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Travelling in Norway. By John R. Campbell. 1868.

I.

Of all months July is the pleasantest for travellers in Norway; generally having a greater number of fine warm days in it than any other. June and August are also good; although early in June the weather is frequently chilly, and towards the middle of August it often breaks or remains long unsettled. After August the days draw in rapidly; nevertheless, tourists may remain without inconvenience from the climate another month or more. Sportsmen continually do so for the shooting. June and July have, naturally, an advantage in length of daylight over all the other months. In the North, during this period, there is no real night; and even in Christiania, throughout the latter half of June, one may read by twilight at 12 P.M. By landing, therefore, at Bergen about the 1st of June, you have at least three good months before you to spend in a voyage up the Arctic coast, in exploring the more remarkable of those silver *Fjorde* which run deep into the country, and in visiting portions of that wild web of mountains, which, with hardly an interval of plain, extends over the whole of the kingdom.

It need scarcely be said that a country so large, whose picturesque localities, besides being numerous, are so widely separated; where railways are yet in their infancy, and through whose mountain-glens the traveller must, therefore, proceed either on foot or by *Karjol*, cannot thoroughly be 'done' in one season. Three months, however, enable a traveller

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to take a glance up the wonderful north coast, and afterwards, landing at *Molde* or *Throndhjem*,* to follow an overland route southwards, which shall embrace some of the grandest scenes; or, if less ambitious, his whole time may well be devoted to an examination of certain districts—say those of the *Nordfjord* and *Jostedalsfjeld*.

I have spent four pleasant summers in Norway and still remain a stranger to several of the grandest glens. Let me honestly admit, however, I am but a lazy man on a tour, often spending weeks in a neighbourhood which pleases me, where most that is remarkable might be seen by more energetic travellers in a couple of days. My idea is that much of the charm of Norway is derived from intercourse with the people themselves.

There are several routes from England to Norway, and a traveller, in selecting one, must consult his pocket, the time at his disposal, and his *seaworthiness*, i.e. capability of enduring a voyage. Some people suffer so much on board ship that they would willingly journey a roundabout way rather than chance a gale at sea. Storms on the North Sea are generally of shorter duration and perhaps less violent in summer than later in the year; but you are never safe from them, go when you will. Now the most direct way, as well as the cheapest, is by steamer from Hull or London to *Christiansand*. Messrs. Wilson and Sons' steamers leave Hull every Friday, and one may reckon on reaching Christiansand in less than 48 hours, except the weather is very bad. I once made the passage in something under 38 with their 'Scandinavian.' The 'North Star' from London, I believe, performs the voyage once a fortnight, in a time little exceeding that from Hull. At Christiansand (where there is nothing to see) all these steamers make a few hours' stoppage before proceeding on to Christiania—thereby making the whole voyage from England to Christiania one of three days. The course after leaving Christiansand being for the most part under the lee of islands and up the *Christianiafjord*, the water is comparatively smooth on this last day of the voyage. The first-class fare from Hull to Christiania is 4*l*. exclusive of provisions. A return-ticket available for the whole season costs 6*l*. I believe the 'North Star' company charge about the same. I speak of course of what *has been*; another year

* The English call this town (the ancient capital of Norway) *Drontheim*. I prefer, however, giving it the Norwegian appellation; and shall generally, in the following pages, write all proper names as they appear in *Norsk*.

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fares and times of departure may be changed. In 1867 Messrs. Wilson ran the 'Scandinavian' to Bergen, and I went with her in about 50 hours from Hull. Boats belonging to another company, also run from Hull to Bergen, but in returning take Amsterdam on their way. Norway is well provided with excellent steamers all along the coast; so that anyone landing at Christiansand has not long to wait—seldom more than a day—for a boat to the North. The coast route, however, between Christiansand and Throndhjem is hardly remarkable for scenery.

A somewhat circuitous, but very interesting, route is the following:—Through Belgium and Germany to Hamburgh; thence (*viâ* rail through Jutland) to Copenhagen; across the narrow strip of sea to Sweden, and up that country (nearly all the way by rail) to Christiania. This gives one an opportunity of spending a few days in the Danish capital, where in the shape of museums, Thorwaldsen's sculptures, &c. there is a vast deal to see. The environs are very pretty, especially one or two royal parks, splendidly wooded with beech. By a short *détour* Stockholm, too, may be visited on the way. It is the most charmingly situated capital north of the Mediterranean, and, including excursions in the neighbourhood, will occupy the traveller a week. That beautiful series of lakes linked together by short artificial channels, the *Göta Canal*, which, like a belt of water, joins the North Sea with the Baltic, may be included in the route. The scenery traversed by it is charming here and there, but never grand, the country being too flat. The lakes are most irregular in shape, studded with wooded islands, and bedded in an undulating country, which is almost a continued forest of birch and fir. Little cultivation is visible; at intervals you pass a log house painted red, and now and then a village in a clearing; but these are few and far between. The celebrated falls of *Tröllhæta* (close to a point on the canal) are mere rapids, and the traveller need waste no time over them, as they cannot be compared with, I might almost say, a hundred in the sister land. Sweden, however, deserves a summer to itself; there is so much to interest one both in country and town. The ironworks and mines are, perhaps, the most remarkable features of the country, and well worth the inspection of all whose taste lies that way. During a summer I spent there nothing struck me more than the hospitality of the Swedes. I landed without introductions and had no means of returning civilities, and yet in no part of the world have I met with disinterested kindness so great.

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Next with regard to luggage. In every mountain country you meet two classes of travellers: first, those who, prepared to walk and rough it, seek out nature in her seclusion by glacier and peak; and secondly 'roadsters,' if such I may term that numerous and respectable flock, who, following each other along some hackneyed route, content themselves with what grandeur of scenery the king's highway affords. Now it is only the first class who can thoroughly explore Norway; and for them a knapsack must suffice, or all events, such light baggage as a man can carry on his back. However, a vast deal may be done by leaving your heavy portmanteau at a road-side inn; making circular walking tours through the surrounding district; and then posting on to some other central point. A good many passes are traversable by ponies; and a pony will carry a portmanteau across his back; or two smaller packages (generally enclosed in nets made of birch twig) slung one on each side; but the whole weight for a day's journey ought not to exceed 100 lbs. As to the roadster, he can drag about much more. Should his own karjol be insufficient to hold all his luggage, he can hire two vehicles, or send a portion forward in a cart.

English circular notes can be changed at the principal towns. The Norwegian currency is tolerably simple. A *Specie Daler* being about 4*s.* 6*d.*, a *Mark* or *Ort* is the fifth part of this, and is divided into 24 *Skilling*. It is a good thing to have the greater part of your money in 1 Daler notes; those of larger value are often difficult to change. When posting you are called upon for minute payments all day long; hence a leather bag of small coin is very handy; 12 Skilling pieces are the best.

I may here observe that passports are not required, and that the Norwegian custom-house seldom gives any trouble. Of course there are articles you pay duty on; for instance, jam, which some travellers have been known to bring; but the ordinary luggage of a tourist contains nothing liable to a tax. There are good shops in the chief towns where most wants can be supplied. If you require water-colours, or fishing-tackle, you had better purchase them before leaving home; but capital 'birdseye' is sold at about one-third the English price.

Danish being a language understood by few who visit Norway, the profession of travelling interpreter has sprung up. A *Tolk*, as he is called, can generally be hired at Christiania or Bergen to accompany a party on their tour. He is a travelling mouthpiece, and often a great bore. Where there are ladies, a 'willing' tolk may save much trouble; but he ought thoroughly to understand before you engage him that he

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is to act as servant in case of need. However, *à propos* of ladies in Norway, few of them will enjoy struggling through the wilder parts of the country; the absence of comfort is too great, save for the 'very fast.' If they *will* go, let them keep to the main routes; it is a mistake when they attempt more. Men usually manage to make their way without a tolk, who is a being altogether different from a Swiss guide. He costs more than anyone of the party, for you have to pay for his horses, his board, and to give him a daler a day besides. The somewhat scant vocabulary in Murray (with sundry additions picked up on the road) is all that is essential to enable one to blunder along. Still, ignorance of the language is productive of constant inconvenience. Language is the key to travelling; it enables one to ask questions. Without it one learns only by observation—few people, even along the grand routes, speaking any but their mother tongue. The usual inability of Englishmen to converse, many of whom know little beyond the two words 'Hest strax!' (meaning 'Horse immediately!'), is almost a joke throughout the land.

Now Danish (or *Norsk*) is the easiest Continental language we English can learn. This comes partly from the simplicity of its grammar, but principally from the affinity Danish words have with our own; and I cannot do better than advise those who purpose travelling in Norway, and have time, to study Danish —say for a couple of months, under a master—previous to commencing their tour.

As no doubt most of my readers are aware, the modern language of Norway is identical with Danish in *print*; both Danes and Norwegians using the same dictionary and grammar. A few remarks on its construction, as distinguishing it from other tongues, although necessarily incomplete, may not be out of place here. The peculiarities in the construction are *principally* confined to two; namely, the position of the definite article, and the formation of the passive voice. The definite article (where there is no adjective) is placed after, and joined on to, the noun. In form, however, it is the same as the indefinite; being *en* for the *common* gender (which includes masculine and feminine); *et* for the neuter; and, when used for the definite, *ne* for the plural of both genders. *En Dal*, for instance, means *a* valley; *Dalen*, *the* valley; *et Fjeld*, *a* mountain; *Fjeldet*, *the* mountain. *Öer* is the plural of *Ö*, signifying island; and adding the syllable *ne* to it, you get *Öerne*, *the* islands. A verb is changed from active to passive by the addition of an *s* to the infinitive. Thus *hade* is to hate; *hades*, to *be hated*; 'jeg hader,' I hate; 'jeg hades,' I am hated.

