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The image shows the front cover of a book. The cover is a dark, textured green. A thin, gold-colored double-line border runs around the perimeter. At each of the four corners, there is a small, stylized gold-colored decorative element consisting of three nested triangles. The title is printed in the center in a gold-colored, serif, all-caps font.

TRANSLATIONS  
FROM THE NORSE

701—[JOHNSTON (Andrew)]. Translations from the Norse [i.e. Ibsen and P. Dass]. By a B.S.S. [Member of the British Scandinavian Society]. Printed for Private Circulation, John Bellows, Steam Press, Gloucester, [1877]. First Edition of these translations. Front hinge cracked and title-page foxed, but a nice copy. Scarce. The translator has supplied the date of publication and his autograph signature to the title-page and his visiting-card is neatly mounted on the fly-leaf. There are several minor corrections throughout the text in his hand, including the amended spelling of Cataline, heroine of the major Ibsen translation (his earliest work), with a note that this alteration should be made throughout the book. Tipped to the front end-paper is an autograph letter, signed, from Ibsen to the "Kommitteen for del Britisk-skandinaviska Sebskab", dated "München den 8de Maj 1875" and written in his native Norwegian.



425  
1211

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE NORSE,



*With the Translator's Compliments.*

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GLOUCESTER:  
JOHN BELLOWS, STEAM PRESS.

28. 1. f. 1



I venture to print these fragmentary translations from Ibsen and P. Dass more in hopes of inducing a friend here and there to read the originals for himself, than with any hope or pretence of adequately reflecting their beauty and power.

I have closely followed my authors in metre, and also in the use of rhyme or blank verse. My friends may think I have often sacrificed poetry to literal translation. If so, it has probably been due to much greater confidence in my power of translating literally than in my power of writing poetry, and also to an opinion, which rightly or wrongly I hold, that an Englishman may with greater safety translate literally from the Scandinavian than from any other language.



I (This correction requires to be made  
throughout the Poem)  
CATALINE—1ST ACT.

—:O:—

The following is from a new edition of Ibsen's earliest work. He tells us in the preface that it was written when he was about 21, and working with a Chemist in order to earn the means of passing the University Examination. He had only the night time for study and writing poetry, to which he attributes the fact that almost all the scenes are laid in the night. He gives an amusing account of the difficulty he had in finding a publisher, and the difficulty the publisher had in finding purchasers. The greater part of the edition went to the butterman. It is not perhaps surprising to those who know what fame is, to be told, that the 2nd edition, published 25 years after by Mr. Hegel of Copenhagen, has had a large sale.

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SCENE 1st.—*A wooded hillock close to the Flaminian Way, outside Rome. In the back-ground the walls and towers of the city.—Evening.*

CATALINE—

(Leaning against a tree among the bushes on the hillock.)

I must! I must! for so a voice commands me deep in my inmost soul,—and I obey it.

I've strength enough, and courage for a better  
and higher life than this which now I live ;  
a mere succession of unbridled joys  
that cannot satisfy the spirit's need.  
And yet which way? Oblivion I covet ;  
it cannot be ! my life without an aim—

. . . . .  
(A pause.)

What has become of all my youthful dreams?  
Vanished like clouds before the summer breeze ;  
disgust and disappointment all they've left me.  
And each courageous hope dispelled by fate !

(Strikes his forehead.)

Despise thyself ! despise thee, Cataline !  
who feeling all thy spirit's noble powers,  
strivest for ever towards no other goal  
than satisfaction of ignoble lusts.

(Less excitedly.)

And yet sometimes I feel a secret longing  
(as at this moment) struggling in my breast.  
Oh, as I stand and look towards the city,  
and Rome with all her riches and her grandeur,  
and all the meanness and corruption she  
has come to, glares before me clear as sunshine,  
'tis then I hear a voice that calls like thunder,  
Wake Cataline ! arouse thee ! be a man !

(A pause.)

Alas, 'tis but an empty dream and fancy ;  
the spirit's foster child in solitude ;  
the least sound from the realm of living fact  
drives it far back to the soul's stillest deeps.

(The Ambassadors from the Allobroges, Ambiorix and  
Ollovico, with their escort, approach along the road,  
without noticing Cataline.)

AMBIORIX—

Our journey's goal at last ! the walls of Rome,  
the lofty Capitol towering to the skies !

OLLOVICO—

So that is Rome? ruler of Italy,  
And soon of Germany,—mayhap of Gaul.

AMBIORIX—

Mayhap, worse luck ! such fate may yet be ours.  
And where Rome rules she spares not, down to earth  
she grinds her subject nations ; shortly shall  
we know what lot's in store for us at home ;  
whether redress for all our grievous wrongs,  
and peace and justice for the Allobroges.

OLLOVICO—

That she will surely grant.

AMBIORIX—

Such be our hope,  
for thus far know we naught with certainty.

OLLOVICO—

You fear the result?

AMBIORIX—

And not without good ground,  
for Rome was ever jealous of her power.

Remember too that this proud realm is ruled  
not as with us by those of best repute.

At home we choose our rulers from the men  
who show themselves in council sage, or those  
who've led us forward in victorious fight.

Such are our people's generals and judges,  
but here—

CATALINE—

(From above.)

'Tis selfishness and violence bear sway,  
and craft and cunning only lead to power.

OLLOVICO—

Alas my friends ! we're overheard and trapped !

AMBIORIX—

Is this the way with high-born sons of Rome?  
'tis left to women in our dales at home.

CATALINE—

(Comes down to the road.)

Fear nothing ;—playing the spy is not my walk ;  
'twas by mere chance I overheard your talk.

So you're th' Allobroges who've left your land  
expecting, save the mark ! justice at Rome.  
I tell you all your hopes are built on sand,  
naught but injustice here ! regain your home !  
In name 'tis a republic, that is all,  
for every burgher is a slave in chains,  
in pawn for debt, dependent as a thrall  
upon a senate eager after gains.  
The ancient brotherhood in peace or strife  
gone with the love of freedom, these of old  
Rome's proud possessions : safety, yea and life,  
The Senate's favor—in return for gold !  
Loud-tongued harangues the voice of justice drown ;  
true worth with prosp'rous violence cannot cope.

AMBIORIX—

But tell us who art thou, that roughly down  
castest the sole foundation of our hope ?

CATALINE—

One who has freedom's fire in his breast,  
a deadly foe of every wrongful might,  
a friend of all the feeble and oppressed,  
with will and courage in their cause to fight.

AMBIORIX—

The lofty Romans ? But oh Roman speak ;  
surely thou only mock'st our untaught ears,  
is Rome no more protector of the weak,  
the tyrant's terror, as in bygone years ?

CATALINE—

(Pointing to the city.)

Behold Allobrogan, in pride of power  
yon towering Capitol threaten every foe ;  
see where the sun's last gleam before it lower  
reddens the summit with its evening glow ;  
so fades away Rome's evening, sinks to rest  
her liberty behind the veil of night,  
but soon the sun shall rise in splendour drest,  
and loathsome darkness flee before its light.

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SCENE 2nd.—*A portico in Rome*—

(Enter Lentulus, Statilius, Coeparius and Cethegus  
in eager talk.)

COEPARIUS—

Yes thou art right, things go from bad to worse,  
and what will be the end I cannot tell.

CETHEGUS—

The end be hanged ! I never think about it,  
but just enjoy the present while it's here,  
drain every cup of pleasure to the dregs,  
and let life waggle on as best it may.

LENTULUS—

That's very well for who can do it, I  
am not so lucky, can't composedly  
look forward to the time of nothing left,  
no means to satisfy a single lust !

STATILIUS—

And I can see no prospect of improvement,  
yet truth to say—the sort of life we lead—

CETHEGUS—

Oh that be hanged !

LENTULUS—

The last shred of my fortune  
seized by my creditors this very morning.

CETHEGUS—

Away with sorrow, away with vain regrets,  
we'll drown them in a jolly drinking bout.

COEPARIUS—

With all my heart, come on ye jovial spirits !

LENTULUS—

One moment ; here's old Manlius ; he seems  
as usual, to be looking out for us.

MANLIUS—

(Coming in eagerly.)

A thousand curses on these scurvy hounds,  
The last pretence of justice cast away !

LENTULUS—

Why what's the matter ? Why in such a heat ?

STATILIUS—

Art thou, too, in the money lenders' hands ?

MANLIUS—

No tis'nt that ; I'll tell you ; you're aware  
I served in Sulla's army with distinction ;  
a little farm was my reward, and when  
the war was ended, I lived quietly  
on that ; 'twas mean, but still it kept me going,  
and now they take it from me ; in their jargon  
'tis called resumption of the state possessions  
for equal repartition among all.  
'Tis simple robbery, naught else ! their own  
infernal maws they mean to gorge ; naught else !

COEPARIUS—

Yes, ducks and drakes with all our rights ! alas !  
No limits to the freaks of those in power.

CETHEGUS—

(Cheerfully.)

Poor Manlius ! That's bad ; but only think  
what I have suffered, listen to me a moment ;  
Livia, my lovely mistress, has gone off,  
just now, when all the little I had left  
has vanished, squandered for the love of her !

STATILIUS—

Extravagance has brought its own reward.

CETHEGUS—

Describe it as thou wilt, I do not choose  
to balk my humours, will content them rather  
as long as I can find the wherewithal.

MANLIUS—

And I who fought so bravely for the glory  
and wide dominion which they brag of now—  
I will— ! Alas, would that the brave old army,  
companions of my fights, were now in Rome !  
but no, the larger part are dead and gone ;  
the others scattered over all the world.  
Oh what are ye, young men, compared to them ?  
the sight of power bows you in the dust.  
No courage yours to break the chains that bind you.  
All patiently ye bear the life of slaves.

LENTULUS—

By all the gods, altho' his taunts are sharp  
he hit the mark in what he said that time !

CETHEGUS—

Well yes, perhaps ; we can't deny the impeachment,  
but how to make beginning ? That's the rub.

LENTULUS—

Yes true enough, too long, too patiently  
we've borne oppression, but 'tis not too late  
to burst the chains asunder which ambition  
and foul injustice have enwound about us.

STATILIUS—

Oh Lentulus, I am with you heart and soul ;  
But stop—one thing we lack—a leader brave ;  
Strong he must be, yet crafty. Where's the man ?

LENTULUS—

I know the very man to be our leader.

MANLIUS—

'Tis Cataline you mean.

LENTULUS—

Exactly, him.

CETHEGUS—

Yes, Cataline, perchance, might be the man.

MANLIUS—

I know him well ; I was his father's friend,  
and stood beside him in many a bloody field ;  
he let his little son go with him ; wild,  
unmanagable was the stripling then ;  
yet we perceived in him uncommon gifts,  
a lofty spirit and a bravery  
that never faltered.

