

BERGEN.

## OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

Tuesday, July 8, 1884,  
Steamship "Domino."

WELL! we are off at last, and truly glad I am. Since Christmas I set my heart on seeing Norway. I read Paul du Chaillu's work on "The Midnight Sun," a friend lent me "Bennett's Guide to Norway," and another friend, a sportsman who had been there, enlarged freely on its mountains, fjords, and forests, till my imagination was ablaze with desire and I could dream of little else night and day.

Kate said we should never get there, it would be too expensive, so we worried our little brains as to what we could do. What can women do? It is a terrible question to solve, but there is also another question—What is there that women cannot do? and the latter impressed us more.

So, in our feeble way, we painted glass, satin, etc., for sale, and I denied myself the various little articles of dress that are so conducive to the happiness of some. Kate had no necessity for this, for her mother supplied, unasked, her every need. So used mine, and I cannot tell you how heartily I wished I could confide all my aspirations to her.

My great longing is to be able to afford to travel, to see the wondrous things of earth, and Nature's magnificent beauties. It cannot be that we are all intended to dwell in one confined spot for three-score years and ten, and never try to behold the wonderful creations of God. I have been told that the ambition to travel is one among the many talents implanted by Him in the human breast—to be used and not abused, to fill us with gratitude and love. Therefore, I think we should cultivate it if we can satisfy our craving unselfishly, and without injury or hindrance to others.

The few in whom we confided our scheme of a Norway tour were puzzled as to why we should select so remote and inclement a

country. But, deeming it less hackneyed and frequented than the sunny South, we thought there might be more originality in a diary, if we kept one; and if by any stroke of Fortune the tour could be supposed sufficiently interesting to publish, there might accrue certain advantages towards a future trip. This thought was hidden deep down in our hearts, nor on any consideration would we expose it, lest friends might laugh and damp our ardour. I was anxious to learn photography, so as to take views; but *tempus fugit*, and I was unable to indulge this notion.

A great disappointment we had—we painted a large mirror (we have never been favoured with half-an-hour's instruction) which we hoped would remunerate us. Certainly it was worth a few pounds if the amount of time and labour bestowed upon it denoted its value, but it was too late for admission to the "Healtheries," and no other way of disposal presented itself. Things were becoming serious. To go to the stern North or not, that was the question; and if we wished to witness "The Midnight Sun" at the North Cape, we must be there before the 30th of July.

We counted our money and counted the cost. Kate decided to tell her father and mother; I to tell my father, who at first was quite averse to the proposition that we girls should travel without a male escort, and suggested that we should change our minds, and content ourselves with England. But the bright visions I had fostered for months were not to be dispelled in a few hours; and, after awhile, he bade me go and enjoy my holiday, return safe and well, but he "would not encourage me." Another examination of our finances ensued, whereupon we resolved, with regret, to curtail the trip, simply to visit the North Cape, and leave the exploration of Norway to the future.

Kind friends had invited us to stay at Rammoor, near Sheffield, and the idea dawned

upon us that Hull was nearer Sheffield than London, and that the whole affair would be simplified by going at once to Sheffield. On Saturday, the 5th, Rammoor received us with open arms, and this morning at twelve we left Sheffield for Hull.

Our berths were only written for on Saturday, so after calling at the office of Messrs. Wilson, and examining the "Domino," we could scarcely be surprised to find we were to share our cabin with two other ladies. The Wilberforce Café, in Hull, supplied us with a welcome luncheon of mutton chops, and about four o'clock we came on board to quiz the arriving passengers, and to endeavour to discover those who for the next two days were to be our companions "in sickness and in health." At six the "Domino," with forty-eight passengers and crew, steamed out of harbour, and we were soon at sea. At eight supper was announced, and everyone hastened to the saloon where the table, spread with cold viands, was a tempting sight to hungry mortals. In due course the ship began to roll, the wind arose, and Kate, with our two good-looking young friends, gradually showed signs of weariness, whereupon the stewardess soon tucked them in their little berths, and they are now fast asleep, "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

Expenses for two.

	£	s.	d.
Sheffield to Hull, 3rd Class ..	0	9	0
Hull to Bergen, with option to return from Christiania ..	12	0	0

"Domino," Wednesday, July 9.

A sudden movement. Four heads, three with very pale faces, arise from the bedclothes. "What time is it?" The energetic one looks at the watch. "Four o'clock." "Is that all? We will go to sleep again." A few faint laughs, a joke or two at the funny little cabin, and the crush it was for four, and we were again

in the arms of "Somnus" till six, when cheery Mrs. Cox entered, and said that if we required the cold bath we must seize an opportunity soon. I did so at once, but the indisposed trio were advised to rest till after breakfast. About twelve we succeeded in getting them on deck, where they had to lie all day, and I consoled myself by watching them and talking to the other folk. There is a nice elderly lady with her nephew Charlie; I have had a long chat with them; two stalwart brothers of the youthful invalids, who are very kind and attentive.

Three middle-aged ladies with a nephew and friend: the friend is most polite and generous,

people pronounce the voyage somewhat monotonous (although I did not in the least suppose I should: I love the sea, and am a capital sailor), we have settled to travel inland.

Stewardess is very kind, and most amusing. She considers us quite under the shadow of her wing, and suggests with whom we may converse, and who it is better to leave outside the pale of our society. She told us "Mr. Shout" and the steward nearly had a fight, and that no one would be likely to pay much attention to "Mr. Shout" and his sister. "Mr. Shout" is certainly rough, and speaks to the attendants in a most impolite way. He tries to rule everyone.

young ladies to travel alone in Norway, and that we must be very plucky.

Smeby's Hotel, Bergen,

Thursday, July 10.

Considerable bustle on board this morning. Land was sighted at one a.m., when separated from it by thirty-five miles. About seven we reached Stavanger, which was reviving to the *malheureux*, and, while the ship was stationary, I proposed to them to dress and go on shore to see the cathedral, which I believe is well worth a visit. Being last to leave my crib, I was too late to go on shore, which I should regret, only it was the result of circum-



ODDE.

and lent us his guide-books all day (he has Bædeker and Bennett); for before we left home we had to return the copy of Bennett, and had not time to obtain another.

Then there are four fine men in knickerbockers, armed to the teeth with pickaxes, alpenstocks, and nailed boots; a "little Yankee" and his dame, who snugly recline in big American hammock chairs (the lady's diamond earrings are worthy of remark); a delicate-looking doctor and pleasant wife; "Paddy from Cork," a tall, shy man in a new blue serge suit; a clergyman, who shouts fearfully; his wife and sister; a stately naval commander, and others.

Hearing that much of the glory of the North Cape depends on the weather, and that some

Kate's neck at the back is so sore. The sun has scorched it to-day. I was careful to wrap plenty around her to prevent her feeling the cold, but unconsciously left her neck between her hair and collar exposed to the sun, and it is likely to be painful for some time.

There has been plenty of space at table to-day. Several are looking dejected, and Kate has not eaten anything. The friend of the middle-aged ladies asked if Kate and I were travelling alone, and if we intended to keep a diary. I said I hoped so. He kindly suggested we should send it to some magazine—THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, for instance—because he thought it rather a novel idea for two

stances, it being impossible for more than one to adorn at the same time. A big, happy family assembled at breakfast, the water being calm and still, and a lovely blue sky overhead. The countless fjords—those mysterious arms that wind deep into the land from their parent sea, decked and dotted with islands, rocks, and mountains—are most beautiful. We made friends with Captain Soulsby, who kindly took us on to his bridge and talked to us of sea and land. We passed the Island of Bomlo, where is a gold mine, for which an English company gave £36,000, and is now reported to be worth £60,000. The captain brought out a boiler last week, and the machinery for the mine is now in preparation. This trip is the best this year:

the fogs were so bad last week there was danger of an accident. Summer bursts forth very suddenly in these hyperborean latitudes, treading close upon the heels of winter, and being late this year, a heavy mantle of snow is still unfurled. All glasses were levied for a glimpse of the Folge-fond glacier, where snow and ice lie in continuous fields of undulating hill and valley. Numerous smiling hamlets, lighthouses, cultivated patches, white sails, and boats full of women with prettily-coloured kerchiefs on their heads, beguiled our attention, till nearing Bergen at five o'clock we were constrained to see after our luggage, pay our bill, say farewell, etc.

The stewardess could not conceive how we managed so far to ingratiate ourselves with the captain as to be allowed to pace his bridge, where she declares she has not seen a lady for ten years.

The Custom House officers (whom we dreaded) came on board, just opened some of the luggage and declared it all right. We thanked Captain Soulsby, steward and stewardess, for endless attentions, then, for one moment, felt the want of some knowledge of the language. But the stewardess, becoming cognisant of our slight embarrassment, delivered ourselves and our luggage into the hands of a young man, with directions to him to convey us to Smeby's Hotel, where we have capital quarters.

We are charmed with the situation of Bergen. It lies in a valley, backed by hills and embellished by water in all directions. The houses, built of wood, are mostly painted white, highly polished, and are very dazzling, especially in this fervid heat. Every window is open and prettily draped with white lace curtains. We have bought "Bennett's Guide," a map, post cards, and stamps. Our tea was most liberally provided. Certainly, there is no night here. Half-past ten now, still a lovely afternoon, and I write by the light of day.

	£	s.	d.
Meals for two on "Domino" . . .	1	8	0
Steward and stewardess . . .	0	4	0

Smeby's Hotel, Bergen.

Friday, July 11.

It is intensely hot, so hot that we have not cared to eat much to-day. For breakfast for us two there was a large provision of stewed steak, dried salmon or lax, sausage, four poached and four boiled eggs. We could hardly do it justice, and asked for marmalade, when we received strawberry jam.

Mr. Smeby speaks a little English, and from him we obtained directions to the post-koutor, telegraph office, and bank. The bank being only open from nine till twelve, we hastened thither and exchanged £23 into 414 kroner, 60 ore (mostly paper money), with a little silver. The Norwegian currency was changed on the 1st of January, 1877, from specie dollars, marks, and shillings, to crowns (kroner) and ore; 100 ore are equal to one kroner, 18 kroner to one pound English money. Gold is scarce. There are three gold coins. One piece, a little larger than a sovereign, 20 kroner; one, 10 kroner; and one, 5 kroner.