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The pronunciation of the language is different in Norway and Denmark. The vowels *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *æ*, and *ö* (which last is properly *o* with a stroke through it), have, in both countries, nearly the same sounds as in German; *y* corresponds to the French *u*; and *aa* (å in Swedish) is pronounced like *a* in our word 'ball.' The consonants, also, are *generally* the same as in German; but there are exceptions to this, as in the case of *g* followed by *e*, *i*, *y*, *æ*, or *ö*. I may further mention that a *d* following another consonant is nearly mute. Thus, *Fjord* is pronounced *Fee-or*. Now Norsk differs from Danish, principally in the sound of *sk*, when those two letters precede any one of the vowels *e*, *i*, *y*, *æ*, and *ö*. In the former language *k* sounds like *h* (as in Swedish), while in the latter it takes a complicated sound, which it would be difficult, in a few words, to explain. As an example, *Thee-skee* (tea-spoon), a Norwegian pronounces 'Tay shay;' *Skib* (ship) he calls 'sheeb;' whilst a Dane sounds the word almost like 'sk'yeeb.' I have dwelt rather on this subject as the majority of grammars are by Danes; and therefore the pronunciation taught by them is essentially Danish, no notice being taken of the Norsk.

Although Danish is the language of the educated, and is generally understood by all, the peasantry speak dialects (*Bondesprog*) among themselves, varying with the locality, but all of them retaining more or less of the *old Norsk*, the ancient language of Norway, of which Icelandic is a remnant. Many words used by the peasants are Swedish rather than Danish. Thus they say *honom* (him), *Vecka* (week), instead of *ham* and *Uge*, the corresponding words in the latter tongue. Hence it is difficult for a Dane to understand the peasantry in many parts of Norway.

The resemblance between our Cumberland, or rather Lake district dialect, and the Scandinavian languages is singularly striking. Below are a few examples. In the left column I have given Cumberland words, and in the right their *equivalents* in Norsk (save where otherwise stated); all words on the same line having the same meaning. The Cumberland terms I have spelt as they are pronounced.

Barn, a child	*Barn*
Bane, straight or short	*Been* (straight)
Beck, a stream	*Bæk*
Brant, or *Brunt*, steep	*Brat*
Cleg, a fly that bites horses	*Klæg*
Fell, a mountain	*Fjeld* (means *a* mountain, or a *block* of mountains)
Force, a waterfall	*Fors* (Old Norsk) and *Fos* (modern word)
Gang, to go	*Gange* (old word, the modern is *gaae*)

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Gill, a mountain stream hemmed in by rocks	*Geil* (Old Norsk, a cleft, or *Schlucht* in German).
He-am, or *Yahm*, home	*Hjem*
Holm, a small island	*Holm*
How, a little hill in a valley	*Haugr* (?) (Old Norsk)
Ken, to know, be acquainted with	*Kenna* (Old Norsk), *Kjende* (modern)
Kilt, part of a Highland costume	*Kyltt* (Old Norsk, meaning shirt)
Lal, or *Lahl* (some write it *Lile*), little	*Lille*
Lake, a romp or play	*Læk* (Swedish), *Leik* (Norsk)
Late, to seek	*Leita* (Icelandic), *Leta* (Swedish)
Mere, a lake, a water	*Myre* (meaning a marsh)
Midden, or *Middin*, a dunghill	*Mödding*
Roantree, mountain ash	*Rön*
Scar, escarpment or range of rocks	*Skar* (signifying a col or indentation in the mountain-top)
Sow, a (ewe) sheep	*Söy* or *Söi*
Tarn, a small mountain lake	*Tjern*

Many of the above are purely Norwegian words, unknown in Denmark. Nowhere in England is our Scandinavian blood so little intermixed with that of other races as in Cumberland and Westmoreland. It shows itself, not only in the dialect, but also in the physiognomy of the people, and in some of their old customs, as, for example, that of firing guns over a house on the occasion of a wedding.

With the exception of the excellent steamers which run along the coast, those plying on the principal fjorde and lakes, and some short bits of railway (mostly leading from Christiania), there are no public conveyances in Norway. The roads and banks of the fjorde are portioned out into stages or *Skyds*, averaging in length from 1 to 1½ Norwegian miles—a Norwegian mile being about 7 English.* At the end of every skyds there is a post-house or *Station*, usually a farm-house, which supplies the place of an inn, and you hire a horse and trap (or a boat, as the case may be) from one such station to the next. The roads are wonderfully good along the main lines. They are kept in repair by the owners of the land through which they pass; each proprietor being bound by law to attend to a length marked out by posts. The common vehicles for hire at the stations are *Karjoler* and *Stolkjærrer*. The first is a sort of low gig holding one. It is mounted on long shafts, from which is derived the spring, the weight being supported between the axle-tree behind you and the horse's neck. Your portmanteau is lashed to a board or frame over the axle-tree, and perched upon this is a man, boy or sometimes little girl, who, after leaving you at the next station, drives back the horse. There is hardly any sort of carriage so easy as a karjol. Not so the stolkjærrer (or 'seat cart'), which is apt to shake one

* Except where otherwise stated, I shall give distances in *English* miles.

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to bits. This latter, the national carriage of the country, holds two, and is nothing but a tray on two low wheels, having a seat placed across wooden arms, which branch back from the shafts, to which their lower ends are fixed. The tray is a capital receptacle for luggage; but this ought always to be secured with a cord. I have driven hundreds of miles in these little carts, and often wish I had one in England. They are certainly not so comfortable (especially over rough ground) as a karjol; but it must be borne in mind, that to see Norway a man must rough it (save on the beaten track); and one who cannot jolt in a cart, sup on porridge, and sleep with a flea, had better never go there. He will enjoy himself more on the Rhine.

Many tourists engage karjols at Christiania, and keep them until they return there; the advantage in doing so being that your luggage has not to be shifted at each station. I once was foolish enough to buy a new one, which I afterwards sold at a loss of about 2*l.* Men bound on mountain expeditions ought never to encumber themselves with such lumber, for it can only be taken along a road or in a boat; and at the foot of the first mountain pass you must leave it or send it home. Stolkjærrer are to be had at nearly every road station; karjols less frequently—only on the great lines.

Without going fully into the scale of charges for horses and boats, I may mention that you pay by distance, and that the prices are all fixed by law. Stations are of two kinds, *fast* and *tilsigelse*. At fast stations the postmaster (*Skydsskaffer*) is bound to keep a certain number of horses for the public service, and which are supposed to be ready at hand when the traveller arrives. On most of the main routes now the stations are fast. On the other hand, the tilsigelse station master need possess few horses of his own; the farmers living within a certain radius being bound to supply the stage in turn. So that landing at one of these latter stations you must not grumble should you have two hours to wait—the only horse you are entitled to, possibly being fetched from a distance of 3½ English miles! I am painting about the worst case, for I have seldom had long to wait myself. Some people when they journey send a *Forbud* on before. This messenger (often their tolk) orders the relays to be ready at the time they expect to arrive. Where the party is numerous this may be all very well. It greatly depends on the road. Thus between Christiania and Throndhjem, where the stations are nearly all fast, and each furnishes twelve horses or more, by starting early in the morning one need not fear delay. But there cannot be a greater mistake than travelling in a swarm. A party ought not to exceed two or three;

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many of the smaller stations possessing but one decent room. My plan has been to travel quite alone.

A horse taken from a fast station costs 36 skilling a *Norwegian* mile; a karjol 6 sk., stolkjærre, 4 sk. Two travellers in a stolkjærre is termed a *halvanden* (i.e. 'one-and-a-half') skyds, and horse and cart together are then charged half a daler a mile. From tilsigelse stations horses are only 24 sk. a mile, vehicles the same as from the 'fast.' Here, however, the skydsskaffer is paid 4 sk. per horse for the stage (independent of its length). In addition to these authorized charges, the boy who accompanies you expects a trifle for himself. The English generally give 6 sk. a mile—this is called *Drikkepenge* or drink-money. Thus it will be seen a horse and karjol cost about 2*d.* or 3*d.* an *English* mile according as they are hired from a tilsigelse station or from a fast ditto.

Boating is charged according to the number of oars. There are also the two kinds of stations, as before described in reference to land. From fast stations two men and a boat come to 2 marks 8 skilling a Norsk mile. With three pulling the fare is 3 m. 12 sk. From tilsigelse stations a boat and two men cost 2 m., with three men 3 m. At these latter stations (not the 'fast') you pay 2 sk. per rower (*Tilsigelse* to the station master) for the whole stage.

There is an annual publication called the *Lomme-Reiseroute*, or pocket route-book. It is the 'Bradshaw' of Norway, and can be bought at any of the towns. It contains all the laws of posting and boats, with tables for calculating the charges at a glance. All the principal roads are laid down with the distances between each station and the next. The best sleeping-places are indicated; the game laws are explained, and, besides all this, there is a syllabus of mountain tours. Mr. Bennet, a most useful English gentleman resident in Christiania (who furnishes karjols, arranges with tolks, &c.), publishes a book on the same plan as this in English, and the traveller will do well to procure either one or the other. As to the larger guide-books, I like Murray. There may be little inaccuracies here and there owing to changes in stations, &c. since its publication, and it would be well were there a new and completely revised edition, but, as it is, it is not so bad. Of travelling maps the *Veikart* by *Waligorski og Wergeland* is the best. New maps on a large scale are gradually appearing—sheets of which might be serviceable to anyone confining himself to certain districts.

About 10*s.* a day ought to cover a man's expenses—supposing him not always driving about in a karjol. A pedestrian

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would not spend more than half this; indeed Mr. Williams in his 'Norway with a Knapsack,' seems to have got along much cheaper. I think, however, he roughed unnecessarily. To read his book one would think he delighted in misery. If you travel for pleasure, drive where there is a road. The expense of living is trifling compared to what it costs in most other countries, but the charges at different stations vary very considerably. From 2*s.* to 4*s.* a day may be reckoned an average—exclusive of the capital bottled beer (*Bairisk Öl*, at about 5*d.* a quart). The *cuisine* is of the simplest, seldom comprising fresh meat, save on the principal roads. In the towns the charges are much greater than what I have mentioned. In some of the favourite hotels an extra price is put on for the English—at least so it is said. However this may be, the cost of living at one or two I could mention is quite absurd, taking into account the actual money's worth of what you get. The English, by their lavish expenditure, are fast spoiling the country both for themselves and for other travellers. This is not merely *my* opinion, but that of all Norwegians with whom I have conversed on the subject.