LENTULUS—

Neither will he refuse,  
methinks : to-day I met him deeply moved,  
brooding upon some secret enterprise,  
some daring deed he's long had in his eye.

STATILIUS—

Yes, he has long desired the Consulship.

LENTULUS—

He won't succeed in that, so strenuously  
his enemies have spoken, and denounced  
him to his very face, so that in rage  
he left the Senate, vengeance in his heart.

STATILIUS—

Oh then without a doubt he'll join the plot.

LENTULUS—

I hope so too. Yet first our scheme in secret  
we'll ponder o'er. The hour suits our purpose.

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SCENE 3rd.— *The Temple of Vesta, in Rome. A lamp with the holy fire burning on the Altar in the back-ground.*

(Cataline, followed by Curius, comes stealthily in through the columns.)

CURIUS—

How, Cataline? Into the very Temple  
Of Vesta is it thou ledest me?

CATALINE—

(With a smile.)

No other.

CURIUS—

Ye gods! What recklessness! This very day  
the Senate rang with Cicero's invectives  
against thee, yet thou darest—

CATALINE—

Pray forget them!

CURIUS—

The danger thou art in thou seek'st to forget  
by blindly rushing headlong into others.

CATALINE—

(In a lively tone.)

'Tis change I like; I never won before  
a Vestal virgin's love, forbidden fruit!  
and therefore I am here to try my luck.

CURIUS—

What,—?—No, impossible. Thou surely jok'st.

CATALINE—

I don't deny it ; all my loves are jokes ;  
but what I just now said I said in earnest.  
I'll tell thee ; last time at the theatre,  
crossing the market place in full procession,  
I saw the priestesses, and quite by chance  
I looked at one ; she with a hasty glance  
met mine ; that look pierced to my very soul.  
Such an expression in those deep black eyes  
as in no face of woman shone before.

CURIUS—

I'll take thy word for it. What followed next?

CATALINE—

Why many a time into the Temple here  
I've entrance gained, and seen and talked with her.  
The contrast between her and my Aurelia  
is infinitely great.

CURIUS—

Thou lov'st them both  
at the same time. No ! That is quite beyond me.

CATALINE—

Likely enough, I cannot solve the problem  
myself, and yet thou'rt right, I love them both.

(They hide themselves among the pillars, enter Furia from the other side.)

Detested halls,—witnesses of the torture,  
homes of the agony which is my doom ;  
all the bright thoughts and hopes I once did nurture  
extinguished, and this heart become their tomb.  
One moment close the dismal chills around me,  
the next more burning than yon lamp I pine,  
What fate is mine? And whose the fault that  
[bound me  
fast in the walls of this detested shrine?  
Robbed me in early youth of all life's gladness,  
in life's warm spring-time quenched my innocent joy,  
but now not one tear shall betray my sadness,  
hate and revenge be mine without alloy !

And dost thou not for me a different fire  
cherish my Furia—not quite so lurid?

Ye gods! Thou desperate man! Thou here again!  
'Thou dost not fear?

CATALINE—

I know not fear ; defying  
danger has ever been my chief delight.

FURIA—

Oh, noble ! noble ! Such is also mine,  
and therefore all the more I do detest  
this Temple for the dull security  
in which it keeps me—danger all unknown ;  
Oh ! this unfruitful useless occupation,  
dull as the flicker of a dying lamp !  
think what a narrow scope for all my fullness  
of fiery passions and of lofty aims !  
Compressed together by encircling walls,  
my life is straightened and my hope extinguished ;  
the sleepy day drags through at last, but none  
of all my aspirations ripen to deed.

CATALINE—

Ah Furia strangely, truthfully returning  
the echo of the working in my breast.  
Thou like a seer my aspirations burning  
with fiery syllables interpretest.  
My heart, as thine, crushed down by life's disgust,  
by bitter hatred hardened as to steel ;  
each hope I cherished vanished into dust ;  
through life, as thou, all objectless I reel.  
And yet my agony and need in silence

I keep concealed, and no one sees them raging.  
But scorning and despising me these wretches  
never conceive how mightily my spirit  
aspires to all that right and free and noble  
e'er stirred the pulses of a Roman's heart.

FURIA—

I knew it! 'tis thy spirit, not another,  
That's made for me, for so a voice declares  
which never errs, which never hath deceived me;  
come therefore let's away, that voice we'll follow!

CATALINE—

What is thy meaning, fair enthusiast?

FURIA—

Come, let us fly far from this hated spot,  
a new created home we'll seek in haste;  
here meanness of all kinds the spirit drowns,  
extinguishes its greatness, quells each spark  
before it b'azes into conquering flame.  
So let us fly; behold the world's expanse  
invites the heart oppression cannot tame.

CATALINE—

Spell bound by thee I seem, and needs must follow.

FURIA—

Then no delay. Away this very instant,  
over the mountains and the ocean waves.  
Nor stay our flight till Rome is far behind us.  
Thy friends in crowds will round thy standard flock  
far, far away upon some distant shore ;  
there will we reign, and men shall feel the shock  
of two such hearts as never beat before.

CATALINE—

Splendid ! But flight ? And wherefore should we  
[fly ?

The fire of freedom may be nursed at home.  
Here may be found as fair a field for action  
and mighty deeds, as e'en thy soul desires.

FURIA—

Here, dost thou say ? In miserable Rome,  
where naught but tyranny and baseness dwell ?  
Ah Lucius ! art not thou of the men  
who of her former greatness feel the spell ?  
What kind of men ruled then ? what kind rule now ?  
Why then a race of heroes ; now a crowd  
of basest slaves.

CATALINE—

Oh mock me even thou ;  
but know this—to protect Rome's freedom proud,

even for one glance of her vanished splendour,  
right joyfully, like Curtius, would I leap  
Into the abyss.

FURIA—

I trust thee—only thee ;  
I see thine eye flash ; thou hast spoken truth.  
Yet go now, for the priestesses of Vesta  
about this time are wont to assemble here.

CATALINE—

I go then ; only though again to meet thee.  
Strong fascination binds me to thy side ;  
thou noblest woman I have ever known !

FURIA—

(With a strange smile.)

Then promise one thing ; swear, too, thou wilt hold  
what thou dost promise. Wilt thou Lucius ?

CATALINE—

Aye Furia ! Whatever thou demandest.  
What shall I promise ? Only say the word.

FURIA—

Hear then ! Tho' like a captive here imprisoned,  
full well I know there lives a man in Rome  
to whom I've sworn my enmity till death,  
Yea bitter hatred even beyond the grave !

CATALINE—

Well ?

FURIA—

Swear this enemy of mine shall be  
Thine too till death ; wilt thou, my Lucius ?

CATALINE—

I swear it then by all the mighty gods !  
I swear it on the good name of my father,  
and on my mother's memory. Furia !  
what ails thee ? Wildly burns thine eye, and, like  
those of the dead, thy cheeks are marble white.

FURIA—

I know it ; through my veins a flood of fire  
tears wildly. Swear ! swear out thine oath to th' end !

CATALINE—

Pour forth, ye powers, upon this head of mine  
the vials of your wrath ; the lightnings of  
your fury crush me, if my oath I break !  
with devilish spite thy foe I'll persecute.

FURIA—

Enough ; I trust thee. Oh my heart is lightened,  
my vengeance rests securely in thy hands.

CATALINE—

And shall be perfected. It now remains  
to name thy enemy, and the wrong he did.

FURIA—

Near Tiber's banks far from the city's roar,  
my birth-place stood ; there was my quiet home.  
There lived with me a sister dearly loved,  
devoted from a child to Vesta's fane.  
There came a scoundrel to those distant parts,  
he on the future priestess cast his eye—

CATALINE—

Priestess ! Speak, Furia ! Whom ?

FURIA—

Ravished, the child  
deep in the rolling Tiber hid her shame.

CATALINE—

(Embarrassed.)

Know'st thou the man ?

FURIA—

Well never with my eyes  
beheld him, all was over when the news  
of horror reached me, but his name—

CATALINE—

His name !

FURIA—

One not unknown to fame, 'tis Cataline.

CATALINE—

(Starting back.)

What dost thou say? Oh horror! Furia!

FURIA—

Control thyself, my Lucius, for thou turnest pale; what doth ail thee? Was this man thy friend?

CATALINE—

My friend? Nay Furia! Friend no more since I pronounced the curse, and swore eternal hate to my own self!

FURIA—

Thy self? Thou Cataline?

CATALINE—

No other.

FURIA—

Thou the dishon'rer of my Silvia!  
Right well then Nemesis has heard my cry;  
on thine own head thou has called down the  
[vengeance;  
Woe to thee! Ravisher! woe!

CATALINE—

All glazed thine eye  
Stares at me fixedly! In the pale light  
of yonder lamp thou might'st be Silvia's shade!

(Hurries away; the holy fire in the lamp goes out.)

FURIA—

(After a pause.)

Ah now I see it all. From off my eyes  
the veil has fallen. I look into the darkness !  
Hate, hate it was which sank into my bosom  
that first time when I saw him in the market,  
a wondrous feeling like a flame of blood !  
Ah he shall feel it ! What a hate like mine,  
for ever seething, never sinking to rest,  
of vengeance and destruction can bring forth !

A VESTAL—

(Coming in.)

Go Furia, for thy watch is ended now,  
as I have come—but by the holy goddess  
what do I see? Ah woe ! the flame gone out !

FURIA—

(Wildly.)

Gone out, thou sayest? It never burned so fiercely;  
It ne'er goes out.

The VESTAL—

Ye powers ;—What means this ?

FURIA—

Hate's fiery sea goes not so lightly out.  
Love flickers up indeed, and is extinguished  
next moment, but with hate —

The VESTAL—

Immortal gods—

This must be madness !

(Shouts.)

Hither ! help ! oh help !

(Vestals and attendants hurry in.)

SOME OF THE VESTALS—

What is the matter ?

OTHERS—

Vesta's fire gone out !

FURIA—

The fire of hatred and revenge burns fierce.

The VESTALS—

Away with her to doom and punishment !

(They lead her out—CURIUS comes forward.)

They take her to a dungeon, thence to death.

Nay nay by all the gods it shall not be !

Shall she, the noblest of created women,  
the death of horror die, entombed alive ?

Oh ne'er before felt I such lofty daring  
swell in my bosom. Is it love ? It is :

and I will rescue her.—But Cataline ?

whom she with hate and vengeance will pursue.

Has he not enemies enough already,

that I should add another to the number ?  
Doth gratitude not bid me to protect  
him who to me was like an elder brother ?  
But love again ? Ah what are *its* commands ?  
Besides shall he, the valiant Cataline  
quail at a woman's onset ? Ten times no !  
- Then off this very moment to the rescue.  
Wait Furia ; I drag thee from the grave  
to life, to life ! although it cost my own !

