

and drawing-rooms at home; to realize that it grows in the ground, and not in a pot or tub to be brought indoors for the winter season. The arches of gigantic kanari-trees growing over by-lanes and village paths, although intended for triumphal avenues and palace driveways, overpower one with the mad extravagance, the reckless waste, and the splendid luxury of nature. The poorest may have his hedge of lantana, which, brought from the Mauritius by Lady Raffles, now borders roads, gardens, and the railway-tracks from end to end of the island. The humblest dooryard may be gay with tall poinsettia-trees, and bougainvilleas may pour a torrent of magenta leaves from every tree, wall, or roof. The houses of the rich planters about Buitenzorg are ideal homes in the tropics, and the Tjomson and other great

tea and coffee estates are like parks. The drives through their grounds show one the most perfect lawns and flower-beds and ornamental trees, vines, and palms, and such ranks on ranks of thriving tea-bushes and coffee-bushes, every leaf perfect and without flaw, every plant in line, and the warm red earth lying loosely on their roots, that one feels as if in some ornamental *jardin d'acclimatation* rather than among the most staple and serious crops of commerce. Yet from end to end of the island the cultivation is as intense and careful, entitling Java to its distinction as "the finest tropical island in the world." It is the gem of the Indies, the one splendid jewel in the Netherlands crown, and a possession to which poor Cuba, although corresponding exactly to it geographically and politically, has been vainly compared.

*Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.*

## A DAY IN NORWAY.

**I**T was after 11 o'clock P. M. of a July day that I looked down from the high deck of the Hull steamer, which had been stealing through the silent Christiania Fiord, and now was made fast to the quay at the foot of the city. There was an apparent mystery about our approach: there had been no light in the city; we had passed scarcely any other craft; and, to my imagination, the little crowd gathered upon the quay spoke in whispers. I tried to make out in the strange light the pleasant face of my expectant hostess, Fru G—, and heard her voice first; the sound was more reassuring than the face, for speaking ghosts are rare. In the dim silence it was easy to believe that we had sailed from busy, draggled England to another world which borrowed all the light from the moon. I clambered down the plank, and took my place in the phaëton by my friend's side, while the driver perched behind us, gathered his reins, which were always on the point of boxing my ears, and telegraphed some message to the little Norwegian pony, which seemed to be the leader of a tandem that had lost his companion.

The stucco fronts of the buildings added to the enchantment; they looked as if quarried from moonshine. And what were these little children flitting through the streets? Were they gnomes? I touched my companion. I threw an added cheerfulness into my

voice as we bowled along out of the city and through suburban roads to where Frogner lay, amid dark-green trees, looking down upon the waters of the fiord. It seemed impossible to speak of ordinary things; were not we ourselves of mysterious flesh and blood? I wanted to get into the light to look at myself and my companion, but in the house no lamps or candles were lighted. It was the strange shadow of day which broods in those high latitudes during the nights of the summer months. It was not twilight, but a strange deepening of shade which did not grow darker as the night went on, but changed its tone, so that the dark greens seemed to take on a purplish tinge, and a spectral light transfigured all objects. I am very sure that in the dying out of the race of fairies, the last haunt which they will leave will be the midnight hills and waters of Scandinavia.

Often as I sat, late into the night, watching the strange *belysning*, as the Norwegians term it, I never escaped the glamour which crept over me; and Fru G— confessed that the weird scene was as novel to her now as when she first saw it, nearly a score of years ago. The long day, which knows only a faint shading in the middle of each twenty-four hours, lasts for a few weeks, and during that time bewitches the people. They travel indifferently by day or by night,—called so by courtesy,—and take long excursions with children who are playing out of doors till

one thinks their mothers have forgotten that there is any bedtime. The lights on the coast are unlighted, and the lamps within the houses are never called for.

My day in Norway lasted four or five weeks of ordinary time, and for a week or so I was within the region of perpetual sun. It is possible for the sun to be clouded by night as well as by day, and so it happened that only twice did I have the good fortune, when crossing to the North Cape and returning, to see the sun at midnight. It may be that the fog which had veiled so much of the coast from our sight had something to do with heightening the effect of that wondrous afternoon which stretched on and on until it lifted and widened into a new day. We had left Tromsö behind, looking, with its crowded houses and spires and masts, like a miniature city. The snow was everywhere; only three weeks before there had been a race on snowshoes at Tromsö, and we passed valleys now where the fields lay hopelessly buried beneath the lingering snow. It was past the middle of summer, and before these fields could be plowed the new winter snow would fall. The fiords and sounds through which we moved were captivating in their winding mystery. We steamed forward against what seemed an impassable barrier of snow-covered rock, when suddenly a crack would discover itself, we would creep into its opening, and find ourselves, it may be, in a broad bay. As we came this afternoon toward Kaag Sund, a wild chaos of island and mountain forms was before us. It seemed impossible that we should penetrate the dark mass, and as our boat went steadily forward we appeared to be driving to destruction. In every direction were ranges of lofty, snow-covered, rocky heights. Glaciers could be descried by their form, but only occasionally could the glitter of ice be seen beneath the weight of snow. The summits of these mountains were from two to five thousand feet high, and rising as they did from the open sea, the effect was strangely impressive.