In the Exchange Building we wanted to telegraph to Odde for a bedroom for to-morrow night, but there is no telegraph station at Odde. At the cathedral we saw a Lutheran christening, and then pleasantly devoted two hours to the museum in company with the three middle-aged ladies, their nephew, and friend. In a small steam launch we crossed to Hangoland to explore. Here we rested in a hayfield, and admired the lovely views by which we were surrounded. Patches of grass had been mown, and sticks were placed in the ground at equal distances, to which were connected eight or nine rows of string; over these the hay was suspended to dry. Re-

turning to our spacious bedroom, we indulged in "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates," and dissected our luggage, deeming it unwise to burden ourselves with flannels and wraps we had brought expressly for the North Cape. Mr. Smeby was most good-natured. He consented to take charge of one portmanteau and bundle of warm wraps, to forward them, if required, and to transmit our letters from England to any part of the country.

Having eased our minds, we trudged up the Drammens-vei to the flagstaff, stopping during the climb to drink some delicious milk. From the flagstaff the view of Bergen is most comprehensive. There we lounged in ecstasies, dreamily watching the glory of the setting sun, the distant calm blue sea, gigantic mountains, sparkling fjords, verdant islets, antique jagts, white sails floating in the breeze, and the busy little town below. About half-past nine we reluctantly returned to supper, and afterwards went to the quay close to our hotel to see the Lyderhorn, and arrange for going to Odde at seven to-morrow morning. We have asked to be called at five, and ordered coffee and kjærks (cakes).

Kr. Ore.

Bill at Smeby's for two . . . 14 0

Hardanger Hotel, Odde.

Saturday, July 12.

Quite a family coterie on board, and a renewal of acquaintances made on the "Domino." We have been very merry, and thoroughly appreciated each changing scene. The chameleon hues of the water are wonderful and most fascinating—ultramarine, pale blue, deep chrome green, and emerald. Its transparency, too, is remarkable. We steamed a distance of 182 English miles amid glorious mountains, wild and severe, smiling and green, rising sheer from the fjords, and called at many alluring stations to take or leave passengers. There were several cosy and enticing nooks at which I thought I should like to stay a month to ruralise and live *dolce far niente*. Joudal was one, Nordheimsund another. A lady and gentleman, who had crossed to Bergen by the s.s. "Norge," from Newcastle, say it is extremely comfortable, and the fare excellent. They only pay £5 for return ticket, including everything. Constant showers frightened the folks off the upper deck, but Kate and I remained there, apparently unconscious of rain. There are four small tables with charts, which are most useful. At dinner we had black currant and gooseberry jam, with beef and chicken. Kate says Miss "Shout" swallowed potatoes as if they were little green peas. We made friends with two merry Norwegian girls who speak English fluently. They say the English will not trouble to learn Norske, so it is incumbent upon them to study English, and that our language is taught in all the schools. When I had broken the ice by speaking to them, nearly all the gentlemen joined us, and there was good fun. "Signe," the elder one, was very quick at repartee. She told us that Odde is a large town, which filled us with horror; we do not aspire to towns, we only want scenery and mountains. To dismay us still more she thinks that Eide (where we intended eventually to go) is a very lively place. I am afraid we have made a mistake after all. "Signe" and her friend left us at Lofthus, kindly expressing a wish for Kate and me to visit them if we return to Bergen. Utne looked extremely pretty with its one little modest hotel kept by Mo'er (Mother) Utne. I felt I should like to get out there, especially after Signe's description of Odde. Several of our passengers landed, and waved handkerchiefs till we were "lost to sight;" but we are anxious to visit the "Skjøggedalsfos" from Odde, and to attend church to-morrow. Peasants came on the various stations, generally carrying boxes, which I imagine contain their headgear

for church. We have seen numerous flocks of eider ducks. About thirty of us were bound for Odde, and we despaired as to the chance of a bedroom, hearing that the hotels were full, so we communicated our fears to Captain Simonsen, who kindly volunteered to bespeak a bedroom for us. The evening was damp and chilly, and some began to weary of the long day when we reached the pier after 11 p.m. Then there was a rush, and great excitement.

Kate stood by our baggage (consisting of one portmanteau, a diminutive but most convenient picnic-basket, and one bundle of wraps) while I searched for a boy to convey it from the steamer to the hotel. To our surprise and delight two of the sturdy pedestrians in knickerbockers pounced upon our goods and carried them, begging us to follow without a moment's hesitation, and two met us on the road to this hotel to say they had engaged a room for us. Here was substantial kindness in the hour of need, and our hearts beat with genuine gratitude. We could scarcely express our thanks. We ran up to inspect the apartment, but were hastened down again to dispel the alarm of Captain Simonsen, who had also secured us a *chambre à coucher*, and was in great distress at not being able to find us.

We told him of our little snuggerly upstairs, overlooking the Sor Fjord, and shook hands heartily. The hall had filled with people, and we laughed at the sensation we had unwittingly caused.

Lyderhorn—Bergen to Odde, for	Kr. Ore.
two . . . . .	21 0
Food . . . . .	12 60
Luggage and steward . . . . .	2 0

(To be continued.)

## GIRLS' OWN HOME.

### SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

MISS M. G. CRONE, 7s.; Miss E. Grigor, 2s. 6d.; Miss Dolton, 5s.; G. R. Wade, Esq., 10s.; R. Wade, Esq., 2s.; Linda, 3s.; Minda, 5s.; La Paquita, 5s.; E. M., W. N., and B. T. N., 5s.; Your grateful reader, 8d.; Nineteen Years, 6d.; Jawcums and Joylegs, 2s. 6d.; S. H., 1s. 6d.; S. E. F., 5s.; A Bournemouth Gipsy, 6d.; Collected by Miss A. McRobbie, £2 1s.; Collected by Miss H. M. Spencer, 7s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Lottie Wilkins, 5s. 2d.; Louie D., 2s. 6d.; Janet, 4s.; Miss A. Broadbent, 5s.; Collected by Miss H. E. Ward, £2. Total amount received to November 30th, 1884, £956 19s. 1d.

## VARIETIES.

TRUE POLITENESS.—Ceremonies are different in every country, but true politeness is everywhere the same. Ceremonies which take up so much of our attention are only artificial helps which ignorance assumes in order to imitate politeness, which is the result of good sense and good nature.—*Goldsmith.*

### WEALTH AND LEARNING.

Much learning shows how little mortals know,  
Much wealth how little worldlings can enjoy.  
*Young.*

GUITARS IN FASHION.—The guitar was brought into fashion in England in 1662 by Francisco Corbeta, who "had a genius for music," says Count Grammont, "and was the only man who could make anything of it. . . . The king's relish for his compositions had brought the instrument so much into vogue, that every person played upon it, well or ill; and you were as sure to see a guitar on a lady's toilette as rouge or patches."



THE BUERBRÆ GLACIER.

OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.  
THE DIARY OF TWO  
LONDON GIRLS.

BUERBRÆ GLACIER, AND THE "RINGDALSFOS" OR "SKJEGGEDALSFOS."

Hardanger Hotel, Odde,  
Sunday, July 13.  
LOVELY and delightful day!

Awaking early, we walked to the pier, and the greensward beside the hotel, where the river dashes into the fjord, making melody sublime. We face the beautiful fjord, and the snow-tipped mountains rising from it on either side. Behind rise green hills. Nature is hushed. We indulge in silent happiness, and cull pansies, dog-daisies, harebells, forget-me-nots, and lovely grasses. Then breakfast in a cheerful room, where a long table groans with the weight of bread, biscuits, three kinds of cheese, dried lax, sardines, anchovies, and sausages. The maid offers fish, eggs, tea, and coffee. Not much time to waste after satisfying the cravings of hunger, for a charming and picturesque scene presents itself. Numberless boats full of peasants row up the fjord, and noble armies stream from the hills. There are matrons in their pure white, neatly crimped headgear, young girls fresh and buxom, with long plaits fastened with gay ribbons, in elaborate costumes. Scarlet bodices prevail, embroidered with gilt and coloured beads, and ingeniously wrought waist bands; white shirts and sleeves, and dark skirts trimmed with scarlet or gold braid. In church the



THE "SKJEGGEDALSFOS" OR "RINGEDALSFOS."

women sit on one side, the old men and young boys on the other. They number about 500, many of whom have travelled twenty-five miles, and return the same distance. It is, indeed, a pleasant sight, which I think I shall never forget. Some are bowed with years, but they all come in humble piety and devotion to give glory to God. First, they assemble around the "high altar" (containing two huge candlesticks, a metallic receptacle for the host, and surmounted by a sort of painted shrine) to receive a preliminary blessing, or laying on of hands from their handsome, dignified, reverent priest, in his white surplice and Lutheran ruffe. A curious little man led the singing, which is not much beyond a weird-like monotone. He advanced to the chancel-steps, stood, drew himself up to his full height (which was not great), coughed, used his handkerchief, surveyed his congregation, and commenced. The ordinary Lutheran service followed, in which there is much singing, little reading of God's word, and little common prayer. Then followed a celebration of the "High Mass," when the auburn-haired and bearded priest wore a short crimson vestment embroidered with a large gold cross, and the congregation sang appropriate Psalms. Afterwards, the priest, without the vestment, went into the churchyard, and read in clear and solemn tones the burial service over a man who had been interred ten days. In the country there is never a second service, and the priest is only able to visit Odde once in three weeks.

The Lutheran Church retains much more both of the tenets and outward observances of the Romish Church than any other body of Protestants that separated from that communion. They have retained the vestments and a large portion of the ministerial authority, independently of the personal character of the priest. An English service was held in the drawing-room of this hotel, at which there were about thirty-six tourists. The knickerbockers and nailed boots sat just opposite us. The service was most solemn and impressive. Three clergymen who were on the "Lyderhorn" took an active part. All present joined heartily in the responses and singing, animated by an unanimous thrill of warmth and gratitude. My heart was full of conflicting emotions. How I yearned for mother and father with all those at home! I felt as if mother were really near. I hoped we should have a short sermon, and we did. The text was taken from the Psalms of the day, the seventeenth verse, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels; and the Lord is among them, as in the holy place of Sinai." These words seemed peculiarly significant, and in eloquent and poetical language the youthful preacher alluded to the beautiful and glorious scenes by which we were surrounded, and added that our thoughts should thankfully soar to God, "the giver of all good." That favourite hymn, "For those at Sea," concluded the service. The rushing water outside sang in unison with us, and all the earth gave praise. The peasants, during an interval in their own service, stood by the windows and listened attentively. We mingled with them again, talked to some, patted the children, and were much interested and amused. Many of the maidens and children were pretty, most of them very fair, with bright blue eyes. I think they all were good.

We dined at two, after which a walk was proposed. Arriving at the northern end of Sandven Vand we continued to Jordal, where a few peasants stood by the lake. From Jordal the road leads up Buerdalen, and most beautiful it is. Rocks and mountains on either side of a madly rushing stream, dashing against huge boulders or rippling sweetly on; blocks of granite clothed in moss and ferns; water-

falls, graceful trees, wild flowers, and ahead a greenish blue wall barring all further progress.