---

SCENE 4th.—*A hall in Cataline's house.*

(Enter CATALINE restless and excited.)

So ran the words of the enthusiast.  
'Tis strange indeed, and yet perchance a warning,  
an omen of the fate in store for me.  
So then with oaths I have myself devoted  
to bloody vengeance for my own misdeeds !  
Furia, it seems me still that I behold  
thy wild, death-boding fiery look infernal ;  
the words thou said'st ring hollow in my ears ;  
the memory of that oath will live eternal.

(Aurelia slowly approaches from behind unperceived.)

But I'm an idiot to pay attention  
to this insanity, 'tis nothing else :  
far worthier things have I to ponder o'er ;

and greater objects claim my energies.  
The times' disquiet calls for aid from me,  
to that I needs must bend my every thought.  
Hope and distraction toss me like a sea.

AURELIA—

(Seizes his hand.)

And shall Aurelia of thy doubts know naught?  
the passion stirring in her husband's breast,  
And heaving wildly, may the wife not know?  
Say, shall her sympathy afford no rest  
nor charm away the dark cloud on thy brow?

CATALINE—

Oh my Aurelia, how good and gentle  
art thou! But why should I thy life embitter,  
making thee share the sorrows of my own?  
Thou'st borne enough already for my sake;  
but for the time to come this head alone  
shall bear whate'er the hostile fates appoint me;  
the bitter curse which is the certain outcome  
of mighty powers of mind, and ardent longings  
for a life rich in noble deeds, united  
with poverty that crows the spirit's effort.  
And shalt thou too my cup of misery drain,  
the draught deep drinking, lower still and lower?

AURELIA—

The part of woman is consoling pain  
always, e'en tho' she share not dreams of power.

When man in striving towards his high ideal  
doth reap but disappointment and vexation,  
then woman's love doth o'er his spirit steal  
and soothes his grief with tender consolation.  
And thus he learns that quiet life hath joys  
the tumult of ambition cannot offer.

CATALINE—

Yea thou art right, I feel it in myself,  
yet cannot tear me from the strife away ;  
the long unrest that in my bosom seeths  
nought but life's turmoil can avail to still.

AURELIA—

Well if Aurelia's not enough for thee,  
and has no power thy vexed soul to quiet,  
open at least thy heart for words of friendship  
and loving comfort from thy wife's own lips.  
E'en if she cannot satisfy thy need,  
E'en if she cannot follow thy thought's flight,  
yet know, she has strength to share thy every sorrow,  
courage to lighten all thy burden's weight.

CATALINE—

Well then I'll tell thee, dear Aurelia, what  
so greatly for the last few days has vexed me.  
Thou knowest long I've sought the Consulate  
without success. The rest thou also knowest ;  
how to secure the venal citizens'  
votes, I have squandered—

AURELIA—

Hush dear Cataline !

I cannot bear—

CATALINE—

Thou too can'st not forgive  
My conduct ? Think ; what other course was open ?  
Well, having squandered all my property,  
scorn and reproach I've taken for my pains.  
Just now hath Cicero, my savage foe  
even in the Senate trod me to the dust ;  
sketching my life in outlines so appalling  
that e'en myself I shuddered at the picture ;  
reading disgust and terror in each face,  
and hearing "Cataline" pronounced with horror ;  
the echo of those words to after ages  
will ring, the story of a frightful union  
of utter failure, wild licentiousness,  
and spite and scorn of everything that's noble.  
No deed that I can do will purge my name,  
or sweep away the lies entwined around it  
by rumour foul, which all the world believes.

AURELIA—

But I, dear husband, credit no such rumours ;  
E'en tho' thou be condemned by all the world,  
e'en while they shower reproach upon thy head,  
I know there lie concealed in thy inmost heart  
germs that shall blossom into flower and fruit.

Yet I know also here they blossom not,  
for weeds of pois'nous growth their promise quell ;  
Come let us fly the vile infected spot  
without delay ; what binds us here to dwell ?

## CATALINE—

What ! should I basely flee the country ? Never !  
My noblest aspirations reckless cast  
away ? The drowning man—hope gone for ever—  
clings to the fragments of the riven mast ;  
and tho' the wreck plunge to its watery grave,  
and ~~buries~~<sup>y</sup> deep the last hope of salvation,  
he to the last plank, all too slight to save  
and sinking with him, clings in desperation.

## AURELIA—

But if a hospitable coast he view,  
with shady groves along the shining beach,  
Hope in his fainting bosom wakes anew,  
he strives amain the pleasant shore to reach.  
There all is loveliness, there gentle peace  
bears sway ; there silent on the strand the wave  
breaks. There his tired limbs from labor cease,  
while evening breezes cool his forehead lave.  
Dark waves of sorrow on him cease to beat,  
in contemplation undisturbed his mind  
dwells in the peaceful solitude, and sweet  
forgetfulness of vanished woes doth find.  
Only the echoes of the world's unrest

reaches his shelter, like a distant roll,  
that cannot stir the calm within his breast,  
doth but increase the gladness of his soul.  
Of balked ambition in the time gone by  
and wild unreal delights recalls the story,  
doubles his quiet joy, nor lets him sigh  
again with Rome's proud sons to strive for glory.

CATALINE—

Thou speakest truth, Aurelia ; at this moment  
well could I flee with thee from strife and turmoil ;  
but can'st thou name me so retired a spot  
that we could live there sheltered and in peace ?

AURELIA—

(Joyfully.)

Thou wilt dear Cataline ! oh great delight !  
oh joy that fills my heart to overflowing !  
So I shall have my wish ! This very night  
we leave the City—

CATALINE—

Yea, but tell me whither ?  
Name me the spot where unobserved my head  
can rest.

AURELIA—

And can'st thou doubt the spot for us ?  
Hast thou forgot our little farm, where I  
my childhood passed, where later thou and I

in the delightful time of early love  
spent many a happy summer day together ?  
Nowhere in Italy grows grass so green,  
nowhere do woods surround so cool a nest,  
as where our villa from its cypress screen  
peeps shining white, and beckons us to rest.  
Thither we fly, and pass our future life  
in rustic labors and their quiet bliss ;  
thy gloomy heart cheered by thy loving wife  
each cloud of sorrow scattered by her kiss.  
And when the tribute of the spring in showers  
thou offerest, acknowledging my sway,  
I hailing thee with joy my prince of flowers,  
bind round thy brow a garland of the bay—  
but thou growest pale, my hand as if in pain  
thou pressest ; in thine eye strange light doth burn !

CATALINE—

Alas, Aurelia, all thy hopes are vain  
to that loved home thou can'st not now return.  
'Tis gone for ever !

AURELIA—

What new horror this ?  
It cannot be, thou dost but speak in joke !

CATALINE—

Would that I did ! oh like a biting dart  
by vengeance sharpened, piercing through my breast,  
each word thou speakest cuts into my heart  
by fate debarred from every hope of rest.

AURELIA—

Ye gods ! Thy meaning, Cataline ?

CATALINE—

(Throwing a purse of gold on table.)

Behold !

There is thy farm, thy prospect of delight !

AURELIA—

Oh thou hast sold—

CATALINE—

Yes all, this very day  
and for what object ? Nothing but to bribe—

AURELIA—

No more dear Cataline ! but vain regrets  
can come of dwelling on it ; let it pass.

CATALINE—

Thy meek forbearance tenfold more affects me  
than any cry of misery from thy lips.

An old SOLDIER—

(Coming in and approaching Cataline.)

Oh sir forgive me that at this late hour  
thy dwelling, none announcing me, I enter.  
Oh be not wrath—

CATALINE—

What is thine errand here ?

SOLDIER—

A humble prayer my errand ; I cannot doubt  
thine ear thou'lt lend to one in misery.

My strength devoted to my country's glory  
has left me ; worn out, all unfit for service  
am I, my sword hangs rusting on the wall.

One hope in life remained to me, my son.

He kept me by the labours of his hands ;

alas he lies in prison for a debt,

release is hopeless, help me, help me, Sir !

(Kneels).

Spare me a trifle ! Sir ! From house to house

I've wandered, finding only closed doors.

I know not where to turn.

CATALINE—

Ah, like these men !

Behold a sample of the suffering

borne by so many of our brave defenders :

for gratitude is all unknown in Rome.

There was a time when I in righteous wrath

had vengeance wreaked on them with fire and sword ;

but lately counsels mild have won my ear ;

my spirit softened thirsts no more for vengeance ;

yet lightening sorrow is a deed worth doing.

Here, veteran ! take this and pay your debts.

(Hands him the purse of gold.)

SOLDIER—

Oh noble Sir ! can I believe my ears ?

CATALINE—

You can ; be off, and get your son released.

(Exit Soldier quickly.)

'Tis better spent in that way, eh, Aurelia,  
than if't had gone in bribery for votes.

'Tis grand, no doubt, to quell unrighteous power,  
but acts of kindness also bring reward.

AURELIA—

Ah now I know my Cataline again,  
with all his rich nobility of soul.

=====

SCENE 5th.—*A subterranean tomb. High on the further wall an opening lately built up. A lamp burning dimly.*

(FURIA, in a long black dress, stands in a listening attitude.)

A hollow rumbling, surely thunder, there  
above ground, pierces even to the grave.

But oh the grave itself how still, how still !

Am I, then, doomed to slumbrous rest for ever ?  
never, e'en here, through labyrinthine paths  
to wander on,—my fixed desire of old ?

(A pause.)

Strange was my life ! and strange the fate that  
closed it,

meteor-like came and vanished all its phases.

His meeting me, the silent fascination,  
that inner force, that closely bound together  
myself the Nemesis, and him the victim ;  
and vengeance swift o'ertaking the avenger !

(A pause.)

Surely there's light above me ! am I sinking  
down, tho' I feel it not, from light's abode ?  
'Tis well if so it be, if this abiding  
deep in the grave is really but a flight  
on lightning wings down to the land of darkness,  
a swift approach to the swelling stream of Styx.  
There leaden waves plash heavily against  
the banks, and softly Charon plies his boat.  
Thither I come ! and silently will seat me  
down by the ferry, question every ghost,  
each fleeting shadow from the realms of life,  
that, softly gliding, nears the deadly flood ;  
and thus will question of them : " Cataline ?  
" How fares it with him there among the living ?  
" After what manner hath he kept his oath ?"  
Into the sunken sockets of each corpse  
I'll throw the sulphur torch's lurid gleam,  
and make right sure he is not Cataline.  
And when he doth come I will follow him ;  
and so together we will cross the ferry,

and tread together Pluto's silent halls.  
His shade, I too, a shade, accompanying,  
where'er is Cataline shall Furia be !

