

OUR STOCKHOLM LETTER.

STOCKHOLM, March 4.—I saw in a paper the other day, that the Swedish-Norwegian consul in Smyrna has informed the Swedish government, that the members of a jesuitical order in Asia Minor systematically promote the emigration of Catholics and Armenians to America, at the same time promoting the immigration of catholic settlers from Alsace, Italy etc.

What seems to be especially peculiar is the statement of the consul, that this emigration is principally carried on by Swedish and Norwegian steamers. It is estimated, that since 1891 more than 9,000 people have emigrated from Asia Minor by means of Scandinavian ships. The Turkish government finally decided to put a stop to this emigration, and for that purpose has now ordered several men-of-war to the harbors, from which the embarkment usually takes place. In spite of this, says the consul, the emigration is still going on.

Much has been written about Dr. Frithiof Nansen's pending expedition to the north pole, and it remains only to be said that all the preparations for the daring enterprise have now been made. The steamer, on which he will embark, has been fitted up more suitable than any arctic ship before, and the departure will occur some day in the first part of June. Capt. Adolf Juul and Dr. Blessing, a prominent young physician, will accompany the explorer.

The dog sleighs have been much improved during the last week, and a dog depot has been established in Siberia by Hon. Reuterskiöld, the Swedish minister to St. Petersburg, who some time ago bought thirty sleigh dogs of the best breed. The dogs are to remain in Ingor-skichar, until Dr. Nansen arrives there. All authorities on the Siberian coast have promised to lend their aid to the explorer.

A Danish newspaper describes the private room of H. C. Andersen at the World's Fair as follows:

Nothing is lacking, everything is arranged in a highly artistic manner, and upon the advice of the intimate friends of Andersen, so that the illusion is nowhere spoiled. "Nyhavn" (New Harbor) with all its ships is seen from the curtained windows with its hyacinth glasses, potted plants and the worn arm cushions, of which the poet was so fond.

To the right of the window stands the old-fashioned horse-hair sofa, the round mahogany table over which is spread an embroidered woolen tidy; a round gilt mirror and lithographs of Thorvaldsen and Oehlenschläger are hung over the sofa. In a corner of the room is the drum stove and the gilt Bornholm clock; by the side of the clock we see the large old family umbrella, which Andersen always carried, and a satchel, a gift from the present king. A little further away in the room stands the antique cabinet on the leaf of which Andersen's drum-shaped silk hat rests. On the top of the cabinet is a well executed bust of the poet, the work of an English sculptor.

To the left of the window is the writing desk and above this the well-known painting by Gerichan-Bauman, "H. C. Andersen reading his stories to sick children." Near the table is a pine book case containing his works in different languages.

It is, adds the paper, an exquisite and artistically arranged exhibit which will

create a flurry in America, where Andersen is popular.

"The History of the Swedish Church on the Delaware," by Otto Norberg, is a work just published at Stockholm. The work is chiefly founded on little known and unpublished manuscripts. The chief source is a collection of manuscripts bound in three volumes and kept in the archives of the Cathedral of Upsala. The largest of the three volumes comprises about 550 papers relating to the mission and containing most of the correspondence between America and Sweden, diaries, church registers etc. The second volume consists of the records kept by the dean of the American mission, and copies of a few letters and speeches. The third volume is a synopsis of the directions of the Swedish church authorities regarding the mission, and is a valuable supplement to the other volumes.

The work is the product of comprehensive researches, and it gives a clear and reliable picture of the condition of the first Swedish American churches.

The conservatives of Christianity had arranged a festival the other day in honor of the conservative members of the storthing. Numerous speeches were made, and the enthusiasm ran high because of the expressions of the Swedish minister of foreign affairs regarding the settlement of the consular and the diplomatic service questions.