Kate had never seen a glacier, so I was glad of so golden an opportunity; the weather was perfect, and the colours of the ice truly gorgeous. Bennett says "the Buerbræ is the nearest to the sea of any in Norway, with the exception of the glacier of Jokelfjorden, and is advancing rapidly down the valley to the injury of the Buer Farm. Fifty years ago there was no glacier at this spot. It advanced ninety yards in 1870, and four yards during one week in the summer of 1871. The bottom of the glacier was in August, 1878, not much more than 1,000 feet above the level of the sea; in June, 1870, about 975 feet. In this month a tourist saw the end of this remarkable glacier visibly move, the rocks and earth at its base being pushed forward. At the same time there was a grinding noise, and a smell arising from the attrition of rocks. Attention has lately been drawn in *Nature* to the extreme scientific interest attaching to this glacier." The Rev. "Blossom" (this morning's preacher) walked with me, discoursing freely and enthusiastically of the blissful day we were having, and the lavish way in which Nature had regaled us. For some time we lingered on the rustic bridge, pensively admiring the beautiful scene, and enjoying the sweet twilight, wondering if in after years the twilight of our life would be gladdened and brightened by the remembrance of such delicious hours as these. I think it will. My heart constantly echoed the words of the Psalmist, "Oh, God! how wonderful are Thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy goodness." Most reluctantly did we leave the hallowed spot, and saunter gently and thoughtfully back to the hotel. As I was about to enter, a cheery voice greeted me, "I saw you cry in church this morning." It was the friend of the three ladies. I was rather ashamed, but it was useless to make any denial; thought-reader or not, he was evidently aware of my moment of weakness.

I feel so thankful we have arrived here in safety, and have passed our Sunday so happily. I trust God will guard and guide us all through. I cannot think what ideas of towns our little Norwegian friend, Signe, has. This is the simplest, quietest place imaginable; just three hotels, a church, and two or three small fishing huts. This hotel is charmingly situated, and has five pretty balconies wherein we can sit and overlook the fjord and mountains. Everything is particularly clean and comfortable. We have met a lady, with two sons and their friend, who have been staying here for a month, and are very satisfied. One is an artist, and he has painted a great deal, but says everything is on so grand a scale, he finds it very difficult to reproduce, and that the gloriously white foaming falls which are so magnificent in Nature would be too massive and stiff on canvas.

Monday, July 14.

A strong inclination this morning at our half-past six breakfast for mutton chops, but one egg each, with bread and nasty butter, had to suffice. I do not know what was up with "Paddy from Cork," but I met him scurrying downstairs clinging to a tin of sardines, and sundry hunks of bread. Kate and I wore our cotton frocks, as they are light and short, and do not impede locomotion like the blue serge dresses. We felt very excited, and were "well to the fore." We stood outside the hotel waiting for those who were to accompany us to the "Skedaddle-Fos," as some profanely termed it. The two guides, "Peter" and "Canute," were harnessed like beasts of burden with wraps, luncheon, and tea paraphernalia; the Rev. "Blossom" presented Kate and me each with stout sticks he had

borrowed for us, and thus at half-past seven we left the shore in a big boat, a merry party of ten—Colonel and Mrs. Long, Mr. and Mrs. Cardiff, Mr. Temple, the Revs. "Blossom," Hulland, and Muggins, "Miss Blue Tam," and "Miss Red Tam" (our pseudonyms, we were told), "Peter" and "Canute." About one hour's row landed us at Tyssedal, and there we commenced to ascend.

How I wish I could convey the ever varying beauty and magnificence of that climb; rugged, severe, tranquil, grand; the rapid stream dashing, boiling, bubbling, savage with the massive and stupendous boulders that are in, but do not impede its course; broken and baffled, it angrily jostles by them, sweeps in foaming wrath scarcely a foot beneath the frail bridge that vibrates to its fury, and wildly bounding, roaring, casts its headlong waters into the seething cauldron below, where they boil up again in endless eddies, whirling round and round with them enormous trunks of trees unable to escape the perpetual torment; then, in some torpid lake, quiescent lie recruiting all their wasted strength, to frantically tumble and toss, fret and fume. Trees shorn of foliage, bold and ghastly; redolent fir and spruce; huge crests uprearing to heaven's vault; on we climbed, carefully assisted over treacherous and slippery slabs, ever and anon resting to revel in Nature's handiwork; and, unfortunately, to don mackintoshes for Plutus' baptism.

We were all drenched and ravenous when we reached the sæter at Skjøggedal. There were two wooden rooms, each containing a hay-bed. One room was used by the old woman and as a kitchen, the other was apparently kept for the reception of visitors. It contained the curious short wooden bedstead, a deal table, one chair, a bench, and the characteristic gaudily painted trunk embellished with names and dates, possibly the heirloom of centuries, and the receptacle of all the family relics. The good old hostess was much troubled by the sight of our wet garments, and enabled us to dry them by her stove.

Never did civilized beings partake of luncheon which had been carried for us by our guide in more unorthodox fashion. There was a strange medley on the table of roughly torn meat, (tinned), the inevitable sausage, lax, and brown goat cheese (which is sliced off like shavings of brown Windsor soap), in sundry bundles of newspaper. Altogether not a very tempting repast this, prepared by Svend Tollefsen, so we banished the whole of it, and kept to our own small supply of tea, biscuits, Strasbourg meat, and tinned salmon. A richer feast in nobler state could not have pleased us half so well; all expressed themselves thoroughly satisfied and happy, and although we only first met on Saturday, we are on better terms than many who live close neighbours for three or four years. The idea of parting again is sad. Mrs. Cardiff was rather tired and hysterical; we were thankful we had our flask, its contents proving efficacious. We deemed the others thoughtless to go without. A row across a lake, into which poured some beautiful falls alone worth the journey, a walk of about half an hour, and we were on the gloomy Ringedalsvand, which is about 1,420 feet high.

Passing the graceful twin-falls of the Tysses-trengene we approached with awe and wonder the transcendently magnificent Skjøggedalsfos, or more properly the Ringedalsfos. It is probably the grandest cataract in Europe, and some who have seen Niagara are of opinion that what the Ringedalsfos wants in volume of water, as compared with Niagara, it gains in the vast height of the Fos and the grandeur of the chasm into which it falls. Leaving the boat we clambered as closely as we could to the fall, and were deluged by the spray, which rises to a considerable height above the fall.

The wild flowers and ferns charmed us, and I mourned the absence of a blotting-pad. Our voices were scarcely audible in the thunderous roar of water. Gladly would I have lingered there, and I inwardly vowed that should an opportunity offer I would sleep one night at the scoter, and thus be able to devote hours to the admiration of this splendid Fos. As it was, time was on the wing, and we hurried back to the boats. Kate and the Rev. Muggins roved on one bench, the Rev. Blossom and I on the other, singing lustily while the rain heavily descended. Mountains decked with snow which touched the black mysterious lake rose precipitous and wild.

More tea, and some good coffee roasted by our thoughtful and attentive hostess, regaled us at the farm, and with renewed energy we tripped homeward, giving vent to our exuberant feelings in snatches of song, "Long live the merry heart that laughs by night and day," and such like appropriate ditties. "Peter" was quite a "danger signal," and rapidly advanced at every slippery intricacy to give the ladies a helping hand.

There were a few tumbles, but luckily no one was hurt. We resolved another time to have our skirts much shorter; of course, our cambrics were soaked, but Mrs. Long, Kate, and I were thankful our garments were not heavy, while poor Mrs. Cardiff constantly bemoaned the weight of her thick serge.

The gentlemen could not understand that the backs of our skirts catching on projecting stones should propel us, till it was proved by practical demonstration. The happy day seemed of short duration, and yet, to our great surprise, it was ten o'clock before the boat at Tyssedal was reached.

"And from the silver lake,  
Cradled in mountain-setting, echoing comes  
With rippling music on the air, the splash  
Of dipping oars; and voices deep and low,  
Mingled with women's trebles, tuneful break  
The evening silence!

Grand indeed it is  
To be amid these mountain solitudes;  
And yet there is a sense of rest and calm,  
Soothing the spirit—stealing o'er the heart  
Like the soft notes of an Æolian harp,  
Falling like balm upon the troubled soul,  
And making the most worldly man to feel  
That there is over earth a higher heaven!"

Expenses to the Fos           kr. ore.  
Two sharing with six others. 5 40.

Odde, Tuesday, July 15.

Arose at six to go on the pier and bid adieu to Colonel and Mrs. Long. The stalwart pedestrians and Paddy from Cork were also on board; and a tinge of melancholy came over me as I stood on the pier and watched the steamer fade in the dim distance. We had been so happy yesterday; should I ever see them again? Kate rested till about ten, we were both tired and stiff, and the rain was an excuse to be lazy; so we sat in the top balcony and wrote home. Vain efforts to describe yesterday, but I knew how dear young Eleanor would appreciate everything, and wished heartily she could be with us. Flo, too, would like the fun could she ensure a "hansom" up to the Fos. After two o'clock luncheon we consulted Svend Tollefsen, who supplied us with a Stolkjærre and Skydsgut.

The Stolkjærre is a roughly constructed wooden conveyance for two, and the Skydsgut (or guide) was a bright looking boy about twelve, who either stood up at the back or ran alongside. Our "hest" (what we should designate a pony) was small and cream-coloured, with a tail that dragged the ground going down hill, and a hog-mane. At first the

jolting was so terrific we thought of getting out, but it improved on acquaintance; although when we saw the condition of the road, and that to the Laathefos is only an easy walk of ten miles, we wished we had occupied a day in rambling. The road skirted the left bank of the Sandven Vand (sought by votaries of the gentle art), disclosing a fine view of the Folgefond Glacier, and the Hildalfos, a succession of falls about one thousand feet.

Amid gorgeous scenery are the beautiful Laathefos and Skarfos, and opposite them the Espelandfos. From some distance we beheld the spray wafting in the air, white and dazzling, then brilliant with various shades of lovely colour, a sweet relief to the sombre repose of the pine-clad hills. And in the valley, calm, clear lakes, with now and then a boiling, bubbling torrent, dashing and foaming, green and white.

We walked from the bridge, and arrived at the hotel in time for the seven o'clock dinner, at which there were forty people, principally English. One gentleman and two ladies had for two days waded knee-deep in snow. Another gentleman returned from the North Cape had taken photographs of "The Midnight Sun," just on the stroke of midnight, and expressed himself particularly gratified with the whole trip. The stewed reindeer was excellent, but the fish not fresh.

