina and Vera Rydèn were to be seen. They gave us flowers and embraces and farewell wishes—till the second bell rang and the train began to move. We were off at last; and all our Finnish friends were nothing more than a dark gesticulating group on a snowy platform, soon lost among the whirling flakes of the “yrväder.”

Commander Keith accompanied us to Hangö, more to our gratification than our pleasure, if you understand; for, devotedly kind as we felt this to be, we did not know quite how to behave. Should we ignore all the melodramatic incidents of our departure and make a social surface as it were? or should we both try to play the political martyrs, as Celia unconsciously rather inclined to do?

But Commander Keith had borne himself admirably upon the platform among that crowd of “strange beasts,” as they were to him, and now we forgot our problem and our differences in talking of family matters, and sharing the simple sense of kinship and near parting.

Is there anything more desolate than a snowy harbour, and a frozen steamer, her rigging draped with icicles, at the end of a very long quay?

All the bustle and business of departure were soon over, and we beckoned repeated farewells to Commander Keith, standing almost alone on the quay, like a little Napoleon of the North. The iron-shod ice-breaker towed us steadily away down a long, long black canal through the whiteness of the frozen sea, and the broken ice-blocks scraped and hissed along our sides. The cliffs of Hangö vanished, and we looked our last upon the little, red wooden houses. A long headland ridged with black fir woods drew slowly, relentlessly out of sight—and we found ourselves both crying. “It’s only—only—because there are no islands,” said Celia; “and it’s all so different to when we came.”

I too wept long at leaving Finland, for my heart has struck root, somehow, in that strange little northern country. Indeed, the earnestness, the simple lives, and the stubborn courage of the Finns might well win the esteem of harder judges than I. Somebody has said that the birch tree, the granite, and the fir—the first and last things that one sees in Finland—are curiously symbolical of the people themselves. Their lyric and musical gifts are as unexpectedly beautiful as the birches of the far north; the fir tree stands for their unchanging will to progress; and the granite is like their immovable patience, firm as the stone on which their cities stand.

I fear there are evil days ahead for Finland; but she has won through worse, and she is now a distinct national entity, conscious of herself, and prepared. Surely she will be no mean factor in the great Eastern struggle for liberty that some of us foresee? since many a one of her people, man or woman, would deserve the famous inscription:

“BOLD, CAUTIOUS, TRUE, AND A LOVING COMRADE.”

But I will not end with the thought of an epitaph, even a noble one; for though many may fall by the way, Finland’s people are made of the stuff that endures, and their cause will triumph in the end.

APPENDIX I

A SUMMARY OUTLINE OF MODERN FINNISH HISTORY

March, 1809. Alexander I of Russia took an oath to support and maintain the religion of the country, and all the laws, privileges, and rights which, according to the Finnish Constitution, the Grand Duchy and its inhabitants had hitherto enjoyed.

April, 1809. The Emperor repeated the substance of this oath in a general proclamation.

1812. The province of Viborg was united to the rest of Finland, with similar constitutional rights.

February, 1816. Alexander I proclaimed his oath of 1809 to be binding upon his descendants.

In a rescript to Steinheil, the Governor-General of Finland, the Emperor declared: "As regards the conditions of Finland, my intention has been to *give this people a political existence*, so that they may not feel themselves conquered by Russia, but united to her for their own clear advantage; therefore, not only their civil, but their political laws have been maintained."

1835. Lönnrot first publishes the *Kalevala*.

1849. Lönnrot's second edition of the *Kalevala* gives an enormous impetus to the study of Finnish and the revival of nationalism.

1809-63. Finland was ruled by a succession of Governor-Generals and a Governing Council of selected Finnish men. From 1812 onward this Council was, at Alexander I's desire, known as the Imperial Senate of Finland.

1863. Alexander II gave a representative Constitution to Finland. The Senate remained as before, a body of twenty members, appointed by the Tsar from among his Finnish subjects, which combined the functions of Upper House, Executive, and Cabinet; but the Landtdag was now appointed to fulfil the duties of a Lower House. It consisted of four chambers—the Nobles, who had hereditary legislative rights, and the Clergy, Burgesses, and Peasantry, elected by the members of their respective classes. The Landtdag numbered some 270 to 280 members, and was to be convoked at least once in every five years. (In practice the Landtdag was—before the bad times—summoned at intervals of three years; and the Budget was drawn up for that period.)

Local administration was (and still is) organized in the Swedish manner, with provincial governors, and "härad" or hundreds, and village communes. These are directed by representative councils, but the election of these and of the city administrative councils is not yet arranged upon a properly democratic basis. The Bill for Universal Suffrage in the Municipalities (1908) would have affected this (Appendix II).

Legal matters are decided by the Superior Courts, and a number of local judicial districts, administered by local judges, who have each from seven to twelve "coadjutors" chosen from candidates elected by the communes of the district. In the towns, Burgomasters and Assistant Councillors are nominated from candidates elected by the citizens. But the appointments to these Superior Courts are in the hands of the Senate, and these Courts appoint the local judges and have the power of choice and nomination in the other cases mentioned.

1878. Finland's Military System was reconstructed into a small standing army of 5600 men in time of peace, and some 20,000 in the reserve. Some ninety days' service during three years was required of all males, and the reservists were drafted into the "landtvärn," or territorial army, which was only to be mobilized in case of hostile attack. This army, consisting only of Finnish subjects, officers and men, was for the defence of Finland alone, except the battalion of Finnish Guards which usually followed the Emperor upon campaigns.

1894. After a very hot debate the Finnish language was placed upon an equality with Swedish in the Senate.

1898. The Tsar Nicholas II and his advisers decided to alter the conditions of military service in Finland and make them nearly identical with those of Russia. A Bill was drafted practically imposing conscription upon the Finns, with the necessity of serving five years—a term afterwards reduced to three years—in Russian regiments under Russian officers. And this Bill was submitted to the Diet, not for their consent, but merely for their advice. It was, however, put to the vote in the Landtdag and unanimously rejected.

February, 1899. The Tsar issued a manifesto suspending the Finnish Constitution. "The Diet," says this document, "will be abolished, having ceased to be essential to the government of the country. His Majesty Nicholas II will in future legislate for Finland without the latter's advice or assistance. . . . A certain number of Finnish Senators, appointed by the Russian President, will be entitled to a vote in the proceedings" (of the Imperial Council of St. Petersburg). Power amounting to that of a military Dictatorship was conferred upon Major-General Bobrikoff.

Protests and demonstrations of all kinds followed, and a huge national petition was sent to the Tsar. All this proved unavailing, and the whole country entered upon a campaign of passive resistance, which was in many ways effective, and certainly hindered the working out of the proposed Military Law.

Events from 1899 to 1904 are a monotonous record of acts of press censorship, dismissals of native officials, espionage, and illegal arrests. The most important dates are :—

August, 1899. Plehve appointed Ministerial Secretary for Finland.

August, 1900. Finnish postage stamps replaced by ordinary Russian stamps.
 1901. Disbanding of the Finnish army and the Finnish Guards. The barracks in Helsingfors and other towns were filled with Russian regiments.

1902. The "Cossack drive" in Helsingfors (Letter XII).

June 16, 1904. General Bobrikoff was killed by Eugen Schauman.

April, 1905. Discussion of proposals for Universal Suffrage by the Landtdag and the Senate (Appendix II).

July, 1905. Plehve was assassinated in St. Petersburg.

October, 1905. The Great Strike (Letter IV and Appendix II).

December, 1905. The Landtdag reassembled.

November, 1906. The Tsar's manifesto arrived, conceding all that the nation had demanded through the petitions of the Social Democratic Party (Appendix II).