The Norwegian horse, or rather pony—for few of them stand fourteen hands, and they are generally much smaller—is an animal one can hardly praise too well. In no country that I am acquainted with, save Iceland, are these little animals, as a class, so good. The traveller must not take for examples some of the sorry specimens he may be wearied with on a highway journey, as that from Christiania to Throndhjem. Even along that road there are many fine goers, albeit in the summer they run 40 to 50 miles a day. Horses in Norway are not worked under four years old, hence most of them are good-legged and surefooted, if wanting in other respects. Few get any corn, and indeed they are often brought in straight from the fell and yoked to a karjol or cart. With this they jog along over hill and dale, willingly doing six or seven miles an hour, or, if the road is very level, ten. But the constant succession of hills, many of them very long, prevent one's going the speed such ponies would accomplish on a flat. A good pony costs generally from 10*l.* to 15*l.*, but prices of course are uncertain; one of the best I ever drove had been bought for about 2*l.* She was fourteen years old when I drove her; but that is nothing in the way of antiquity; often you get one, a veteran of twenty, and still good. During four summers in Norway I have driven many score, and I never saw one exhibit temper, nor have I ever had one down. There are horse fairs during the summer at Throndhjem: also one close to *Holmen*,

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a station in *Gudbrandsdalen*, and perhaps in other parts of the country.

English tourists are acquiring an unenviable notoriety among the people for furious driving. Norwegians are exceedingly fond of their horses, which are brought up from 'foalhood' in friendship (if I may so term it) with the family to whom they belong, and therefore have no fear of man, and are generally unused to the whip. You rarely see a Norwegian flog his horse. He urges it forward with a peculiar kissing sound of the mouth, and checks or stops it—even at full trot down hill—not by tugging at the reins, which would be useless with many ponies, owing to their having hard mouths—but by a singular kind of 'bur-r-r!' made by vibrating the lips. In fact, if you wish to know what kindness *versus* brutality will do in the rearing of horses, go to Norway. I would earnestly recommend those who travel by karjol to humour the feelings of a nation in this respect; in short, to drive the horses as if they were their own property. Every pony has his pace, and you seldom gain a quarter of an hour on the seven or ten mile stage whether you let him go that pace or distress him (and his owner) by pushing him beyond it. I have seen young Englishmen tear along as if they were tired of life and did not mind how soon they lost it by a good smash. It is true the ponies are celebrated for rattling fast down hill, but there is a limit to the speed, or you are liable to come to grief. Norwegians are never in a hurry; and persons subject to that state of mind will be in misery the whole way,—the troubles they endure not creating the slightest sympathy in the lookers-on. You have to wait for horses, boatmen, the steamer, and frequently for something to eat.

When driving, it is prudent to keep an eye on the harness, always inspecting it at every change. I have had a rein come loose from the bit whilst trotting down hill with a weak pony and a heavy cart. I stopped the little animal by making the usual 'bur-r-r!' There are no traces, the collar being attached to the shafts by iron loops projecting from it, which pass through slots in the latter near the points. Pegs are put through the loops (outside the shafts) to secure them, and these often shake out on the road, if carelessly fixed.

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II.

THERE are few towns inland, and you travel hundreds of miles without passing through what may be called a village. The mass of the population, which altogether is but half that of London, consists of either farmers or people connected with fishing. They live in isolated dwellings dotted along the main valleys, or bordering a fjord. Here and there a group of two or three farms may be seen. The country generally is wooded (where the slope is not too steep) to a considerable height, save about farm-houses, where there is more or less cultivated land. Spruce fir is the reigning tree in the south, although beech, oak, birch, and other kinds, are locally common. Above *Lillehammer* spruce gives place to Scotch fir (*Furutræ*), which is the prevailing timber over the larger part of Norway. Far up in the north there is little growth but birch and alder; neither do we find any but the latter trees in the high glens throughout the land. Birch, alder, and aspen are cut during the summer, made up into faggots, and dried in the sun. These are given to cattle in winter, which eat the leaves, thereby economising the consumption of hay. The higher valleys for the most part remain uncultivated. They furnish pasturage for cattle. The majority of them are uninhabited (save in summer), and any road through them is a mere track.

The houses all over Norway (except in the large towns) are built of logs. Wood is found cheaper and easier to work than stone. Besides, stone walls require mortar, and the country contains little limestone. Indeed I have seen none. The fir-baulks, forming the walls, are laid horizontally, piled one upon another, the interstices being caulked with moss. They are notched into those forming a contiguous side, at the angle. The roof is covered with sod in the poorer dwellings and out-houses; and often you see a tree shooting up from the housetop. The better class of houses have tiles or slate on the roof; for they have excellent slate in some districts. I noticed a remarkable formation of it on the Christiania and Throndhjem road. Most houses are two-storied, and internally fitted up plain. Of course the style varies with the wealth and taste of the inhabitants, but you seldom see anything like the luxury found in an ordinary English gentleman's house.

A *Gaard*, or farm establishment, consists of so many detached buildings, that, viewed from a distance, it has the appearance of a village. The living house, stables, cow-house, houses for sheep and goats during the winter, barns and store-room, form its component parts. But, besides these, there are

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lodgings for dependents, cottages occupied by tenants, and, sometimes, a schoolroom for children of the neighbourhood,—all included in the gaard.

The Norwegians, as a nation, live on very simple food. Among the peasantry, who are a wonderfully healthy race—equal, if not superior, to the English in stature—porridge (*Gröd*), generally made of barley or rye meal, sour milk and *Fladbröd*, which resembles our oat cake, make up the staff of life. Numerous as cows and sheep are, fresh meat is, in country places, a treat. People only kill in the autumn, and then most of the carcass is salted and dried; forming what is termed *Spegekjöd* (smoked meat), and is eaten without further cookery. The mutton done in this way tastes like mutton ham, hard as leather, but not unpalatable; indeed, I rather like it when out on the fells. Of course in the towns, living is on a better scale; so also, at the large stations, where you often get salmon and trout. Good coffee is common, even in the dirtiest hovel; so are eggs.

Out of the beaten track there are naturally few stations or public accommodation of any sort. By beaten track I mean a post road or steamer route along a fjord. When travelling in such places the custom is to ask for lodging at the best-looking farm. The people give you what they have, and, except the house belongs to a gentleman, you pay a trifle when you go away; 2 marks are generally ample, should your hosts refuse to name a charge.

Except during a famine arising from failure of crops, &c., great wealth and extreme poverty are alike uncommon among the peasant class. There are, however, a portion of the population, who, from age or other causes, require support; and instead of being incarcerated in workhouses, these poor people are told off to the different farms, there to be fostered at the expense of the owners of the soil. The 'family pauper,' often a very old man, with long white hair, is sometimes a conspicuous feature in the domestic economy of a gaard.

The quantity of land under cultivation is seldom great. Some farms may have forty acres, but commonly they have less; a patch of potatoes, and an acre or two of barley, being frequently all that is planted about a gaard. Throughout the western half of Norway, barley is the commonest grain, and next to that rye. Other districts produce oats; but wheat is comparatively little grown. The Norwegians are not good husbandmen, although government sends agricultural instructors through different parts of the country every year. Each instructor (or *Agernomer*) takes a certain district, and visits all

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the farms in it in succession. He, himself, receives his education in a school of farming, of which there are several. The shallowness of the soil over a great part of the country is an obstacle to good crops; and then there is a want of capital to work with. A system of irrigation, which might be applied in other countries, wherever there is a running stream above a slope, is the following. Water is conducted from a rill or burn, sometimes a distance of two miles, in a line of troughs formed of pine trunks grooved out. These are placed with a slight incline, the thin end of one overlapping the thick end of the next below; the whole being supported on props or projecting crags, and thus carried along the mountain side above the fields. The stream can be discharged at any point, or diverted into another similar channel. Where it is wanted during the long periods of dry weather which often occur, it is allowed to escape into a hole, and from this is pitched, with a wooden scoop, over the crop below. After tossing a sufficiency over the land within reach, another pool farther on is dug, and the stream led into it (either from another part of the trough or by a gutter), and the operation is repeated.

The principal part of a man's property lies in pasture land and wood; and cutting and securing the scanty hay, even from every insignificant green strip, perilously situated high up among the crags, is the grand business of the summer, at which everyone assists. It often requires all their energies to procure fodder enough for that dreary winter time when the cattle are all housed and the country is under snow. The mode of haymaking is curious: a kind of tall railing, formed of upright posts to which four or five cross pieces are lashed with birch twig—and I may remark they use birch in a hundred cases where we should employ rope—is erected in the field, or on the fell, and they dry the grass by hanging it over and packing it between the rails. A large hayfield contains several such constructions, looking like so many green screens. Again, corn is never built into what we call *stooks*. Generally the sheaves are placed one above another, with a tall upright pole passed through the whole. Possibly, there may be some advantages in these systems; as both hay and corn have good ventilation, and are out of the reach of flood.

In addition to land in the valley, every gaard has a large tract of mountain pasture, with a cheese-making establishment on it, called a *Sæter*. The cows and goats are driven to this in summer, and remain there two or three months, tended by people (chiefly girls) from the valley farm. The sæter buildings are one-storied huts, each containing two rooms. The

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outer apartment, which is fitted up with a hearth, a table, and a coarse bed, is the living room; the inner one is the dairy, containing the cheeses and implements used in their manufacture. A sæter is frequently three or four Norwegian miles from its gaard. Often two or three, belonging to different proprietors, form a group in a mountain hollow; sometimes you see them by the shore of a tarn. Of the various kinds of cheeses made one is *gammel Ost.* The name signifies 'old cheese.' A good one reminds one of Stilton in the very last stage of decay. *Myse Ost,* another kind, is made from whey, and has a sweetish flavour. It is the colour of Windsor soap, and nearly the shape of a brick.

