

FINLAND.

First Part.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE.

BY HENRY LANSDELL, D.D.

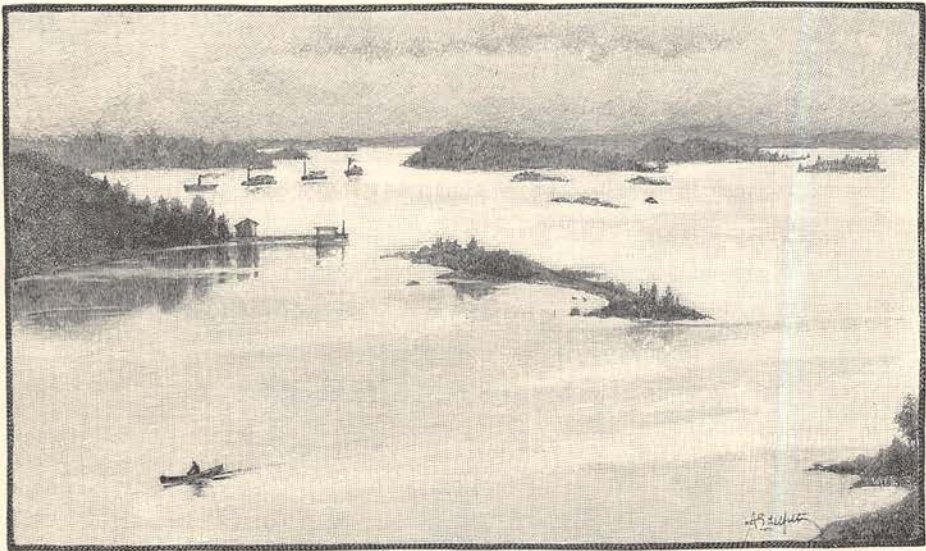
LAKE SAIMA is poetically called by the Finns the "Lake of a Thousand Isles," and I came to the conclusion, when crossing the country by a new route, that Finland might, with greater truth, be called the "Land of a Thousand Lakes."

Many travellers find it convenient to approach the fen-land from St. Petersburg, for some distance out of which, across the Wiborg province, the train passes through numerous *datchas*, or summer villas, of the well-to-do inhabitants. Beyond are market gardens; and still further, fields of oats, potatoes, and rye, the land being flat, and in many places covered with forest. The Wiborg province is celebrated for its varieties of marble and granite.

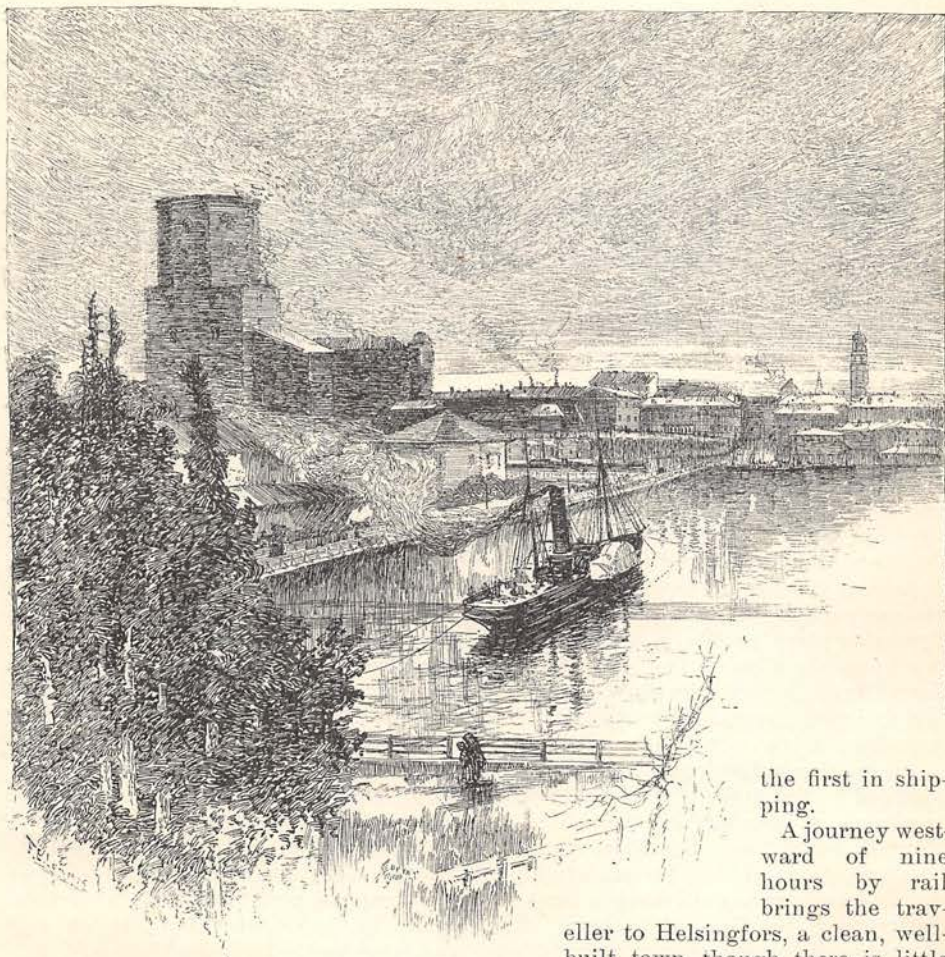
As we travelled through this province, its rocky, boulder-bestrewn character was visible as we approached Wiborg, a sight of whose castle recalls somewhat of the history of the country. Finland is now only about 700 miles long, and on an average, 200 miles wide, with an area about a fourth as large again as the British Isles; but the Finnish possessions are represent-

ed as extending, in the ninth century, from the Baltic on the west to beyond the Urals in the east, and southward from the Frozen Sea to the upper basins of the Volga, Oka, and Kama.

The Bulgarians are thought to have driven the Finns from the middle course of the Volga, who, by similarly chasing the Lapps northward, took possession of Finland proper at the end of the seventh or the beginning of the eighth century. But we know little of the country until four centuries later, when, in 1157, Eric IX., King of Sweden, instigated by the Pope, undertook a crusade to convert the Finns, and to stop their piratical depredations. This led to the founding, on the western coast, of the town of Abo. About a century later Birger Jarl completed the conquest, and built Tavastehus, whilst 1293 witnessed the conquest by the Swedes of the region about Wiborg; so that the old castles at these three places, built for the protection of converts and the "chastisement of the pagans," still testify to the two centuries of struggle during which the Christian faith was there taking root.



A BIT OF THE LAKE OF A THOUSAND ISLES.



THE CASTLE AND QUAY, WIBORG.

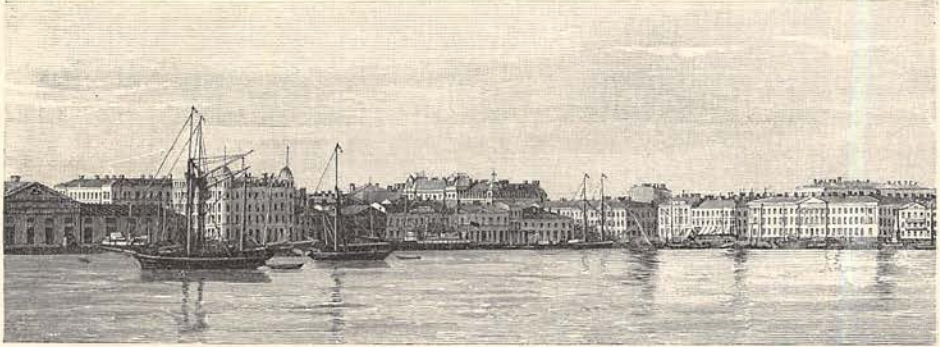
By the conquest of Wiborg the Swedes were brought into direct contact with the Russians, with whom the first treaty of peace was concluded thirty years later, the river Rajajoki being recognized as the boundary between the two countries. Of this the modern traveller is reminded at Terijoki, a station we passed thirty miles from St. Petersburg, next to Beloostrof, these two, respectively, being now the Finnish and Russian frontier stations.

Wiborg afterward was taken from the Swedes by the Russians, who subsequently restored it to the Finns when the grand duchy was annexed. Wiborg has now a population of 14,000, being the third town in number of inhabitants in the grand duchy, the second in trade, and

the first in shipping.

A journey westward of nine hours by rail brings the traveller to Helsingfors, a clean, well-built town, though there is little about it of historical interest. It owes its name to a colony from the province of Helsingland who settled in Finland, the original town being founded by Gustavus Vasa, though not on its present site, which is on the shore of the Gulf of Finland, and whither the inhabitants removed in 1639. So severely, however, was the city visited by war, famine, plague, and fire, that at the end of a hundred years it numbered only 5000 inhabitants. The place gained importance in 1749 from the erection, a mile and a half distant, of the fortress of Sveaborg, and in 1818 Helsingfors was made the capital of the grand duchy, since which time it has become in appearance almost like a Russian town.