June and July, 1906. A Bill creating the Landtdag of Finland as it existed in 1809 was hurried through the Diet and confirmed in St. Petersburg.

This Diet also granted a sum of £40,000 to Russia, being the first of three annual payments demanded by the Tsar in lieu of military service from Finland.

July, 1906. The Sveaborg mutiny (Appendix II).

April, 1907. First elections upon Adult Suffrage and proportional representation. Result: 80 Social Democrats, 58 Old Finns, 25 Young Finns, 24 Swedes, 7 Agrarians, 2 Christian Labourers; of these 19 were women.

October, 1907. Four Finns were illegally arrested at St. Petersburg. Two were released (without trial) after some weeks' imprisonment; two were sent to Siberia. These last have since escaped.

November, 1907. The Landtdag and Senate granted £800,000 as the second and third annual payments in lieu of military service demanded by the Russian Government, with the declaration that this must be final. They expressed their willingness to arrange for a regular annual payment, so long as the matter was settled constitutionally through the Diet.

December, 1907. Governor-General Gerard (a popular and enlightened man) received an Assistant Governor, Major Seyn, formerly connected with Bobrikoff.

February, 1908. Vladimir Böckmann appointed Governor-General. Major Seyn continues in his post of Assistant.

March, 1908. Mismanaged Vote of Censure upon the Senate (Letter XII).

April, 1908. Dissolution of the Diet.

June, 1908. Measures passed by the Landtdag and Senate of Finland, which were formerly presented to the Tsar for confirmation by the Finnish Secretary of State, began now to be first considered by the Russian Council of Ministers. And in this Council they were debated by a "Committee of Finnish affairs," former supporters of Bobrikoff (Letters IV and XII).

July, 1908. Second Election. Result: 83 Socialists, 53 Old Finns, 26 Young Finns, 25 Swedes, and the rest as before, of these 24 were women. A coalition Senate was formed.

November, 1908. Finland realized the effect of the change in the manner of presentation of Finnish Bills made in June, 1908. Various proposed measures were rejected even before the Secretary of State for Finland had presented them.

November, 1908. Grant of £200,000 for constructing a bridge over the Neva to link up the Finnish and Russian railway systems.

November, 1908. New fortifications and earthworks upon Sveaborg. The cannon were directed full upon Helsingfors, and there was evidence of all kinds to show that the Russian authorities expected a Finnish rising (Letter XIII).

December, 1908. The Senate received a demand for £400,000 as the Military Contribution of Finland for 1908.

January, 1909. The Russian Council of Ministers made a constitutional discovery, and announced it thus: They refused to lay two or three propositions moved by the Diet of 1907 before the Tsar, on the ground that the Diet having been dissolved, all its measures and petitions become, *ipso facto*, null and void. Several of the latter had already passed into law.

February, 1909. The Landtdag reassembled, and the President, in the address, referred in most respectful terms to the disquiet of the country in consequence of the unconstitutional intervention of the Russian Council of Ministers in Finland's affairs. The Tsar published an edict dissolving the Landtdag and fixing the date of the new election for May 1st (Letter XV).

March, 1909. Return of the Agrarian Bill with the Tsar's preamble (Letter XVI and Appendix II).

End of March, 1909. The Senate protested against the above preamble on constitutional grounds and begged the Tsar to reconsider it. This he refused to do. The majority of the Senate then voted for the promulgation of the law, and the minority of Constitutionalists resigned in a body.

May, 1909. Result of the Election: 83 Social Democrats, 48 Old Finns, 28 Young Finns, 25 Swedes, 15 Agrarians, and 1 Christian Labourer; of these 22 were women.

September, 1909. The Tsar addressed a rescript to the Governor-General of Finland, in which he expressed satisfaction at the progress of Finland and hoped that her people would loyally co-operate in carrying out those tasks which Providence had allotted to the Russian Empire.

October, 1909. The Tsar published a rescript declaring that all legislation for Military Service should be withdrawn from the Finnish Diet and arranged by the Imperial Legislature, but, until these arrangements were completed, Finland should annually pay £400,000 into the Russian Exchequer. Such a proposal, that the Russian Government should obtain Finnish money without consulting the Diet, was a breach of the Constitution, and in protest five Senators resigned. Their places were filled by men who, though technically Finnish citizens, had spent their lives in Russia, or by Russians simply.

October, 1909. Two regiments of Cossacks were sent to Finland, and this was generally regarded as confirmation of the rumour that the Imperial Government

intended to incorporate the province of Viborg with Russia. Announcement of the formal annexation was daily expected. More soldiers were drafted into Finland upon the excuse that an armed rising was likely to occur. Meantime the Tsar's rescript upon the Finnish military payment was promulgated by order of the Administrative Department of the Finnish Senate, and the payment was made. Dr. Charpentier, the Procurator-General, lodged a protest against the promulgation, pointing out that the Senate acted illegally in promulgating a decree on military contributions made by the Tsar alone, without the consent of the Diet. Cossacks were sent to Tavastehus, Helsingfors, Viborg, and Frederikshamn.

However, the supposed plans of Russia for the annexation of Viborg aroused so much protest in Finland, and so much comment in the general European Press, that by the end of the month the Imperial Government declared unofficially that no such plan had existed. It is possible that this declaration arose from the following facts: Finland had concluded some external loans for which State domains were, as often happens, a sort of security; now, some of the best State forests are situated in the provinces of Viborg, and the foreign banks naturally would not consent to their being alienated from Finland.

November, 1909. *The Times* (which had given very full accounts of the Viborg question) published on the 20th a letter from Senator Leo Mechelin, leader of the Finnish Constitutionalists, pointing out how the Finnish Senate had, between 1906 and 1908, several times applied for permission to draft a legislative proposal for establishing the principles of military service in Finland. Senator Mechelin further pointed out how the demand for annual military payment, first made by the Diet in 1905, had been expressly limited to three years and granted for one year only.

November, 1909. An address from the Finnish Diet, praying that Finnish affairs should not be submitted to the Imperial Council of Ministers, was rejected by the Tsar.

The Tsar also prohibited Finns from sending delegates to International Congresses except as members of Russian delegations.

The Russo-Finnish Commission, to consider the points at issue between the Imperial Government and Finland, came to an end. It seemed impossible to reconcile the respective standpoints.

On November 16th the Landtdag passed this resolution: "Being unable to agree to the proposition of the Monarch, the Diet petitions His Majesty to order that the necessary steps be taken for the solution of the military question according to the fundamental laws."

The Landtdag was dissolved on November 18th, on account of its rejection of the proposal for military contribution.

At the end of the month, General Böckmann having resigned, Major-General Seyn was appointed Governor of Finland.

December, 1909. All documents issued by the Chancellery of the Governor-General of Finland were ordered to be published in Russian without translation. The Russian members of the Russo-Finnish Commission drew up a series of recommendations which formed the basis of the ensuing Bill for the Establishment of Imperial Legislation.

February, 1910. Result of the Election: 86 Social Democrats, 12 Agrarians, 28 Young Finns, 42 Old Finns, 26 Swedish, 1 Christian Labourer. Of these 15 were women, 9 belonging to the Social Democratic Party. It is said that the polls were unusually low, and that the wave of "anti-parliamentary" feeling affected the bourgeois parties strongly.