Cattle run very small, seldom bigger than our black Scotch, but of a different breed; the land, it is said, not yielding grass enough for animals of a larger growth. Sheep also are diminutive; a man might easily carry two in his arms.

After being milked of a morning at the sæter, the cows graze about on the fell. Often they are driven to a distant part of it, and then left to take care of themselves. In some districts, at least, they return towards evening alone. I once saw thirty cows, unaccompanied by either boy or dog, wending their way to *Bævertun* sæter on the *Sognefjeld.* They had been by themselves all the day, and were then coming home to be milked. They travelled at least seven English miles through a craggy glen, following each other in a string; and in one place I saw them cross a brawling glacier river, when the water was up to their shoulders.

At stations in the less frequented parts of Norway, the traveller is treated rather as a guest than as a lodger. He is expected to join the family circle, especially at meals, and may often meet very friendly society, supposing him to speak a little Norsk. The young ladies are musical, and now and then understand English. There is nothing of the loneliness a stranger feels at an English country hotel. The Norwegians are a ceremonious people in matters of politeness; so are the Swedes, even to a greater extent, whilst we English are perhaps nationally the reverse. It is, however, as well to conform to custom, if one cares to inspire friendly feelings towards oneself in a foreign land. Thus, Norwegians are most scrupulous about taking off the hat; they doff it in saluting, and always when they enter a house or shop; and should you meet a man on the road he generally says, '*God Dag*' ('good day') or '*Godt mödt*' ('well met'), and stops to have a chat. At your departure from an inn the host (and all his family sometimes) wish you a '*lykkelig Reise*' ('happy journey'); and should you return by water, you are

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greeted on the shore with '*velkommen til Land*' ('welcome to land!') Again, after the simplest repast everyone replaces his chair, and all in succession shake hands with the hostess, saying, '*Tak for Maden*' ('thanks for the meal'). She generally answers, '*Vel bekommet,*' and there is a shaking, or rather squeezing, of hands all round. These, and many other observances, trifling as they appear, show, in my opinion, the natural politeness and good feeling characteristic of the nation.

Norway is divided into eighteen *Amter*, each under an *Amtmand*, who corresponds in position to our lord-lieutenant, except that he is of ten times the use. The Amtmand actually governs a portion of the country, being immediately under the king. Inferior to him in rank are two classes of civil functionaries, the *Foged* and the *Sörenskriver*. There are a great number of each, appointed to certain districts. The Sörenskriver is a district judge, civil and criminal combined. He is a paid officer,—amateur justice in the shape of country magistrates being unknown. The execution of the law devolves upon the Foged, who may be likened to a sheriff. Next to these come the *Lehsmænd*, of whom every parish contains one or more. These act as police, auctioneers, and have a variety of duties besides.

The army, at least the greater portion of it (exclusive of artillery) is a kind of militia. Like as in our militia, the men serve only during a portion of the year; the number of weeks per annum depending on length of service; being greatest for recruits. With few exceptions, all young men are bound to serve. Each corps is recruited from a particular district, where the captain resides, who receives pay from government all the year round, and a gaard to live in. The men are paid only during the time they are out for drill.

A Norwegian parish (*Præsteqjeld*) is frequently large in area; generally containing, besides the parish church (near which is the *Præstegaard*, or 'manse'), one or more other churches (*Annex Kirke*), often twelve or fourteen English miles apart, and the clergyman gives a Sunday to each in turn. Often, however, the weather prevents his attendance at an annex, the journey to which may be several miles over a stormy sea.

There being hardly any country towns, articles of daily use are supplied by general dealers, called *Landhandler* (country dealers), who are often the leading people in a place. Many of them are rather superior in education to the farmers around. Most of the large stations have a *Landhandel*, or shop of this kind.

Few people are without employment, either in farming or

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fishing; and, with the exception of the government officials, clergy, officers of the army, and country merchants, society consists of but one class, namely, that of the *Bonde*, or peasant. Of course there are different grades of it, from the rich proprietor to the labourer on his estate; but class feeling, which to the extent we carry it in England becomes almost a social curse, is in Norway much less severe. There is a national pride, free from arrogance, among the natives which gives them a manliness of character, so to speak, superior to that possessed by any other nation. They have all our best qualities and few of our worst. To imagine the peasantry less civilized than our own is a mistake. They may not be so advanced in knowledge of farming as those in England, but in general character and education they excel them.

Love of drink is always said to be the Normand's bane; however, judging from what I have seen, there exists less drunkenness among them than we find in the North of England. The sale of spirits, of which those made from potatoes and corn are most common, is now only allowed in the towns and on board steamboats. The latter, unfortunately, act as floating taverns to a great extent, having the privilege of selling brandy, &c., at their numerous stopping places along the coast.

Norwegian honesty is proverbial; and as to highway robbery, it is hardly known. Everyone acquainted with Norway will agree with me that it is a safer country to travel in than our own. There appears to be a general absence of that ruffianism among the working class which forms so disagreeable an element in society elsewhere. I cannot remember meeting half a dozen blackguards during four summer tours. Besides all this—and it is one of Norway's greatest charms—there is an English-like atmosphere of freedom, if I may be allowed the expression, which one never breathes in Germany or France.

That little crime exists may be partly owing to the natural goodness of the people; but there is another reason for it—at least in my opinion—and that is education. Every child learns to read and write. Valleys, where neither church nor roads are found, have each a schoolmaster during several months in the year. He divides his time between several neighbourhoods; first holding a school in one, and, later in the year, removing to another gaard. I ought to mention, that the whole country is Lutheran, with (barring a few Quakers) hardly any dissent. In that religion confirmation is much more rigidly enforced than it is in the English Church; many situations in life requiring that a candidate for them shall have been confirmed. Now the clergy will not perform the

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ceremony until a child can read, write, cipher, and understand its catechism. Schooling is therefore almost compulsory. The cost of it is defrayed by the community at large. A man pays the same whether he has six children or none. The tax is, however, a small one.

Most peasant children are taught a little history and every-day science in addition to the subjects I have named. The schools have the most admirable books on general knowledge I ever saw, far better than any used in English parish schools. One, quite worth reading by all, is the '*Læsebog for Folkeskolen og Folkehjemmet*,' i. e. 'Reading-book for the People's School and 'Home.' It is sold in town and country, cheap and strongly bound. The contents, which at the beginning of the book are easy reading and suitable for a child, become more difficult by degrees; and embrace a short history of Norway and other countries, church and Bible history, the elements of natural science, and much more. Another capital school volume is the '*Læsebog i Naturlæren for den Norske Almue*.' This contains natural history, botany, &c., with their applications to every-day life. Of course the subjects are merely sketched, but the amount of information, taken altogether, is immense.

Scandinavia is the birthplace of half our nursery tales, and there are numerous collections of wonderful stories about giants and evil-disposed sorcerers (*Trolde*); '*Norske Folke-Eventyr*,' written by Asbjörnsen and Moe, being one of the most complete.

So many Englishmen flock every summer to Norway for the sole purpose of sport, that a few words on that subject may not be out of place. The game generally met with in greatest abundance are *Ryper*. There are two varieties of them—*Dalryper*, a wood bird, and *Fjeldryper*, found on the mountains. The latter is the Scotch ptarmigan, and is common over the whole land. The peasantry go after these birds in mid-winter, but, being unfurnished with dogs, seldom bring home many brace. Latterly our countrymen have taken to this sport, and some few of them with considerable success. Nothing can be done without dogs, and these must be brought from England. It has often been a question whether our *red* grouse inhabits Norway. I have never seen one myself, and most sportsmen deny their existence; nevertheless one or two gentlemen have assured me this species has been shot. Black game are common on the wooded slopes; capercalze only in certain parts of the country. Woodcocks, although in summer they must be numerous, seem little known to the inhabitants. *Valdsneppe*, or more properly *Rugde*, is the Norwegian name

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for this bird. I have seen one now and then fly over me about dusk. Snipe and wild ducks may be plentiful in certain localities. Hares are uncommon. In time it is much to be feared the best ground will be let in the shape of moors; as yet this is rarely the case; men shoot on any mountain they like. No certificates are required, but there are fines for killing game out of season. Ptarmigan, black-game, capercalze, &c., are not permitted to be shot before the 15th of August.

Wild reindeer are found on many of the large mountain plateaux. They may be said to be rare, at least to all intents and purposes, owing to the immense extent of ground they range over, seldom remaining long in one place. I have been often in neighbourhoods celebrated as the resort of deer, but never found a trace of one, save some cast antlers among the stones. They are said to be on the increase. Numbers of English sportsmen try deer-stalking every year, but few, I believe, with even moderate success. The season begins on the 1st of August. In order to follow the sport, a man must be well 'rigged out,' understand the country, and be prepared to live on the fjeld. He may choose a sæter for his habitation, or he may have a tent. The mountains of *Gudbrandsdalen*, the *Sognefjeld*, and parts about *Lom*, are especially famous for reindeer. Red-deer, or an animal resembling them, inhabit some of the islands along the coast.

Bears, wolves, lynxes, and other beasts of prey, are gradually becoming extinct; a premium of 5 specie daler being awarded for every one destroyed. Smaller sums are paid for every eagle and hawk. Bears, however, are still denizens of the forest-clothed precipice in the wilder regions, and numbers of cows fall victims to these huge brown monsters during the autumn. At the same time their wandering habits, their shyness, and the difficulty of following them over the crags, render any *chance* pursuit of them nearly hopeless. One might spend years without a shot. Norwegians living in the neighbourhood where Bruin has slaughtered a cow, go in a body to look for him, and often avenge their loss. No one is afraid of bears in Norway; women and children pass fearlessly through woods, where it is always possible they may come across one; for these animals, when not molested, very rarely attack. Berries *

* Norway is a great country for the hardier kinds of fruit, as apples, cherries, currants, and raspberries. Of wild berries you find strawberries, cranberries, bilberries, and many other varieties, growing in profusion, often singularly intermixed, over crag and moor. Most of them are edible; one, the *Moltebær* (Rubus chamæmorus), being capital with cream. This, which I never saw in Scotland, grows on

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(especially bilberries) which grow in the greatest luxuriance, carpeting both forest and moor, form the normal food of bears during a great part of the year. They pass the winter months without eating, i. e. from the beginning of November until the following April. During this time they live in holes, often choosing one under the root of a tree, which they never leave; and, what is most singular, the female brings forth her young, generally two or three in number.