(A pause ; she continues in a lower voice,)

The air has turned so sultry and so close ;  
each breath I draw with fast increasing pain.  
Oh doubtless I approach the dark morass  
where sullenly the hidden river flows.—

(She listens ; a dull sound without.)

A muffled thumping, like the stroke of oars ;  
It is the ferryman of the dead ; He comes  
to fetch me. —Nay 'tis here, 'tis here I stay !

(The stones in the newly walled-up aperture break asunder,  
Curius appears outside, and beckons to her.)

FURIA.

Charon ! I greet thee. Art thou all prepared  
to bear me like a guest to the halls of death ?  
Nay, hence I stir not.

CURIUS.

Hush ; I come to save thee.

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THE 2ND ACT.  

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In the first Scene the Conspirators persuade Cataline to lead them. He refuses, and tells them his intention to leave Rome and return to Gaul. They mention incidentally the doom of Furia and leave him. After a dialogue with Aurelia, he is soliloquising on his fate, when what he takes for Furia's ghost appears, and upbraiding him with cowardice and appealing to his pride, induces him to forego his intention.

The 2nd scene is a drinking bout of the Conspirators. They discuss Cataline's refusal, and choose Lentulus to their leader. Cataline enters. After mutual reproaches they accept him as leader. Lentulus suggests an alliance with the Allobrogian Embassy and raising Gaul.

In the 3rd Scene, in Cataline's garden, Furia, by rousing Curius' jealousy, persuades him to betray Cataline to the Senate. She then appears to the Allobrogians, who take her for a spirit, and at her warning break off the alliance and fly home. Cataline comes from the house, down-spirited at the cowardice and self-seeking of his following, when Furia calls to him from behind the trees "Revenge." He recovers his spirit, and spurns Aurelia.

THE 3<sup>RD</sup> ACT.

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Scene—Cataline's camp in an Etrurian forest. After a dialogue between Cataline and Manlius, and an appearance of Sulla's ghost, Curius comes, and confessing his treachery, urges Cataline to fly. He refuses; Lentulus with two gladiators appears, prepared to assassinate Cataline. The gladiators fly, and Cataline disarms Lentulus, but spares his life, and tells him they are betrayed. Lentulus determines to desert to the enemy, and guide them to the attack. After a scene with his soldiers, the sight of Aurelia makes Cataline think of flight, but Furia as usual appears and with bitter irony urges him to his doom. He hurries to the fight. After a dialogue between Furia and Aurelia, Cataline returns weary but unhurt, having been swept down in the battle and lain senseless. Furia persuades him to kill himself, and finding the thought of Aurelia restrain him, urges him to kill Aurelia, whom he shortly after stabs, and asks Furia to do the same for him. She does. Aurelia creeps to him, and they die in each others arms.

THE END.

## TERJE VIGEN.

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### AN EPISODE OF THE GREAT WAR.

Englishmen, happily now on such friendly terms with Norsemen, perhaps as a rule hardly realise that the two countries were at war little over sixty years ago; greatly against the grain with both no doubt, for Norway was dragged by her connexion with Denmark into a quarrel with which she had no concern, while the exigencies of her death-struggle with Napoleon forced Great Britain to use her naval power to the utmost against all his allies. In the case of Norway this could only take the form of stopping the supplies of grain which the people of her rock-bound coast obtain by sea.

My translation, begun in verse, was continued in prose, more suited, as was soon apparent, to an English version of a simple straightforward tale like "Terje Vigen." To give an idea of the style of metre of the original, I have allowed five stanzas to stand as at first translated.

There lived a singular grey-headed man  
on a naked outside shoal ;  
certainly neither afloat nor ashore  
did he ever injure a soul.

But sometimes his eye had a curious look,  
especially when it blew,  
and so people thought he was not quite right,  
and those who came near without some fright  
to Terje Vigen were few.

'Twas only once that I saw the man,  
he had brought his fish to the wharf.  
His hair was white, but brisk as a boy's  
was his carol and his laugh.  
Plenty of chaff had he for the girls,  
for the children plenty of fun ;  
then waved his sou'-wester and jumped in the boat,  
hoisted his fo'-sail and went afloat  
like an eagle away in the sun.

Now I'll tell you what I know of Terje,  
(and kind attention lend)  
for though it may read a little dry,  
'tis true from beginning to end.  
I hadn't it quite direct from himself,  
but by those who knew was I told ;  
who were there when he drew his latest breath,  
and closed his eyes in the sleep of death,  
sixty and odd years old.

A wildish blade in youth  
he early ran off to sea,  
among the young fellows afloat  
were none in more scrapes than he.

He deserted his ship at Amsterdam,  
but home-sick turned at length,  
and on board the "Forening" trading hoy  
came home, but nobody knew the boy,  
so grown in size and strength.

Handsome and big had he grown,  
he was well and warmly clad ;  
but father and mother were dead and gone  
and every relation he had.  
He moped for a day or possibly two,  
but soon recovered his glee ;  
upon dry land he found no rest,  
no ! better by far to make his nest  
afloat on the heaving sea.

One year later Terje married. The event came off rather hastily, and people thought he repented the achievement, which kept him in a manner at anchor. He passed the winter at home in idleness. Brightly as day shone his window-panes with their little curtains, with flowers behind, in the little house with its red-painted walls.

When the soft spring loosened the ice, Terje went to sea in the brig. Returning home in the autumn, and meeting the grey goose in its southward flight, he felt it like a weight on his heart that young and strong as he was, he should be returning from a

bright sunny shore ; astern, the world full of life and pleasure ; and the bow toward the dreary winter of the north.

As soon as they anchored and had shore-leave, his comrades went to idle and booze away their time ; Terje looked after them from the door of his quiet cottage not without envy. He peeped behind the white curtain and lo ! two people in the room ! There sat his wife quietly spinning, and in the cradle, fresh and blooming and bright, lay a tiny laughing girl !

They say that from that moment Terje's mind took a serious turn. He toiled at his work, and was never tired of rocking his child asleep. On Sunday evenings when music and dancing reached his ear from the next farmhouse, he preferred singing at home the liveliest songs he knew, while little Anna lay in his lap and pulled at his brown locks.

Thus time passed away till the year the war began in 1809. The story of the suffering the people then underwent is still told among them. English cruisers blockaded every harbour, the harvest at home failed, the rich fell short, the poor had nothing, a strong pair of arms was of no use, starvation and death were at their doors.

Terje moped for a day or two, but shook off his misery when he thought of an old and faithful

friend, the great stormy ocean ; and along the coast westwards, what he did still lives in ~~song~~<sup>story</sup> as a deed of supreme daring—

“As soon as the wind blew a little less wild,  
“he crossed the sea for wife and child  
“alone in an open boat.”

He chose the smallest skiff that was to be had to cross ; mast and sail he left at home, thinking he was safest without them. He thought the boat would do, though she might ship a few seas ; no doubt the Jutland Sands were awkward to weather, but far the greatest danger was the eagle-eyed English men of war. Well, he rowed smartly off in good heart, and ultimately reaching Fladstrand in safety, took in his precious cargo, three sacks of barley, little enough, God knows, but Terje came from a poor land, and now he had on board what would save lives, and wife and child were at stake. Three days and nights the powerful and courageous fellow toiled at the oars, and at sunrise on the fourth morning came in sight of a dim ridge, not of shifting clouds, but of genuine Fjelds, with their rocky peaks ; and look ! high above all the other ridges rose the “Imenes Saddle,” broad and blue, and he knew well enough where he was ! near his home ! Only a short time longer to hold out ! His heart throbbed with faith and confidence, and he was just

putting up a prayer of thanksgiving to God, when the words froze on his lips ! He looked again—No ! there could be no mistake about it ; as the fog lifted he plainly saw in Hesnæs Sound, a corvette lying to with her sails empty and flapping. She saw the boat too, for a signal ran up ; the nearest opening in the reef was blocked ; however, as the sun set, the breeze fell light and baffling, and Terje tried to escape westward. Then the corvette lowered her yawl, he heard the sailor's song, and with the skiff's ribs for a stretcher he rowed for bare life, so that the water hissed and flashed round the bow, and the blood spurted from his nails.

There are some sunken rocks called the Goslings a little to the east of Homburg Sound ; with an on-shore wind the sea breaks heavily on them, as there is only about two foot of water, and even on the calmest day they show a mixture of white foam and shining yellow rocks ; but thunder it never so much outside, inside it is generally calm, as the reef breaks the force of the waves.

In shot the skiff like an arrow through the breakers, but close behind in her wake came the yawl with fifteen men. Through the rush of the breakers in his extreme need went his cry to God, "Just in there on the shingle is my poor cottage, and my wife and babe waiting for bread !"

But the fifteen men shouted louder than he, and, as at Lyngoer,\* fortune favoured the English in their plundering among Norway's rocks. Just as Terje's boat touched the top of the reef, and the yawl too scraped the ground, the officer shouted "Stop," and lifting an oar, with the blade up, drove it through the skiff's bottom. Planks and ribs were smashed, the sea poured in, and the precious cargo sunk in two foot water. But Terje wouldn't give in; dashing through the armed sailors, he sprang over the gunwale, dived, swam, and dived again, but the yawl got off the reef, and whichever way he turned he found cutlasses and musket balls awkwardly near. \*

At length they fished him out, and carried him on board the corvette, which fired a salute in honour of her victory. On the poop astern, proud and grand, stood her Commander, a boy of eighteen. His first engagement had been with Terje's boat! and he was as proud as a peacock of it; but poor Terje was no longer master of himself; the strong man knelt in tears and prayers on the deck. He bought with tears, they sold him sneers, and repaid his prayers with mockery; the easterly breeze sprang up, and England's victorious son lost no time in putting to sea.

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\*Battle of Lyngoer Harbour, see note page 55.

Terje Vigen said no more ; it was all over now, and he kept his misery to himself. But his captors noticed with wonder how rapidly something was, as it were blown from the cloudy arch of his brow.

Full five years, they say, he lay in prison. His head was bowed, and his hair turned grey with dreaming about his home. There was something he took comfort in, but he told no one what it was, it seemed like his last treasure.

At last came peace with the year 1814, and the Norse prisoners, Terje among them, were taken home in a Swedish frigate ; but when he landed on his village quay, with a pilot's license from the king, few recognised in the grey-haired man the young sailor they had known. His home was in the hands of strangers, who however told him what had become of *those two*. "As the husband left them, and no one gave them anything, they—well—were buried together on the pauper's side, at the expense of the parish."

Years passed away and he quietly did his duty as a pilot, living on one of the outside islands. No one could say that on land or sea he did anyone harm, but sometimes, when the sea broke over the reefs and sunken rocks, his eye had an ugly look

which made people think he was out of his mind, and most of them were a little nervous when he came near them.