March, 1910. The proposal of the Bill for Imperial Legislation was now matter of general European knowledge. A meeting of international jurists was held in London at the house of Professor Westlake, "to examine the relations between Finland and Russia," and the results of their deliberations is embodied in the following statement:—

We, the following: Gerhard Anschütz, LL.D., Professor of Public Law, University of Berlin; L. von Bar, LL.D., Geheimer Justiz-Rat, Professor of Law, University of Göttingen, Hon. Member and Past President of the Institut de droit international, Member of the Court of Arbitration of The Hague; A. de Lapradelle, Professor agrégé à la faculté de droit de l'Université de Paris, Directeur de la Revue de droit international privé, Co-directeur du Recueil des Arbitrages internationaux, Associé de l'Institut de droit international; Leon Michoud, Professeur de droit public à l'Université de Grenoble; Ernest Nys, Professeur de droit international à l'Université de Bruxelles, Conseiller à la Cour d'Appel de Bruxelles, Membre de l'Institut de droit international; Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., LL.D., D.C.L., late Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence, University of Oxford; W. van der Vlugt, Professeur de la philosophie du droit à l'Université de Leyde; J. Westlake, K.C., LL.D., D.C.L., late Professor of International Law, University of Cambridge, Hon. Member and Past President of the Institut de droit international, declare:—

Led by our studies to an examination of the relations between Finland and Russia;

Having followed attentively and incessantly since 1899 the different phases of the Russo-Finnish conflict and its variations, in which, according to the circumstances and the time, the difficulties have seemed now to vanish, as in 1905, now to reappear, as in 1908;

Noting that on both sides Finlanders and Russians affirm that the question is not, as one might believe, a political, but a juridical problem;

Appreciating the admirable sentence of M. Stolypin, that in Russia "might cannot go before right";

Holding that questions, even political ones, which can be formulated juridically, are, when so formulated, very near to a solution;

And being impressed by the conviction that a collective study of the Russo-Finnish differences might not under present circumstances be without its value in bringing about a solution of a conflict between two parties in a great Empire; a conflict which, if continued, must enfeeble that Empire;

Having welcomed the suggestion made by a group of Dutch jurists to meet in London, in order to examine the arguments adduced on both sides, and to deliberate in common;

After having collected all the documents on the subject which they were able to bring together, both on the Finnish and Russian side, notably the speech of M. Stolypin at the Duma on May 18th, 1908, and those of MM. Deutrich and Korevo at the Russo-Finnish Committee of 1909 for drafting regulations on a procedure for common legislations;

And having made, with the help of these documents, an examination of the Russian regulations of June 2nd, 1908, and of the work of the Russo-Finnish Committee of 1909 on Imperial legislation ;

On the Report, expressly approved, of one among our number, and after the Chairman's reading of the opinion of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Fry, ex-Lord Justice of Appeal of England, appended to the present *procès-verbal* :

Have unanimously agreed on the following conclusions :—

CONCLUSIONS

(1) The rights of Finland in respect to her Constitution are not a figment of Finnish "imagination," but an historical reality ; they do not form a "dogma" in which the Finlanders believe without being able to offer proof, but a juridical truth scientifically demonstrated.

(2) It is not only from Sweden, under the Treaty of Fredrikshamn (Article IV), but, as was recognized by the same document (Article VI), before this treaty, from the Finlanders themselves, that Alexander I, on his solemn promise to them to respect their Fundamental Laws, took possession of Finland.

(3) When, at the Diet of Borgo, the Oath of the four Estates followed on the promises of the Tsar, Finland "free as regards her internal affairs," "from henceforth placed in the rank of nations," did not enter into the Russian Empire as a conquered province, precariously endowed with temporary privileges, but as an autonomous organism, united by free agreement to a sovereign State, which, on account of this agreement, is obliged to respect this autonomy.

(4) In whatever fashion authors analyse and define the tie between Finland and Russia, according to their conception of a State and their different modes of classifying institutions of public law, they are, with very few exceptions, all agreed, Russians included, on this point, that Finland has the right to demand that the Russian Empire should respect her Constitution.

(5) The introduction in Russia of a constitutional system could not modify the position of Finland.

It cannot be said, from a practical point of view, that the autonomy of Finland, arising from a difference of governmental systems, autocratic in Russia, constitutional in Finland, has no longer any reason for its existence now that absolutism has ceased in Russia. Finland, whose political education is more ancient, and whose national civilization is different from that of Russia, requires her liberty, already greater and always "inherent in her customs" ; moreover, Alexander I and his successors have not merely guaranteed in perpetuity to the Finlanders their individual liberties, but in order to sustain and vivify these they have guaranteed to Finland the liberty of her people.

Again, it cannot be said, *de jure*, that after the new Russian Fundamental Laws of 1906 (Article 1), Finland, instead of being a part of the Russian Empire (Finland and Russia), is only a part of the Empire of Russia ; that in virtue of these same laws (Article 2) the Diet has not the right to legislate on all internal questions that do not touch the interests of Russia—interests of which Russia is the sole judge ; and that in the case of a conflict between the new Constitution of Sovereign Russia and the old Constitution of non-Sovereign Finland, it is the first which ought to prevail. The Tsar, in limiting his rights as regards Russia, could not increase them as regards Finland ; no one can create a right for himself ; being unable to withdraw from the Diet the right to legislate, he could not transfer from the Diet to the Duma all, or any part, of this right ; no one can give to another more than he possesses.

(6) Being unable, by direct means, to withdraw either from the Diet or from the

Finnish administrative organs all or any part of their powers, Russia cannot do so by indirect means, though reserving to herself the right to determine the scope of this competence.

(7) If the superior interests of the Empire demand the establishment of a common procedure for dealing with certain internal affairs, it pertains to the Diet either itself to determine those affairs or to consent to the creation of a body charged with determining them.

FREDERICK POLLOCK,	GERHARD ANSCHÜTZ,
J. WESTLAKE,	L. VON BAR,
ERNEST NYS,	LEON MICHOD,
A. DE LAPRADELLE,	W. VAN DER VLUGT.

The following is the opinion of Sir Edward Fry, referred to in the above preamble :—

FAILAND HOUSE, NEAR BRISTOL,

February 23, 1910.

In my opinion, the transactions at the Diet of Borga in 1809, including the Decree summoning the Diet, the Tsar's Address to the inhabitants of Finland, March 15, 1809, and his Proclamation of March 23, 1809, on the one hand, and the Oath of Allegiance taken by the members of the Diet as representing the Finnish people on the other, constitute a public act of the most solemn nature by which the Tsar bound himself and his successors to recognize the autonomy and to maintain the Constitution of Finland, and by which the inhabitants of that country bound themselves to be the loyal subjects of the Emperors as Constitutional Grand Dukes of Finland.

I am further of opinion that the Treaty of Frederikshamn recognizes the existence of the previous transaction between the Tsar and the people of Finland, and that as *res inter alios acta* it could in no case rescind the solemn contract of Borga.

I also think that the autonomy and Constitution of Finland have been recognized as existing, down to a very recent time, by the successive Grand Dukes of Finland. Amongst the most important evidences on this point, I refer to the Proclamation of February 9, 1816, the successive promises made by the successive Grand Dukes of Finland on their accession, the convocation of the Diet according to the ancient usages of the country, and lastly, the administration of Finnish affairs in a manner independent of Russia and implying the existence of a Constitution.

My conclusion, therefore, is that, from a juridical point of view, the people of Finland are entitled to maintain their right to a Constitution, of which they could only legally be deprived by their own consent.

EDWARD FRY.

A telegram has been received in London from Copenhagen stating that the name of Herr C. V. Nyholm, a former member of the Supreme Court of Denmark, should be added to the list of those signing the joint statement given above.