It grieved me that day to think that the sea and the mighty forms, the sun shining upon the white snow, the black rocks breaking forth from the glittering coldness, the mists wreathing the tops of peaks or lying in banks across the precipitous side—that all this wondrous scene would fade in its exact outline from my mind, and that even the impression made upon me would grow indistinct. We say at such times that we never can forget the sight. Alas! we do forget it, all but shreds and fragments. Yet

there is something better even than the memory of lost landscapes, and that is the momentary glimpse which one may get, in the presence of such scenes, of some common human experience. The great cliffs of Kaagö overhung us as we passed through the sound, and on the opposite island of Arno there were great valleys filled with snow. The pilot pointed one out to me. Never before, he said, had such snow been seen there. I asked if there were any houses in view, and, directing my sight, he showed me close by the water's edge a few shivering houses, with the cold water before them and the cold snow behind. The silence of sleep seemed upon the white valley. I turned, and saw behind the crags and glaciers of the Lyngen, and there rushed into my mind the meaning of Tennyson's

Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

Like the poet, I found no words which could quite interpret the thought, but I could understand how in such a scene the prevailing thought would be an intense longing for a lost or irrecoverable human sympathy which would lead me to cry out:

But oh for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

The frost and glitter of the North, and the relentless beat of the waves, make the despair of nature.

After we had passed through Kaag Sund we crossed a broad water to the island of Loppen. The open sea was before us, and except for a low bank of clouds on the horizon, the sky was serene. That bank of clouds, however, was the field of our speculation. Suddenly the captain gave orders to put the boat about, and we began steaming over the water we had just traversed. The reason was soon apparent: if we had kept on our course we should soon have been behind a rocky cliff and out of the view of the sun. The manœuver was well timed, for as all the company was assembled on the captain's bridge, eight bells sounded, and at that moment the sun, spurning the bank of clouds, shone full and undimmed. In the opposite quarter of the heavens was the moon, just past the full, shining with a pale refulgence which added no light to the landscape, but lent a charm to the sky. Even the clouds about it appeared to get nothing by being so near. The rocks cast long shadows down the fiord, while the snow-clad heights were bright

and warm in the low sunlight. There was no mist, and it was not cold. Something of the strangeness of the scene was thrown into it from our minds, conscious of the hour and the situation; yet it was hard to believe that we were looking only upon an early sunrise scene, or at a sunset. One feels compelled to use paradox and say that the sun was shining brightly at dawn.

Certainly nature seemed to be in a dream. Sea-gulls brooded on the water, and were waked only by our passage; and as we looked down from the long lane of shadow formed by the rocks, the very fiords seemed asleep. A whale suddenly crossed our bows, near enough almost for us to stroke his back; we had startled him in some watery bed. The merry party on the deck was in bright contrast to the scene in nature. There we were on the little steamer, laughing and joking, and far as we could see there was nothing but a waste of silent waters and rocks and snow—not a tree, not a house, not a sign of verdure. But we were not alone, for there in the distance were dots of fishing-boats, each with its man dropping a line into the unplanted deep. Nothing impressed me more in my Northern voyage than the resolution with which the Norse folk wrest a living from sea and land. It would seem as if generations of home-keeping had transformed the piratical viking into a fisherman and farmer, and his fighting prowess into an indomitable courage and patience in a hand-to-hand struggle with life. It is this presence of human life in unexpected places which makes the journey something better than a cold search for desolation.

I remember a fascinating turn in our voyage, when we persuaded the good-natured captain to go out of his course and take us up Raft Sund. The passage was not unlike, in certain general effect, that of the Rhine. The sound wound as the river does, and crags and slopes hemmed it in on each side; but there was little here that was smiling. The storm seemed ready to burst just before us, and we drove into the sound by such tortuous ways that, looking back, it was as if the gates of the hills had silently closed upon us. Yet there was a sweetness now and then in the midst of this wild, rude pass. A broken hill, which once had been a mass of mighty rock and gravel, had been reclaimed by nature with a soft, green moss or verdure that fitted like a warm covering into every angle and hollow of the mass. Then the light from the sun would fall upon a bit, and here would be a pale-green, distant hillside. At every

turn were clusters of lovely houses, and boys in fishing-boats waving their hats at us. To our imagination, in turning aside from the regular route we were entering a wild waste; but we found ourselves confronted by these indomitable people.