One bright moonlight night, with an on-shore wind, there was a stir among the pilot community, caused by an English yacht driving in, foresail and mainsail in rags, and the red flag at her foretop sending forth a dumb cry of distress ; quick as thought a boat put off, slowly, tack by tack, it worked its way through the heavy seas, and the pilot sturdily gained the deck of the yacht. How confident he seemed, the grey-headed fellow ! as he seized the wheel in his giant grasp, and the yacht, obeying the helm, stood off again, with Terje's boat in tow. My Lord, the owner, came aft with his wife, carrying his child in his arms, and as Terje lifted his hat, told him that if he took them safe out of the terrible breakers he would make him as rich as he was now poor. The words were scarce out of his mouth when the pilot let go the helm, turned pale, and a smile seemed to creep round his mouth in spite of himself. The ship's head turned toward land, and in a moment my Lord's noble vessel was high and dry. "She wouldn't obey her helm !" says he ; "let down the boats. My Lord and my Lady come in mine. She'll knock herself to pieces in no time—trust me—but just inside the shore is safe enough, follow in my wake !"

The phosphoric light flamed as the skiff sped to land with its precious burden. The pilot astern, big and steady, had a wild and savage look. One glance to leeward at the Gosling Reef, another to windward at Hesnæs Sound, and he dropped the sheet, swung an oar with the blade in the air, and drove it through the boat's bottom !

The sea rushed in in a foaming torrent, and all was confusion in the wreck ; but the mother, white with terror, lifted her little daughter aloft, " Anna, my child !" she cried in her agony. Then the grey-headed man trembled. He seized the sheet, shoved the helm hard a-lee, and the boat shot through the breakers to all appearance as sound as a bird. She struck and sank ! but there, inside the circle of the breakers, the sea was calm, and they found themselves scarce up to their knees in water, on a hidden tongue of land. But my Lord was heard shouting " Look out ! the back of this reef is moving : it's no rock at all !" " No ! be easy," the pilot answered, with a smile, " the reef that is holding us up now is a sunken skiff with three sacks of barley !"

A remembrance of a half forgotten action seemed to flash across my Lord's face. He recognised the sailor who had knelt, with tears, on the deck of the corvette. " You had my all," shouted Terje, " and destroyed it for the sake of a little glory. A moment more and vengeance overtakes you !" On

that the proud English noble fell on his knees before the Norse pilot. But Terje stood leaning on the oar as upright as in his youth ; his eye flashed in the pride of strength, and his hair streamed upon the breeze. " You were sailing proudly in your great corvette," said he, " and I rowing in my little boat, toiling to death for those at home. You took their bread, and thought nothing of scoffing at my bitter grief. Your noble Lady is fair as the spring, her hand delicate as silk. My wife's hand was coarse and hard, but she was mine for all that. Your child has golden hair, and blue eyes like a cherub. My daughter was nothing particular, thin and sallow, as poor people's children mostly are, God help them ! Look, now ! That was what I possessed in this world. It was all I could call mine. It seemed a great treasure to me, it weighed mighty little with you, and now the hour of revenge has struck, now it is your turn to go through a bit of that experience which comes back to me through distant years—which bowed my head and whitened my hair, and sent all the happiness I had to the bottom." He seized the child, and swung it clear, with his left arm round the lady. " Back, my Lord ! a single step will cost you wife and child !" The Briton was on the point of making a dash at him, but his arm was weak and tired ; his breath came thick, his eye quailed, and no sooner did it dawn than they saw his hair had turned grey in that single night.

But now Terje's brow showed nothing but peace and quiet. He breathed freely and gently. Tenderly he put down the child, and kissed its hands. He seemed to breathe like one delivered from a prison vault, and his voice sounded quiet and even. "Now Terje Vigen is himself again. Till now my blood was like a river turned to stone, for I would, I would have revenge !"

"Long years in the close prison made my heart sick ; afterwards I lay like rubbish on the moor and looked into a dismal abyss ; but that is all over now, we two are quits. Your debtor has not given you the slip, I paid what I could, you took all I had, and if you think you have been hardly treated, complain to the Lord, who made me what I am."

By daybreak everyone was saved, and last of all the yacht lay safe in harbour. You may imagine that the crew did not say much about the night's adventure, but Terje's fame spread far and wide. That one stormy night drove away his cloudy darkling dreams, and once more he bore as erect as any the neck which had been bent from the day when he knelt on the deck of the corvette.

To his little cottage came my Lord and Lady and a host of friends, to give him a farewell shake of the hand and wish him God speed. They poured out their gratitude for his saving them through the whistling storm among the reefs and currents, but Terje,

stroking the child's frock, said, "No ! what saved you at the worst pinch was the little one there, sure enough."

As the yacht put about for Hesnæs Sound she hoisted the Norse flag, and when she passed the breakers a little further west fired a salute. Terje watched them from the cliff, and a tear trembled in his eye. "Much," said he, "I have lost, but much has been given me. No doubt it has all been for the best, and so God be thanked for it."

And such he was when I saw him once,  
he had brought his fish to the wharf.

His hair was white, but blythe as a boy's  
was his carol and his laugh.

Plenty of chaff he had for the girls,  
for the children plenty of fun,  
then waved his sou'-wester and jumped in the boat,  
hoisted the fo'sail and went afloat,  
like an eagle away in the sun !"

In a weather-beaten part of Fjære churchyard I saw a grave. It had no railing round it, was sunken and low, but on a small black board at the head was written, in white letters, "Thærie Wiigen," and the year in which he found rest. The sun shone and the rain beat on him. The grass grew coarse and thick about him, but some wild flowers grew among it.

## NOTE TO PAGE 48, BATTLE OF LYGÖER.

The following account of this exciting little affair is from J. C. Tuxen's Danish-Norse Naval History, p. 584. (*Philipsen, Copenhagen, 1871*):—

“The battle in Lyngöer Harbour on the 6th of July, 1812, was represented by contemporaries as a brilliant engagement for the Danish-Norse ships, and almost a defeat of the English, who had to retire without any prizes. But after the lapse of ten decades, history can pronounce a calmer judgment. Not that I would take one leaf from the wreath of honour which belongs to the Danish and Norse seamen, or in the smallest degree weaken the impression of courage and endurance which they showed on the occasion. But to compare the affair with Jessens fight at Zealand Cape (A) (22 March, 1808), is altogether a mistake. At Lyngöer, the English, and their brave commander, Stewart, behaved with a boldness and daring worthy of Tordenskjold, (B) and it is with their side that an impartial judgment must sympathise. With a big ship, and a shoemaker to their pilot, they ran without hesitation, and with wonderful confidence into the narrow Skærgaard, (C) although night came on, pursued their enemy from one rocky island to another, destroyed his ships in the darkness, (D) and sailed away. It was neither more nor less than a deed of desperate and successful daring.

“At the end of February, 1812, the ‘Naiad’ frigate, 42, Captain Holm, left Copenhagen with orders, in conjunction with some brigs, to protect the coast of Norway from English

cruisers. This so-called protection, by the way, did not suit the Norsemen at all. It was too small and too great. Too small, because a frigate and a few brigs could do nothing against the forces which the greatest Sea Power in the world could send against them when it pleased ; too great, because Norway was by that time carrying on a pretty active trade with England, which could not do without her timber, and therefore permitted a great number of her ships to cross the sea with this useful article—the English cruisers protecting the trade—while no other ships were allowed access to their harbours. The sailing squadron, which only enticed the enemy to their coast, was therefore a somewhat burdensome protection to the Norsemen, who would have greatly preferred to see the naval force confined to gunboats for coast defence. The Government were, however, of a different opinion, for which they were soon to pay dearly.

“On the 6th July there lay at anchor to the west of Sandö, between Arendal and Osterrisöer, the ‘Naiad,’ the ‘Lolland’ brig, Lieut. Krüger, the ‘Samsö,’ brig, Lieut. Grodtschilling, and the ‘Kiel,’ brig, Lieut. Rasch. Captn. Holm had been out cruising the day before and seen nothing of enemies ships, he was also under the idea that his masts could not be seen from the sea over the islands, and the inlet to the place where the squadron lay was narrow, cramped, and three quarters of a (Norse) mile long. He therefore felt perfectly safe from surprise, and accepted an invitation to dinner from Lieut. Grodtschilling on board the ‘Samsö.’

“After dinner the officers landed and walked up the hill close by. What was their astonishment to see an English line ship, followed by three brigs, in full sail for the mouth of the inlet, that led to the anchorage. It was the ‘Dictator’—68, Captain James Stewart (formerly commanding brig ‘Shel-

drake'), the 'Calypso'—18, Captain Weir ; the 'Podargus'—14, Captain Robert Ward ; and the 'Flamer'—14, Captain England. The 'Podargus,' on board of which there appears to have been a Swedish shoemaker, who had some knowledge of the passage, came first, the others following in her wake. It was after all possible to see the 'Naiad's' masts over the island, and they were now coming to look her up. When the officers saw the English ships they hastened on board their own, and not daring to oppose an attack in superior force where they were anchored, weighed to look for a safer harbour. This they thought to find at Lyngöer, a (Norse) mile eastwards in the Skærgaard, which the pilots were certain the line ship could not enter. Thither steered the 'Naiad' and her consorts, but the English followed. The 'Podargus' ran aground and the 'Flamer' was ordered to stop with her, the 'Calypso' preceeding the 'Dictator' to show her the way. The 'Naiad' and her brigs wound through the narrow Skærgaard, but the 'Dictator' kept close on their heels, for Stewart thought where the 'Naiad' could go the 'Dictator' could follow, tho' some passages were so narrow that the large ship had to haul in her booms lest they should be broken against the rocks. The 'Calypso' ran aground, but soon got off, not, however, before the 'Dictator' had passed her. A little after 8 p.m., the squadron reached Lyngöer harbour, which has three inlets—north-east, north-west, and south-west. The 'Naiad' ran in through the middle one of these and anchored at 8.30 in the centre of the harbour, which is less than 200 yards in width. The brigs anchored as best they could in the narrow space, the 'Lolland' on the port, the 'Kiel' on the starboard side of the frigate, and the 'Samsö' astern close to the north-east inlet—all the ships with their bows towards the south-west inlet. About 9 o'clock the 'Dictator' sailed in through the same inlet as the others,

steered straight for the shore, ran her bows aground, got a warp out to the island astern, and thus immediately took up a splendid position, broadside on to the narrow harbour and the bows of all the Danish-Norse ships. In the meantime they had been trying to improve their position as much as possible. The 'Naiad' got a warp out a starboard to a merchantman which lay under Holmen island on the north, and paid out the cable so that she lay partially across the harbour, but only succeeded in bringing six or eight of her guns to bear. The 'Lolland,' which, after the 'Naiad' had swung, lay in the way of her guns, had to pay out until she lay astern of the frigate where only two of her guns bore. The 'Kiel' could only use her bow gun, and the 'Samsö' could not fire at all, as she lay behind all the others."