In the suburbs are several gardens, in one of which, called Thölö Park, at the "Alphyddan," or Alpine Cottage, we went



HELSINGFORS,

to dine. We found it prettily situated, about a couple of miles from the town, and here we saw several specimens of indigenous trees, as well as certain others that have been introduced from abroad.

Among the foreign trees cultivated in various parts of Finland are the Siberian Cembrian pine, the Weymouth pine, and the balm of Gilead. The silver-fir and the white fir, though they grow, cannot be said to flourish, even at Helsingfors. The American arbor-vitæ is found further north, on the western coast, but the oak is confined to the south. We saw several specimens of this last on the island of Runsala, near Abo. The lilac, the Siberian pea-tree, and the Tartarian honeysuckle have been cultivated almost to the north of the Gulf of Bothnia. The spiræa, barberry, snowberry, and red-berried elder do not extend so far north, whilst the hazel and horse-chestnut appear to be unable to withstand the climate except quite in the south.

Among the rarer trees of Finland may be named the butternut, as also, quite in the south, the walnut and the hornbeam. A beech-tree, however, planted there a hundred years ago, has attained only to the dimensions of a shrub a few feet high. There are other trees acclimatized in Finland and widely dispersed, such as the apple, which yields moderately good fruit in the south. Dwarf apple-trees grow as far north as the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, but do not fruit there. The pear is common in the south, but in a higher latitude does not fruit every year. The common cherry and the bird-cherry are found as far north as Wasa and Kuopio, but not further. The bullace and the wild-

plum have the same limits. Both rough and smooth gooseberries succeed up to Wasa and Kuopio, as do, still further north, black currants and raspberries, but those who long for apricots, peaches, and grapes must have them imported. In the absence of such luxuries, nature kindly supplies the Finlander with numerous berry-bearing plants, such as the whortleberry, cowberry, cranberry, cloudberry, and the dwarf crimson bramble, which last grows up to the arctic circle. The strawberry, though widely diffused in the south, is rare to the north, and disappears entirely before the eyes of the Laplander, who has little of leafy verdure to delight his vision, the last forests of stunted conifers disappearing at Lake Enare, north of which, to the Frozen Ocean, stretch only vast tundras of mosses and lichen.

Finland is visited yearly by about 10,000 vessels, bringing rather more than 1,250,000 tons of merchandise, and carrying away about the same. The exports from Finland are, for the greater part, forest products, half being of planks, deals, firewood, etc., with 3 per cent. of tar. Farm produce, chiefly butter, forms an additional 15 per cent. of the whole; agricultural products 3 per cent. more; game and fish another 3 per cent.; and various manufactures—iron, tissues, and paper—15 per cent. more. On the other hand, the goods brought into the country are fabrics, grain, metals, sugar, cotton, tobacco, salt, wine, oil, and brandy.

The exchanges with foreign countries are made to the extent of 70 per cent. by the ships of Finland, of which the commercial fleet numbers 1600 vessels, having 250,000 tons burden. There is no



FROM THE SEA.

lack of communication by water, by means of which we could have proceeded to Åbo, whither, however, we went in preference by rail, accomplishing the journey in ten hours.

Åbo has a population of 23,000. Many of its houses are large, and being widely detached, they spread over a considerable area. We obtained a good view of the town and its environs on driving up the steep hill whereon stands the observatory, once of some note in northern Europe, and adjoining which there is now a tea garden and public resort.

About midway between the observatory and the sea stands Åbo Castle, which is the oldest building in Finland. It dates back to 1157, to the days of Eric the Saint, the first Swedish conqueror, who, with St. Henry, Bishop of Upsala, introduced Christianity into Finland. Henry has since been regarded as the patron saint of the Finns.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the old castle witnessed the fall of many calamities upon Åbo. The town was ravaged in 1458 with fire, kindled by lightning, and within twenty years it was burnt again. In 1509 the Danes sacked the place, and half a century later three fires occurred successively within six years, after which, in 1614, the castle itself was burnt during a visit of Gustavus II. Adolphus, when the royal kitchen took fire.

A few rooms in the castle are now set apart for a museum of antiquities.

Another part of the castle was used as a storehouse, but the portion that attracted me most was the prison, my first visit to which, in 1874, I had never forgotten.

In those young days of my prison experience I had seen nothing worse than the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, and knew nothing of dungeons in baronial castles, save what I had gathered from *Robin Hood* and similar stories of my boyhood. But when I came to Åbo I witnessed what my imagination had pictured. A flight of steps brought us to a damp dark passage, through which we made our way, illumined by the light of a lantern, to a heavily bolted, clumsy door. This was duly opened, and we were invited to enter. Having so done, we found ourselves in a good-sized room, dimly lighted by a window, which was shaded by a high building only a few feet distant. The embrasure of a window exposed a wall I should think twelve feet thick, and on the inner side of which were grated bars, so that the glazing could be opened and shut only by means of a long rod. The floor was of bare earth, and the furniture, if such it could be called, was of the roughest description. A rickety wooden bedstead, an earthen ewer with water, a lump of coarse black bread, and a wooden tub containing salt fish heads showed us prison fare which looked coarse enough; but, to our surprise, we were told that, in spite of such drawbacks, some of the poor come to the jail in autumn, and beg to be allowed admittance, in preference to enduring outside the hardships of a Northern winter. This would have seemed to me hardly credible had I not heard a similar story when visiting one of the prisons in Guernsey.

There is one point in which Finnish prisons take precedence of all others I have visited in Europe, Asia, or America,

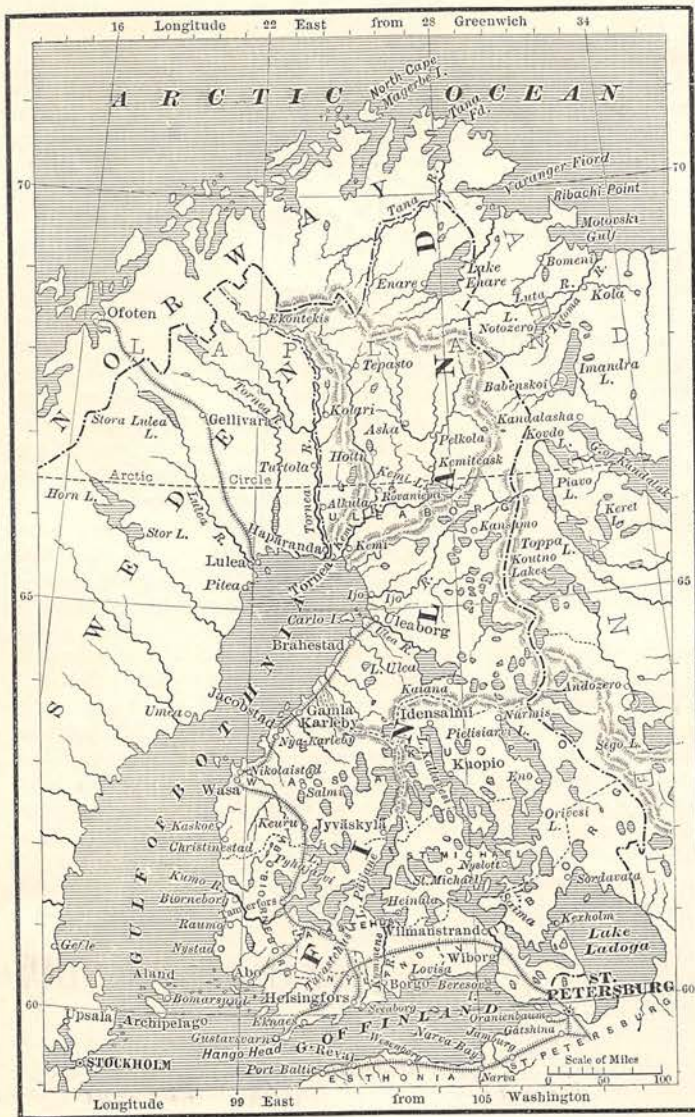
I mean in the chains used therein, and their enormous weight. In two cells at Abo we found a man in each laden with terrible irons, weighing in the first case 3 Finnish liis-punds, or 60 lbs.; and in the second case more than a hundredweight. In the latter instance the unfortunate man had iron bands round his neck and waist, fastened together by a heavy chain, which continued nearly to the ground, and was further attached to two chains securing the ankles. The hands were likewise secured by links riveted to the waistband. I obtained photographs of men thus chained, but not representing