After dinner we repaired to the balcony, where the generous American, Mr. Forrest, ordered coffee for us all—his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. Coalfield, Mr. White, and we two; and we sat there laughing till long after bedtime. Mr. Coalfield had some good jokes about "Paddy from Cork."

When "Paddy" reached Bergen, he was so pleased to find himself there, and almost fancied he must have dropped from the clouds. He had a heap of luggage, but neither map, guide book, nor the slightest notion of his whereabouts, so he simply joined the crowd, and came with us all to Odde. His one aim is to find a wife, as girls are so much nicer while travelling than they are at home. He admired a young lady on Sunday who left here yesterday, so he went away this morning to overtake her. Mr. Coalfield says "Paddy" will fall in love twenty times before he finds her. His luggage was very useful last night; four men had been drenched on their way from the Fos, and "Paddy" supplied each with a fresh suit of clothes, lamenting that not one of them had courage to wear his dress-suit. Mr. Coalfield explained the meeting I had with "Paddy" and the tin of sardines in this way. Four of them were getting into the boat preparatory to their visit to the Fos, and "Paddy" was seeing them off, when they asked him to join them, to which "Paddy" replied, "Shure, I should like to, but I've had no breakfast." They advised him to hurry and snatch something off the table, but they did not suggest to him to upset the oil over the boat and their trousers, which he ruthlessly did.

Drive to Laathefos..... 5 0  
" Skydsgut..... 50

(To be continued.)

"AS EASY AS A B C;"

OR,

THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET.

WHEN we desire to express the absence of all difficulty in a subject, the comparison which first comes into our minds as most convincing and unanswerable is that "it is as easy as A B C," yet it would be far more correct to

say of a subject beset with difficulties, "it is as difficult as A B C."

Our alphabet, or A B C, is one of the many blessings used and enjoyed by us without our thinking to ask how it came into our possession, or how it sprang into existence; probably we have never pictured to ourselves the dilemma in which we should be placed without it. Still less have we considered the wonderful labour and intelligence of our forefathers which brought it to such perfection that we use it almost as naturally as we breathe.

Our lives with the alphabet and without it are two different conditions scarcely to be compared. Without it, how alone we should feel even in the midst of crowds, how difficult it would be to obtain knowledge and how impossible to express all our thoughts and desires!

The term A B C was first introduced by the Romans, whose schoolmasters taught the A B C, and not the *alpha beta*.

The word "alphabet" comes to us either from the Greek language, in which *alpha beta* are the first two letters, or from the Hebrew *aleph beth*, but the term embodies a number of symbols which convey to our eyes the sounds spoken by the people among whom we live.

Have you ever thought how wonderful it is that a few letters or characters should be sufficient for us to express all our needs, and even to understand the thoughts and aspirations of past generations? If so, you will readily understand how earnestly learned men of all ages and countries have striven to account for their origin. They are so marvellous in their power\* that many consider them to be of Divine origin, and communicated by God Himself to Moses. Others, however, are of opinion that these symbols or characters were originally pictures or hieroglyphics, and in that form devised by Egyptians whose pictorial writing dates fully 3,000 years before Christ; and that the Phœnicians adopted these phonetic hieroglyphics, and improved upon them, though when and how this was done is difficult to determine; but we know, on good authority, that letters were used in Phœnicia 2,180 years B.C.

Again, it is an opinion firmly held, that the Greeks owe their alphabet to the Phœnicians, though there is no sign to indicate when they acquired this valuable gift.

It is interesting, in looking over the various hieroglyphical characters, to notice that the Egyptians wrote them in ink on papyrus with pen or pencil, while the Phœnicians traced them on thin tables of wood or bark of trees with a sharp pointed instrument.

A hieroglyphic is a pictorial representation of an object done in a rapid and easy manner; yet how difficult and complicated it would be for us to represent our ideas in this way! What time it would take, and how inadequate to represent the working of the mind!

Let us for a moment look into the method by which rude and uncivilised nations have striven to record their thoughts. It has been almost invariably by means of hieroglyphics or word-painting; but not until they have reached a certain point in civilisation have they even arrived at this. If they desired to represent a person weeping, they would give a rude outline of a human figure, an eye, and water. The sense of hearing would be described by a door and an ear; knowledge by a roll of papyrus; justice by an ostrich feather (the feathers of this bird being considered of equal length); force by an arm holding a stick. In dividing time, the moon represented a month; a palm leaf, a complete year, because the palm was thought to put forth invariably twelve leaves during the year. The soul was

\* A great mathematician tells us that the various combinations of the twenty-four letters, without repetition, will amount to 620,448,401,733,239,439,360,000.



HARDANGER COSTUME.

## OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

## THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

Hardanger Hotel, Odde.

Wednesday, July 16, 6 p.m.

So far rather a doleful day. I was very anxious to visit the Folge-fond glacier, but on looking out of window saw a soaking rain. Kate has been very poorly and obliged to lie down, and I feel anxious and uneasy. Sometimes I dread her being seriously ill. Perhaps she overtaxed her strength on Monday. I looked everywhere in vain for a chance of procuring medicine, and at last was obliged to apply to Dr. and Mrs. Williams. They have been so kind, and have given Kate the only seidlitz powder they can spare. (Moral: Bring medicine another time.) We brought plenty of tea from England, and in the kitchen they have made it three times for us. One of Kate's boots required repairs. The only cobbler is a man belonging to the hotel, who has patched it roughly and efficiently for 60 ore (about 3d.). We had several things washed, among them our frocks that were saturated on Monday. The charge was 1 kroner 60 ore.

To-night at midnight we leave for Fidfjord, or Vik; from thence we go to see the Voringfos, cross to Ulvik, drive or walk from there to Graven, and thence to Eide. Some have in-

formed us that the food at Proestegaard's Hotel and at the little station kept by Agge is preferable to what we have here. This certainly is not quite so suitable to the English appetite as it might be. I think Sveend Tollefsen would find it advantageous to keep for his own use cows, sheep, ducks, and fowls. Eggs are not always good; butter is nasty, orange marmalade might be substituted. All who know anything of Norway testify to the honesty and kindness of the natives. (Understand that when I enter the expenses they are for two.)

kr. ore.

Bill at Hardanger Hotel, 41 30

Jannsen's Hotel, Eide.

Thursday, July 17.

Last night at half-past ten we went on board the Lyderhorn. Rain fell fast, and I was anxious about Kate. I think I would have stayed at Odde, only that Dr. Williams told us he should also take the nocturnal voyage and could prescribe for Kate if necessary. Securing the only vacant berth in the deck-cabin, I made Kate as comfortable as I could, and soon she was sweetly unconscious. A thick mist, defying the possibility of

penetration, enveloped us, till close on that "witching hour of midnight" the pluvial clouds dispersed, and I could watch soft, filmy fleeces floating on the river, and parting just sufficiently to allow the passage of our ship. Fair Luna shed a pale lustre on the surrounding mountains with stately pines and everlasting snow; "all was hushed and still, save the swollen torrent's sullen roar;" then from the eastern sky a glow, a roseate tinge suffusing all, and the veiled orb rose in splendour, bearing the image of smiling day. Having witnessed all this glory, and feeling oppressed with the weight thereof, an unromantic desire seized me to make tea, which invigorating decoction I handed to the weary and those refreshed by sleep.

Our ship stopped at several lovely ports, including Utne, Vik or Eidfjord, and Ulvik. Under the advice of Dr. Williams we decided to go to Eide, and give up the Voringfos, as he thought Kate was not well enough to make the *détour*. At Eidfjord, whom should we see but "Paddy from Cork," having turned out of bed at three a.m. expressly to see safely shipped the identical young lady before-mentioned. At Ulvik, which seemed a large place and very lovely, the "Shouts" came on,





THE NERODAL.

and our friendly elderly lady, who greeted us at once with "I heard of you two young ladies bounding into the hotel like kittens after you had been to that wonderful Fos." She expatiated eloquently on the attention and liberal treatment of Møer Utne at Utne, and laughingly said, "My dear, we might almost have expected ices, the dinner was so good." She also praised the beauties of Ulvik, and the food. The "Shouts" made as much noise as usual. How I pitied that poor little wife with the terrible cough, who was so agreeable and winning, and how I wondered that she could ever have become linked to the Rev. "Shout," and his sister! He was like a bear, this English clergyman, and the manners of the sister were anything but pleasing. Arriving at Eide about seven, there was a general move towards Møeland's Hotel, and, in spite of Captain Simonsen's endeavours to assist us, we were too late to obtain a room, so came here, where we have a large room on the ground floor (outside, but close to the hotel), and are very comfortable. We have had delicious pancakes; I never tasted better. After breakfast we went to see a waterfall, but rain fell again, in consequence of which, we, with Dr. and Mrs. Williams, took shelter in a picturesque shed. At dinner at half-past one we saw the visitors at this hotel. A lady with two Norwegian boys and one little girl; a sweetly pretty English lady (whose husband is a Norwegian), and two Danish ladies.

The Danish ladies speak English fluently, and are very entertaining. One is widow to the late confessor (or chaplain) to Christian IX. of Denmark. He confirmed our deservedly adored Princess of Wales, who, on his death twelve years ago, went to sympathise with his sorrowing wife. After dinner, Ingeborg Jaunsen, who speaks a little English, and is most solicitous for our welfare, brought us coffee; after which, as it still rained, we sank in profound slumbers. A genial meeting was the eight o'clock supper, and afterwards we had music. The Norwegian boys went gracefully through a minuet to gratify us.

	kr. ore.
Fare to Eide on the Lyderhorn . . . . .	5 60
Porterage . . . . .	0 30

Jannsen's Hotel, Eide,  
Friday, July 18.

We are in raptures with Eide. It is one of the loveliest, cosiest little nooks I ever saw, and we are both wishing time would allow us to prolong our stay. Three hotels (the one near the landing-stage is closed), a few fishing huts, not many humble cottages, the roofs of which are prolific with grass, pansies, daisies, dandelions, and ferns, comprise Eide. The houses are built of logs or trunks of large trees, notched at each end, and closely fitted together, the interstices being well filled with moss; the better rooms are lined with neatly-planned transverse boards, as is also the ceiling. Beautiful hills, luxuriously-clad in pine and fir, enlivened by rippling streamlets and dashing waterfalls, environ us. Patches of ground are cultivated wherever there is a possibility, but the opportunities are few; the produce must be very small. A few yards of grass are "slain" (principally composed of wild pansies, forget-me-nots, harebells, and such like), and laid over sticks or string to dry, while the remainder is left growing till another day.