The Norwegian fisherman finds a safe harbor, and builds his house there, no matter how bare and unpromising the soil may be; the farmer discovers a green spot in the midst of the ice and rock, and makes his farm there, no matter how inaccessible it may be. Passing down the narrow arm of the Hardanger Fiord, which leads to Odde,—a mere ribbon of water between lofty hills,—I saw at a dizzy height a mere patch of green, so inaccessible apparently that we wondered whether it was reached from above or below; yet here was a homestead, and upon the other side of the fiord was a glittering glacier overhanging the rocks at the summit. Vapor oozed out from it and fell in cascades down the almost precipitous sides. Then straggling trees; a little lower, houses and farms; and at the base a mill, a house, and a landing-place. It made one weary to think of the toil which the common duties of those farms that clung to the side of the rock imposed upon the men and women and boys and girls.

What a profound and continuous nationality underlies this Norwegian life! In the sturdy, independent, friendly, quick-spirited peasant of to-day the old viking blood flows, modified but not conformed to the change which Christianity and an exclusion from the strong currents of modern history have brought. The boats which bear the fishermen in the far North have the very form of the old viking ships, and, what is more to the point, the hands that handle them have not lost their cunning. On land the Norwegians are not especially graceful, but put them into their boats and they use the oar as the fish uses its fins; a centaur is scarcely more a part of the horse than the Norse boy or girl is a part of the boat. One sees primitive modes of farming, and discovers how limited are the opportunities for applying high organization of labor, or the machines which have changed the methods of agriculture elsewhere. Here the patient, frugal life makes its round, with little promise of richer forms. The grass, when cut, is hung laboriously upon trellises, since it could not be cured upon the ground, and early and late the peasant wrestles with reluctant, frosty nature. The peasant life which Tidemand has depicted in his interesting series of paintings can scarcely have been very different in his day from what it

was a hundred years before; and if it shows changes now, the changes are largely the result of the sudden inroad of foreign visitors, but still more of the emigration movement, which is not only breaking up the Norwegian families, but bringing into Norwegian politics an American democratic spirit.

It is unquestionably a hard life which the Norwegians live, and there is an absence of sunshine in it; but the resultant in character, so far as the traveler who spends a long summer day there can discern, is of a kind singularly attractive. He finds himself comparing Norway with Switzerland. In the latter country the people seem to exist for the benefit of the tourist, and to have a half-melodramatic air when caught in holiday guise. In Norway the tourist is welcomed and hospitably treated, but the people have business of their own to attend to, which goes on without any more interruption than is necessary. There is a sturdy self-respect in the peasant and the tradesman, which contrasts strongly with the obsequiousness which one meets, for example, in England; and one is constantly reminded that he is dealing with his equals. Little customs bear this out. I was embarrassed, when I went back to England, by the difficulty I found in getting rid of the habit I had formed in Norway—doing as the Norwegians did—of doffing my hat when I entered a shop, and keeping it off until I made my final bow, offered my thanks, and shut the door behind me. Then there is a frank, manly way they have of grasping your hand and shaking it when they wish to show friendliness or express gratitude. Many is the luckless tourist who has given his gratuity, and taken the outstretched hand as begging for more. At the table, after dinner the children go to their father, or the guests to their host, take his hand, and say, "*Tak for maden*" ("Thanks for the meal"). I found the more cultivated people disposed to apologize for this ancient custom, and to represent it as going out of fashion. I am afraid it may be, for people nowadays have an ambition to be cosmopolitan. Perhaps the quaintness of the custom is more apparent to the stranger, and its novelty may explain in part its charm; but I begged my friend to hold fast by so generous a rite, and to save it by throwing even a little more earnestness into it.

I happened to travel on a boat with a captain who had lately been married, and I took a stealthy and somewhat shamefaced pleasure in watching his innocent and candid advertisement of his domestic happiness. I was

forever getting in the way of the proud couple as they walked the deck, hand in hand, or with their arms about each other's waist. I tried to efface myself, to look the other way, and to countenance the delightful proceedings by appearing not to see or be seen. But how idle all my false delicacy was! They were so happy and so contented in the sunshine of their marriage that a general benevolence extended to all about them. How different they were from that newly married American couple which I remember, with a newspaper spread over their clasped hands, as they sat dreamily side by side in a railway-car!