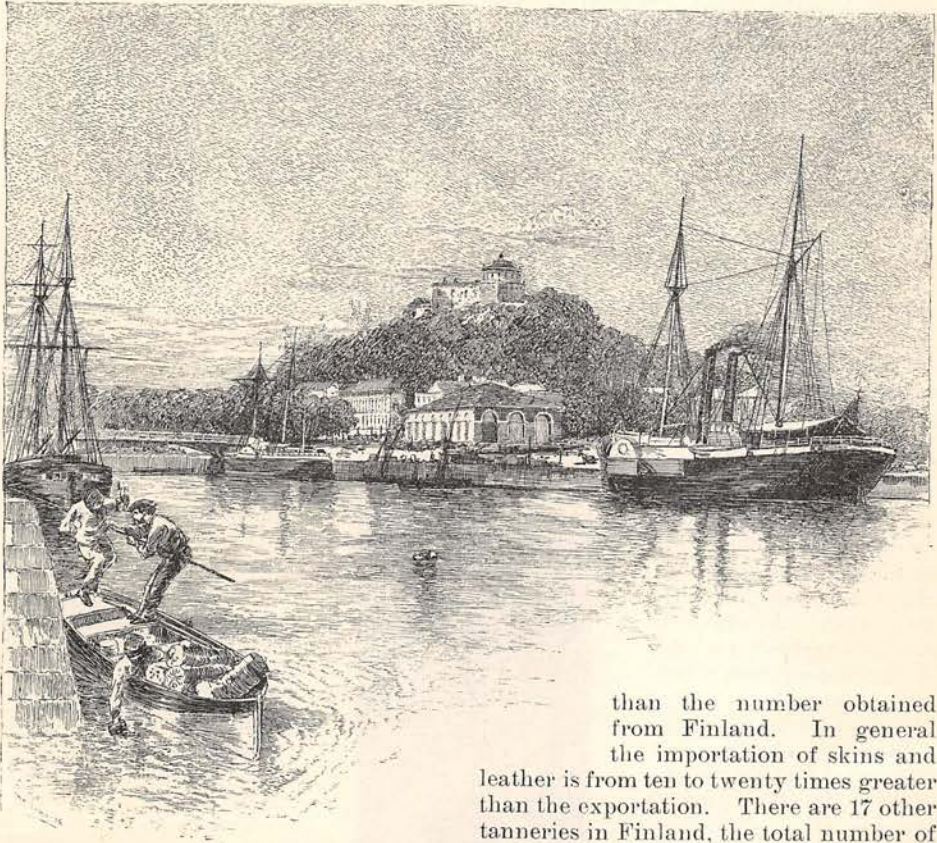
the worst, for I have seen also in Finland thick iron anklets pierced with holes, through which is passed an iron bolt thick as a crowbar, and the 40 pounds weight of which rests on pads on the in-steps. The prison authorities inform me that these irons are used only rarely, and principally for the transport of dangerous criminals. I remember hearing when in Finland in 1876 that it sometimes happened when prisoners were on their way from the country districts in farmers' carts that accomplices waylaid the officers and released their comrades.

It was on a windy morning in August,

1876 (in a previous visit to the country), that I crossed from Haparanda the river which divides Sweden from Finland, to Tornea, the northernmost Finnish town. Tornea first had a local habitation and a name nearly three centuries ago, when, by reason of its brisk trade with the Swedish capital, it was called "Little Stockholm." It was visited by Peter the Great as the most southerly place whence to see the sun at midnight. In 1809 the town was annexed to Russia, and is now visited in winter by the Laplanders, who come with their produce in reindeer sledges, and in summer by tourists, to witness a night without darkness.

My visit was not rightly timed for either sight, but it was in my favor that I could drive very late and early in what was at worst only twilight. I slept the





THE OBSERVATORY AT ABO.

first night at a saw-mill, where the manager gave me supper, and I turned into an excellent bed, to be refreshed next morning by a substantial breakfast with my host, his wife, secretary, and niece; after which charming piece of way-side hospitality I continued the journey on rough and lonely roads, where I first made acquaintance with Russian verst posts, but met few of my own species. Such slow progress, however, was made that night-fall found me two stations short of my destination, and I slept at the post-house, reaching Uleaborg next morning.

Uleaborg boasts of one of the largest tanneries, they say, in Europe. It gives employment to nearly 100 workmen, producing goods to the value of £60,000 in a year. At the time of my visit this tannery alone imported, chiefly from America, and for making "Russia" leather, 10,000 skins, which was five times more

than the number obtained from Finland. In general the importation of skins and leather is from ten to twenty times greater than the exportation. There are 17 other tanneries in Finland, the total number of workmen employed being 160, and the value of their products about £75,000 a year. At Uleaborg I went on board a steamer proceeding south to Wasa.

It was our intention on leaving Wasa to proceed across the interior to Kuopio, and then descend by Lake Saima to Wiborg. A journey of eight hours brought us near the southeast border of the Wasa province, at the foot of the "Hameenselka" hills, running north and south. Ascending these hills from the station soon brought us on to the table-land of granite, from 400 to 600 feet high, of which the interior of Finland is composed. Finland is not a country of mountains, except in the far north of Lapland, where the highest, Haldefjall, attains an elevation of 4000 feet. No summit in Finland south of the arctic circle ascends 600 feet above the sea, the mean elevation of the interior being only about 325 feet.

The indications on the map of mountain ranges serve, however, to mark the water partings, which have a mean elevation of from 500 to 650 feet, and divide

central Finland into three basins. The first comprises 120 large lakes, and many thousand small ones, which more or less drain into Lake Saima, whence the surplus water escapes to Lake Ladoga. Further west is Lake Paijane, the reservoir of another basin, which sends its waters by the Kymmene into the Gulf of Finland, whilst the least important basin gathers its waters in Lake Pyhajarvi, near Tammerfors, and flows into the Gulf of Bothnia by the river Kumo.

Thus Finland is emphatically a land of lakes. They occupy twelve per cent. of the total superficies; and to this may be added twenty per cent. of marsh-land and peat-bog, for the draining of which nature and man will seemingly have to unite their efforts for a long time to come. It has been supposed that Finland was once at the bottom of a sea, which, having passed away, left some of its waters in the lowest beds. An old tradition, now verified, it is said, by observation, goes to confirm this hypothesis, in that the soil of Finland is rising—about 40 inches in a century on the coasts of the Gulf of Bothnia, and 24 inches on those of the Gulf of Finland.

The country, however, even if "the last-born daughter of the sea," is not young in the sense of having come later out of the water than the surrounding regions, for its mountains are all of primitive formation, and they contain no traces of animal or vegetable life, no petrifications, no coal. Geologists say that in the primary, secondary, and tertiary epochs, Finland was above the sea-level, but bare and waste, and that during all the tertiary epoch it was, as Greenland is now, covered with an immense glacier, which advanced from the mountains of Scandinavia to the southeast; that under the weight of these masses of ice the earth sank, but that now, the ice being gone, the land is rising again.

On arriving at our first post station after leaving Keuru, we took occasion to order the samovar for tea, and to see the village and the people. The typical Finn

is, as a rule, strongly built, but below the middle height, with head almost round; low and arched forehead, with flat features and prominent cheek-bones, as among the Mongolian races generally; the eyes are mostly gray and somewhat oblique; nose, short and flat; protruding mouth, thick lips, and very thick-set neck. I rarely noticed a full, bushy beard, which, with the Finn, is usually weak and straggling. The hair, however, is not always black, but is also brown, red, and even fair, whilst the complexion is brownish or sallow.

The Finns belong, as their language shows, to the great Altai-Uralian family that still predominates in northern and central Asia, but which, on the west of the Urals, has become crowded among the

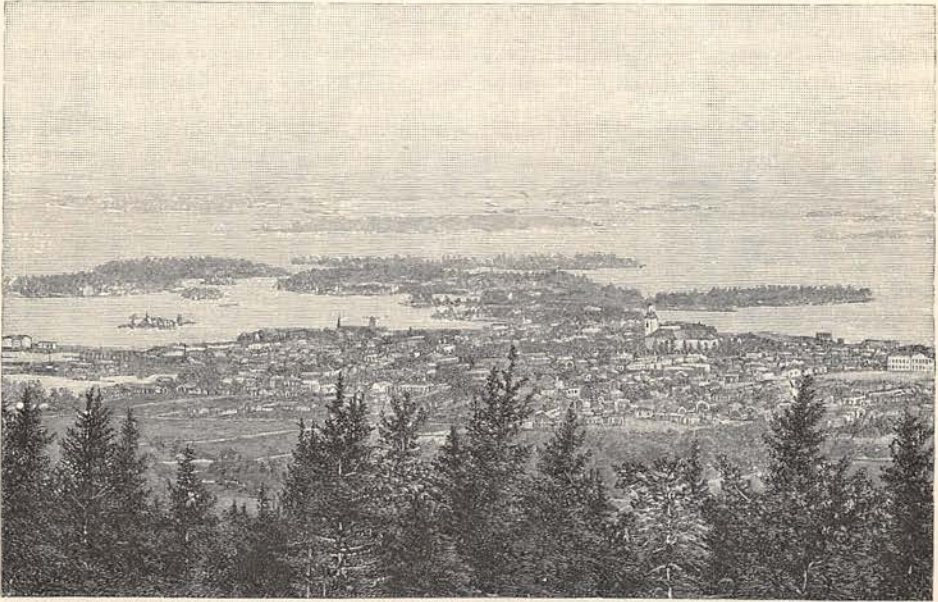
Indo-Europeans. The remains of the Altai race in Europe are divided into four groups—the Ugrian, comprising the Ostiaks, Voguls, and Hungarians; the Permian, comprising Syrjanen, Permians, and Votiaks; the Bulgars, comprising the Bulgarians, Mordvins, and Cheremiss; and the Finnic, comprising the Finns, Esthonians, and Laplanders. These last were probably the first to come into Finland, and in the thirteenth century many Laplanders were settled about Tavastehus. Gradually they were driven north by the Finns, who were divided into three tribes—the Finns proper, the Tavastians, who settled in the southwest, and



FINNISH PRISONER.

the Karelians, who inhabited the east of the country.