April, 1910. The Bill for the destruction of Finland's autonomy was now before the Duma. In spite of the attempts of the "Octobrists" to modify the more drastic clauses, it was passed in a form substantially the same as that in which it first appeared; consequently the Finns will be entirely subject to the Imperial legislation upon the following matters (Clause III) :—

(1) The participation of Finland in State expenditure, and the institution for this purpose of payments, collections, and taxes; (2) the discharge by the population of Finland of recruiting as well as other obligations for military pur-

poses ; (3) the rights in Finland of Russian subjects who are not Finnish subjects ; (4) the execution in Finland of decisions, decrees, and sentences passed by the Courts as well as of the demands of the authorities of other portions of the empire, also the execution of the agreements and other legal instruments made in the rest of the empire ; (5) the rights, duties, and order of action in Finland of the general (Imperial) institutions and authorities ; (6) the establishment of any exceptions from Finnish laws concerning the Penal Code and the course of justice in the interest of the State ; (7) the guaranteeing of State interests in popular education ; (8) rules concerning public meetings, societies, and unions ; (9) the rights and conditions of activity in Finland of societies and companies formed in the rest of the empire ; (10) legislation concerning the press in Finland and the importation into it of printed matter from abroad ; (11) the relations of Finland to other localities in the empire with reference to Customs ; (12) the protection in Finland of trade marks and trade privileges, as also of literary and artistic copyright ; (13) the monetary system of Finland ; (14) the postal and telephone services, aviation, and other means of communication within Finland ; (15) the railways in Finland, so far as they concern the defence of the State and Finland's communication with the rest of the empire or international communications ; the railway telegraphs ; (16) commercial navigation in Finland ; (17) the rights of foreigners in Finland.¹

The next clause provides that no change in this enumeration of subjects exempt from legislation of the Finnish Diet may be made by special Finnish legislation. Section V gives the mechanism of legislation. It is as follows :— The Russian Imperial Ministers prepare Bills, the Minister communicates his project to the Finnish Senate through the Governor-General of Finland. The Senate returns within a certain time the project, with its opinions thereon, then the Bill is introduced first into the Imperial Council of Ministers, and then with any alterations made by them into the Imperial Parliament, and, if passed, submitted to the Emperor. If the Ministerial Bill concerns some subject not enumerated in the seventeen sections of Clause III, it depends on the Minister to send it to the Finnish Senate or not. Bills which originate in either of the two Houses practically go through the same course.

According to Clause VI, the Finnish Senate may make suggestions of laws on the subjects enumerated in Clause III. Such suggestions are sent through the Governor-General to the Council of Imperial Ministers, and then go through the ordinary course.

It will be noticed that there is no mention in any of these clauses of the Finnish Diet. The Senate (the administrative organ of Finland) has been substituted for it, and with only consultative powers. Five Finnish members, however, may be sent to the Duma and one to the Council of Empire.

VII. Projects of laws referring to subjects within the Finnish Diet, or concerning local Finnish laws passed by the Diet, are introduced into the Diet in order that it may give its opinion before they are introduced into the (Russian) State Council or the State Duma (Fundamental Laws, Clause 110, ed. 1906). It depends on the Council of Ministers to present or not to the Finnish Diet for its opinion other proposed Bills concerning Finland which come before the Council of Ministers.

By Clause X laws and stipulations issued in the Imperial course automatically repeal all Finnish laws and stipulations not in accord with them.

¹ Quoted from *Free Russia*, June, 1910.

An Octobrist amendment in June caused the introduction of Clause II, which provides that the initiative in any alteration in the fundamental principles of the internal administration of Finland belongs to his Imperial Majesty. Under the circumstances this amendment was a fine piece of irony.

April, 1910. The Imperial Legislation Bill was presented to the Landtdag for "consultation." By them it was referred to a legal committee, who set forth the constitutional grounds for the House's refusal to report on it. This reference was preceded by an interesting and valuable debate, in which the chief speakers were:—

Mäkelin, a leading Social Democrat; Danielson-Kalmari, an Old Finn whose reputation was made so long ago as 1888 in a dispute with the Russian Chamberlain, Ordin, upon Finland's legislative rights; Castrén, a Young Finn; Kallio, an Agrarian; and the historian Schybergsson, who stood for the Swedish party. All these, approaching the situation from their widely different standpoints, protested against this destruction of Finland's liberties; Mäkelin showing that Russia had neither social nor moral rights for her action, and basing his appeal upon the larger instincts of humanity; Danielson pointing out the absence of reasonable or constitutional justification; and Castrén and Schybergsson referring to the standard of International Law, and the injury that would react upon all Europe if Finland's high internal culture and commercial prosperity were destroyed.

Madame Thekla Hultin's speech on behalf of female members of the Landtdag and of the women of Finland generally is worthy of note. In brief and telling words she set forth how the Finnish women stood ready to offer their whole powers, their work, and their lives, if need be, for the defence of the laws of their country. By their promise now, and their deeds in the future, they would prove that Universal Suffrage had not been granted in vain.

Herr Mäkelin concluded with words whose eloquence can only be poorly given in translation. "This decree," said he, "is a crime against our little country which might well destroy all sense of moral obligation on our part towards Russia. Were our strength greater, there is small doubt how we should deal with such a measure. But, as things are, it is the duty of every Finn to use weapons other than iron and steel, and to remember that the whole civilized world is watching this unequal combat. Let us take care, now and henceforward, that the Russian Government has no least excuse for the employment of force, and that their *agents provocateurs* shall be made to appear as ridiculous and contemptible as they deserve.

"Yet, for all this, one fact remains. Our wrath and bitterness are not directed against the Russian *people*, for they have made cruel sacrifices for freedom, and their blood was shed to pay for the rights that Finland won. We have learnt to distinguish between the Russian Government and the Russian nation, and we know that the people will one day make reparation for their rulers' crimes.

"The Russian Government has no justification but might alone, and so long as human right and human law exist, we may die, but we will not give up our cause."¹

May, 1910. One hundred and twenty members of the British Parliament signed a memorial to the Duma, expressing "the apprehension with which we regard the proposal to deprive Finland of the constitutional rights hitherto enjoyed by the Grand Duchy."

A German memorial to the same effect was signed by one hundred and sixty-five members of the Reichstag.

One hundred French Deputies and fifty Senators also addressed the Duma in the same manner, and a portion of the representatives of the Italian, the Dutch, and the Belgian Parliaments formed and addressed similar memorials.

¹ From a letter in *The Nation*, April, 1910.

The German National Union of Austria addressed a very full memorial of protest at the destruction of Finland's autonomy to the Duma.

Meanwhile it seemed likely that the Bill for Imperial Legislation would affect Finland's tariff, which, vexatious and hindering as it may be in the opinion of many Finns, is yet much lower than the prevailing Russian tariff. It lays no burden upon the absolute necessities of life, though the taxes upon imported manufactured foods, made wares of various kinds, and agricultural machinery—for the purpose of encouraging native manufactures—are not what we should expect from so progressive a nation. (The tax upon silk was perhaps meant to serve as a sumptuary law against luxury.) The Social Democrats have always been in favour of a reduction or abolition of tariffs, but the question has not aroused general interest. There is reciprocity with Russia. A number of British Chambers of Commerce approached the Foreign Secretary, expressing hopes that the Government would make representations to Russia in favour of Finland's autonomy, since any change would affect British interests. Some German Chambers of Commerce addressed similar protests.

It was generally understood that, as a result of these commercially-grounded remonstrances, the Finnish tariff would for the present remain unchanged.

May, 1910. The Landtdag presented a "humble petition" to the Tsar begging that he would "graciously maintain the fundamental laws of Finland, and ordain that the measures at variance with those laws which have been passed during recent years shall be rectified or revoked."