Salmon fishing, the sport *par excellence* of our countrymen, is naturally confined to certain rivers; but these are numerous, every fjord being fed by at least one. They differ greatly in the quantity of fish, and the same stream is never two seasons alike in this respect. I believe the majority of them are over-rated, and that most men who go to Norway for the first time, come back disappointed with the fishing. I am only speaking from hearsay, not being a fisherman myself. Neither does the remark apply to rivers such as the *Alten*, where the yearly take is immense. Wherever there are salmon you will find every pool let, and often underlet—many pieces of river being held on leases of twenty years. The standing nets, belonging by *right* to various families whose property borders the shore about the part where the river enters the fjord, take a very large number of fish that would otherwise come up, and thereby reduce the chance of rod-fishing in the pools. When Norway first became *known*, foreigners were allowed to fish wherever they thought fit, almost scotfree. Now it is very different; prices range up to 100*l.* and 200*l.* a year, and the expense of the *Alten* (including purchasing off the nets), is a great deal more. It therefore never answers to journey to Norway merely on the *chance* of getting salmon fishing; you must secure a stream beforehand, or, go where you will, the pools are let.

Now trout is usually spurned by salmon takers, and therefore, trout-fishing may be had. There are many good streams (where salmon are not found), and the people are generally

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high marshes, and is shaped somewhat like a raspberry, only of an orange hue. The leaf resembles that of a geranium, and the flower, white with a yellow centre, is seldom more than six or eight inches above the ground.[1]

[1] I have often seen and eaten the fruit—yellowish, with fewer and larger lobes than those of the raspberry, flavour rather sickly, and not particularly pleasant without cream—in the Mar Mountains, e.g. on the west side of Glen Calater. The plant is not uncommon on my own land in Strathdearn (Findhorn district), but I have never seen fruit there. It is called 'Averil,' or something like that, in Braemar. (Ed. A. J.)

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good-natured enough to let the stranger fish them. The tarns (or mountain lakes) are often full of big trout. Some of these waters above *Gudbrandsdalen* are worth trying; there you find fish 18 lbs. or 20 lbs. weight. I fancy, however, that in most tarns they can only be taken by bait or net, fly being of little use. It comes from what I have said, that a tourist, who likes fishing, ought to bring a *trout* but not a *salmon* rod. Should he be invited to fish salmon, his friend will lend him a rod.

Barring fieldfares (in the summer), magpies, and greybacked crows, the paucity of birds seen during a walk in Norway is remarkable; of singing birds there appears to be almost a dearth.

III.

AND now to come to Norwegian scenery. Everyone has his own idea of what constitutes beauty or grandeur; and on a view that pleases one, another would scarcely bestow a glance. In a country so large, scenery of all kinds may be found, but it is in gorges, where nature looks her sternest, that Norway may be said to excel. Added to this, there is the scenery along the Arctic coast, which is of a different character altogether; and also particular objects (rather than general views), for example, the *Vöringfos*, worth going hundreds of miles to visit.

It may be asked, 'Is the country as fine as Switzerland?' Well, one can hardly compare the two. If grandeur be proportioned to mere height alone, Switzerland must rank first, the loftiest mountain in Norway being under 9,000 ft. The scenery can cope with the Swiss only in the element of form; the precipices being *generally* bolder; and in charming combinations of mountain, wood, and water, Norway can vie with any land. Vertical cliffs of 2,000 ft. or more are rare in most countries, while in Norway such are common. This is probably owing to the hardness of the rocks, a very large portion of them being gneiss, or closely allied to that stone. The remark one author makes of there being a tameness of *skyline*, i.e. an absence of peaks in the upper portion of a chain, although true of a great part of Norway, is not without exceptions. Few ranges in Switzerland can surpass the *Horungtinder* in boldness of form; neither are the mountains within the Arctic circle subject to this defect. In some respects the country resembles the west part of Scotland, especially in the configuration of coast; the *Fjorde* being what we should term

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friths or *sea lochs*; but here everything is on a grander scale. Glencoe is tame compared to *Romsdal*, nor can Loch Duich compete with *Geirangerfjorden*.

The best scenery in Norway is found in patches here and there. These are, in many cases, separated (especially to travellers who follow the road) by intervals comparatively tame. Most of the grand valleys lie west of *Gudbrandsdalen*. If you take a map and draw lines from *Lom* (nearly in the centre of the country) to *Bergen* and *Molde*, the space enclosed by these lines and the coast will be found to contain most of the finest glens. There are nevertheless other districts not included in this triangle worth visiting, as *Thelemarken*, *Hardanger*, *Lysefjorden*, and the scenery along the Arctic coast.

For the greater portion of its extent, the Norwegian coast is protected from the fury of the ocean by a fringe of islands, which act as breakwaters, especially when they form a close chain. There are myriads of these islands, of all sizes, from a mere projecting reef to territories larger than the Isle of Man. Some have a few inhabitants along the coast, but the majority are barren or only used for pasturage. The voyage from Throndhjem to *Hammerfest* in weekly mail steamers—most of them comfortable boats, well managed in every respect—usually lasts six days. The grandeur of the coast scenery fairly begins on the second day. To give anything like a complete description of it from this point would require a book; here space only permits me to glance at the main features of the route. One island is perforated by a natural tunnel, said to be of huge dimensions. From the sea it appears like a loophole, showing daylight through a dome of rock. As you approach the Arctic circle, the mountains, hitherto feeble in outline, terminate in steep, torn peaks; and the islands become sterner in character—many of them wild precipices rising abruptly from the waves. The bold figure of the '*Hestmand*' (or 'Horseman,' from its resemblance to a mounted knight) is an island nearly on the Arctic circle, which latitude you cross the second day.

The population in the far north is nearly confined to fishermen living on the coast. Very little cultivation is seen, and there are no roads—all communication being by boat. The interior of the country appears to be an uninhabited tract of mountain, glacier, and lake. Ranges of snowy peaks crown the distant horizon. The temperature along the Arctic coast, owing to the influence of the Gulf-stream, is considerably milder than in many other parts of the world as far north; and there is a general abundance of vegetation, comprising

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grass, berries, juniper, &c. where the rocks are clothed with soil. After leaving Throndhjem but little forest is observable from the steamer; and as you proceed the quantity diminishes until there is scarcely a tree to be seen.

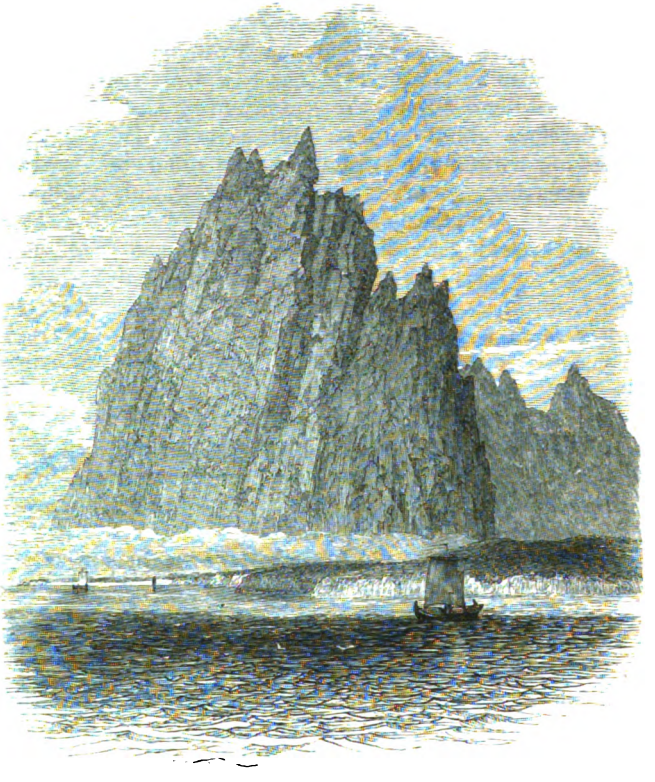
Mirage in these latitudes produces remarkable effects. Distant islands appear as if floating above the horizon and *doubled*; as you approach them the lower half begins to dip, and gradually to vanish in the sea. In fine weather nothing can be more splendid than the gradation of tints which colour the atmosphere about sunrise and sunset. In the extreme north during winter the aurora borealis must be superb. It is said there that, sometimes, a crackling sound, produced by electric action, accompanies the show.

Soon after leaving the little town of *Bodö* (on the third day), the steamer crosses an open sea, conventionally called the *Vestfjord*, to the *Lofoten* islands. This most remarkable group, appearing from a distance like one continuous land, or, as Murray says, 'a row of shark's teeth,' is a very labyrinth of mountain and sea, the tortuous passages between the islands being in many places mere rivers in breadth. Conceive a block of high land capped by peaks of the wildest form, and the whole submerged to above the plateau, and you have an idea of the scene. The cliffs generally rise precipitously (void of strand or beach) from the wave. They are not altogether barren; herbage and often scraggy birch grow in streaks among the crags. The highest point is said to be *Vaagekallen* (by station *Henningsvær*), of which I have given a rough sketch. This is an inaccessible aiguille between 2,000 and 3,000 feet high. *Svolvær* is one of the most picturesque stopping places in the group. I spent a week there in 1858 at the house of a very pleasant family. The father was a large Landhandler, and one of his daughters a musical genius. This young lady had composed a very pretty waltz for the guitar. The *Lofotenöer* are the seat of the cod fishery in February and March, and the population (confined to the coasts) are all connected with it, and many of them well to do. The *Mælström*, about which so much fiction has been penned, lies between two little öer or islands, at the south end of the chain. Here, the fact is, the tide during a high wind produces a sea of broken water, extremely dangerous for small craft. The *Storström* (near *Bodö*) resembles it, and is more dangerous, skippers say.