Long wires are attached to the hills and mountains, and again to a machine in the valley, by which hay, rye, and barley are slipped from the mountain side, and from farms which exist high on the hills, wherever there is a space destitute of trees.

This morning, about half-past six, the entry of coffee and delicious curled cakes aroused us. At eight we had a good breakfast off a

whole fresh salmon, eggs, and excellent white bread. Kate, fortunately, is much better, and revelling in this place. Walking towards the fjord, we introduced ourselves to an old woman's cottage, consisting of two rooms and a loft, bearing its usual appendage of grass, etc. The old dame was busy at her spinning jenny, skeining a heap of wool in its original state, preparatory to using it in her loom, which we examined and admired, and which contained a beautifully soft texture of serge. She expressed gratitude for the few ore we gave her, and shook hands with us. Women dress the flax of their own fields and the wool of their own flocks, and spin, dye, and weave it, transforming it afterwards into substantial articles of clothing.

In a hut close to the fjord were one hundred and twenty salmon, caught in nets this morning. The average weight was six or seven pounds, and they were being sold for two kroner each fish. The greater number were weighed, wiped over with sea-weed, and packed in boxes with a small quantity of ice, to be despatched to Bergen.

About a quarter of an hour's walk from this hotel a very lovely waterfall, embowered by trees, attracted us, and we sat for some time enchanted by its resonant murmurings, then wound our way through a dense forest, picking bilberries, and overjoyed with the colours of moss and ferns. As we ascended higher and higher we were still more charmed with delightful and extensive prospects. We peeped into two or three rustic wooden buildings which contained large quantities of wood, and as we approached a small patch of potatoes and a few yards of rye we thought we should like to discover the inmate of the approximate dwelling. The door was open, but the lowly habitation empty; looking around I descried a man felling trees, and on our way down we met an old woman whom we supposed to be his wife, and who had doubtless been to Eide to make a few trivial purchases. We tried to render intelligible a few words, but only succeeded in grasping her hand and assuring her of our goodwill.

It seems to me that these honest people in their lonely lives must be untainted by temptation or wrong of any kind. So remote as they are from the busy haunts of men, it is incredible that they can get contaminated; and we Londoners, who boast of our civilisation and progress, may not be half so innocent as these humble creatures whose rest is hardly earned, and in whose breasts discontent can never dwell, because there is not any inducement for them to strive or yearn after other things. The diligence goes to-morrow to Vossevangen, where we intend to spend Sunday. The driver says he will take our luggage for one kroner if we like to walk. To drive in the diligence would be more expensive than a stolkjøerre.

	kr. ore.
Bill at Eide . . . . .	18 80
Maid . . . . .	0 50

Hansen's Hotel, Gudvangen.  
Saturday, July 19.

We have accomplished fifty-two miles today, and only reached here about nine o'clock. Kate is much better, but I thought it wiser not to walk to Vossevangen, although the roads are good. This morning at nine our stolkjøerre came to Jannsen's Hotel, and with a tender leave-taking we drove off, laughing at our resemblance to Darby and Joan. Skirting the Gravensvand for three miles we reached Graven, where is to be held a Church service to-morrow, which we are sorry to miss. The road, the sides of which are carpeted with lovely white flowers and delicate wild roses, winds through Ovre Seim, and brings us to the beautiful Skarvefos and Skjervefos, besides a number of minor falls. Arriving at a won-

derful zigzag path, we walked slowly, and stopped several times to enjoy the varied and exquisite scenery, then drove again through forests and many different pictures to Vossevangen about twelve. Our skydsgut, a man about forty years, taught us the Norwegian names for nut trees, silver-birch, mountain-ash, and many more which adorn the mountain sides, while we instructed him in English. The languages are very similar—in fact, some words are exactly the same.

Vossevangen, with its slate roofs, disappointed us; after Eide the situation seemed devoid of the loveliness we anticipated, and strangely enough, just as I was saying to Kate, "I hope the 'Shouts' will not be here," who should receive us at the gate of Fleischer's Hotel but the "Shouts." A carriage and pair stood in the yard waiting a return fare. This we decided to take to Gudvangen after a bread and cheese luncheon. As Vossevangen possesses several shops, we deemed it advisable to purchase some medicine, methylated spirit, and a kettle and mug for our tea. The kettle was three times larger than we required, but it was the only size we could get. We had great fun in our endeavours to make the people understand, and signed for them to put the prices on paper. Even the "Apothek" could not comprehend nor speak a word of English.

Driving through an ever-changing and transcendent panorama, we stopped to make tea. Our coachman was exceedingly ugly, also excessively amiable. He used nearly a box of matches in his endeavours to ignite us a wood fire (for we considered our bottle of spirit valuable, and reserved it for special occasions), but to no purpose, the wind was too high. On through Tvinde, enamoured with the beautiful Tvindefos, to Vinje, then to Opheim Hotel, where we changed horses and drank a beverage called tea, and extremely nasty. Four Norwegian ladies, in residence there for a month, came out to wave us an adieu.

Soon our eyes dilated with astonishment and wonder at the magnificently appalling grandeur of the Nørødal. A *piéd* we sauntered down the Stalheimsdelt, an excellent road, admirably engineered in a curious zigzag manner, and indulged in rhapsodies. How I wish I could adequately convey the splendour of this valley with its thunderous and foaming waterfalls, the Sivlefos and Stalheimfos, the grand Jordalsunten snow-tipped peaks, and the stupendous rocks that have fallen into the valley, threatening terror, confusion, and death. Trees sprout from these massive blocks of granite and marble in a most eccentric fashion.

Gudvangen lay in seclusion till we neared Hansen's Hotel. An English gentleman, who has stayed here for twelve successive seasons studying its piscatorial attributes, welcomed us most graciously, and at supper played the part of host right regally. Already he has lent us books, and expressed his desire to breakfast at whatever hour we select.

	kr. ore.
Stolkjøerre to Vossevangen . . . . .	6 50
Luncheon at Voss . . . . .	2 0
Purchases at Voss . . . . .	6 20
Calèche and pair to Gudvangen . . . . .	12 25

Sunday, July 20.

A calm, resuscitating day. Our kind friend waited "frokost" for us, and we were sorry to be rather late. The salmon was delicious; he caught it yesterday. The fish have "close time" from last night at six till the same hour this evening, as that here is the allotted Sabbath. Happening to mention how often we should have liked marmalade, Mr. Brodie at once regretted his inability to procure some for us, but hoped to do so to-morrow. He told us that the steamer comes at half-past twelve, and politely intimated that we might

dine about two, after the departure of the passengers for Vossevangen.

Kate and I wandered down to the Nærofjord, where was a boat full of peasants, the women with clean, prettily-coloured kerchiefs on their heads. I attracted their attention, whereupon a young man jumped out to ascertain if I wished to accompany them. I fancied they might be going to church somewhere, and if so I should like to join them. Sundry "signs and wonders," and at last he drew forth his watch, then, with much pointing, grinning, and nodding, he proved to me that they were going to church some miles away, and would not return till five o'clock. I succeeded in showing him that would be too late for me. I waved to them for some time, then we culled strawberries. Kate sought the finest for me, I likewise for her, not speaking much, for silence is often more eloquent than speech, and the mere fact of being together is joy to us. To be together, only ourselves, in such a Paradise, and on Sunday, too, when everything seems hushed, and there is a quiet sense of rest and peace, and our hearts are full of love and gratitude to God for allowing us to behold (while together) the wonderful works of His hands!—this is, indeed, bliss.

Gudvangen, like many other mountainous districts, does not possess a church, and generally the distance to be traversed to the house of prayer is very great. "Excepting the Cathedral of Trondjhem, founded A.D. 1180 or 1183, and a few other churches which are stone edifices, the churches are mostly built of wood. Many of them are very ancient structures, dating as far back as the eleventh and twelfth centuries: evidencing a wonderful degree of durability in the Norwegian pine, of which they are constructed. Generally built in the form of a cross, with a tower in the centre, terminating in a cupola or spire, with high-pitched roofs, often covered with scale-shaped shingles, and of large proportions, the general effect is massive in a degree which one should not expect from the material employed."\*

We were a happy "trio" at dinner. There was mutual pleasure. Mr. Brodie was genuinely courteous and attentive, and I think he was amused with us, and kindly professed to be interested in our independent mode of travelling.

After coffee, we two girls roamed leisurely up the glorious "dal" or valley, and lingered on a rustic bridge. We watched the mist on the mountain's brow, which gradually approached, betokening rain. Hesitating whether to proceed or not, the advent of an old woman minus an umbrella decided us. We had two, so I took her under mine, and we trudged along merrily in spite of inclement showers, talking in a most unintelligible way. Kate sagely remarks that if we shelter every peasant who forgets her umbrella, we shall have enough to do.

From the bedroom window I am looking on to the Kilfos, which is very pretty, although not a large body of water. George Holley says it is the highest perpendicular waterfall in the world, formed by a mountain stream that falls two thousand feet into the Nærofjord. Of the fosses we passed yesterday, I may almost say "their name is legion." The title of cataract is almost more applicable than that of foss, or waterfall. It is an immense body of water, usually environed on either side by abrupt rocks that have evidently been worn and torn asunder by the long action of the torrent; while below is a huge basin excavated by the same irresistible agent.

Sawmills are boldly projected into the centre of the cataract, that threatens at each moment to inevitably annihilate them.

(To be continued.)



\* Forester.

sadly changed my purpose, but I fear I have gone too far with my reader's patience to resume my forsaken themes. I will, therefore, take my leave, hoping you will treat me as kindly as you can, and believe that, though I have not

described this lovely valley, with its river, its brooks, its meadows, its glens, its woods, its old romantic towers, its cheerful villages and hamlets, and, above all, its inhabitants, as they deserve, I have failed only because I

wanted the skill; for a love for the beautiful, though it may prompt us to attempt to convey it to others, will not always impart the graphic power.

[THE END.]

## OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

### THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

Lindstrom's Hotel, Lœrdalsoren,  
Monday, July 21.