A telegram was sent to the king thanking him for his "persevering work for the welfare of Norway." King Oscar returned the following telegram: "Accept my heartfelt thanks. I always have the honor and welfare of Norway at heart. I will conscientiously try to discharge my duties as your king, relying upon the faithful support of all right-minded, patriotic Norwegian citizens." GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

LONDON, March 20, 1893.—Pilgriming in many lands, I have been much among their waterside folk—with the fishermen of Algiers, who are a conglomerate race of Greeks, Italians, Spaniards and Arabs, with the fishermen of Sicily, gloomy and voiceless as Gipsy dogs; with Chioggian and Apulian fishermen, those most majestic sluggards of all Italy; with those of Barcelona, the giants of the south of Spain; with Biscayan, Breton and Cornish fisherman, superstitious and soddan above all others; with the brave, kind men of Claddagh, at Galway, and those along the wondrous Kerry coast; with the stern yet tender fisher folk of Manxland; with the lazy fishermen of the dreamy Azores, who, transferred to American coasts, prove the most valuable recruits to our east-shore fishing fleets; with the cap-and-tasseled pescadores of Cuba, brigands all in looks and ways; with the squatly Eskimos of the Labrador coast, satisfied with any fruitage of the deep which will barely sustain life; with the crofter-fisher of the north-Scottish and Shetland coasts; and with our own brave Gloucester men who risk their lives upon the Grand Banks, and the 'Quoddy fisherman whose chief quarry is the herring, all along the grand Maine coast to the mist-wreathed crags of wild Manan.

In many years of intercourse with these lowly folk I have been continually impressed with the almost indefinable

and wholly indescribable sadness that seems to brood over and among all this class of people. It is in their cabins and homely social life. If is in their voices and looks. In repose, it sets on their faces pitifully. Roused into some great activity, in storm, in taking fish, or in saving lives, they have grand, earnest, faces, these fishermen. But in the quiet hours there is something haunted, wearied, worried, dreading and dreadful to be read in the lines of their faces in the tremulousness of their voices, and in the light which shines from their eyes, that all their brave and hearty ways cannot hide or disguise.

It is as if the sea, from which they live, had whispered in secret to each consciousness some savage threat of reprisal; as if over every little comfort, home joy, or well-earned content hung the spectre-hand of fate coming closer to the inner vision every time the fisherman's heart grew glad. In whatever degree this is universal, it seems to me to be more marked among the fishermen of England, Ireland and Scotland, than I have ever found it elsewhere revealed. I believe Dickens saw and felt this at the old fishing-port of Great Yarmouth when he created out of his great and tender heart the pathetic characters of the Peggottys—simple, tender, true; majestic in suffering and forgiveness; and through and over all, the pathetic thread of sadness, quivering like an endless plaint in a melodious though mournful song.

In this experience strange and tender, weird and sad, pictures of fishing towns and villages, sea-reaches and coasts innumerable, each one a study for a master's brush, are stored within the memory. Here are a few of their outlines:

The mighty southwest of Ireland Kerry coast, with weird Bray Head, and majestic St. Michael's Mount upon Great Skellig rock, darkening along the eastward landward horizon; and at sea, just to the north of the great ocean liners' way, the spring mackerel fleet—from Kerry hamlets, from Man land and from France, altogether from 3,000 to 4,000 craft—frequently so densely massed that water cannot be seen from a fishing-smack's deck; thousands of sea-gulls whistling and flapping their white wings above; and to the west a sea-horizon of rose and orange where the setting sun still shows a flaming edge; while more than ten thousand lusty men, under a third as many flashing crutch-lights set amidships of the smacks, are silently "shooting" the great brown seines for the night.

Matchless is that picture, ever tinted by the near presence of fisher folk and their storm-whipped homes, you may see from Shetland's most sober sea-wall height, mighty, mournful Fitful Head. It is the White Mountain of the Norsemen, on account of the lustre of its slate formation. Its highest crag rises fully 1,000 feet above the sea, but the legendary habitation of Norna, a bold, almost detached, cliff lifting its sea-front into a point as sharp as a church-spire, is not more than three-fourths that elevation. It is quite accessible after a rough scramble, and its sides are the haunts of myriads of sea-fowl. Horrible indeed must be the place in times of storm. But away down there below the sea is often as calm as a Highland loch. From the higher headland the whole of Shetland can be seen—waste, moor, hillock,