After quitting the *Lofotenöer*, the coast views become less grand, and a tourist pressed for time might relinquish his progress farther north. *Tromsö*, a town on an island, is a day beyond, but only interesting on account of the *Lapps*. Never having

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been farther than *Tromsö*, I will say nothing relative to the voyage on to *Hammerfest* and round the Cape. Portions of it have been described as worth visiting, where glaciers sweep down into the sea.



VAAGEKALLEN—LOFOTEN ISLANDS. (SKETCHED BY J. R. CAMPBELL.)

The Lapps (probably the remnant of some Asiatic race) form a small and generally nomadic sprinkling of humanity in the far north of Norway and Sweden. They are low in stature, and their physiognomy, language, mode of life, as well as their dress, proclaim them a nation most distinct in blood from the present masters of the soil. The Lapp is simply a herdsman, reindeer constituting his flock. His whole property consists of these animals, which, in one way or other, supply nearly all his simple wants. During life the deer serves him as horse and cow, and after death he eats the flesh and makes clothing of the skin. As the reindeer are instinctively migratory, the

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Lapp is compelled to be so too. They pass the long winter in the interior, and the hot weather near the sea. I cannot account for this fact, further than by supposing climate may be one cause; in summer it is coolest by the seashore; there are also fewer flies and mosquitoes—terrible enemies of the deer. It is said the same herd, and, consequently, also their owners, always return to the same ground they have grazed on before. In some cases they cross over to an island, where the channel is narrow enough for them to swim, the Lapps following in boats.

On the mainland, opposite *Tromsö*, there are Lapps every summer for about two months. When I visited the spot, there were four families—the same that came every year. Men and women, children and dogs, all lived in two bee-hive-shaped huts, which stood together by the side of a stream in a valley wooded with birch. They were both of a pattern, and the largest might be 18 ft. wide inside, and 8 ft. high. It was formed of a framework of arched birch stems with horizontal pieces at different heights all round, and shorter branches fitted in between; the exterior was covered with sods, birch bark, and more branches of that tree. A door framed into the side; a few stones for a hearth in the centre; and a hole in the top—serving as chimney and window combined—completed the building. They had an iron pot suspended over the fire, in which reindeer bones were simmering; it was the evening meal. A few wooden bowls, a Staffordshire teacup, some bladders full of deer's milk and muffin-shaped cheeses made from it, were about all the hut contained – barring the inmates. Of these some spoke a little Norsk. One old woman was sewing shoes, or rather those deerskin bags in which Lapps encase their feet; while several boys and dogs were reposing under the wall. On another occasion I saw a woman making fladbröd. The reindeer's milk tastes nearly like cow's cream, and the cheeses are not unpalatable. They are reckoned excellent as lubricants for chilblains and frostbites.

The deer graze during the day, Lapp boys attending them; and as six o'clock in the evening approaches, the boys, assisted by small colley dogs, drive them in to milk. For this purpose there are two circular enclosures, each constructed of a rampart of birch stakes and boughs. Into these the deer are driven, and the openings are closed when all are inside. A boy, armed with a rope, both ends of which he holds, now singles out a doe, and swinging it somewhat like a lasso, catches her at once by her horns. The deer often starts back and then plunges,

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but, notwithstanding this, the Lapp retains his hold. Eventually she is brought to a stump and secured to it, a hitch being first made round her muzzle with the rope. A woman then goes up and milks her. The quantity of milk is very small for the size of the beast.

The Lapps only travel in sledges when snow is on the ground; in summer the deer are laden with goods secured over the back, when on a journey, and their owners walk.

Besides Norwegians and Lapps there are a few *Quains* scattered over the North. These Quains are what we were taught to call 'Finlanders' at school. They belong, in fact, to the ancient race of Finland. They have their own language, *Quensk*, are taller than the Lapps, and of more settled habits. Many have homesteads, and they usually live by fishing. The Norwegians call a Lapp a *Landfin*, and a Quain a *Söfin* (i. e. 'Sea-fin'); an absurd system of designation, as the races are quite distinct.

The summer at *Tromsö* is too short to ripen grain. The people, nevertheless, plant barley, which is cut green and given as fodder to the cattle. I would here observe to those of my readers who wish to learn more about Norwegian farming, that no work contains so good an account of it as that by Mr. Laing. '*Laing's Residence in Norway*' describes, also, the social and political institutions; it gives his experience of life among the people, and is the best book of the kind I have read.

Those who desire to see the *midnight sun* should commence their tour by a voyage to the North. About the *Lofotenöer* there are some two weeks during which the sun does not set. A month might be spent among these islands and the mountains farther north. There is a continuous line of shore stations, where accommodation may be had; but to do the thing luxuriously it would be best to have a yacht.

IV.

On the return voyage one may land at Throndhjem, and thence pursue the overland route to *Molde*, which I once did; or continue the journey to Molde by sea. The country between the two towns is quite inferior to districts I shall presently describe. At Throndhjem the cathedral is worth a visit; there is little else. The Norwegians have a custom of bringing fresh flowers every summer week to adorn the graves of those they held dear in life; and many graves have pretty flower-beds over

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them, beautifully kept. Throndhjem churchyard furnishes the best examples I have seen.

Supposing you to land at Molde, you are within half a day (by steamer) of *Romsdal*, one of the grandest defiles in the kingdom. It is unnecessary to drive more than twelve English miles up it; after that the wonders diminish, and the rest of the road to Christiania becomes comparatively tame. I may here remark that the Christiania road from Throndhjem is about the poorest route in Norway. The only moderately fine bits on it are south of the *Dovrefjeld* and the descent to *Laurgaard* station. It is the highway of the English; but those who traverse it, if they see no other portions of the country, must receive but false impressions of what Norway really contains. The valley it runs through, *Gudbrandsdalen*, is inferior to much we have near home. The journey from Throndhjem to Christiania requires four or five days.

However, to return to *Romsdal*: the grandest feature is the 'horn.' *Romsdalshorn*, rising from a slippery wall of rock, terminates in a tower-shaped peak some 4,000 feet above the valley. There is a tradition of the summit having once been reached by two men. Both are now dead. Since then no attempt has been successful. Hardly less terrible in appearance are the weird pinnacles called *Troldtinderne*, on the opposite side of the dale. From the hill behind Molde you have a wonderful view of the *Romsdal* fells.

From Molde, by fjord and road, or from *Romsdal* (in which latter case you cross the mountains to the west), the traveller cannot do better than proceed viâ *Sundelven* fjord and *Hellesylt* station, to that nucleus of grand scenery the upper portion of the *Nordfjord*,—three days direct. There are capital little steamers on all these, as well as on the *Sogne*, *Hardanger*, and other principal fjorde. Most of them run at least once a week, calling at the chief stations along the shore. Time-tables, issued every summer, give the days of sailing, &c.

Excepting *Gudvangen* and *Lysefjorden* probably nothing in Norway can rival in savage grandeur one branch of the *Sundelven*. This is the *Geirangerfjord*, and it can be explored in a day from *Hellesylt*. There is a known pass (for pedestrians) from the east end of this fjord over to Gaard *Mörk* in *Lom*.

Between *Hellesylt* and *Faleide* (both stations, as are nearly all the places I name) several glens are passed on the right; and one of them, just before you reach *Haugen*, lies under the shadow of *Horningdalsrokken*, a peak crowning the finest precipice in Norway. Being the first Englishman who reached

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the top, a short account of the ascent may not be out of place. I arrived at *Haugen* the evening of the 27th July, 1866.



HORNINGDALSROKKEN, NORWAY. (SKETCHED BY J. R. CAMPBELL.)

Lars Elias, the station master, gave me some porridge and a bed, and next day we two started about 5½ A.M. in a cart. Our drive was some 3½ miles up the valley to a sæter, where we left the horse and cart, and the rest of the way was on foot. Two miles or so through birch wood brought us to near the head of the glen; eventually getting clear of the forest and on to a green knoll which overlooked a tarn. This water was probably above 1,000 ft. above the sea; and, almost vertically from its margin, rose the peak we had in view—a straight wall of rock between 3,000 ft. and 4,000 ft. high (?). The summit, seen from below, appeared to terminate in a rugged tower;

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but it was not so (as I afterwards found), being in reality a ridge, of which we only saw the end. The ascent from where we stood looked uninviting enough; but Lars had been up several times before and never hesitated about the route. We followed a corry, sheltered on the left by this wall of crag, up to a col, or slack, which took us 1½ hours to reach. It was very stiff climbing; and, from the steepness and slippery nature of the ground, the descent of this portion (on our return) was quite as slow. For a long way up there was verdure, including ferns and bilberries, which decked the slopes leading between *Fjeldhammer* (as crags forming terraces across a mountain side are called), but as we approached the col this disappeared. We were now on the upper part of a field of névé, from which flowed a glacier down the reverse side of the fell. Gently rising, now in a direction parallel to the glen, we traversed the névé—the ridge being above us on our left. The snow was just right for walking on, and there was no difficulty in winding round to its junction with the rock at the farther and more accessible end of the ridge. The edge was very narrow, so much so that on one part I adopted the crawling system, like a bear. It sloped up gently to the top, and then continued nearly horizontal for some way. The whole ridge was bare of snow, forming a crest on the mountain like the comb of a cock. We were obliged to follow the edge of it owing to the smoothness of the craggy slope on the left. As to the other side, one might have measured it with a plummet. According to a legend, a very long while ago, a *Trold*, or giant (who resided on the top), used to sit there and fish the tarn below by throwing down a line! A cairn marked the highest point. The view was wonderfully wild. Following the way we had come, we reached *Haugen* by 3½ P.M.