June, 1910. The Russian Government announced its wish to transfer the Finnish Pilot Department to the Russian Admiralty. This proposal caused great anxiety in Finland, since if carried into effect it would have caused the resignation of the majority of Finnish pilots, with consequent danger to the shipping and serious damage to foreign trade. The chief powers of the Russian navy declined to take the responsibility for accidents to service vessels if this Russification of the pilot service of Finland were carried out, and the proposal was withdrawn.

June, 1910. In another letter to *The Times* Leo Mechelin pointed out how the Finns had repeatedly tried to remove the illegal obstacles to Finnish military service created under Bobrikoff's rule. "Had the Finns succeeded, Russia would now dispose of 18,000 trained loyal troops." As regards payment in lieu of military service, he again emphasizes Finland's willingness to satisfy the Imperial demands if her Government is allowed to legislate upon the question in a constitutional manner.

July, 1910. The Bill for Imperial Legislation was signed by the Tsar and promulgated by the Russianized Senate of Finland.

July, 1910. Procurator of the Senate, Dr. Charpentier, dismissed.

August, 1910. An Imperial ukase convoked the Landtdag for a special two months' session, beginning on September 14th, to consider: (1) A method for electing Finnish members to the Duma and the Council of Empire. (2) The granting of equal political rights to Russian subjects in Finland. (3) The payment of money in lieu of military service.

September, 1910. The Landtdag assembled and the Speaker announced the objects for which the session was convoked. These matters, he said, were raised under the recent Law for Imperial Legislation, which, being unconstitutional, could not be binding upon the Landtdag; and the same matters, not being presented in proper order as proposals from the Sovereign, could not constitutionally be placed before the Landtdag.

This was carried unanimously as a resolution.

September, 1910. A proposal to offer a fresh protest to the Tsar was rejected.

October, 1910. The Tsar ordered the proposals concerning the rights of Russians in Finland and payment for military service to be placed before the Duma.

October, 1910. The Landtdag was dissolved and a fresh election appointed for January, 1911.

November, 1910. The Governor of Viborg was dismissed and various provincial Governors resigned. Their places were filled by persons supposed to be favourable to Russian designs.

December, 1910. M. N. Korevo, President of the Commission for Systematizing Finnish legislature, published an interesting letter upon Finland in *The Times*. He had much to say about the hardships endured by Russians owning Finnish estates and living in Finland, and the restrictions placed upon their powers of acquiring property there. Upon the constitutional matter he says:—

“Henceforth those questions—employment of Russian language, oversight of education, customs, custom tariffs, posts, telephones, railways, pilotage, and lighthouse system—will be decided with the assistance of the Duma and the Upper House.”

The questions which will still be decided in the ordinary course of Finnish Legislation are: the Government of the Administrative Division of the Duchy, the rights and duties of Governors, the organization of police, urban and rural self-government, pensions and supplementary departments, obligatory services (*except* for military purposes), taxes and imports (*except* such as go for Imperial needs), class distinctions and privileges of various classes (*except* the rights of Russian subjects who are not Finnish citizens), education and educational interests (*except* the oversight of the school curriculum, with a view to the safeguarding of Imperial interests).

December, 1910. Procurator of the Senate, Savonius, dismissed.

The Finnish Customs Assessor's dismissal was confirmed by the Tsar.

January, 1911. Result of the Election: 87 Social Democrats (with a largely increased poll), 11 Agrarians, 28 Young Finns, 42 Old Finns, 26 Swedes, 1 Christian labourer; of these 19 were women.

January, 1911. Professor Westlake points out in a letter to *The Times* that the naturalization of Russians in Finland depends upon ordinances issued by the Tsar, and not upon the Finnish Government.

February, 1911. A several-times convicted criminal is made Chief of Police at Viborg by the Russian directors of affairs there.

APPENDIX II

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY IN FINLAND

SOCIAL Democracy, which now claims a larger fraction of the electorate in Finland than it does anywhere else in Europe, began there twenty-one years ago in a very unpretending manner. The Finnish trade unions banded themselves together as a Labour Party in 1890, with a programme based upon that of Erfurt.

In these days, and for some time afterward, the "isms," as an English visitor wrote, "were very unpopular in Finland." Socialism, Anarchism, and Nihilism were dangerous words to mention, and an open promoter of these views was sure to be received with disapproval in the middle classes and with suspicion among the hand-workers. Now even the reactionary bourgeois accepts principles and conditions of equality which would in most other countries be called Socialistic; and while vehemently repudiating the policy and economics of Social Democracy, he lives and moves in a sort of Fabian atmosphere.

Työmies—the Working-man—Finland's first Labour journal, was founded in 1895. In 1899 the present Social Democratic Party was formed upon a programme inaugurated at the Congress of Åbo in that year. Between this occasion and 1903 there are no special dates to record in the history of the Party, since the whole country was absorbed in the constitutional struggle. In 1903 the federated trade unions formally adopted the name of the Finnish Social Democratic Party; and, naturally, the programme was confiscated by the police, all Socialist utterances forbidden, and the name itself banned. Nevertheless the Party made vigorous propaganda through the country, and in this year the total membership rose from 8300 to 13,500. The Social Democrats even succeeded in holding the usual May Labour-day meetings—now held on the 1st of June—and in discussing such questions as the international hand-workers' movement, the eight hours day, adult suffrage, and prohibition.

By 1905 the Party numbered considerably over 45,000 members (of whom nearly 10,000 were women), forming a well-disciplined and highly-organized whole. During the period following the execution of Bobrikoff, while all Russia's energy was taken up by the Japanese War and its consequences, some sort of representative Government was again in power, and the Social Democratic Party pressed steadily for adult suffrage, sending petitions to the Four Estates and the Senate. These bodies did actually discuss the matter one day in April, 1905, while a great crowd waited for hours in the square outside. News of the barren result of their discussion was received with a violence hitherto unprecedented among these impassive Finns.

Then came the Great Strike of 1905. The Social Democrats were ready and able to seize their opportunity, and had all the machinery of provisional government at once in working. They suppressed the ordinary police and functionaries of the Government, proclaimed inviolability of the person, freedom of speech and publication, and maintained a very remarkable state of order with the Red Guard—a body of Socialists in military training, but not provided with arms.

By November 6th arrived the Imperial proclamation conceding all that the Party had demanded, and the strike terminated. Looking back, one is struck by the very moderate character of their demands. They leave the Senate untouched—a co-opted and nominated body as before; they acknowledge the Imperial supremacy, they make no special reforms in the financial administration, and they do not even press for the expulsion of the Russian military. The Party are simply concerned at this time with placing the representative portion of the Government of Finland upon a broad and sound basis; and this, as future events show, they certainly did achieve. Universal suffrage, proportional representation, liberty of the person, and freedom of speech and of the press were all conceded by Imperial manifesto. But, admirable as things appeared, much distrust was still felt by the Social Democratic Party, and they held themselves quietly in readiness for another strike.

Labour Day came as usual in 1906, and was celebrated by a Congress in Tammerfors. On this occasion the Social Democrats strikingly displayed that unbending character and fixity of purpose which has done so much to maintain their power. J. K. Kari, the Party secretary, was promised a place in the Senate, and it really seemed, in this period of general chaos, as if such a peace-offering from the authorities and the bourgeoisie ought to be accepted. The Social Democrats, however, would not let fall their principle that no member of their Party should have a place in a non-representative governing body. If Kari accepted the senatorship, he must be struck off the Party list. He did accept it, and has since justified the Social Democratic policy by passing into oblivion.