A VERY merry and early breakfast this morning at Gudvangen. Mr. Brodie had procured marmalade for us, how or whence we know not, and he brought in a splendid salmon, twenty-five pounds in weight, to show there would be plenty for us to eat, and to induce us to remain in our pleasant quarters another day. The inevitable sausage is proverbial here as elsewhere, and Mr. Brodie told us that one day he interrogated the sturdy Hansen thus: "What! you have some of the old horse left still?" to which the dry reply was, "Oh, Ja! and old cows too." A new "pige" (maid-servant) was engaged; Mr. Brodie asked Hansen her name. Hansen raised his eyebrows, and deliberately murmured "Ingeborg." There had already been three maids answering to that appellation. Mr. Brodie says there was great grief when the favourite old cow Timo died. Every day when he was fishing, the cow would rub his shoulders and fidget him till she procured a piece of black bread. Mr. Brodie was very entertaining, and we were sorry to say farewell to him and Mr. Hansen, to go on board the little Laardal. Once it was off, but put back again for something a gentleman had forgotten.

The mountains rise five thousand feet nearly perpendicularly on each side of the Noerfjord, and we were spell-bound with admiration. To see these glorious scenes is to love them, but to realise their beauty it is necessary to behold them. Description is utterly powerless. From the Noerfjord we pass through a small part of the Aurlandsfjord to the Sognefjord.

"The prevailing rocks of Norway are gneiss and mica-slate, of which all the loftier mountains are composed. Granite is of comparatively rare occurrence. On some of the plateaux, blocks of conglomerate occupy a large part of the surface. Porphyry, argillaceous schist, and limestone occur, but in very limited quantities; and rocks of volcanic formation are so rare that their existence was at one time altogether denied."

Several stolkjœres met the boat within a mile of Lœrdalsoren to convey passengers and luggage to Lindstrom's hotel. After dinner, equipped with kettle, a bottle of milk, a mug, tea and sugar, we strode forth to the fjord, by which we sat 'neath a lovely blue sky bathing our feet in the rippling tide, and sipped our delicate Assam.

Lœrdalsoren is not so bewitching as most parts, and we consider it rather lost time to be compelled to wait for Thursday's steamer. Doubtless we shall enjoy to-morrow at Husum, whither we go to Borgund church. To-night, as we came up the street, a man was being shaved, much to the amusement of the general public.

	kr.
Bill at Gudvangen	18
Ingeborg	1
Steamer to Lœrdalsoren	6
Luggage to hotel	1

Sitting by the River Lœrdal.  
Tuesday, July 22, 1.30 p.m.

This is exquisite. The distant snow-tipped mountains verging on dense forests of pine and fur, the bright green grass, gently purling stream, azure sky, radiant warm sun, and the sweet scent of new mown hay, render this a delicious spot wherein to lie, and rest, and dream. There stands the quaint church of Borgund which we have just visited. It is almost an unique relic of wooden architecture, and was built in 1132. It contains some rude paintings and carvings of early Norse art. The bell in the belfry near the church bears the inscription "Sanctus Laurentius."

We made hay with four peasants, who were so entertained that they leaned on their rakes and watched us. A little child was with them, on whose head we strewed the perfumed grass; but she did not appreciate it, and stared in blank astonishment. Refreshing ourselves with tea, we offered some to the girls, who tasted, then drank, and pronounced it "meget god." They looked as if they could not understand our proceedings, but were evidently gratified, and, after shaking our hands most cordially retired to tell their friends. The drive here from Lœrdalsoren through Blaafaten, fifteen miles, is most romantic—deep gorge, down which roars a maddening torrent. We are quite looking forward to the return journey to-night. Now we shall saunter over the old road to Husum to dinner at six. Dare I repeat that this is lovely? So soft and dreamy.

Lindstrom's Hotel, 11 o'clock p.m.

This evening, while musing near Husum, four carriages approached, containing, to our surprise, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest, and Dr. and Mrs. Williams. We were glad of the opportunity to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Forrest, who are en route for Christiania and St. Petersburg. We smiled secretly that they were not in a dignified carriage and pair to retain the prestige they acquired in Bergen. Dr. and Mrs. Williams returned here, and are glad to find Kate looking more salubrious, but have given us strict injunctions "not to do too much." This is awkward! I proposed that to-morrow we should go over the Jostedal glacier, but Kate says she will not go, neither will she allow me to do so, as she does not intend for either of us to sleep at a sœter which is declared to be infested with fleas. Mrs. Williams tells us that they were at Fleischer's Hotel, Vossevangen, on Sunday, and that at dinner the Rev. "Shout" was first to sit down, and placed himself next the kitchen door so as to be served first, instead of which everything was handed to him last. He read a novel during dinner, and constantly exclaimed angrily that he had to wait forty minutes between each course. At supper he took the seat of the individual who had happened to be assisted first, but the perverse waiters commenced the service where he sat at dinner. The obnoxious man, with his equally objectionable sister and pitiable wife, have gone to St. Petersburg.

Stolkjœre to Borgund .. 10 35

	kr.	ore.
Middag for boy	0	50
Dinner at Husum	3	20
Visiting old church and new, and photo	1	75

Lœrdalsoren,

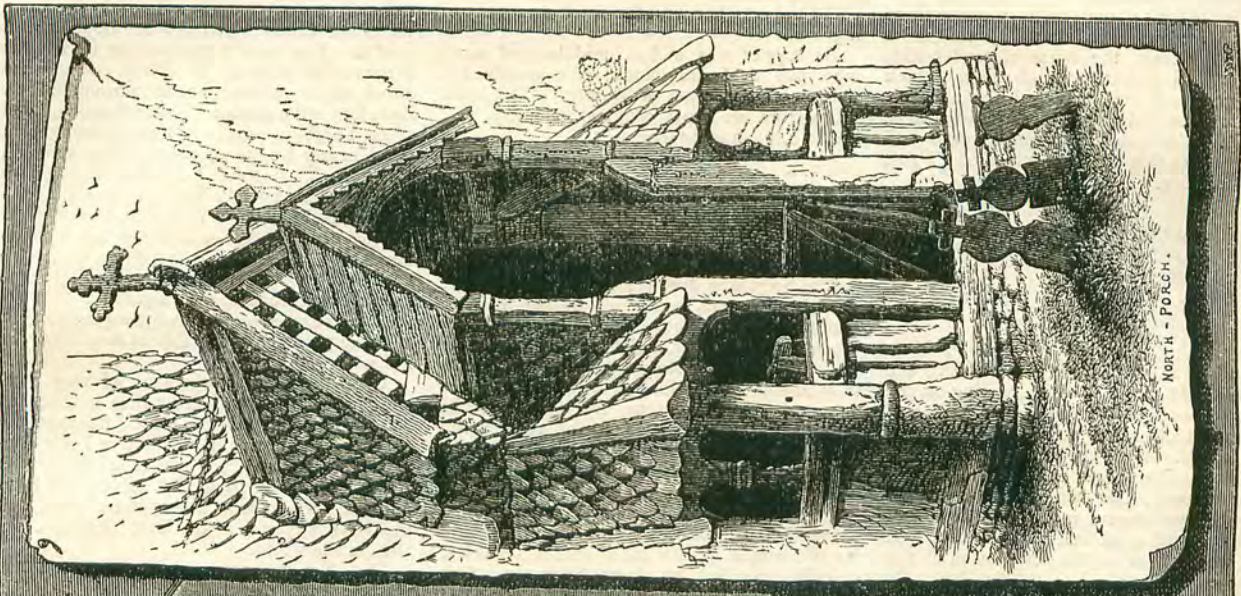
Wednesday, July 23, 9 o'clock p.m.

I was dressed by seven this morning, and walked to the pier with Dr. and Mrs. Williams. They are off to Bergen, and thence to England. When there I trust we may renew the friendship formed under circumstances so auspicious. After breakfast, we engaged Lars Henriksen, aged fifteen, and who speaks a little English, to guide us up the mountain which is over the landing place, and whence is a fine view of the Jostedal glaciers and the Lesterfjord. Proceeding up the village, we entered the new church, which reminded me of the toy buildings we played with at five years old. It contains ancient carvings and a hideously-painted altarpiece from the curious old church of Tonjum, which was blown down in 1823. Here, as in the other churches, the surplice and vestment were lying on the altar-cloth. We then commenced our ascent, and it was a scramble. People thought us wonderful to attempt the Ringedalsfos; what would they think could they see us now, struggling and tumbling over these smooth, oblique stones, on ground where there was not the slightest track of animal or man? For about two hours we persevered, but, seeming as far from the top as when we began, we sank exhausted, and declined to move a step farther.

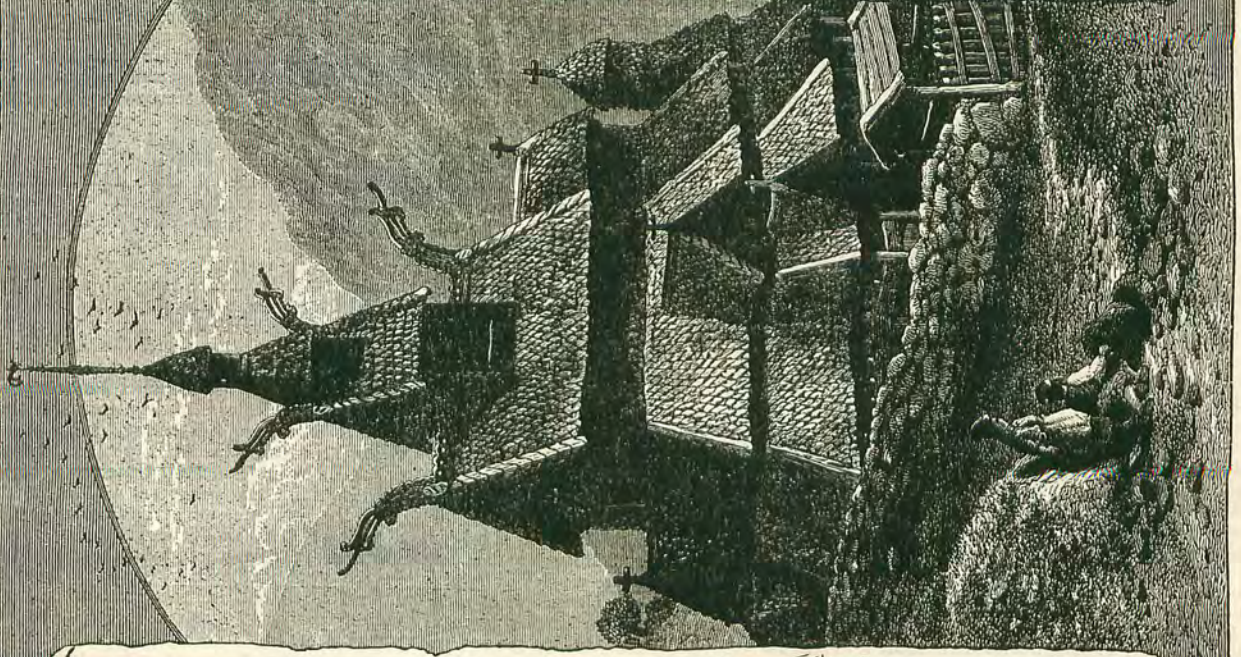
Lars kindled a capital wood fire, and glad were we that he had carried water in the kettle, for on this barren, rocky mountain, there was not a drop to be found. The struggle back to the hotel was nearly as distressing. Writing letters and dinner followed, and the entry of two young English tourists from Nystuen (who crossed with us from Hull) has cheered us, for all in this hotel are foreigners.