The Finnish language is classified among the Uralo-Altaic, and has the peculiar characteristic that all derivation, declination, and conjugation is effected by means of suffixes, and thus the root forms the beginning of every word. The conjunctions are not numerous, as their place is often supplied by adverbial parts of speech. There are hardly any prepositions, their office being discharged, in part, by fifteen case terminations. The language is rich in derived verbs; adds the negative particle, when used, before the termination of the word; recognizes no grammatical distinction of genders;



KUOPIO AND LAKE KALLAVESI, FROM PUJO HILL.

and has no articles. Another peculiarity is that not one purely Finnish word begins with two consonants, nor are there ever in a word more than two consonants adjacent.

As we proceeded on our journey through the night, it became cold and uncomfortable, but we had no difficulty in procuring horses for the post wagon. Our own pair had come the preceding day from Jyvaskyla, so that, on their return, they had travelled 120 miles in 36 hours. The cost of hire for each post-horse was $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ per mile, but the tariff has since been advanced 60 per cent. Toward morning the aspect of the country improved somewhat and became hilly, but there was little in the post-houses to invite our getting down for refreshments. At length, about breakfast-time, we arrived at the town of Jyvaskyla. As we drove forward, the post-road made many *détours* to avoid numerous lakes. In fact, we were never long out of sight of water, which may remind the traveller of the important part this element plays as a motive power in the Finnish provinces. It performs nearly as much in Finland as steam, for, whilst in a given year a force of 27,000 horse-power was worked by 660 steam-engines, 24,000 horse-power was

worked by 2500 water-wheels. Of these water-wheels, 2000 were for grinding flour, and for saw-mills and iron-works nearly 200 each; whilst of the steam-engines, 200 were for steam-boats, 100 for locomotives, and 80 for saw-mills.

From Jyvaskyla we travelled, as through the previous night, until the morning of the next day, but arrived two hours late for the steamer at Kuopio. Kuopio is situated on the shore of Lake Kallavesi, which is a northern continuation of the Saima Sea. The town is about a century old, and has a population of 7200. I cannot say much for the beauty of its streets, which, however, are wide and regular. There is a large church in the public square, and, near at hand, a public garden. There are likewise a lyceum, a superior elementary school, and a public library.

Kuopio is, however, one of the most Finnish of all the towns of Finland, the peoples of which have been classified as 85 per cent. of Finns proper, 14 per cent. of Swedish-speaking farmers and peasants, whilst the remainder is made up of about 6000 Russians, 1200 Germans (chiefly in Helsingfors), 1000 gypsies (in Wiborg), and 600 Lapps. The presence of these foreign elements makes itself felt, of

course, upon the natives. The Lapp influence is visible in the north, where traces of their Asiatic origin are the most marked; the Tavastian Finns in the southwest are influenced by their Scandinavian neighbors; and the Karelian Finns in the southeast by the Russians. At Kuopio and Jyvaskyla, however, the Finns have it all their own way, and one sees the race in these towns in its purity.

From Puijo Hill, on a clear day, with a good glass may be seen an immense number of sheets of water, frequently dotted with islets. I enumerated seventy-four islands whilst looking to the northwest alone; but the view was somewhat clouded by a

thin blue veil of smoke arising from forest fires kindled to clear the land. To the north, the lakes were seen running into one another; and toward the south, stretched as far as the eye could reach, the Kallavesi main, with tree-covered islets floating on its bosom; whilst in the foreground lay the town of Kuopio, with its lofty church and the Governor's house in process of building.

Next morning we embarked early on board the *Ansis*, bound for the south on what is locally called the Saima Sea. This lacustrine system is the largest in the country, and occupies nearly the whole of southeastern Finland. Its shape is very irregular, and is sometimes stated as nearly 90 miles by 80, but this applies to the lower part only of a large inland sheet of water, covering an area of about 4000 square miles.

Had we desired it, we could have gone further north by steamer to Idensalmi, and thence by a little land travelling to Lake Ulea, beyond which the adventurous tourist may shoot rapids and proceed down the river of that name to Uleaborg. This method of seeing the Finnish interior, after starting from Wiborg by water, I should recommend to the ordinary tourist in preference to crossing the country, as we did, from Wasa. We had, indeed, the satisfaction of pioneering through parts unknown, I believe, to English authors, but the game was hardly worth the candle; and now that the railway has been extended from Wasa to Uleaborg, an inland journey thither might well be prolonged southward either by land, through Tamerfors and Tavastehus, or by one of the admirable steamers that ply round the coast to St. Petersburg.

The greater part of our first day on the Saima was spent in steaming down Kallavesi, Haukivesi, and several other lakes, which form an upper series of waters connected at Nyslott with Lake Saima proper, to Nyslott, or New-castle.

The voyage from Nyslott, as it had been from Kuopio, was simply charming. In the upper basin we sometimes advanced toward the richly wooded head of a lake, where further progress seemed impossible; but before the prow of the steamer could reach



A BIT OF FINNISH LANDSCAPE.

the shore, a small outlet was seen, traversing which, in a few minutes we found ourselves in another lake, still more spacious. In the lower basin for twelve hours we glided in and out amongst innumerable islands of all shapes and sizes, from that of a tea table to an area of many miles, and all of them wooded to the water's edge. One difference between the upper and lower basins was that in the former the ridges connecting higher elevations of land were above the level of the water, whereas in the lower basin these were covered by the lake, and only the projecting elevations of the land appeared above the surface as islands innumerable.

Wide spaces between the islands surrounded us everywhere, the course for navigation being marked out by beacons and broomsticks, the former on islands, the latter on shoals. The beacons are

compactly built of heaps of stones, kept whitewashed, surmounted by poles bearing devices such as stars, square and compasses, triangles, and arrow-heads, by means of which the exact locality of the steamer can be known. In depth the lake varies—in the channel navigated from 10 to 60 fathoms or more, whilst there are subaqueous hills and plains forming shoals, flooded by less than six feet of water. In the winter the whole is covered with one continuous sheet of ice up to four feet in thickness, and with snow for six feet more. But we were there in leafy summer, and when next morning we arrived at Wilmanstrand, and went to the Saima Canal, which brings the traveller to Wiborg, I felt that I had never before seen anything in water scenery to compare for beauty with that of "Finland, the land of a thousand lakes, or the lake of a thousand isles."

Second Part.

SKETCHES IN FINLAND.

BY ALBERT EDELFFELT.

A COMPANY of travellers sailing across the Sea of Aland from the Swedish capital found themselves one bright morning entering the so-called "Outer Archipelago" of Finland. What a difference between this scenery and that which they admired in the neighborhood of Stockholm! The large green islands had given place to desolate, rocky, and bare pieces of land, dotted here and there with grim and solitary pine-trees, some towering up like signals of distress, others crawling over the very surface of the water like so many sable-backed sea-monsters. Between and beyond these rocky islands there is nothing but water as far as the eye can reach. On the islands no vegetation will thrive except a few pine and fir trees; they stand there naked, except for the perching sea-gulls, their sides striped with parallel lines, marking the different heights of the water; cold and barren, like a harsh note that breaks the perfect harmony of the warm deep blue sky, of the clear air, undarkened by haze or mist, and of the sea, smooth as a mirror, on which now and again a light breeze, as it were, rules a series of silvery lines and angles. What unutterable monotony! When we raise our eyes from the

pages of our book, or when we come up on deck after the interval of lunch or dinner, the scene remains ever the same.