The individuality which is fostered by the agricultural life of the interior, by the fisheries of the coast, and by the great difficulties of communication, is brought to the casual traveler's attention in many ways. There is but one considerable line of railroad, that which connects Christiania with Thronhjelm, between which places two trains run each day, and occupy nearly twenty-four hours.<sup>1</sup> At regular intervals sufficient time is given for a generous meal at a station, and after I had learned the simple method which is followed I used to amuse myself with watching ignorant travelers, such as I had lately been, who sat at a table and tried in vain to induce some one to wait upon them. In point of fact, the traveler forages for himself. He gets a plate and knife and fork, and then goes about the room, helping himself to salmon, potatoes, or whatever else he fancies, and then finds, if possible, an empty corner of a table, where he deposits his plunder, and sits down to his meal. When he has finished, he reports to the young woman who presides over the festivities what he has had, and she tells him how much he ought to pay. A delightful spirit of mutual confidence appears to underlie this and similar social customs.

Railway traveling gives one as little insight into life in Norway as elsewhere, and it is fortunate for the traveler that his principal mode of conveyance is by cariole over the solid roads which bind together the Norwegian farms and hamlets. The cariole is giving way, I believe, on the great thoroughfares, to the diligence, and the *stolkjærre* is often brought forward when the cariole is called for; but these are variations of a mode of traveling which do not wholly disturb the old-established customs. The government gives to certain farms lying along the roads the rights and duties of stations. Each keeps

<sup>1</sup> Since this was written conditions of travel in Norway have changed.

a number of horses, the requisite number being named in the agreement, and agrees to furnish them to travelers at a fixed tariff of so much a meter. These stations are also prepared to furnish to travelers accommodations of bed and board. The tourist is perhaps making his way from Bergen to Christiania, and has decided upon the Valdres route. He has taken a steamer through the Sogne Fiord, and has finally been deposited at Lårdalsören. Here, as the steamboat draws up to the pier, he sees a crowd of men and boys, with all the eagerness of the cosmopolitan hackman, ready to seize upon him. It is one of the places in Norway where he feels himself to be one of the ignoble mob of tourists. He rushes into the degrading competition with his fellow-travelers, and tries with his unpractised eye to choose his cariole and horse instead of being chosen by the post-boy who clutches at him. But once on the road, he feels the novelty and exhilaration of the journey, and devotes himself to the business of admiring himself and trap.

The cariole is very like a country doctor's sulky without a top. It differs chiefly in having a long and narrow body, in which the traveler may lay his legs to rest, and a perch behind his seat, where he straps his portmanteau, and where the post-boy kneels or sits, or variously dangles in such attitudes as his native taste may prefer. A boot buttons over the body of the cariole for protection against rain or cold, and the seat has usually a very low back, so that for a few miles the traveler is occupied chiefly in adjusting himself to the gait of the vehicle, and trying to make up his mind whether it is better for him to drop his legs on each side, as if he were riding horseback,—indeed, he sometimes finds stirrups provided,—or to recline with his legs extended stiffly before him, as if he were in an ambulance.

But after he has changed his mind frequently he is at leisure to enjoy the situation. He may drive, or he may fold his arms, letting the little urchin behind drive, and give himself up to an unrestricted view of the scenery. He is almost on horseback, and as he jogs along at no great speed he begins to realize the independence of the mode. The stations are at intervals of ten or a dozen miles, and the breaks in the journey come just often enough to give variety, while the distances are long enough to enable him to settle himself in his seat. He engages his cariole, horse, and boy from one station to the next; and when he reaches the station he dismounts, unstraps his luggage, and may

now stay as long as he pleases, or go on with a fresh cariole, horse, and boy at once. He may stay and take dinner, or spend the night, or stay a week. He has a delightful sense of traveling with his own carriage, and yet having no care or responsibility. The boy who has attended him to the station will drive back with the little beast to the gait of which he has just become accustomed, and after a succession of boys, ponies, and carioles the traveler stops his career at the end of the day with a virtuous feeling that he himself is the only one that is tired; he is the only consecutive part of the journey.