Mr. Burney tells us that during their late adventures at one sœter, where they put up for the night, they asked for milk. The woman looked about, then took from the floor a small bowl which she filled with milk, and they both drank. The pig (always a member of the family) showed signs of distress, squeaked, grunted, rubbed itself against their legs, and worried the old woman till they were compelled to ascertain the reason. Whereupon the old woman replied that they were drinking out of the pig's trough, and "the poor thing" wanted it back again.

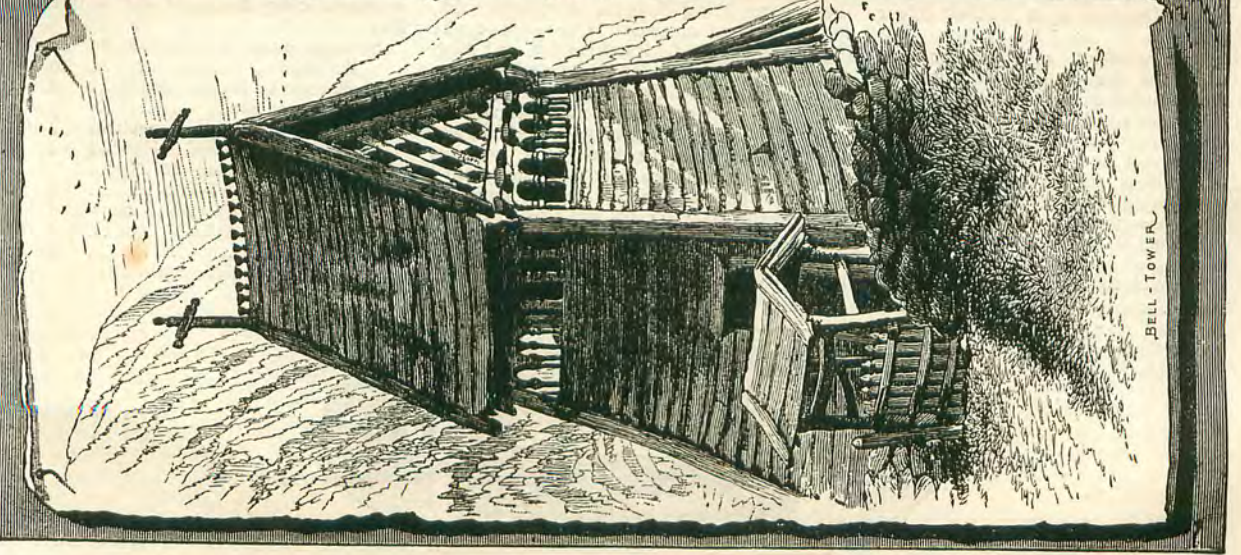
Mr. Burney has lent us his phrase book by Bennett, and has written for us a little tour to be made from Rodsheim. My ambition is to see Lake Gjendin, and stay at Gjendeshim, described in "Three in Norway, by Two of them," but he thinks it would be very hard work for ladies, and attended with much discomfort. I do not value comfort in the least, if I can only see all I want; neither do I heed all that people say; there are so many who fancy women are weak and foolish,



NORTH - PORCH.



BORGUND CHURCH, NEAR HUSUM.



BELL - TOWER.

and unable to walk more than half a mile. I dare say it is the fault of our sex to generate these notions when we wear boots with thin soles and French heels, the cause of tender feet, corns, and all pedestrian hindrances. Thick boots, measured uniformly with the anatomy of the foot, slightly squared toes, low heels, and substantial stockings, ensure ease and elasticity. At this hotel we changed  $\text{kr } 10\text{s.}$  into 180 kroner.

	kr.	ore.
Guide up the hill ... ..	2	0
Bill at Lindstrom's ... ..	19	40
Laundress ... ..	2	20

Balholm, or Balestrand,  
Thursday, July 24.

Last night at eleven we went on board the little steamer Laardal. While waiting on the landing-stage to see our luggage put on board, the horses took alarm at a sky-rocket, the arrival signal. We were nearly pushed into the water; as the horses with the stolkjærres scampered away, the owners who were receiving the passengers made a rush to get after them, and great confusion ensued. Of course, we laughed at the desperation of the proprietors.

On Monday the captain agreed to reserve the deck cabin for us, as we hate the stifled atmosphere of the saloon cabins, but some gentlemen who wished to smoke therein refused to budge. The captain (these captains are always kind) interfered, and secured it for us. At two a.m. the distance between us and Lærdalsoren became "smaller by degrees and beautifully less." At nine we should land for the Fjærland Glaciers, and remain there till two p.m. Heavy and incessant rain, however, determined us otherwise, and we went ashore at Balholm, the scene of Tegnier's "Frithjofs Saga" about half-past five, where the two brothers who keep the hotel conveyed our luggage to a spacious room apart from the hotel. (The steward on board had been most attentive, but refused the fee we offered.) Hot coffee and cakes soon refreshed us, and we waited patiently for the breakfast hour, eight o'clock. "Frokost" was arrayed in a long room opposite the hotel, and there we met Mrs. Mills, Charlie, "Paddy," several others, and a number of Norwegians. We devoted the morning to a long walk by the Sognefjord, enjoying numerous views and admiring the orchards—the first time we had seen any. There are good farms, and the land is richly cultivated. Some red currants inspired us with longing, but the lady of the establishment to whom we poured our desire, benignly insinuated to us that they were sour. To us, indeed, they were sour, but their colour denoted ripeness.

During the afternoon a peasant woman rowed us to the church and priest's garden. In the churchyard there were fragrant "Gloire de Dijon" roses overhanging a grave. Our attendant instantly plucked one and offered it to us. I knew not how to express my vexation at so ruthless an act. That rose, the offspring of loving thought, was too soon to fade and die, mercilessly torn from its parent stem by the hand of a reckless stranger. And had we accepted it to tenderly cherish, the woman would conclude we approved, and

possibly pick more another time. I wished I could impress her with the intense sanctity of a grave.

At supper was a fine, middle-aged man, who was deaf and dumb. We sustained a written conversation with him. The hotel proprietors are most civil and attentive, and speak English and German.

	kr.	ore.
Bill at Balholm ... ..	10	80
Luggage to steamer ... ..	0	30

Nedre Vasenden,  
Friday, July 25.

The Sogn was due at Balholm at half-past four this morning, but, to our dismay, it came about half-past three. We were called only when it was sighted, and I scarcely know how we caught it. The steaming, outpoured coffee may be still waiting for us. We each had two cups on board to atone for our loss. In drenching rain we tried to appreciate the beauties of the Sognefjord, bade adieu to Mr. Burney and "Paddy," who are homeward bound, hastened from the steamer to the little inn at Vadheim, and at half-past eight obtained a stolkjærre for Sande, eleven miles, where we did ample justice to a liberal breakfast quickly provided by Herr Sivertsen. Our skydsgut had run the whole way. The hotel looked insinuatingly clean and cosy in contradistinction to the rain outside. Several people were staying here for salmon fishing in the River Gaula. Another stolkjærre was soon ready, and we drove to Langeland, where we had to change to another stolkjærre. About a mile on the road we met a lady and gentleman in a stolkjærre, and there was also a gentleman in front of us in one. We all stopped simultaneously, and the two skydsguts and one skydsguten (a girl about ten years) commenced arguing, the result of which was that all packages were turned into the road, and an exchange of vehicles effected, as we were to take to Hafstad the horse that had brought the lady and gentleman from there. At Hafstad we entered the hotel, and had some biscuits, then, in a fresh stolkjærre, came here.

This is an unpretending inn, but most delightfully situated. One window of our dormitory opens to a foaming cascade, the other to a placid translucent lake. The whole journey from Vadheim is replete with interest, some parts being wild and majestic; I should like to go over the ground again on a balmy day. As it is, we have chilblains, and could not keep warm, although we muffled ourselves in everything we possess. The people at each station have been so good in lending us rugs or shawls for our knees, the stolkjærres in these parts being destitute of aprons. Oh, for a glimpse of sunshine! Our supper-tea at eight, was splendid. Excellent fish and fresh eggs; quite a treat. The best meal we have had since we left Gudvangen.

There is not a creature who understands one word of English; in consequence we have had constant recourse to the phrase-book. "Meget rsgn" (much rain) has been our ejaculation a thousand times to-day, and now we give vent indefatigably to "vær saa god!" That tells wonderfully with the Norwegians. "Civility costs nothing" is a trite adage, whether at home or abroad. Our hostess is a fine old

dame. When we want anything we cannot pronounce we point to a line in the book, when she calls "Katrine," her daughter, to read it. Just now in the passage we tried to express our wish to be called early, when about eight or nine people surrounded us, including "the mother" and "Katrine," and seemed highly amused. After producing some good hearty laughs we shook hands with all, and retired. In spite of the short hay-bed we wish we could spend a week in the solitude of these romantic wilds, and be cared for by these worthy people. We will renew our acquaintance with them some day if we can. We have ordered our horse for the morning; it is always wiser to do so over night.

In a trout stream close by, a gentleman in 1880 caught twenty-two fish in less than two hours.

The fisheries of Norway are of very great value. A large source of revenue is furnished by the cod and herring, which frequent the coast in vast numbers, and have been estimated to yield a gross amount of nearly one million pounds sterling. The rivers and lakes abound with salmon and salmon trout, and make Norway one of the best angling countries in the world.

The Norwegians are generally tall and vigorous, and distinguished for the lightness of their hair, particularly in childhood. They show a strong passion for a sea life, and make excellent sailors. They are remarkable for civility and courteous demeanour, being very obliging and willing to serve others, and that without gain. They have a reverent respect for religion and the laws, and a strong love of liberty. From the purity of the air they are naturally of a cheerful disposition, and fortunately enjoy excellent health. A Norwegian of one hundred years of age is not accounted past his labour; and in 1733 four couples were married and danced before his Danish Majesty at Frederichshall, whose ages when joined exceeded six hundred years. They are in general dexterous, active, penetrating, and ingenious, especially in all kinds of mechanical performances. Every inhabitant is an artisan, and supplies his family in all its necessities with his own manufactures, so that there are few hatters, shoemakers, tailors, tanners, weavers, carpenters, smiths, or joiners by profession, all these trades being carried on in every farmhouse.