The distance between Abo, where the steamer touches in the course of the day, and Helsingfors, the present capital, is traversed in fifteen hours. The route lies for miles and miles along an uninterrupted rocky shore, very much resembling the series of islands and inlets above described, though less monotonous and less barren. There are even certain spots of wonderful beauty. For instance, a few hours before arriving at Helsingfors we pass through a strait seven English miles in length, and often no wider than a canal, whose shores are lined with fir, birch, and alder trees, between which, at intervals, we catch glimpses of fertile fields and pretty farm-houses, painted red or yellow. In this strait ships, smacks, and fishing-boats lie moored, waiting for a fair wind, and on the sloping shores we see country people mowing their meadows or drying their nets. As good luck will have it, we meet in this strait a flotilla of men-of-war and pleasure-yachts, all bearing the imperial flag. Every summer the Czar, our Grand Duke, makes a tour along the rocky shores of Finland.

Anchor is dropped in this agreeable spot, and the members of the imperial family amuse themselves for a few days by fishing and boating. This event fills the strait with life. Little steam-boats flit about in all directions, and on board the imperial yacht may be heard music and part singing, executed by a military band and by a chorus of student singers, who have come from Helsingfors for the occasion. This is a great event for the population of the coast, and the pretext for a general holiday. They row out to the imperial yacht and pay homage and tribute, the latter in the form of flowers and farm or dairy produce, which the members of the imperial family recognize by visits and valuable presents to the farmers in their homes. All along this coast-line of Finland there has lived from time immemorial an active and vigorous population of Swedish origin, composed of pilots, fishermen, and sailors, whose



GLIMPSE OF THE PORT AND
RUSSIAN CHURCH AT HELSINGFORS.

home and only means of livelihood is the sea, now glittering so calmly in the sunshine, but a terrible field of action when the autumnal gales are blowing and when the water is freezing. Farther north, in the district of Oesterbotten, the coast people carry on the dangerous trade of seal-shooting. At the approach of winter all the male inhabitants of the neighborhood leave for the very furthest extremities of the sea-coast, where they build camps, and pass the whole winter hunting. Far and wide they wander across the boundless wastes of ice and water, jumping with great difficulty from one block of floating ice to another, and killing with their guns, or with heavy mallets, the seals that lie

on the edges. This trade demands great strength and intrepidity. Sometimes it happens that the block of ice on which the hunters are standing drifts away toward the open sea, and then the poor fellows are surely lost. At other times a furious snow-storm will overtake them while on the way to their camp, and then many a hardy hunter gets separated from his fellows, loses his way, sees nothing, hears nothing, and at last sinks exhausted and perishes in the snow and ice.

At the last station we have taken on board a pilot to steer us through the numerous shallows. He is an excellent type of the inhabitants of the south coast of Finland, broad-shouldered, strongly built, with a short stubby beard under his chin, and bushy eyebrows shading his small keen grayish-blue eyes. If he could leave his wheel for a while he would tell us many an episode of the brisk and active life of the coast, and probably boast not

a little about his prize sailing boats, and inform us that of all the women of the neighborhood, his girls are the cleverest at handling halyards and sheets.

After leaving this long strait we enter a broad bay, at the extremity of which is Helsingfors. There is no rich vegetation on the islands, no cottages or villages in sight to indicate the neighborhood of a town; but away in the distance the horizon is clear, and suddenly, at the very edge of it, we perceive some houses rising, as it were, from the water, bright and radiant. The outlines of the capital of Finland appear more distinctly as we approach the west end of the town, which

looks exquisitely beautiful in the morning sun. But we do not land here. The steamer steers a wide curving course between some little fortified islands forming the series of forts of Sveaborg which guards the entrance to the town, and then we have a lovely view before us. On the left there is a suburb of picturesque villas grouped on a rocky height; to the right, a narrow neck of land juts out into the sea, with on it some handsome buildings; and on a commanding hill a Russian church, built of red bricks in the Byzantine style. In the back-

ground is the town, and the harbor full of fishing-boats. A row of white or yellow houses, bright and clean, runs along the quays, and the whole panorama is dominated by a Protestant church, after the manner of the Isaac Cathedral at St. Petersburg, a sort of little Paris Pantheon flanked by four little towers. The aspect of the town is gay and clean, and the tourists grouped on the foredeck of the steamer are lavish in their compliments and expressions of admiration. But, to be just, we must confess that these fine white houses do not constitute



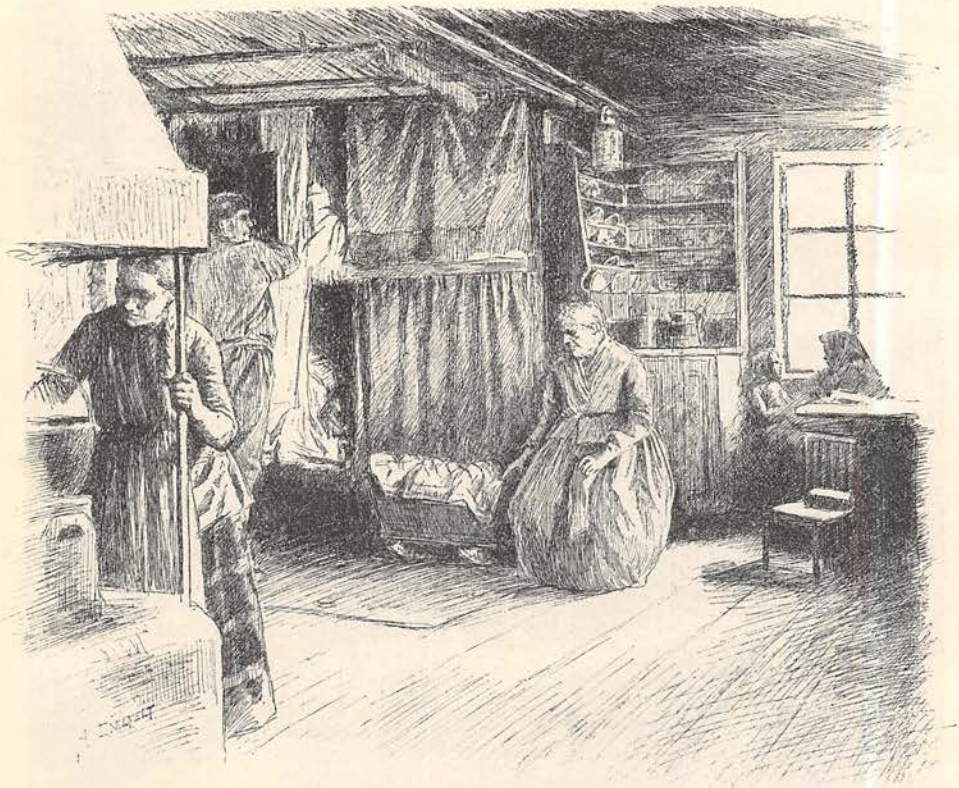
AN OLD PILOT AND HIS BRAVE DAUGHTER.

the whole town; the moment you leave the principal streets you find the usual wooden houses characteristic of Sweden and of the little Russian towns—low houses composed of a single story, and generally painted yellow. The total absence of coal smoke in this country, where only wood is burnt, makes our towns clean, and explains that limpid and transparent sky which seems to spread out its blue expanse immediately behind the houses.

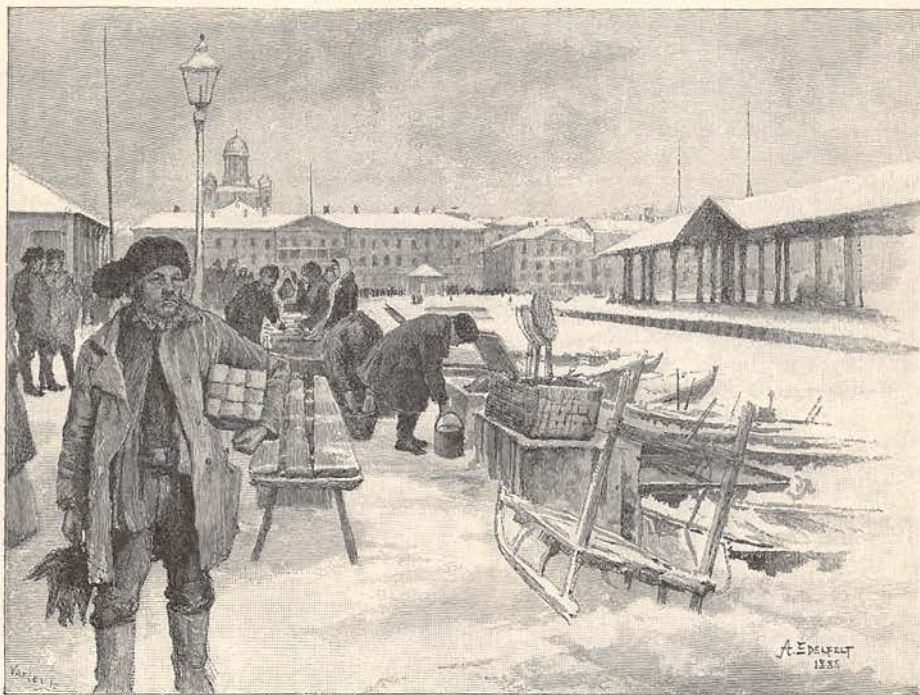
The Empress Catherine II., in speaking of the climate of Russia, used to divide the year into eight months of winter and four months of bad weather. This severe judgment may be to a certain extent exact as regards the winter, but the other season was too badly treated by the great and witty sovereign. In the north of Russia and in Finland the heat during the months of July and August often attains 75° to 85° Fahrenheit; the sky

is bright blue; the fields, full of flowers of pale and unobtrusive colors, smell deliciously; and everybody makes haste to enjoy the brief summer. Those who are not absolutely obliged to work in the towns spend their last dollar in order to live in the country, hire a villa, a cottage, or even a humble fisherman's hut, and enjoy the *dolce far niente* of fishing and sailing.