"A hot cannonade began. The effect of the 'Dictator's' fire was terrific, but the crews of the Danish-Norse ships defended themselves with great obstinacy, and with the courage of despair. In this way the battle thundered for a whole hour, when at last the 'Dictator' poured in a broadside on the 'Naiad' with such violence that all her three masts went at once and crushed the deck, which fell in on her battery, rendering it useless, and forcing her over so much on the port side that her port-holes were under water. After this salvo the 'Naiad' was nothing but a sinking wreck, and on fire besides, and Captain Holm thought it best to leave his ship to procure fresh assistance, handing over to his next in command, 1st Lieut. Lütken, the duty of saving the crew and the wounded. The brigs were now exposed to the whole fire of the line ship, and could not hold out long. Kreiger fired the 'Lolland,' and took his crew on shore. The 'Kiel' struck, but the 'Samsö' was fortunate enough to slip away through the north-east inlet. Now, however, the situation changed. Lieut. Mechlenburg came up from Osterrisöer with three gun yawls. With these

and two that lay at Lyngöer under Lieut. Zahrtmann, Holm determined to attack the line ship, which however at that moment hoisted a parley-flag, and offered to give up the prisoners if she might sail out unmolested, taking the 'Kiel' and 'Lolland' with her. Holm would not agree to this, and directed an active gun-boat fire at the English ships, when, luckily for them, towards morning a brisk shore breeze sprung up, and enabled them to get away from the bloody night engagement through the south-west inlet. The fire was got under on the 'Lolland,' and the brigs shipped their crews, but the 'Naiad' had ended her short existence as a wreck, and the squadron lost 133 dead, 102 wounded, and 4 prisoners. The two English ships had only 9 killed, 35 wounded, and 2 prisoners. At 6 o'clock in the morning 1st Lieut. Dietrichsen arrived with five gun-boats, having been engaged for two hours in the night with the brigs 'Podargus' and 'Flamer.' Pity that all these gun-boats had not been got together sooner !"

James (Naval Hist. vol. vi. p. 53), and Brenton (vol. ii. p. 430), give a very similar account of the affair, except that they represent Stewart as actually having taken possession of the 'Lolland' and the 'Kiel,' and endeavoured to get them to sea, when prevented by the gun-boats.

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#### NOTES ON THE ABOVE.

(A) *Battle of Zealand Point.* In which the 'Prince Christian Frederick,' the last line-of-battle-ship left to Denmark, sustained the attack of two British line-ships, two frigates, and a corvette for three hours, and only struck when in such a condition that the victors did not attempt to take her in tow, but set fire to her.

(B) *Tordenskjold*. The Cochrane of Norway. Born in Trondhjem, 1691; greatly distinguished by his dashing exploits in the war with Sweden, under Charles XII. Killed in a duel at Hanover, in 1720. His statue has lately been put up in Trondhjem.

(C) *Skærgaard*. The smooth water inside the Skær=Skerries—rocky islands—that more or less belt the coasts of Norway and Sweden.

(D) “*Darkness*.” Lat. 58. 6 July.?

## THE LITTLE TELL-TALES.

ALL on a lovely spring-tide day  
The avenues we pace ;  
Attractive as a riddle  
Is the forbidden place.

The west wind blows so softly,  
And heaven above is blue ;  
Perched on a lime a mother bird  
Sings to her nestling crew.

I sketch poetic fancies  
With varying playful chaff,  
A pair of brown eyes glisten,  
With now and then a laugh.

Above our heads we seemed to hear  
A whisp'ring twittering strain ;  
But then we took a sweet farewell  
And never met again.

And when all lonesome up and down  
The avenues I walk,  
No rest the little feathered folk  
Allow me with their talk.

Mother Sparrow sat listening while we  
Confidingly walked along ;  
She made a poem about us  
And set it to a song.

And every bird has learnt it ;  
On every leafy spray  
A beaked songster twits about  
That lovely spring-tide day.

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### THE EIDERDUCK.

The Eiderduck dwells on Norway's shore,  
There holds he fast to the leaden-grey fjord.  
The velvet down he plucks from his breast,  
Secure and warm he builds his nest.  
The fisherman comes relentless enough,  
And robs the nest to the uttermost fluff.  
But though he be cruel the bird is kind ;  
Again from his bosom the nest is lined.  
And rob him a second time, yet is he fain  
In some well-hidden corner to build it again.  
But robbed of his third, last remaining store,  
He stretches his wings on the hostile shore.  
Then cleaves the mist with his wounded breast,  
Toward a sunny coast in the warm south-west.

## LULLABY.

Now rise the roof and rafters  
Up to the starry sky,  
And upward on the wings of dreams  
Doth little Hakon fly.

A ladder from the heavens  
Down to the earth doth drop,  
And up climbs little Hakon  
With angels to the top.

God's angels small are watching,  
The cradled infant's sleep :  
Bless thee my Hakon ! with them  
Thy Mother watch doth keep.



## BRAND.

In my humble judgment Ibsen's fame will rest  
mainly on his dramatic poem "Brand."\*

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\* Alfred Freihern, in his German translation of "Brand," says it is "the most striking thought-rich production within the domain of dramatic poetry since Faust," and that "Mother's love and wife's devotion has never—not even in Shakespeare—been drawn with anything approaching to the life-like reality and glowing enthusiasm of Ibsen's Agnes."

Freihern's translation is the third that has appeared in Germany, and in English one is said to be in hand. I wish the translator well, but he is a bold man. (See *Ny Illustreret Tidende* for 15 April 1877.)

I know people who have learnt Norse, without any intention of going to Norway, and solely for the sake of reading "Brand." They have done well. There is nothing to me in the whole range of poetry more exquisitely conceived than the character of Agnes. What shall I say about her husband? I have heard more than one widely differing interpretation of the poet's intention, and will hazard the following for what it is worth, viz.—that "Brand" is an attempt, somewhat like "Joshua Davidson," to realise what Christ might have been, had he come in the 19th century and on the coast of Norway. Here are a few lines typical of his uncompromising ways :—

#### CHARITY.

There is no word debased to a lie  
So much as that word charity !  
With devilish craft as a veil they lay  
It o'er the will's infirmity.  
With it conceal deceitfully  
Their paltry life's frivolity ;  
Steep, narrow, rough, the path-way be,  
'Tis given up—in charity !  
Walketh a man in sin's broad way,  
There's hope for him—in charity !  
Or sees the goal, yet does not try  
To win, he may—in charity !  
Leads a wild life, though right knows he,  
Yet shelter finds—in charity !

# PETTER DASS.

*(Read before the Society, 24 April, 1877.)*

How many of those who have made the delightful voyage to Nordland realise the part Petter Dass plays in the thoughts and imaginations of the people?

The beginning of his story at once interests Englishmen. When Charles I. tried to force prelacy on Scotland, a great many of my countrymen (who have never been accused of reluctance to leave their country) came over to Norway. Among these were Peter Dundas, of Dundee, and his sister, who landed at Bergen about 1639. Both of them married in the country, and Peter's wife was Maren Falsch, a somewhat precocious young lady, for she was then only 17 years of age, and had already buried one husband.

Petter, our hero, was the eldest son of this union. His father died when he was seven, leaving the family in poor circumstances; and thenceforth they dropped the first syllable of the name, and called themselves "Dass." It is a surmise of my own that the worthy Norsemen, who, I suppose, then as now, had much intercourse with Spain, mistook the

“Dun” of Dundas for the Spanish prefix “Don,” and that the family dropped it as incompatible with their reduced circumstances.

Petter at the age of twenty became, as is usual with candidates for orders, a huslærer or private tutor in a priest's family in Vefsen, that beautiful fjord and island of which we get such varying views from the Nordland steamer. Six years later he became huskapellan at Nesne, on the magnificent salary of his board and 12 sp: per annum, on which he immediately married; but in 1689 he succeeded to the parish of Alster, the richest and most important cure in the whole diocese, which then extended to the North Cape. In this position he remained till his death in 1708, and acquired a wonderful reputation for efficiency as a parish priest, for diligence as a trader, of which more anon, for his poetry, and, last not least, for magic.

The habit, and I may say the necessity, of the Norse priests being large farmers and often traders is well known to travellers in Norway. One chief source of income of the living of Alster was the tithe of codfish, of which Dass received about 12,000lbs. weight per annum. He had five jægts for the Bergen voyage, and generally went south in one of these for an annual holiday, during which he might be seen selling his fish on the well-known quay at the head of Bergen harbour. With these

commercial pursuits he united much precious intercourse with the intellectual and poetical society of that capital of the west coast.

His reputation as a magician seems to have been acquired since his death, numerous legends, whose origin may be traced to other sources, having gradually gathered round his memory. Many of these are of the most puerile type, but one may be worth relating. The king hearing of his fame as a preacher, desired him to preach on Christmas-day at Copenhagen. It was before the days of mail-boats, and the only way to get the royal missive to Alster was to pass it from one prestegaard to another up the coast. Several of Petter's colleagues however, jealous of the honor he received, delayed the letter, and it only arrived on Christmas-eve. Petter is equal to the occasion. Summoning the evil one, he demands to be carried instantly to Copenhagen. "What do I get to my reward?" asks the skyds. "The souls of all those who go to sleep in church to-morrow," answers Petter. The skyds is delighted, and they start. Off the Stat the skyds grows weary and flies so low that the waves splash about Dass' legs. If he can be got to name Jesus, he can be thrown off and drowned, so the skyds asks "What was it Peter said when he began to sink?" "Higher up and straight on, you devil," answers Petter with a smart blow of his stick, and

so they come to Copenhagen. Of course the sermon is so good that no one goes to sleep, and the devil is as easily cheated as usual in the legends.

Petter's memory is so cherished that up to quite recent times, if not still, the great square sail of many of the jægts in Nordland bore two little black patches under the yard as mourning for his death.

I have been told that as sure as a Nordland sailor comes into a book-shop at Bergen he asks for Dass' poems, and if they are not to be had, and some modern literature is offered instead, "all dirt" says he, turning on his heel.