In July, 1906, came the Sveaborg mutiny—a truly unlucky affair. Later knowledge proves that its ill-success was due not so much to bad organization as to the efforts of that prince of *agents provocateurs*, Azeff. The Red Guard showed their sympathy with the movement actively, but the majority of the Social Democrats were taken by surprise. They were, in fact, busy with the organization of another Congress at Uleaborg, and the revolt was not foreseen. Among other unfortunate results of this mutiny was a collision between the Red Guard and the bourgeoisie, which led to the disbanding of the former some time later.

Meanwhile, a measure conceding the Social Democratic demands and creating the Landtdag of Finland as it existed in 1908 was rushed through the Finnish Diet and sanctioned in St. Petersburg in July, 1906.

The Uleaborg Congress affirmed, as it were, the new political organization of Finnish Social Democracy. In each electoral district a branch of the Party was founded, and all these were drawn together in a Communal Association. Further, the three nations—Finnish, Swedish, and Russian—formed three central groups; and again, the "Land," or "National Organization" of the federated trade unions within the Party sprang into being. Finally the Executive Committee at Helsingfors was drawn up, consisting of Finnish delegates from each electoral district, together with four Swedish delegates and one Russian.

The Programme of 1906 demanded :—

- (1) Full rights of election and of choice of representatives.
- (2) Certain technical parliamentary matters, such as the "rights of interpellation," "budgetary rights," and full powers of initiative in constitutional questions.
- (3) Extension of civil rights to Jews.
- (4) Universal suffrage in municipalities.
- (5) Agrarian reforms and forced intensive culture.
- (6) Eight hours day, abolition of night work, and a weekly rest of thirty-six hours.
- (7) That children under fifteen should not work at all, and that those from fifteen to seventeen should only have a five hours working day.
- (8) Protection of home work and election of factory inspectors.
- (9) Old age pensions and invalidity insurance.
- (10) Prohibition.
- (11) Equal wages for equal work.

Of all this, 1, 5, 7, and 8 have, with qualifications, passed into law. There is not yet any special protection of home work, and the limitation of the working hours of young people is affected by general social feeling more than by legislation. Each item of this programme has been made the subject of a "petition"—that is a request that the Government will bring forward a measure on the matter—or a "proposal," which is the same as our Parliamentary Bill.

This very fruitful year 1906 also saw the first congress of "torpare," a term sometimes rendered "crofters," the poorest class of independent workers on the soil (see Letter IX). Some fifty thousand of these, in positions varying from that of the well-to-do peasant farmer to that of a crofter under almost feudal conditions, were represented by four hundred members. They drew up a programme which was mainly embodied in the Agrarian Bill of 1908.

In April, 1907, the first General Election took place, and eighty Social Democrats were returned—a number so large that it surprised even their adherents.

They settled down to work for the curiously short parliamentary year of three months, and presented petitions touching items 2 and 3 of the programme above mentioned, but these came to nothing. They were more successful with 6, and the following conditions were established: an eight hours day in the baking trade, a nominal nine hours day in nearly all the others, with payment of night-work and overtime at a rate of fifty per cent above the ordinary wage. Schemes for a fuller technical training of the young were set on foot and arrangements for free school meals were consolidated and completed (see Letter XI).

The principle of equal wages for equal work was so far admitted, that single men and women in State schools, in the Post Office, and in the railways receive the same pay when they are performing similar tasks.

1907 was a record year for Finnish Social Democracy: the Party membership all over Finland rose to eighty-five thousand, and the National Organization counted twenty-five thousand members.

At the end of this year there were some nineteen Social Democratic newspapers circulating in Finland, of which five were daily, three bi-weekly, and five tri-

weekly. Parliamentary work was chiefly concerned with the measure for Prohibition and the Agrarian Bill.

The proper course of business was hindered in April, 1908, by that foolish tactical blunder (described in Letter XII), which led to a Socialist vote of censure upon the Senate. After the dissolution, which necessarily followed, the Social Democrats returned to the Landtdag with slightly increased numbers, the Party now containing eighty-three delegates, and work was resumed.

The Prohibition Bill was, as its name denotes, a measure for the total exclusion of alcohol from Finland, unless required for medical or industrial purposes. It was widely supported throughout the country, and many of its adherents had no connection with Social Democracy. It passed the Landtag, but was rejected by the Senate (in February, 1909) upon the ground that it made no sufficient provision for compensating breweries and for loss of revenue from State taxes on alcohol. It was again sent through the Landtdag in November, 1909, afterwards passed the Senate, and was forwarded to St. Petersburg, being vetoed in December by the Tsar.

The necessity for some measure of Agrarian Reform was emphasized by a number of scandalous evictions of crofters in the winter of 1907. The Social Democratic Party asked various questions in Parliament upon the matter: why (for instance) the police had been allowed to give assistance in the evictions; and why—if nothing else were possible—the Government had not made a compulsory purchase of the land in question and distributed it to the peasants, as the local Commune demanded. About the same time the Social Democrats petitioned for precautions against the possibility of certain peasant holdings in the donation estates of Eastern Finland (Letter X) passing into the hands of country usurers, or land-grabbers. They further petitioned for precautions against timber speculators, who sometimes buy up whole villages and the woodlands belonging to them. They advised that all the forest properties should be reunited in districts and only sold after a determined plan, half the sale money going to the revenue. These suggestions were not favourably received by the other parties, but considerable restrictions on the sale of forests were nevertheless introduced (Letter X.)

The Agrarian Bill passed both the Landtdag and the Senate at the end of 1908. It was an obviously necessary measure for the remedy of abuses springing from an almost feudal system of land tenure. It enacted that rent should be paid in money, not in service, and appointed local commissions to determine the value of land and compensation due for improvements. Generally speaking, it gave the *torpare* a reasonable footing upon the land and did a good deal to improve the position of the "drängar," or house-labourer, also.

The Agrarian Bill was sent up to St. Petersburg in February, after the Tsar's edict suddenly dissolving the Landtdag, and after the constitutional discovery made by the Russian Government that the dissolution of a Diet invalidated any measure that has been passed by it. This Bill was ratified by the Tsar, and returned with a preamble declaring that His Imperial Majesty confirmed the measure, although it was invalid, out of his solicitude for the welfare of the poor. The Social Democrats rightly refused to receive their measure returned in such a questionable shape, and the Tsar was besought to reconsider his preamble (see Letters XIV, XV, and XVI). This he refused to do, and at the end of March the

Senate voted for the promulgation of the law, whereupon all but the Old Finn party among the Senators resigned in a body.

A Bill for Universal Suffrage in Municipalities was also introduced in 1908 by the Social Democrats and passed through the Landtdag. It proposed to sweep away the last remnant of property qualification in Finland and make the voting for municipalities as straightforward as that for the Landtdag. It finally passed the Senate, and was presumably ignored by the Tsar in 1909 as being invalid.

The election of May, 1909, resulted in a further small increase of the Social Democratic vote, but not enough to add another member to the Party in the Landtdag. Yet 1908 had not been a favourable year for them on the whole. Political reaction, economic depression, unemployment, and the great Swedish strike affected the status of hand-workers all over Europe, and the membership of the National Organization sank to twenty-three thousand, while the number of Social Democrats registered in the organisations for 1908 was only seventy-two thousand. Employers were able to force a return to the nine and ten hours day in those trades which had enjoyed better conditions in 1907, and things generally looked dark for Finland and for the Party.

The remainder of 1909 and the beginning of 1910 were so overshadowed with constitutional difficulties (see Appendix I) that the Social Democrats could hardly have been blamed if they had given up all attempts at special legislation. Far from this, they presented a number of petitions and proposals. The most important of the latter was a measure for compulsory schooling passed by the Landtdag, which provided for the education of all children from seven to thirteen years (seven to seventeen being the period required by the Social Democrats), and for their free board, lodging, travelling expenses, and complete support where necessary. Among the petitions were schemes to provide accident and invalidity insurances for workmen, also to bring about old-age pensions. This last scheme was modified by the Landtdag into a proposal for insurance against old age. Another petition referred to the "democratization of the Civil Service," i.e. it advised that State official posts should be kept open to rising proletarians as well as to the bourgeoisie. During this same year a Bill for the consideration of item 3 on the programme of 1906, the extension of civil rights to the Jews, was prepared, and passed the Landtdag in November, 1909.