The mountains of Norway occur in great blocks rather than chains; the *Dovrefjeld* may serve as an example. Or, more accurately speaking, the long chain running through the country north and south consists, for the most part, of several such blocks linked by lower elevations. Steep slopes lead from the main valleys up to a highland forming the general top. This may be nearly a plateau, but is usually broken into ravines, more or less. Lakes, rivers, and snow-fields diversify the hollows; and the swells and ridges separating these are summits bearing names. For the most part these highlands consist of grassy moors, as is the case with the *Dovre* and *Fille Fjelde*; and wherever it is so, sæters are established. On several fjelde, however (not altogether depending on their height), nearly the whole is a field of névé, perhaps 100 square miles in extent,

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broken only by bare crags, and feeding a circle of glaciers which descend into the world below.

Now, the *Nordfjord* terminates at the foot of one such block or fjeld, viz., the *Jostedalsbræ*—*Bræ* or *Iisbræ* properly meaning 'glacier'; and you can best explore the western, which is the grandest, side by taking up your quarters at *Taaning* (a good inn) about 3½ miles from *Faleide* and close to *Visnæs*, where the Bergen steamer calls. You are then close to the head of the fjord, where three splendid valleys begin. Of these *Opstryen*, albeit it contains a fine lake (or *Vand* in Norsk), is the least remarkable. From the upper part of this first valley there are passes to *Hellesylt* and *Lom*, and a glacier route to *Jostedal* (a glen on the *Sognefjord*). The view from a mountain called *Kirkenæbbet*, a short day's excursion from Taaning, which ladies may take, is extremely beautiful. *Lodendal*, another of the valleys, is thoroughly Norsk in character. It also holds a water, conducting to a defile called *Næsdal*—a narrow *cul de sac*, grim and gloomy, and barred by a precipitous glacier at the end.

The third valley, that above *Olden* (where there is no inn), is the finest of the three, and requires a day or two to explore. (One can sleep at a farm-house.) *Melkevoldbræ* curdles down the gorge at its head, and there are two other Bræer in ravines on the left; one of them, *Brixdalsbræ*, the cleanest glacier I ever saw. Owing to the fjeld having its steeper slopes towards the west, the ice gorges here are short; and the glaciers descend abruptly, torn into a chaos of crevasses. They display little appearance of moraine on the surface, but the terminal débris extends over a considerable length of ground. Many of the lofty summits about here are very bold in outline; one, called *St. Ceciliaskrone*, which I ascended, especially so. It springs from the side of a lake in this valley, and may be some 5,000 feet high. We went up in the afternoon, starting from *Eide*, a gaard in the glen. I and my guides first of all climbed a long, steep corry, leading up to a hollow, down which flowed a glacier, from a col near the top. This we followed without difficulty; and, arrived at the col, had a scramble over a stoney tract to the highest point, the apex of a dome of crags. The rosy light of sunset, flooding the snow mountains on the opposite side of the glen, was as deep as the glow from a furnace; and the dusky abyss which separated us from them seemed but a gun-shot in width. Even at this altitude there was vegetation, but chiefly confined to a black lichen and the 'reindeer 'flower' (*Rensdyrblomst*, properly called Ranunculus glacialis). This latter grows on the highest pinnacles, and is said to be esteemed by reindeer—hence its name.

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Leaving the *Nordfjord*, where a week or two might well be spent, two days bring you to *Vadheim*, on the *Sognefjord*. *En route* you have *Bredheimsvand*, a lake singularly stern in character towards its head, and catch glimpses of glaciers crawling over the precipitous heights above *Skei*.

The *Sognefjord*, like many of these larger friths, resembles in plan the skeleton of a tree; and it is not so much along the main channel as in the offshoots, corresponding to branches and twigs, that the grandest scenery is to be found. Many of these are dark narrow lanes of water, bent into reaches which here and there expand to the size of lakes. Wooded precipices rise straight from the deep, and numbers of cataracts roar down on all sides. Many of the falls remind one of the Swiss *Staubbach*—tassels of spray depending from some ledge, and swinging with the breeze thousands of feet above the fjord.

Not only are several of these small branches so fine, but the valleys leading down to them are often quite as remarkable. *Fjærland* and *Jostedal* (with their glaciers), *Fortunsdal*, *Aurdal*, and *Gudvangen*, are the most interesting glens connected with the *Sognefjord*. To see *Jostedal* you land at *Rönnei* (a capital inn near *Marifjæren* station), and it is a day's ride up the glen to the extreme end. In it, and the surrounding neighbourhood, are several large glaciers, generally longer and wider, but less inclined, than those on the *Nordfjord*; but the same tract of névé supplies all these ice-streams. *Nigaadsbræ* is one of the largest, which every tourist goes to see; and as there is no station or inn, it is usual to sleep at the clergyman's house. This gentleman receives a certain allowance to enable him to entertain strangers; but the sum is very small compared to the numbers who every summer 'use' his house; and as one can offer no remuneration beyond thanks in broken Norsk, I should advise all my mountaineering friends to put up at some gaard instead. Where there are ladies the case is different; and I may add, nothing can exceed the kindness and hospitality of the clergyman and his wife to all who come.

Nigaardsbræ, *Tunbergsdalsbræ*, and other glaciers of the district, are yearly diminishing in size. The first of the above has in front of it a desert, extending a good half mile along the glen; and this is ridged by a series of walls, of ancient terminal moraine. The walls form curved segments, with the concavities towards the ice, running nearly at right angles to the course of the glacier, and separated by zones of level ground, covered with shingle. Most of the stones in the moraines are small and rounded. Another remarkable feature about this glacier is the scraped appearance of the rocks

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which flank its base. This extends for 500 feet or more above the present level of the ice, and affords a good indication of the size of the glacier during former periods of its life.

There is an excursion, I once made, from *Rönnei* over the mountains to *Veitestrand*, a strikingly wild valley with two glaciers and a long lake. From this there are passes to *Fjærland*. We returned another way; viz. by boat down the lake, and, then landing, walked by *Hillestad* to *Marifjæren*. Pink snow is common on the mountains in this district. I have several times seen it.

Fortunsdal (at the end of the *Lyster* branch of this great fjord) lies under a second group or 'block' of highland, the *Sognefjeld*, probably the most remarkable of any in Norway. The *Horungtinder*, its culminating points, form a cluster of peaks; the highest said to be 8,000 ft. above the sea. These '*Tinder*' or peaks, are portions of sharp ridges, whose naked and nearly vertical sides are set in a framework of snow. In



HORUNGTINDERNE FROM THE PASS. (SKETCHED BY J. R. CAMPBELL.)

wildness of contour some of them might compete with the *Matterhorn*; mostly they are inaccessible, or, at any rate, have never been climbed. The loftiest is one of the *Skaggastöltinder*, the most easterly row. A glacier divides this from the *Ringstinder*, forming the centre *arête*; and a similar stream of ice lies between the latter and *Dyrhaugstinderne*, towards

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the west. This last ridge is connected with a lofty overhanging spire. There is a grassy glen below the glaciers, with sæter on it, traversed by a horsepass leading to *Lom*; and, either from the pass, or from a height called *Klippernaase* above it, you have a wonderful view of the whole.

It is *about* 6½ Norwegian (45½ Eng.) miles from *Berge* to *Rödsheim*; the former being the last station on the *Fortun* side, the latter the first in *Lom*. The journey is best broken by sleeping at *Bævertun*, a sæter about 28 English miles from where you start. The scenery during the first day is strikingly wild.

Norway's reputed highest mountain flanks a portion of the route. The *Galdhöpigge* (or 'Pike of Galdhö,' named after a farm at its base) is 8,533 ft. above the sea; or, measured from the stream in *Bæverdal*, it rises *about* 6,959 ft. These altitudes are taken from an old survey; a new one is now being made, and many begin to question the correctness of the former. Thus some think that, if properly measured, one of the *Horungtinder* or the *Knudstöltind* (which lies in a wilderness of fjeld between *Bygden* and *Gjenden* lakes) may turn out to be the highest point.

I was staying some time at *Rödsheim* in 1866 (partly on account of bad weather), and after having been twice driven back by clouds, reached the top on August 18, a clear day. I had two guides, as there were glaciers to cross; and although the crevasses might turn out to be trifling, I thought it prudent to take a rope. Starting early in the morning from *Rödsheim*, 1½ hours brought us to *Raubergstöl* (a sæter), mostly by a cow path winding up through a wood. From this we sloped up diagonally on to a broad 'back'—one could hardly term it a ridge. This, at first, is a tract of débris and by far the worst portion of the route. It forms, as it were, the crest of the mountain, leading all the way to the summit, from which it is separated by a deep gap. Gently rising, we gained a tarn in a little more than three hours from the sæter. It lies under a glacier and is shored on the far side by a wall of ice. With its little icebergs it reminded me of the *Märjelen See* in Switzerland. I believe the whole excursion might be considerably shortened by following the valley to *Bæverdal* church, or to a point beyond it, and from there mounting straight to this tarn. The usual course from the tarn is along a stony tract bordering the east shore; we, unfortunately, chose the glacier on the other side, and found walking very laborious, owing to a thick skin of fresh snow. Our progress was very slow, although at times nearly on a level; the wavy 'back' being above us on our

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right, while to our left (below the glacier) was *Visdal*, whence the ascent is also sometimes made. We had two glaciers to traverse, both of them smooth but with narrow crevasses beneath the snow. The first is called the *Styggebræ*, and the other the *Tvæbottenbræ*; they are divided by a ridge, and the latter flows directly from the top. A spur-like ridge, projecting from the steep snow slopes of the highest portion of the mountain, enabled us to reach the summit. This is a plateau of snow with vertical precipices on all sides but one. We had been 6½ hours from the sæter; but had the snow been harder, should have done it in, at least, an hour less. The top commands a view, the wildest I ever saw. In nearly all directions, but especially towards the south, ridges and pinnacles rise one behind another, each mantled with snow, like foamy waves of a colossal sea. Barring one with its lakes and rivers, the valleys appeared as dusky grooves, scarcely distinguishable; not one house was to be seen even with a glass. Nothing was visible but forms of crag and snow; several mountains (the *Glittertind*, in *Visdal*, for one) being spire-like. The panorama was almost a chaos, hundreds of square miles in extent. Still there were some signs of life—a hare had left her track across the top.