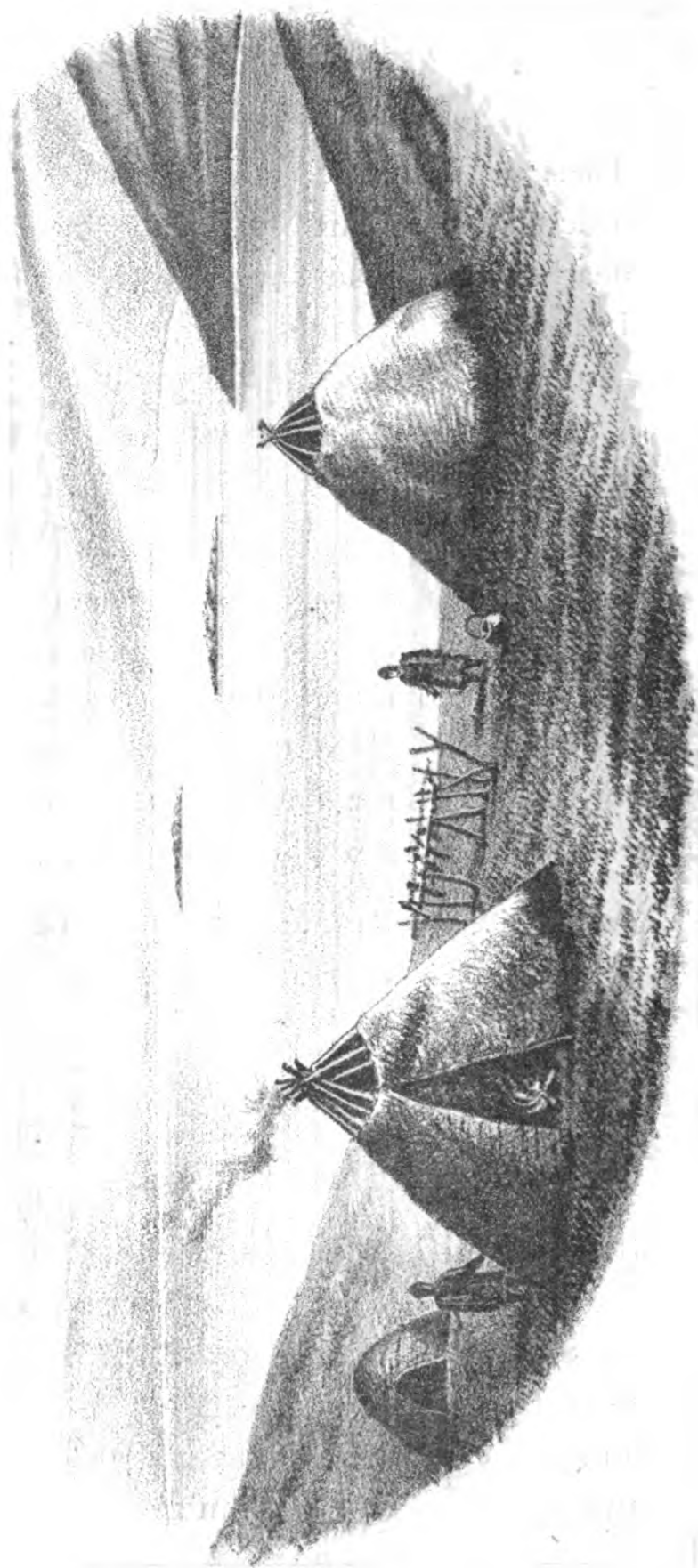
Dass' best-known poem is the famous "Nordlands Trompet." It is a gossiping itinerary of the coast, in which statistics of the population, laments over their hardships, praise of their virtues, and sly hits at their weaknesses jostle one another in naïve confusion. I give three short extracts as specimens, the first two of his sportive, the last of his serious manner.

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The accompanying sketch was made before we had read a word of "PETTER DASS," 200 years after he wrote his description of the Lap huts, and many hundred miles south of the country he wrote about, yet it tallies well with his description.



LAP ENCAMPMENT BETWEEN THRONDHJEM AND THE SWEDISH FRONTIER, SEPT., 1873.



## THE LAPS.

These Laps are the queerest—believe me I beg—  
little people on earth, very short in the leg,  
nearly dwarfs, take 'em one with another.  
Indeed I've been told—(but would fain be exact  
so don't vouch it)—that when there's a tall one, the  
fact  
throws a doubt on the fame of his mother.

The sharpest of eye and the sourest of frown  
and the rest of their countenance withered and  
brown  
chins pointed and cheekbones that stick out.  
With richness of beard they're not bothered at all  
for their chins are as naked and bare as a wall ;  
exceptions want searching to pick out.

And when you have found one with beard to his chin,  
it grows so uncommonly scattered and thin  
you might count every hair in its station ;  
but whether this cometh from lack of supply  
or because their small bodies are withered and dry,  
is a matter for sage disputation.

If you ask about palaces, buildings, and such,  
you find that the Lap doesn't want very much,  
but six or eight saplings providing,  
he tyeth together, and pieces of hide  
throwing carefully over, he getteth inside,  
and there you will find him abiding.

## HOW THEY CATCH PUFFINS IN NORDLAND.

The peasants in Nordland who 're up to the dodge  
by an excellent system the Puffins dislodge  
with little dogs broken with care,  
and so wiry and thin that they easily creep  
into crevices ever so narrow and deep,  
and draw out the birds from their lair.

Now when the first bird feels this underground  
ranger  
have him tight by the neck and his life is in danger,  
(for the dog begins pulling amain,)  
the bird next behind gets him fast by the tail,  
and the third and so on—not a Puffin will fail  
as long as there's one in the train.

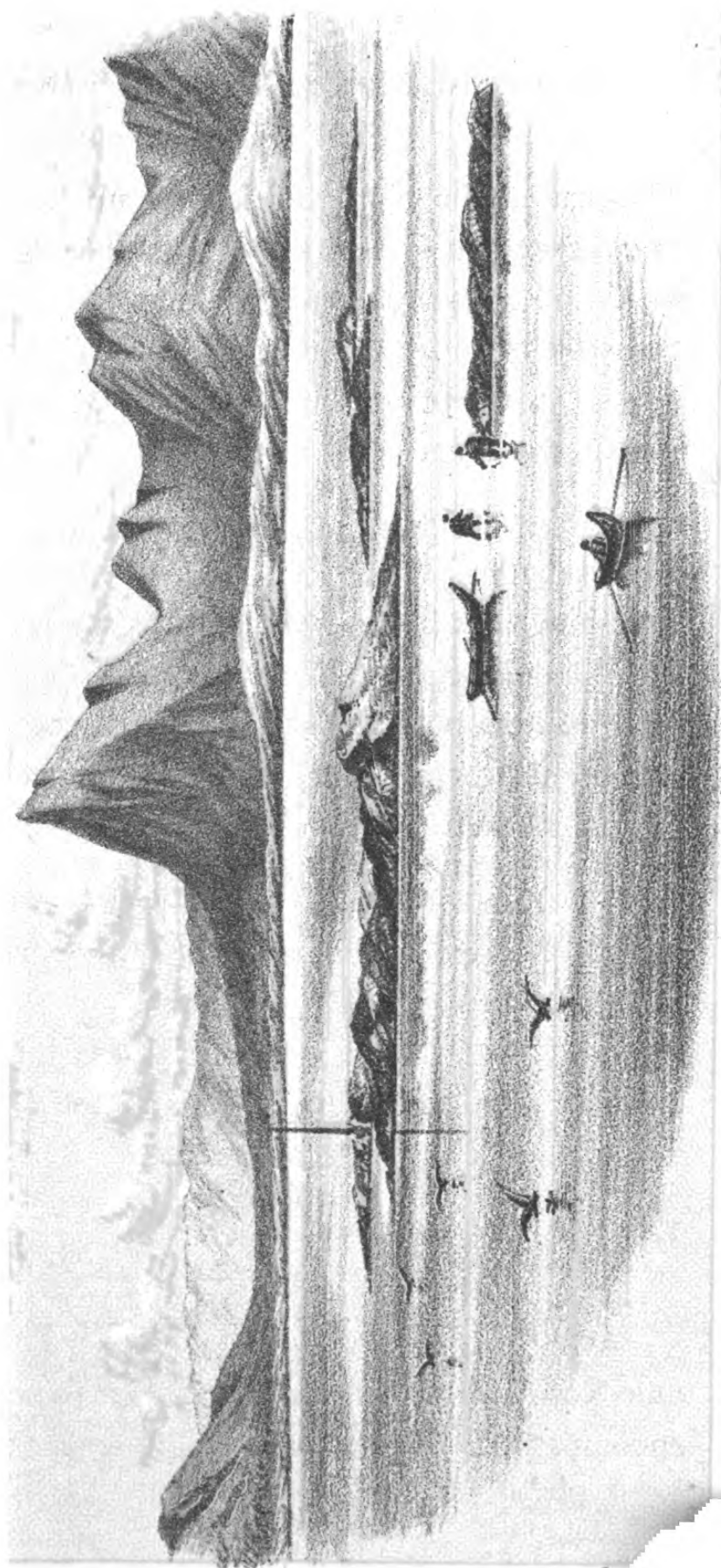
And so from some chink in the rocks on the shore  
twelve, thirteen, aye fourteen, and frequently more  
will this little dog easily tear away :  
He does all the work, and the peasant himself  
has only to stand by and collar the pelf  
as much as he's able to bear away.