It is curious to find so little consideration given to the question of unemployment and insurance against it. There *is* unemployment every winter, it cannot be denied; but the difficulty has so far been met in a number of indirect ways. For instance, the snowfall which stops some trades brings others—such as street-clearing and ice-cutting—into existence. The municipalities lay up work, as it were, against slack times, and a great deal of voluntary assistance is given in money and employment.

The report of the Congress at Kotka in September, 1909—the seventh representative meeting of the Finnish Social Democratic Party—is interesting to read. It shows the very efficient and highly developed organization of the Party, and mentions various recent special branches of this, such as the "agitation" or "propaganda" committee, the "tactical" committee, the "statutory" committee, and so on. Educational work was first considered, and a resolution for the formation of a Social Democratic Adult School was almost unanimously

passed. As regards journalism, it was resolved that members of the party should take no share in editing or managing "bourgeois newspapers"; and a further resolution that Social Democratic journals should refuse to print "humbug announcements"—that is, quack advertisements—was well supported but not carried. During the discussion of the Prohibition Bill reference was made to an item in the Uleaborg Programme (1906) which enjoined, though it did not exactly enforce, strict temperance on the part of all Social Democrat delegates or party representatives. A resolution to make absolute temperance—that is, total abstinence from alcohol—a necessary condition for candidates for all posts of trust within the Party was briskly debated, but lost; instead of this the committee registered a pious wish that representatives who should through their general behaviour bring moral or material discredit upon the Party ought to stand aside and leave their places open to others. The Congress as a whole bound itself to enforce this. Most important of all the discussions were those upon the future policy of Social Democracy of Finland. Yrjo Sirola, in a broad and thoughtful speech, traced the natural development of the "anti-parliamentary movement" and the alternate dangers of anarchism and revisionism. It would scarcely be astonishing if the Finnish electorate lost faith somewhat in parliamentary action, seeing that any Social Democrat measure has to make its way past a succession of increasing obstacles—like the three lions in the fairy tale—bourgeois parties, Senate, and Russian Government; and that *all* measures, without distinction of party, are liable to be endlessly delayed "on the Tsar's desk," discovered invalid, or frankly and contemptuously rejected. However, a series of resolutions were passed laying stress upon the uncompromising character of Social Democracy, the determination of the whole body to support Party action in the Landtdag, and, within and without, to oppose the reactionary forces which would restrict the constitutional rights of the nation. Finally, that resolution of the Uleaborg Congress which affirmed the solidarity of the defence of Finnish national rights with the Russian people's struggle for liberty was renewed and repeated.

So far, little mention has been made of the attitude of Finnish Social Democracy towards those bristling constitutional questions whose predominance might well have made all social legislation seem impossible. On the whole, the Landtdag has been so unanimous in its protests against the illegal encroachments of Russia upon the Finnish Constitution that the Social Democrats have not needed to take separate action. They resisted each year the Imperial demand that the military indemnity should be paid without discussion, voting against the 1907 grant of £800,000—which the Senate declared was to be final—and, in their desire for straightforward policy, committing the tactical blunder of 1908. However, they allowed the grant of the Neva Millions (Letter XII) to pass without special protest, and merely abstained from voting on the matter.

In the question of the Agrarian Bill, they chose, as we have seen, to refuse to promulgate this most necessary measure, rather than accept the unconstitutional principle embodied in the preamble.

The late autumn of 1909 brought forward the Russian proposal to annex the province of Viborg, which aroused loud protests from all the nation, irrespective of party, in which the Social Democrats bore an important share. But, seeing that the Imperial authorities were again hopefully anticipating a Finnish revolt,

great moderation of utterance was exercised by all parties and strict law and order maintained. Towards the end of the year the Social Democratic Executive published an appeal to the proletariat to stand solid for their democratic institutions and threatened political liberty. Enumerating the various attacks upon their freedom (and not omitting to mention the threatened attempts of the local capitalists to profit by the situation and cut down wages), the Executive gave steady and serious warning against unconsidered acts, saying that the protests of the people must for the present only take the form of immense but peaceful demonstrations.

The dissolution of November 18th followed, and the elections of February, 1910, returned eighty-six Social Democrats to the Landtdag. Herr Mäkelin, leader of the Party, finely represented the views of Social Democracy in the debate on the Bill for the Establishment of Imperial Legislation (Appendix I).

It will be seen from the foregoing that the Finnish Social Democrats, while making no special claim to a constitutional policy, have yet in the main been the guiding power of Finland's Landtdag in State matters as in questions of social reform. Touching the constitutional issue Finland has preserved an astonishing unanimity and a forgetfulness of party.

It is also curious to note how little the policy of Social Democracy has been guided by names and persons; for in all the record of its twenty-one years existence, *leaders* and the action and advice of leaders have been practically absent. Names come up now and again, Kari, Yrjo Sirola, Mäkelin, but the Party policy is expressed *through* them, not conceived and formulated by their means. It is a singular and perhaps unique instance of collective action.

This power of collective action without a leader is, I think, a Finnish characteristic. Reviewing the history of the last twenty years from the national and not from the party standpoint, we are again struck by the absence of prominent names. Senator Leo Mechelin has long been esteemed and valued as a leader of the Constitutionalists, but neither he, nor any other man of note in Finnish political life, appears to stand as *director* of his Party or of the people to anything like the extent to which such personal directorship is admitted in English life. We hear much of loyalty to the Nation, the Constitution, and the Party, whichever it be, but nothing of personal loyalty to a man, a name, or even a memory.

Also, during the same period, we see how a small and—if one may so put it—a fairly coherent people can achieve self-government, in the most exact sense of that word. During the bad times the country was arbitrarily ruled from without, but the education, the thought, the policy, the law-making, and the law-keeping of the nation came from within, and were unanimously and almost unconsciously maintained by streams of tendency usually quite contrary to those directing the government from without.

It must not, however, be imagined that the Finns are a crimeless people. There are hooligan elements here as elsewhere, waste material lying handy to the *agent provocateur*, personal spites that may be satisfied under a political pretext, narrowness, jealousy of class and race, and all the rest. But the character of the nation is to be law-abiding and self-governing to a remarkable degree, and this characteristic is at present singularly well sustained by the policy, the organization, and the discipline of Finnish Social Democracy.

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The following are the chief English books of reference upon Finland:—

Dr. Clarke's Travels in Scandinavia. (1824.)