Ole Rödsheim (of *Rödsheim*) is a justly celebrated guide. Professionally a small farmer, he has taught himself English and some German, and, I believe, has a smattering of botany and mineralogy besides. From his station the carriage route to *Lillehammer* begins; you can drive there in from two to three days; thence by steamer and rail on to Christiania in one.

To return to the *Sognefjord*. From the village of *Lærdalsören* there is a road *viâ* the *Fillefjeld* and *Valders* to Christiania; a journey of four or five days. The approach to the fjeld is good and the scenery of the *Lille Mjössenvand* fine. After this the views grow tame, and it is scarcely an interesting route. But the most remarkable branch of the *Sognefjord* is that leading to *Gudvangen*. This, with *Nærodalen* (the glen beyond), contains scenes of rugged grandeur equal to any in the land. The road from *Gudvangen* runs to Bergen, which may be reached in two or three days; it is, however, a good plan to leave it at *Vossevangen* and strike into *Hardanger*—a *détour* which may occupy from four days to a week.

The *Hardangerfjord* has been praised to the skies; but I think the traveller will be disappointed with it, after seeing others I have described. The mountains are high and charmingly wooded, but they have a poverty of outline—the tops

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are too flat. Here again is a snowy highland (the *Folge Fond*), some forty miles long. One of its glaciers, the *Buerbræ* near *Odde*, had advanced, I was told when there in 1866, about 2,000 *Alen* (i.e. 1,370 yards) during the preceding twenty years; it was added, that other glaciers from the same source had not grown longer during that time. The truth of the latter part of the statement I doubt, albeit I had it from a native of the place.

The best day's excursion from *Odde* is to *Ringedal* and back. Both the lake and the glen leading to it from the fjord are very fine. A lofty waterfall thunders down into the lake; and another *Fos*, the *Tyssestrænge*, formed by two meeting in their descent, is seen on the right, cased in an amphitheatre of crags. The track to the lake would be hardly traversable in parts, owing to the frequent occurrence of strips of smooth rock which it crosses, were it not for ledges formed of fir stems pinned to them. Along these you walk with ease, and even cows and horses pass. The quantity of such slippery crags (*roches moutonnées*) among the mountains of Norway is remarkable.

But what is of most interest in the *Hardanger* district is the celebrated *Vöringfos*. This lies about fourteen miles above the steamer-station *Vik*. Although the highest in Norway, the descent being estimated at 900 ft., it is questionable whether, as a sight, it equals the *Rjukan* fall. Of the latter you have a front view, while the *Vöring* can hardly be seen but from above. Still the jump of a large stream into a gorge—truly horrible in its grandeur, a mere groove in breadth and 1,000 ft. deep from where you stand—produces an impression no traveller who has seen it can ever forget.

Hardangen is visited by weekly steamers from Bergen, and I believe there are boats also from Stavanger. I have scarcely mentioned the towns of Norway for this reason—they contain hardly anything to see. Christiania is the dullest capital in Europe. A day is quite enough there. Stavanger contains a very old church, interesting to architects at least. At Bergen there is a museum of natural history, &c. worth visiting. Bergen is the prettiest town in the country. The principal part of it is clustered on a rocky promontory projecting into a bay, backed by hills right and left, with a little lake in the rear. Most of the houses are wood and tinted; and, from wherever you view it, the place has a charming effect. It is said to rain at Bergen two hundred days in the year. This is an exaggeration. Doubtless along the west coast the rainfall is considerable, though less, I believe, than in some parts of Scotland. Generally an east wind brings fine weather to the fjords and

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rain in *Gudbrandsdalen* (and other valleys lying east of the main chain); a west wind having exactly the reverse effect—wet along the coast and dry weather inland.

In the early portion of this hasty sketch of Norwegian scenery I incidentally alluded to the *Lysefjord.* There is a small open steamer once or twice a week from Stavanger to *Fossand,* seventeen or eighteen miles. There the fjord begins; a narrow gloomy channel twenty-five miles long—to a great extent hemmed in by towering walls of bare rock. The upper end is the most striking portion; there there are two or three farms, but neither station nor church. So retired is this spot that the clergyman, who lives twenty-nine miles off, only visits it once a year, except when specially sent for. On that occasion he consecrates the graves of any who may have died since his last visit, and who have been buried by their friends in a little sacred enclosure overlooking the lonely glen and fjord. The clergyman also examines the children in their catechism, &c. In other parts of Norway where a regular church exists, the priest devotes several months to the religious instruction of all young people preparing for confirmation; and the answers some of them give to questions in elementary theology would do credit to most adults belonging to the educated classes of our own country. In visiting the *Lysefjord* it is a good plan to leave the steamers at a place called *Höle,* a better station than *Fossand,* and take a boat from there right to the end of the fjord.

The valley which now contains this arm or finger of the sea, as is the case with many other glens, once formed the channel of a glacier. The usual marks, scratches and grooves in the rock, are plainly exhibited here and there along the shore. Nor is this all: there are fragments of ancient moraines on the mountain-sides; one, a Titanic wall, lying some 200 ft. or 300 ft. above *Fossand,* is exceedingly remarkable. Many of the stones it contains are of immense size. I forgot to mention that in *Jostedal* the remains of a lateral moraine stretch horizontally across the western slopes some 1,000 ft. above the river. Along the shore of the *Lysefjord* many beautiful serpentine formations may be observed; also (a mile or two above *Fossand* in a rock forming part of the south shore) a string of so-called '*Jettegryder*' or 'Giants' Kettles.' These geological curiosities are cup-shaped hollows in the rock, probably having been, at some remote period of the world's history, pools in the bed of a mountain-stream, now no longer existing; or, if so, pursuing a widely different course. They are often found far removed from any torrent. Close to *Berge* is a very distinct set; others are passed on the hill above *Hellesylt,* just below the road near the

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clergyman's house. In both these latter cases the ancient watercourse is nearly parallel to, but hundreds of feet above, the present stream.

Up the fjorde along the west coast there is very little tide, and the water towards their extremities, owing to the influx of large rivers, is nearly fresh. The smaller branches usually freeze in winter, while the main arteries remain open, or only partially covered with ice. The steamers, for the most part, ply all the year round; in winter getting as far up the fjorde as the ice will permit. They carry the mails to post-offices along their respective routes. Where there is no steam communication, the letter-bags are transported by row-boat or karjol. The posts are slow but sure. In few parts of Norway are there deliveries more than twice a week.

There remains one other important district worthy of notice, and with that I will conclude. *Thelemarken*, in the south of Norway, can be reached from Christiania, either viâ *Drammen* or *Skien* (to which there is a steamer from the capital); and a patient pedestrian may attack it from *Hardanger* direct, by traversing the *Hardangerfjeld*, said to be 156 miles across (?) In *Thelemarken* costume is more displayed than in other parts of Norway, being less confined to women alone. Here the male population adhere to their ancient garb, viz. an extremely short-waisted jacket with bright buttons, breeches, and silver shirt studs, &c. The dress of the women of Norway varies with the locality, and would take pages to describe. It is seldom picturesque. Every man and boy carries a knife, called a *Tollekniv*: it is worn in a sheath strapped round the waist, and used for general purposes. *En passant*, I have never thought it necessary to drag about a revolver, but there are nevertheless some freshmen to the country who do so. When not exhibited as a threat it becomes simply a harmless absurdity; Norway, to a stranger, being a much safer place than London by night. Stories are current of tourists displaying one in order to enforce a 'command,'—a very dangerous game at the best. They were put down as madmen.

In every country a traveller finds some element of discomfort. Norway has its drawbacks, and the principal one is *dirt*. I do not mean to imply that all houses are alike in this respect; a large number are clean and well kept; but, among the poorer people especially, cleanliness is lamentably rare. Possibly in other lands the same class are quite as bad; but where you lodge in hotels you are less liable to suffer from this defect. Here, frequently, there is no escape for you; you must put up in a *flea-hive*, or bivouac out on the fjeld. The amount of

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cleanliness varies much with the district, and in this respect *Thelemarken* is far from being the best. A tin can full of insect powder is much more to the purpose in journeying through many parts of Norway than the cart-load of eatables many travellers consider essential on a tour.

There is a singular ancient church at *Hitterdal*, in this district, built of wood. It is covered with scales, and decorated with quaint ornaments and spires. Another of the same class is at *Borgund*, near *Lærdalsören*.

The traveller in *Thelemarken* must not expect the bold mountain forms he has seen farther north; but should he only have a week in Norway he could hardly devote himself to a better district than this. The great attraction of the journey is the magnificent *Rjukanfos*.

This is situated amongst high mountains, distant two days from Christiania, or half a day (eight miles) from the inn at *Dale*. You look from the edge of a cauldron of rocks, some 300 or 400 yards wide, the bottom of which forms the pool; and in front of you tumbles the river, making one plunge of 600 feet. There is a considerable difference of opinion regarding the heights of both this and the Vöringfos. I believe the only means taken to compute them has been that of timing the descent of a stone. The dimensions I give are those commonly received as the true ones, but to the spectator they will probably seem to be exaggerated. The view, also, from the side of the ledge or lip, over which the torrent pours, is sublime. This point may be reached either by the track called the *Maristi*, part of which requires caution owing to the smoothness of the crags; or better, by a slightly circuitous way, which latter—having tried both—I certainly prefer. Arrived there, and lying on your chest, you gaze over the brink on to a scene fearfully grand. The river *Maan*—large early in summer owing to the melting of the snows—comes tearing down a rapid leading to the fall. White as milk, from its battle with the crags, onward the water rushes, one might almost say to its doom. From the brink one fierce bound—a leap so appalling it might serve as a symbol of death—amid a roar and crash that shakes the rock, and, it is gone! Columns of spray rebound from the basin, and lofty clouds of vapour reek amongst the crags. When I was there two arcs of rainbow formed a broken bridge across the pool. A mile down the valley, and the river flows in peace. A poet might liken its course to that of a good soul passed through death into a happier world.

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