Winter, on the contrary, is the season to visit the town. Then the pulse of life beats more strongly, and we have learnt so well how to combat and conquer the common enemy, cold, that the inhabitants, and even strangers, are enabled to forget the icy winds, the snow, and the thermometer, which sometimes sinks 20 degrees below zero. Sleighing parties, snow skating, and, above all, the favorite pastime of ice skating, with its fêtes, its illuminations, and its heroes and champions—for Finland has some excellent



INTERIOR OF A SWEDISH PEASANT'S HOUSE.



THE FISH-MARKET AT HELSINGFORS.

skaters, who have won laurels in abundance outside their own country also—all this makes winter at Helsingfors very endurable. The market, which has neither roof nor even stalls to shelter the poor buyers and sellers, proves that humanity can endure a prolonged station in the open air in very intense cold. The big fish-wives, muffled and wrapped up in innumerable shawls, remain there all day long selling their pike, their cod, and other fish, frozen and hard as logs of wood. The variety of types and costumes makes the aspect of the market very curious. There are Swedish fishermen with their sailor look, Finns in short cloaks, Russian soldiers wearing long gray overcoats and with their heads wrapped up in the "bashlik," Russian vegetable sellers in the traditional costume of the mujiks, Israelites in long caftans; and all this crowd of people, smoking all the while like chimneys, dance and stamp on the frozen ground to keep their feet from freezing entirely.

The great variety of race and language amongst the inhabitants of Helsingfors is

seen most conveniently and most strikingly at the market, where business brings together all these men, who are separated by idiom, religion, and manners, and who are otherwise indifferent, if not hostile, to each other. At the time of the great October fair the Esthonians arrive on their big two-masted sloops, and with their woollen stockings, their short jackets, long hair, and narrow-brimmed hats, the whole composing the costume of the peasants of the last century, add a new and picturesque note to a picture already full of interest. The Swedes from the coasts do not mix with the Finns; they do not understand their language; nor do they intermarry with Finnish women, and *vice versa*. For centuries these two races have been rubbing elbows every day without becoming ever confounded. The Russian soldiers, of whom there are 10,000 at Helsingfors, do not at all mingle with the population. Only the generals, who speak French, frequent a little Finnish society. Even the officers of the Finnish battalions, who are obliged to speak Russian, are almost strangers to

their Slav colleagues. A still more curious fact is that the masterpieces of Russian literature reach us through French or German translations, and Dostoievsky and Tolstoï were known at Paris before they were heard of in Finland, although it is only a few miles from St. Petersburg, and in a country forever united with the destinies of the empire.

At Helsingfors is the only university of the country. It is organized on the German plan, and counts more than 100 professors and 1700 students—a very fair percentage on a total population of 2,200,000 inhabitants. College life here is more like that of Scandinavia than of Germany. The club life and "Kneipen," with duelling and obligatory affairs of honor, are unknown in our country. The colored cap of the German student is replaced with us by a black cap with a white velvet crown, with a little gold

Borgo is an old town about forty miles from Helsingfors, and certainly the most characteristic of the small towns of Finland. By the side of the old town, with its quaint, irregular houses and its tortuous streets, there are square and unpicturesque quarters, with houses painted with yellow ochre, and reminding one by their shape of cigar boxes. Situated at the mouth of a little river, and prettily set in a frame of hills and ancient fortifications, covered with venerable pine-trees, Borgo presents a most curious aspect. The old white cathedral; the strange houses of the old town, painted red, ochre, and orange; the sheds and warehouses built along the river, with their foundations in the water itself; and everywhere in the intervals between these odd wooden buildings the fresh greenery of the gardens—such are some of the features which make this little town so character-



BORG0.

lyre over the shade. The student lives very independently with his fellow-students from the same town or of the same class; or, if he has a taste for singing, with those who follow the singing lessons; for student singing plays an important part in college life, and in the life of the North in general, where it is an element in every festivity, whether private or public.

The cathedral is a large, square monument, built of blocks of granite, whitewashed, and with pointed gables. The steeple is separate from the church, at a distance of about fifty paces. It is the type of almost all our churches of the Catholic era, that is to say, before Gustavus Vasa.

It was in this church of Borgo that Alexander I., in 1809, opened the Finnish



ELLI, THE MASSEUSE.

Diet, by which he promised to preserve and to respect forever the religion, the laws, and the Swedish constitution of the country, thus, according to his own words, "raising Finland to a place amongst nations."

Borgo is a place of patriotic pilgrimage for the Finns. Here lived Runeberg, the greatest poet and patriot of the country, contenting himself with the modest position of Professor of Greek in the gymnasium of the town. He died in 1877, and was buried in the midst of some enormous pine-trees on the hill facing the town. His house has been purchased by the state, and is now open to visitors, who see it just as it was during the poet's lifetime. Runeberg is the greatest name in Swedish literature, for this Finn wrote in Swedish, his mother-tongue. The poet who so admirably comprehended the honest and patient character of his compatriots, who sang in such noble verse their ceaseless labor to overcome unfertile and

niggard nature, the patriot whose inspiration blazed forth at the memory of their heroic fight for their country in the unequal struggle of 1808, belonged to that strong and virile race of Swedes who live on the coast of Finland, and who from time immemorial have looked upon Finland as their true and only father-land. The Swedish influence in Finland began in the twelfth century, when King Eric came to plant the cross in the midst of the pagan populations. Up till the beginning of the nineteenth century Finnish literature was confined to translations of the Scriptures and of religious books. The Finns, who aspired to a more lofty culture, accepted the language of the Swedish conquerors who had become their fellow-citizens. On the other hand, the Swedes of Finland considered themselves to be sons of the same soil as the Finns. There is, therefore, nothing astonishing in the fact that a Swedish Finn became the poet of the country and created the Finnish



ELLI'S TWO SONS.

nation, which had remained unconscious of itself until the moment when the poems called the *Stories of Ensign Stål* made the chord of patriotism and honor vibrate in the heart of every Finn. Runeberg's birthday is celebrated as a national fête in Finland, and the children learn

to ourselves cozily in a corner, with a ticket for Wilmanstrand. It is not easy to realize the dreamy and discreet beauty of the country from the view out of the car window; indeed, the outlook is sadly monotonous, not to say horribly ugly. Forests of low stunted trees alternate

his poems by heart not only in Finland, but in the whole of Scandinavia. His statue, made by his son, the sculptor, stands at Helsingfors, and the town of Borgo possesses another statue by the same artist, who is better fitted than any other man to reproduce the features of the great poet.

In order to make excursions into the interior of the country we have only to take the train, which will carry us not only to St. Petersburg, but also northward as far as Uleaborg, the most northern spot in the world that the locomotive has yet reached. We have to go to Uleaborg in order to gain Tornea and Aavasaksa, the mountain whence can be seen the midnight sun on St. John's Eve. This pleasure, however, we reserve for another year, and direct our course eastward, in order to visit the fine country on the Vuoksi River and around Lake Saima. The cars are comfortable and built on the American plan, with doors at the ends. We set-



A PEASANT'S FARM.

with fields or marshes where the vegetation is yellow and gray. The barns visible here and there are, of course, built of wood, and the pointed pine-trees and the primitive fences of pine poles give to the whole landscape a singularly stiff and disagreeable aspect. The heights are not considerable, and the line of the background of the picture, formed generally of pine woods, presents only very slight modulations. The railway stations, of wood also, are very modest; but, nevertheless, with their little plantations and flower beds, they appear like veritable oases in this desert of pale green. If you happen to be travelling on Sunday, you will have the consolation of seeing some curious types; but on week-days there is absolutely nothing to attract the eye.