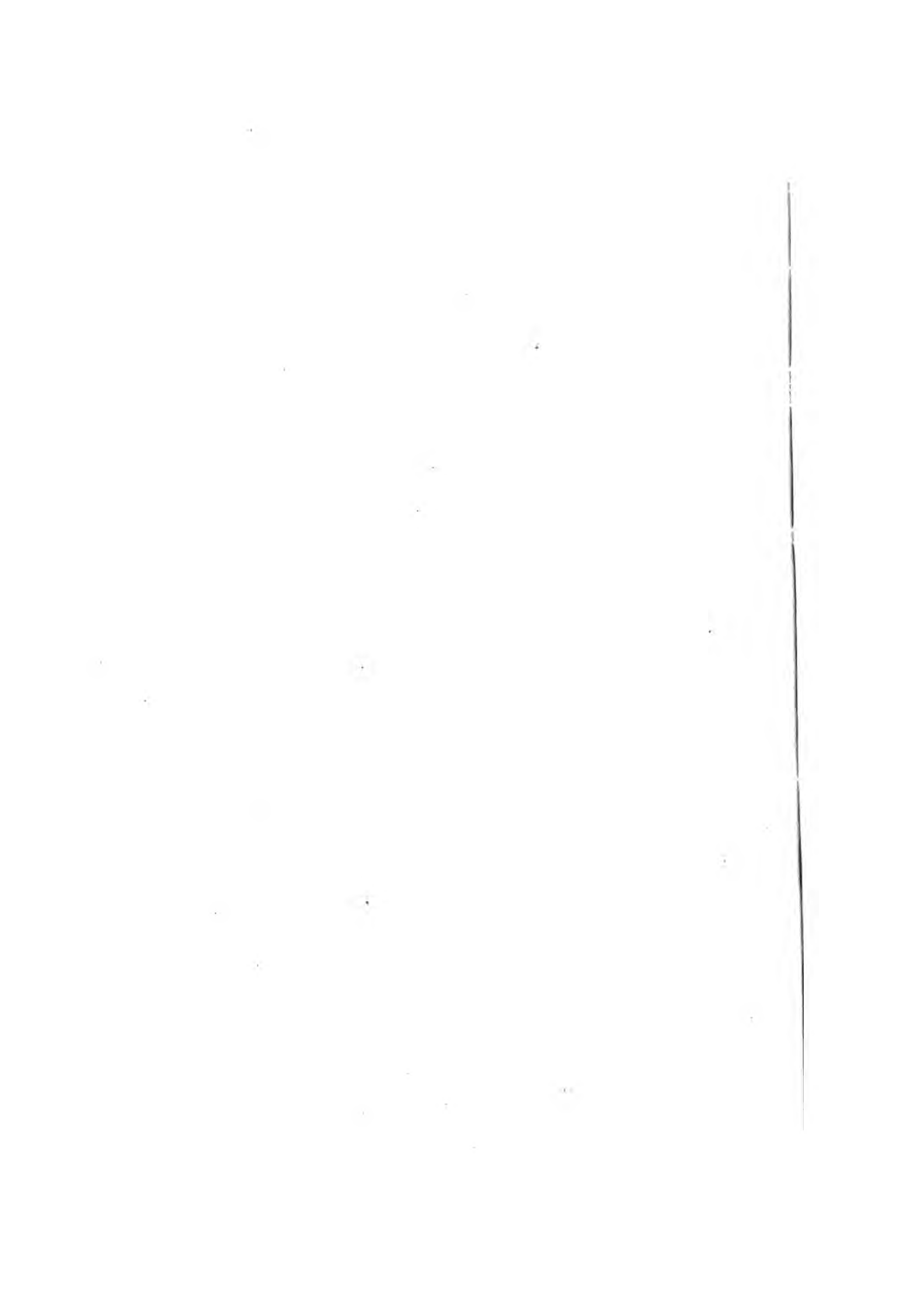


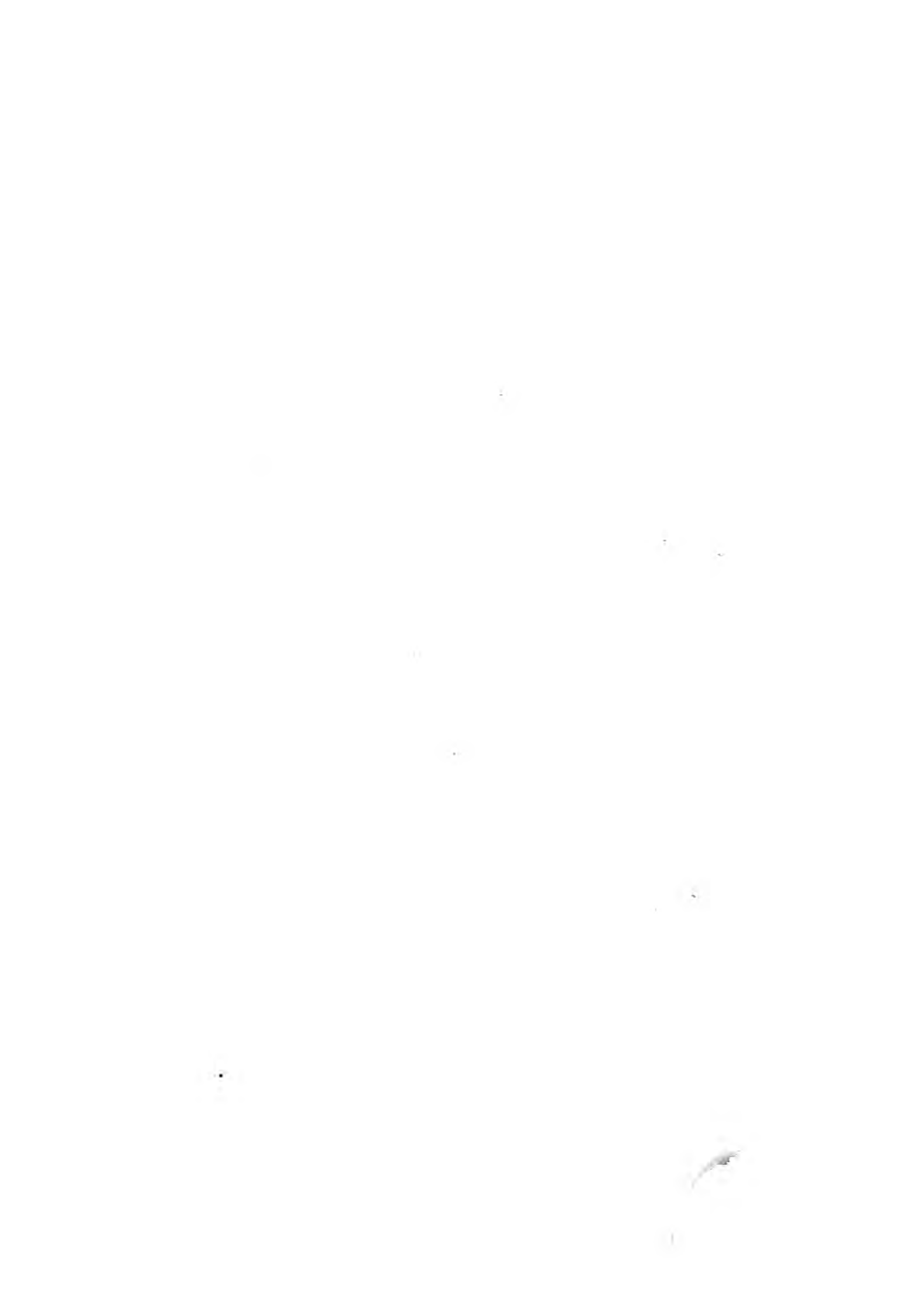
## THE CLERGY IN NORDLAND.

Our Nordland with islands and skerries so lieth  
encompassed, that he who will preach the word  
plieth

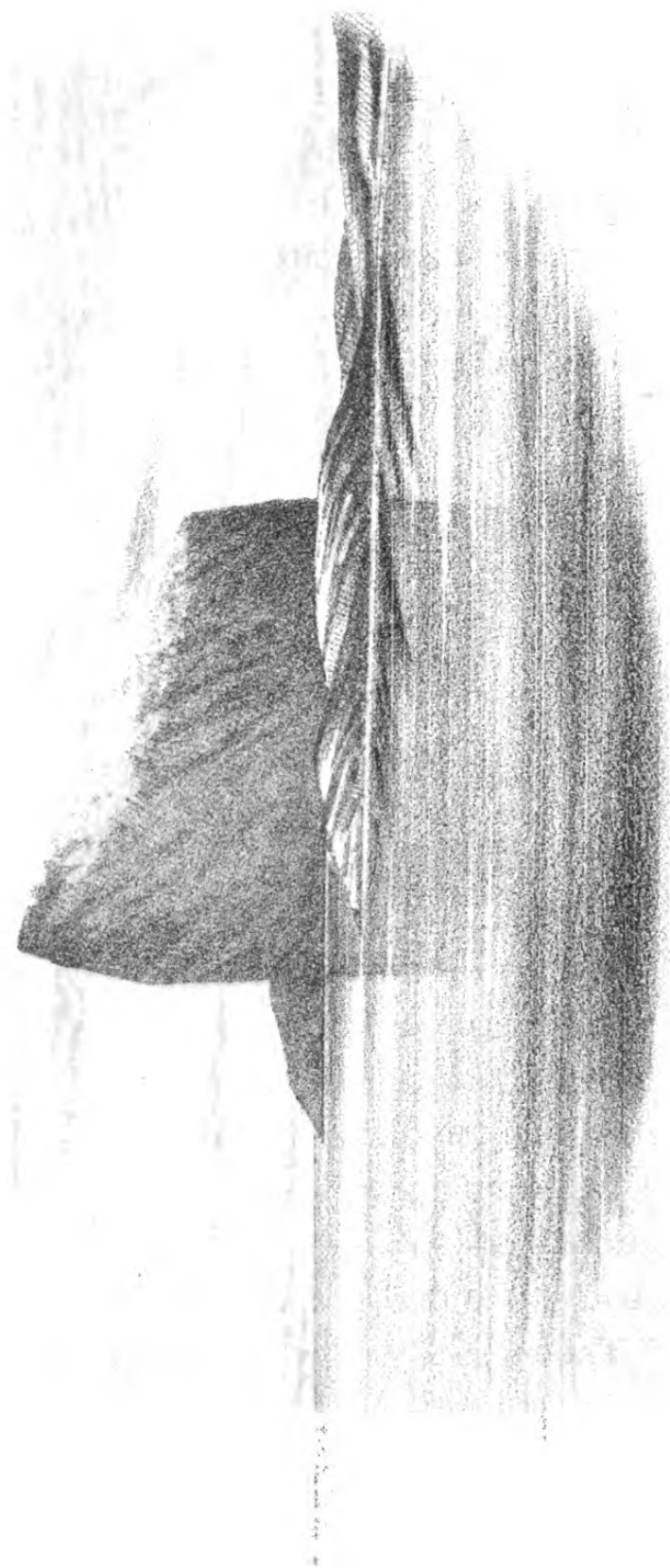
ENGELÖ FROM GRYTÖ HARBOUR.







A PIECE OF A NORDLAND PARISH, FROM THE DECK OF S. S. "NORDLAND."



his calling in danger and toil.  
 But tho' often the voice of the preacher the deep  
 doth quench, and he sleepeth his last long sleep  
 where the raging waters boil,  
 Yet must we with vigour our office perform ;  
 and if in the midst of the loud raging storm  
 God call us, esteem it a blessing.  
 If we die on our way to His house here below,  
 with the horses of Israel and chariot we know  
 we pass our dear Saviour confessing.  
 For why should God's servant be vexed in his mind  
 if the place of his burial unknown to his kind,  
 his master appoint in the deep ?  
 If not by friend's hands he lie under the sod,  
 like Moses his grave is prepared by his God,  
 and there he may peacefully sleep.  
 We must not with Jonah give way to remorse,  
 but stick to our journey and keep on our course,  
 till the Lord give the signal for veering ;  
 And then be his coming in tempest and wind,  
 Elias' mantle around us we bind,  
 and calmly await his appearing.  
 And say to our God in that moment supreme  
 "Thou'rt welcome oh Bridegroom, thy Bride to  
     redeem,  
 "and from prison and darkness deliver !  
 "A traveller till now I have wandered below ;  
 "Now the sooner thou callest the gladlier I go,  
 "and close life's last portal for ever."



# British Scandinavian Society,

158 LEADENHALL STREET,

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