With what unflagging zeal, also, the traveler tries his little vocabulary upon each new post-boy! How soon he manages to make him know that he is an American, and to ask if his little friend has relatives in America! How easily he thinks he understands the answers to his questions, and how puzzling he finds the return questions to be! I invariably asked how soon the boy was going to America, and found only one in the course of my travels who was content with Norway. What amused me was the popular notion which prevailed that America was discovered and populated by the Norwegians—not in the mythic times of the viking wanderers who amused themselves with excursions to our Atlantic coast for the purpose of perplexing historians, but a generation or so ago. It was some time before I could understand the surprise of Norwegian peasants that I was not myself of Norwegian parentage and born in Norway. I tried to persuade myself that there was a delicate piece of flattery implied, which took advantage of my nonchalant use of a carefully guarded stock of Norwegian words; but I discovered that there was a theory which covered my case. About fifty years or less before my visit there began to be an exodus from Norway to America; the country hitherto uninhabited except by Indians and wild beasts was now becoming prosperous under Norwegian enterprise; since I was not an Indian, I must be Norwegian-American.

It seems very certain that Norway and the United States are to have an influence upon each other of which the beginning only is seen. The influence will be partly personal: the absorption of Norwegian farmers into the American stock; the increase of American travel in Norway. It will be partly political, the Norwegian political thought receiving a strong impulse from the democratic form of American life; but if America here makes the larger contribution, it ought to receive a very

positive advantage from a closer connection of the literature of the two countries. There is an interesting possibility in the influence of Scandinavian literature upon American literary art. We are readier, I think, to assimilate this literature to our own than the English are, and in going to it for suggestion and inspiration we find what is at once foreign and familiar. There is a common ground on which the thought of the two nations may meet; but the Norwegian expression has an idealism and a romantic element which we

may advisedly study. I think a study of the finer literature of Norway would be better worth the while of American authors than much of the labor which is expended on German current literature, for example. The inspiration to be drawn from it is peculiarly fit and forcible; for this literature is expressive of a people possessing virtues singularly desirable in the American character. I think that both travel in Norway and study of Norwegian literature offer admirable advantages to the American student.

*Horace E. Scudder.*

## ANOTHER DAY IN NORWAY.

IT is only by degrees that the recent visitor to Norway who has recollections of the old idyllic period can attune his mind to the change which has come over the country. From a purely literary point of view, the drowsy idyl in which Mr. Scudder reveled was, I fancy, far more attractive than the political strife and turmoil into which I plunged when, after an absence of nineteen years, I landed at the pier in Christiania. It was the very same pier, by the way, which inducted Mr. Scudder into the long, enchanted day that preceded the present storm. The mountains, to be sure, were there yet, bathed in the magic illumination of the midnight sun. The fiords had the same still, mysterious air, and the steamers glided over their surface as in a dream; and the light of wonderland broke from the sky in strange, swift flashes, thrilling one with a delicious, vaguely questioning sense of unreality, like that of Aladdin when he first entered his fairy palace. But the life—the life for which this mighty scenery forms the setting—is marvelously changed. I had all the time a feeling as if it had been transposed into a different and wholly discordant key. On the northward steamer, where my predecessor in 1881 encountered only jollity and good-natured mirth, I was assailed by clamorous political debate, rude, shrill, and angry. Even the ladies with whom I spoke scoffed at the old idyllic repose, and declared that Norway was now wide-awake and modern, and that the time was happily past when she was content to be «romantic» and picturesque for the benefit of gaping tourists. A charming blonde maiden, of the purest Scandinavian type, whom I took to be of the meek and submissive kind (like the heroines of

Walter Scott), assured me that Ibsen and Kielland were her favorite authors, that Björnson was old-fashioned, and that she could see nothing so very shocking in Zola. She also asked me if I knew Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Julia Ward Howe; and I rose visibly in her estimation when I was able to boast the acquaintance of the latter.

This was no isolated experience, but one of a long series which gradually convinced me that Norway had, in very truth, been invaded by modern thought, and that the old idyl which looked so lovely in Björnson's early tales has grown by a myriad imperceptible filaments into the great web of European life, and is an idyl no more, but a *fin de siècle*, realistic novel. I confess that, though generally speaking my sympathies are with human advancement and progress, an indefinable regret stole over me at this discovery. I would not, indeed, have Norway stagnate in medieval conditions, and cut herself off from a vigorous participation in the world-life. Her situation, to be sure, and her smallness, will always prevent her from playing a leading part. But then we cannot all be protagonists, and an inferior rôle is preferable to none. Only, that stimulated cerebral activity which enables a man or a nation to assert himself or itself in the battling ranks of modern civilization involves the loss of simplicity, picturesqueness, and a number of other pastoral virtues for which we do not ourselves aspire, but which we have agreed to regard as esthetically commendable.

And here is just the point which I wish to emphasize. As long as you are unconsciously picturesque, as the Norwegians were in the old idyllic days, you suffer no degradation, no loss of self-respect, by reason of your pic-