RUTTA, THE LOCAL BEAUTY.



THE COSTUME OF RUOKOLAKS.

And what types they are! The peasants who live near the railway track offer no artistic interest whatever. Their faces are gray, their hair is gray, and their clothes are gray, and there is nothing striking in their physiognomy. But the Saima country promises better things, and so we make the best of the wearisome monotony until we approach the lake country, when the change in aspect begins to become marked.

Wilmanstrand, a small bathing-place frequented by the middle classes of St. Petersburg during the summer, possesses two attractions for visitors—the exercising ground, where the Emperor comes sometimes to review the Finnish troops, and an imperial palace. This may seem incredible, but it is true. The state has bought, on behalf of the sovereign, a modest villa, which the architects and artists of Finland have endeavored to render habitable by the august visitors. Furniture, hangings, and pictures are all of Finnish origin in this improvised palace, which might indeed serve as a specimen of the industry of the country.



BIRCH-BARK KNAPSACK AND SHOES.

No tourist who pretends to see Finland can dispense with a journey to Imatra, the celebrated cataract of the river Vuoksi. The excursion is very agreeable, the communications being excellent, and the route charming. At Wilmanstrand we embark on a clean and smart little steamer, which will take us to the mouth of the Vuoksi. We are not a little surprised to find on this steamer a mixed crowd of tourists, such as we are accustomed to see in Switzerland, for instance, but which strikes us as being absolutely novel in this part of the world. With the exception of a few English and French tourists, they are middle-class people from St. Petersburg, who have come to breathe the pure air of Finland. Nothing more beautiful can be imagined than Lake Saima, a corner of which we cross on a fine summer's morning. Thousands of islands and rocks are reflected in the calm and limpid water that bathes the sombre or silvery foliage of the overhanging pine and birch trees. The enormous mass of water contained in the en-

tire system of the lakes of Saima finds an issue at Harakka over a small water-fall famous for an abundance of trout. The fishing right has been purchased by some English sportsmen from St. Petersburg, who have built a villa near the spot.

We now follow the course of the Vuoksi for half an hour in a gig. The small cataracts and the rapid current of the broad river give to the moving water tones of cold ultramarine blue. This is not the greenish-blue of the Swiss lakes and torrents, but a blue *sui generis*, the like of which is to be found only in fine Chinese porcelain. The whole country wears an air of gayety and festivity which one scarcely expects to find in such a Northern latitude.

Here we are at Imatra. Enormous rocks narrow the bed of the river, which seems to have split the prodigious mass of stone at one fell swoop in prehistoric times. The water-fall is not steep and precipitous; indeed we might correctly speak of the *rapids* of Imatra, inasmuch as the succession of cataracts extends over a distance of some five furlongs. There is no question of the color of the water here. Immense waves, all white with foam, pile up one on the top of the other, and the tossing and surging water flings its spray over the spectators who are standing on the sides at a considerable height above the bed of the torrent. At a distance of a few versts from Imatra is another cataract of the same kind, Wallinkoski, less violent, but broader, and surrounded by dark pine forests. Here, indeed, we might well believe ourselves to be miles and miles away from all civilization, were it not for a few villas built by Russians, which we see here and there peeping out from a bed of verdure.

We have heard a good deal about the fine popular costumes of this country, but the people met in the environs of Imatra and of its horribly European hotel have caused us nothing but bitter deception. Some children offer us strawberries, and stones worn into round or curious shapes by the waters of Imatra. An old beggar-woman, in the dark and almost monastic costume of the Joutseno, interlarding her monotonous supplications with quotations from the Scriptures, gives us certainly a bit of local color; but we have not yet discovered a single Kar-

elian type, or a single one of those large white head-dresses that are traditionally worn in the country, and are justly considered to date from the most remote antiquity. The hotel waiters cannot give us any information on this subject, and the tourists declare, in so many stereotyped phrases, that national costume is disappearing everywhere, and that our business age is incompatible with picturesque-ness. The St. Petersburg snobs add that the Finn women are horribly ugly, and that we shall not lose much if we do not meet any. Happily the idea came into our heads to consult one of the inhabitants of the country, and, thanks to him, we found the wherewithal to gratify our thirst for local color.

"You have only to go about twenty versts into the interior," he said, "and you will see villages where the old costume is still worn unmodified. I will give you the address of a good peasant woman, who will welcome you with open arms, lodge you, and procure you models."

No sooner said than done. Fifteen versts in a cariole, then across a lake, a

few hundred paces over an isthmus, another half-hour by boat across a lake, and here we are at the address indicated. It is a clean, well-built farm-house, with the entrance and the staircase painted with very bright yellow ochre.

Our hostess, who did, indeed, receive us in the most amiable manner, was a tall angular woman, with long dry hands and an irregular sun-burnt face. Her teeth white as pearls, her small bright blue eyes sparkling with intelligence, and then the large white coif falling in fine folds down her back, completed this sympathetic and original type of the true Karelian woman. She was, for that matter, by no means an ordinary woman. By birth a simple peasant, and a simple peasant still, she had acquired a sort of medical authority as a first-class *masseuse*, and that, too, not only in her own country, but also in the neighboring towns, and even at St. Petersburg and Moscow. Her husband had been for years bedridden, crippled with rheumatism, and utterly unable to work; and the poor wife, horrified at the prospect of ruin and mis-



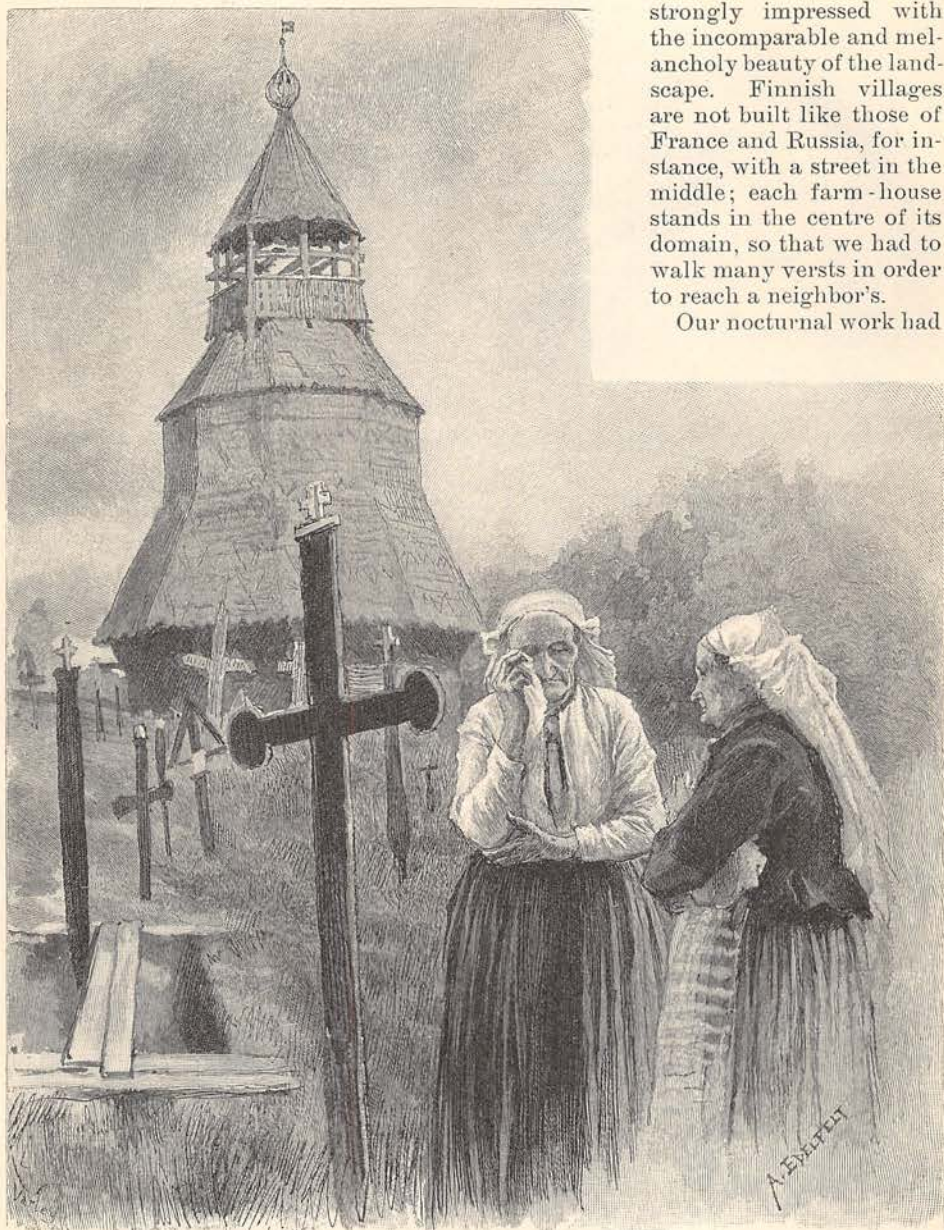
GOING TO CHURCH ON LAKE SAIMA.

