

best—and worst; Alfred de Musset is dead, and Victor Hugo is turned politician. Grillparzer is still a mystery, thanks partly to the darkening medium of Carlyle's hostile criticism. From the ashes of Teutonic transcendentalism rises Wagner like a Phoenix,—a bird too uncommon for ordinary comprehension, but to all intents and purposes an anomaly at best. One tires of anomalies, one sickens of politics, one shudders at the petticoat literature first created at Weimar; and looking east and west, ranging with a true invalid's hunger the literary horizon, one searches for something more natural, for some form of indigenous and unadorned loveliness, wherewith to fleet the time pleasantly, as they did in the golden world.

“That something may be found without traveling very far. Turn northward, in the footsteps of Teufelsdröckh, traversing the great valleys of Scandinavia, and not halting until, like the philosopher, you look upon ‘that slowly heaving Polar Ocean, over which in the utmost north the great sun hangs low.’ Quiet and peaceful lies Norway yet as in the world's morning. The flocks of summer tourists alight upon her shores, and scatter themselves to their numberless stations, without disturbing the peaceful serenity of her social life. * * * The government is a virtual democracy, such as would gladden the heart of Gambetta, the Swedish monarch's rule over Norway being merely titular. There are no hereditary nobles. There is no ‘gag’ on the press. Science and poetry alike flourish on this free soil. The science is grand as Nature herself, cosmic as well as microscopic. The poetry is fresh, light, and pellucid, worthy of the race, and altogether free from Parisian taint.”