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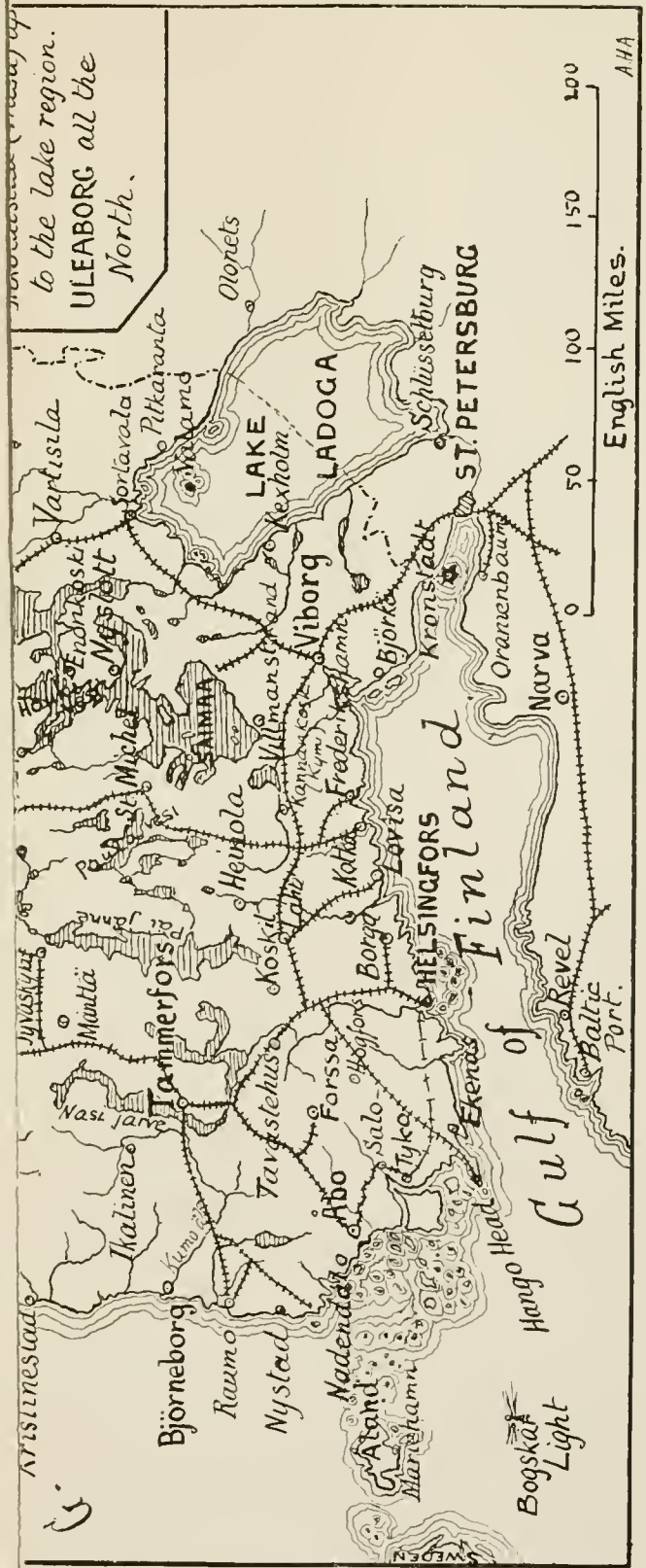
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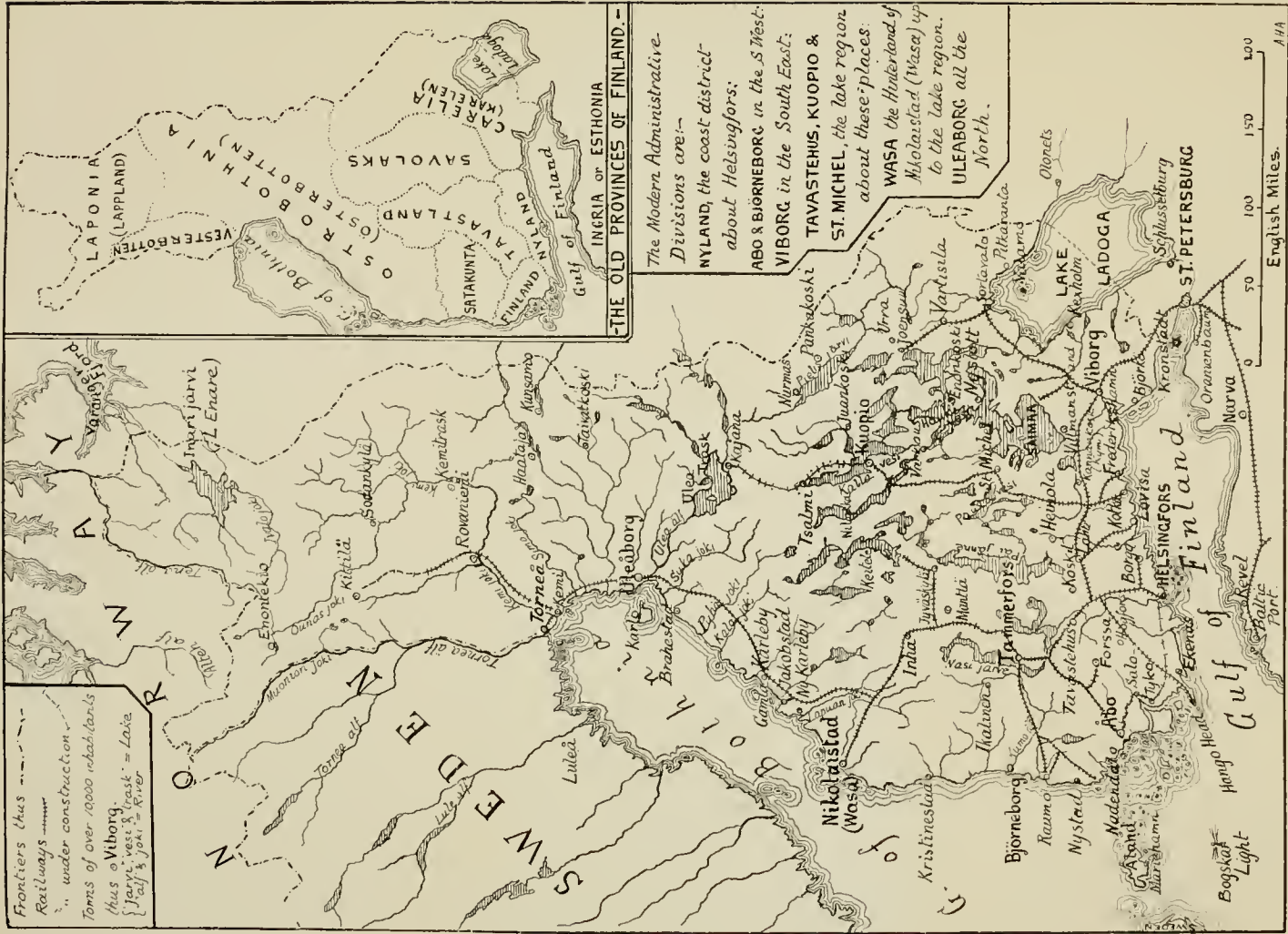
ARUNDEL, April, 1911.

FINIS.



MAP OF FINLAND

Prepared, by kind permission of Dr. S. N. Reuter, from the maps published in Mr. Frederiksen's
Finland: its Public and Private Economy.



Frontiers thus ---
 Railways ---
 " under construction ---
 Towns of over 10000 inhabitants
 (thus o Viborg.
 } jorvi, vest. & 'east' = Loviä
 } Gulf & Joki = River

THE OLD PROVINCES OF FINLAND.

INGRIA or ESTHONIA
 Gulf of Finland
 SAVOLAKS
 OSTERBOTTEN (LAPPLAND)
 VESTERBOTTEN
 Satakunta
 Tavastland
 Nyland
 FINLAND
 Lake Ladoga
 Karelia (Karelen)

The Modern Administrative Divisions are:—
 NYLAND, the coast district about Helsingfors;
 ÅBO & BJÖRNEBORG in the S West;
 VIBORG in the South East;
 TAVASTEHIUS, KUOPIO & ST. MICHEL, the lake region about these places;
 WASA the Hinterland of Åbo; (Wasa) up to the lake region.
 ULEABORG all the North.

English Miles. 0 50 100 150 200

MAP OF FINLAND

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