ery, set to work to *masser*, to rub and knead the patient with such obstinate perseverance that, seconded as she was by a sort of medical instinct, she succeeded in curing him completely. *Massage*, which has worked so many prodigious cures of late years in Europe, has been known for centuries to the Finnish peasants, who practise it in their vapor baths. The bath of moist vapor, generally known by the name of Russian bath, of a temperature that none can endure except those who are accustomed to it from childhood, is one of the capital features in the life of the Finnish peasant, and procures him the highest imaginable pleasure. The "Sauna," the place where the baths are taken, is a square house, built of wood, like all the houses in the land, only it has no chimney; the smoke passes out through a hole in one of the walls. In a corner one discerns, in spite of the intense obscurity, a large furnace, and opposite the furnace a sort of loft or shelf, which is reached by means of a ladder. The vapor is produced by pouring buckets of water on heaps of burning hot stones placed on the top of the furnace. The Finnish peasant, with his family and his servants and everybody belonging to him, from the octogenarian down to the new-born babe, takes these baths every night in summer during the haymaking and the harvest, and once or twice a week in winter. Such is the simplicity of these populations, and such the respect for the "Sauna," considered as a sacred place, that the promiscuity of ages and sexes never has any bad result from the point of view of morality. A crime committed in the "Sauna" is held to be aggravated tenfold by the holiness of the ground where it is committed. Each one, without troubling himself about his neighbor, enjoys the atmosphere charged with smoke and vapor, beats his flesh with leafy branches of birch, and refreshes himself from time to time with a little cold water. Sometimes during the winter the men rush out of this temperature of 150° Fahr. and roll themselves in the snow, their bodies being red as raw beefsteaks. They maintain that these enormous changes of temperature render them less sensitive to cold and heat. All Finnish children are born in the "Sauna," where also the women doctors exercise their art.

To return to our hostess, the miracu-

lous cure that she had worked on the person of her lord and master being completed, her name began to fly on the wings of renown until it reached the neighboring town of Wiborg. Elli, for this was her name, was sent for by all suffering from rheumatism, first of all, at Wiborg, and then at Helsingfors and St. Petersburg. Her method was verified by the doctors, and the faculty not finding its authority at all impaired by this rival in peasant costume, Elli had finally come to pass her winters in the towns in the occupation of "massing" the rheumatic populations with her robust fingers; but no sooner did the fine weather return than she hurried back to her dear farm. The peasants all over these parts are small owners or free farmers, but, as is the common lot in Finland, all are very poor, and the house of Elli, thanks to the money she had earned by her "massage," had an almost aristocratic air compared with the extremely primitive cabins of her neighbors. For although the most fortunate of these farmers are not so badly off, money is almost unknown amongst them. Foreigners can scarcely form an idea of the indigence of these people, or of their food, so different from that of the continental people. Economy and prudence are not the chief qualities of the Finnish peasant; he eats all that the season's crop produces, without thought for the future; during the summer there is a Belshazzar's feast every day, with milk, curds, and even butter; but in the winter there is nothing but the eternal black rye-bread, potatoes, and fish so salt that it would take the skin off the throat of any but a Finnish peasant.

In her wanderings, Elli, who had never given up the costume of her country, had not failed to attract the attention of artists. She had even posed twice for a lady, a painter at Wiborg. My color box, easel, and umbrella were therefore familiar objects to her, and my trade did not cause her either fear or astonishment. On the contrary, she promised to find me as many models as I pleased, and she kept her word, without counting that she posed for me herself, together with her whole family, her servants, and her neighbors. Never was an artist better received amongst non-artistic people. Money being very rare in these parts, one franc a sitting was a fortune for a poor old woman who could no longer work in the fields.



THE CEMETERY AND BELL TOWER OF RUOKOLAKS.

strongly impressed with the incomparable and melancholy beauty of the landscape. Finnish villages are not built like those of France and Russia, for instance, with a street in the middle; each farm-house stands in the centre of its domain, so that we had to walk many versts in order to reach a neighbor's.

Our nocturnal work had

But, first of all, I had to familiarize myself with the country, and to find good types. So Elli and I started off across the country to see what resources it offered from a picturesque point of view. The summer night, clear and limpid, gave a peculiar charm to our walk, and I felt

a very positive result. The prospect of gaining a few francs procured me models by the dozen, more even than I needed, and the next morning I saw five or six women in the gala costume arrive at Elli's house. I set to work and sketched them diligently, while losing nothing of their gossip.



A HARAKKA PEASANT.

In this remote village, far away from all European influence, old customs are held in honor, as well as the old costume. The costume varies in the different districts, but in a general way, in the whole government of Wiborg, it represents the ancient costume of the Finns. Twenty years ago the men and women alike still wore those long overcoats of white druggot which the high-priest Makarij, in his chronicle of Novgorod, written in the eleventh century, mentions as characteristic of the Finns. The head-dress of the women and the large silver brooch, the apron ornamented with stripes and transversal embroidery, are found everywhere amongst the Karelian races, even in Russia. The costume of Ruokolaks, represented in our illustration, is evidently the gayest and most picturesque of all the national costumes. The black dress hemmed with red, the red and white apron, the white camisole embroidered with red, and the large head-dress ingeniously folded and pinned, without a single stitch of needle and thread, give it something of a Southern and Italian look. Unfortunately the young women of the present day, blinded by the brilliant and horrible colors of printed fichus, are beginning to abandon this most character-

istic head-dress. The wandering peddlers gain perhaps a little by the change, but picturesqueness loses. The peasants still wear shoes plaited out of birch bark. These shoes cost next to nothing, for the peasant can make himself a pair in an hour, and they have the great advantage of allowing the water to run out and of drying very quickly. Birch bark is also employed to make a number of useful objects besides shoes of all kinds, such as bags, which are carried on the back like soldiers' knapsacks, sponges for rubbing and cleaning, etc.

The population of which I am speaking belongs to the Karelian race, the other branch, the Tavastians, occupying the western parts of the country. In spite of their moral qualities, the Tavastians are not sympathetic to look at; their square stature, their heavy features, and their slow movements form the absolute opposite of all that we are accustomed to look upon as the classical type of beauty. The Karelians are generally lean, tall, less blond, brisker in their movements, more talkative, and more prepossessing than their Tavastian brothers. Their hands are remarkable for delicacy and beauty.



A FINNISH PEASANT AT WORK.

You often meet tall, slender, and elegant young fellows, like the two sons of Elli, whom I have sketched just as they were coming home from haymaking. The young girls are never blond and rosy, like the Swedes, for instance, nor has their skin the carmine and tender green tones of that of German girls; it is smooth and dark, and their hair is oftener chestnut than blond. The men have generally travelled a good deal, and most of them are familiar with St. Petersburg and northern Russia.

The days passed quickly under Elli's hospitable roof, and soon Sunday arrived. Everybody was going to church, and I was joyous at the prospect of joining in

Saima. There another boat, larger than the first one, was waiting for us. It was so dry and full of cracks that it seemed to me that we ran the risk of sinking—a detail which gave but little alarm to my companions, for, in the first place, all had taken off their shoes and stockings; and, in the second place, we had quite time enough to arrive at the church, they said, before the boat would have made enough water to sink us. A delightful prospect!

We took leave of Elli, of her family and her farm, with regret, and started northward to see the fine scenery of Punkaharju. The largest of the steamers that ply on Lake Saima landed us very



THE STRONGHOLD OF OLOFSBORG.

the journey. The population met, first of all, on the banks of the lake. The big boat, specially reserved for this purpose, was launched, and then the twenty rowers took their seats. We were sixty in all. Elli's husband took the helm with extreme gravity. The women were completing the details of their toilet, and some of the old ones were helping the younger ones to fold and arrange their coifs, a most difficult operation indeed, which I have never been able to master, in spite of innumerable lessons.

Soon the lake was crossed, and we started off on foot, in a temperature of 80° Fahr., over the isthmus, about a verst wide, which separated us from Lake

early in the morning at Nyslott (new castle), a very small town, remarkable only for its mediæval stronghold of Olofsborg, which is considered to be the most picturesque and the best preserved of our old castles. The peninsula of Punkaharju is twenty versts distant from Nyslott, and the road is very ugly, which fact, doubtless, makes us find Punkaharju all the more attractive. The air is of remarkable purity, and the perfect silence aiding, Punkaharju would be an ideal spot for a sanatorium, a veritable paradise for nervous people especially.

It was here that we ended our excursion, from want of time to continue further toward the north as we had intended.