In the royal museum at Denmark there is a bust of Christian V. carved in a certain wood called been-wood, by a shepherd who, in the year 1688, when the king went to Dronheim, stood in the road to see his majesty pass, and received so strong an impression of his face that he was able to represent every lineament and feature to the life.

	kr.	ore.
Steamer from Lærdalsoren to	10	80
Vadheim ... ..	2	75
Stolkjærre Vadheim to Sande ... ..	3	13
Breakfast at Sande ... ..	2	25
Stolkjærre Sande to Langeland ... ..	2	0
Stolkjærre Langeland to Hafstad	3	80
Stolkjærre Hafstad to Nedre	6	14
Vasenden ... ..	0	60
Bill at Nedre Vasenden—Sup-		
per, beds, breakfast ... ..		
Pige ... ..		

(To be continued.)



## OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

## THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

Tenden's Hotel, Faleide,  
Saturday, July 26.

THE delightful anticipation of letters from home at Faleide was sufficient incentive to us to arise very early and pursue our journey from Nedre Vasenden, in spite of the inclement weather. When I awoke Kate at four she said she should prefer to go home, and get warm in "auld England." It certainly did look very dismal. But we have to be philosophical, to take things as they come, and to be resigned and contented under every vicissitude and trial. Travelling is a grand experience, it rubs off one's narrow-mindedness and prejudices, and teaches us to judge our fellow creatures gently and charitably, and not by appearances only.

"Katrine" supplied us with a good "hest," which conveyed us to Ordal, a small cottage where we asked for milk, and received some

that was so sour we could not drink it. "Hest strax, vcer saa god" (pronounced ver so goo) generally procured us a stolkjerre as quickly as possible, although the diminutive cream-coloured quadruped has often to be obtained from a neighbour. At each station it is essential to enter your name and the number of horses required in the "dagbog" (daybook), also it is wise to consult the same for the charge made. The native horses are generally well-proportioned, spirited, and sure-footed; they go at a spanking pace down hill, when we cling fiercely to each other, and clench the front board with our feet. When feeding in the mountains, should they be attacked by a bear, they show great courage, fighting with their fore-legs, and usually come off victorious.

The Norwegians have not the slightest notion of the value of time, which is often

irritating to the tourist, who recognises the importance of every hour. Still, it is useless to get impatient, they will not be hurried, and it is necessary to preserve a composed exterior, and speak kindly. A grandly magnificent drive to Forde mid mountains, lakes, and waterfalls, during which the clouds graciously withdrew their piercing darts. Forde is only a wretched hovel, and yet its position commands a good station. In tempestuous weather the boatmen will not cross to Bredheimsvandet. In that case what can the poor traveller do who has driven or walked all the way from Nedre Vasenden for the purpose of reaching Red? Fortunately we generally contrive to carry tea, bread, or biscuits, and luckily we had eaten some on the road, for neither bread nor milk could we get at Forde. We are told that in winter here there is light for only six hours in the day.

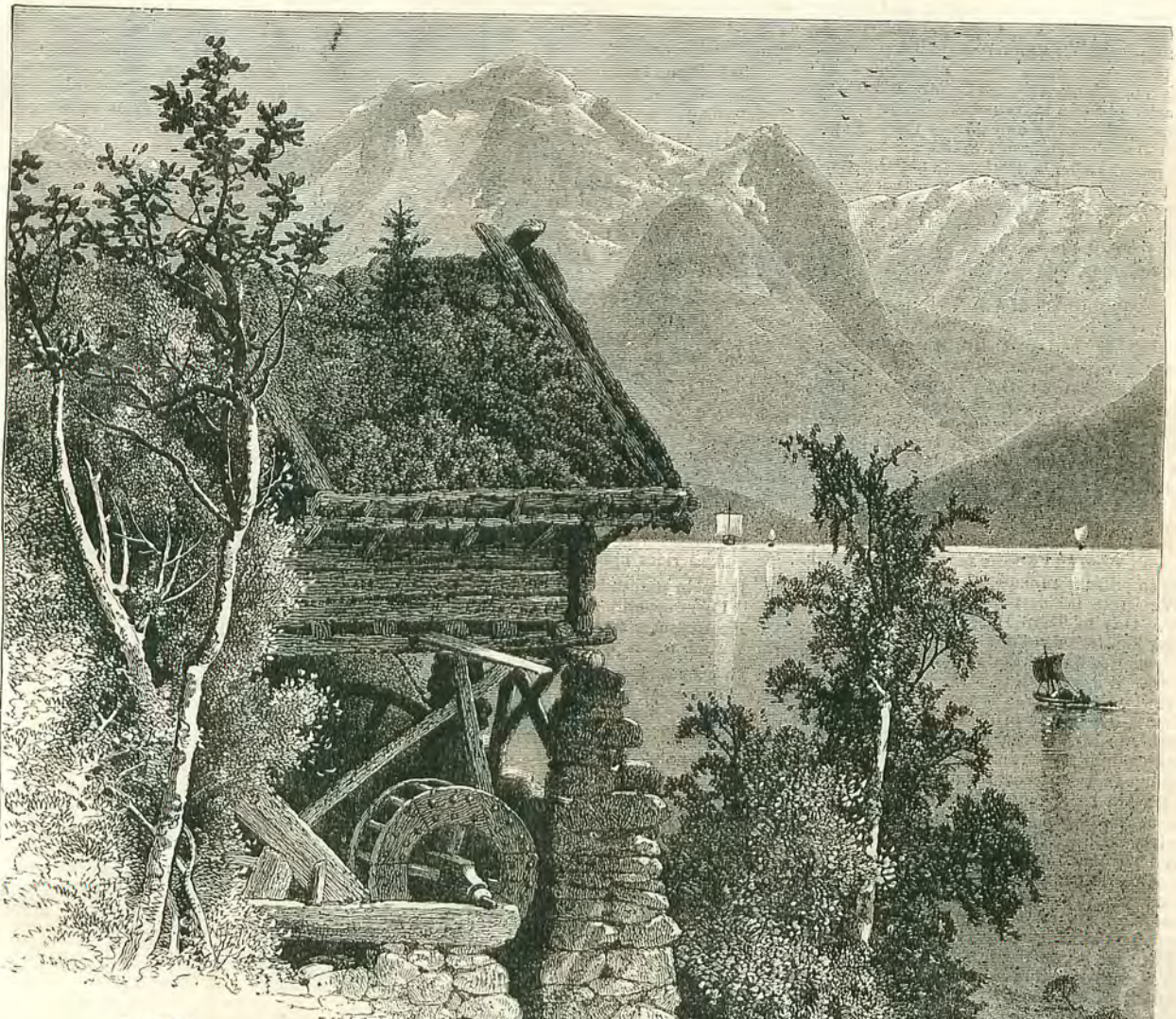
Three men rowed us in the space of three and a-half hours to Red, where we had milk and "kavringer" (rusks) at a small cost. Here there is one tidy bedroom.

A young woman brought us a stolkjerre, but we soon discovered that it must simply transmit our cargo while we walked across the mountain, 2,200 feet high, which road is probably the steepest in Norway. Soon the wind arose, hailstones descended, misty darkness covered the earth — and this was a pass for which we had been told to reserve unbounded transports! Unable to hold our umbrellas, we could scarcely open our eyes lest they should be cut out, and our impervious (?) macintoshes were soaked, so were our skins. As for our boots, it was difficult to conceive that we had any on. Another time I will have a pair of real porpoise-hide, topped with calf up to the calf.

Arriving at the hospitable and clean station of Verlo or Utviken, our chief concern was for the poor woman who had accompanied us, and whose great anxiety had been for her "hest" (these people are full of mercy and tenderness towards their animals), but no persuasions would induce her to linger in Verlo for the night. Back she went on that desolate road in that terrible night, having expressed grati



INTERIOR OF A NORWEGIAN HOUSE.



FALEIDE.

tude to us for our small donation. The pleasant landlady, seeing our plight, lighted a stove, gave us hot coffee, and saw us to the boat, in which three rowers conveyed us safely across the Indvig Fjord to Faleide, where, although it was past eleven, we received a warm welcome.

Being still wet, we have rubbed ourselves, particularly our feet, with spirit (a sure preventive of cold), and rely upon weary Nature's sweet restorer to banish all ugly nightmares of storm and tempest, and fortify us for the gentle pleasure of the Sabbath day.

	Kr.	Ore.
Stolkjærre to Ordal . . .	2	23
"    Ordal to Forde . . .	4	50
Boat to Red, 3 rowers . . .	5	0
Stolkjærre, Red to Verlo . . .	6	75
Coffee, etc., at Verlo . . .	1	0
Boat to Faleide, 3 rowers . . .	4	0

Tenden's Hotel, Faleide.

Sunday, July 27.

How we devoured our letters, the first we have had since we left England. One each had been to Trondjheim, where we expected

to stay on our way to the North Cape, and others were forwarded by Mr. Smeby from Bergen.

We are now sitting in a pretty balcony, and I will try to impart a faint idea of its lovely surroundings. The bright blue Nordtjord and deep blue sky outvie each other in colour. Across the fjord is a gloriously green-clad hill, the sombre hues of pine and fir contrasting with patches of lighter green grass, pale yellowish corn, and grey rocks. On the right more hills and distant snowfields, whose deep



purple fronts dip in the calm blue fjord. On the left, amid varied foliage, a few red slate roofs, more distant purple, higher and vaster stretches of pure white snow, and peaks towering one above another, sometimes distinct and clear, sometimes partly enshrouded by clouds and shining through them. Below on the water's edge a hut, covered with grass and flowers, and two or three trees growing on the roof to the height of five or six feet.

It is altogether a glorious day and a gorgeous scene, and we—oh! we thoroughly appreciate and revel in it all. Even to sit and watch the clouds, the evanescent mists, and colours multitudinous, is worth coming for, apart from anything else.

Raatevold's Hotel, Grodaas,  
Monday, July 28.

Awoke at half-past five this morning, having arranged to accompany some people (who had been to the North Cape, and suffered with bad weather) across the Nordfjord to Olden, thence walk to Olden Vand, take a boat up the lake, and walk to the Brixdal Glacier. It was destined to be an excursion of sixteen hours, with two guides to lead the way and carry provisions. After some discussion, Kate and I concluded that we could not conscientiously spare the day, and with deep and sincere regret we refrained from so brilliant an undertaking.

We wrote business letters, an imperative duty. One to Herr Heitmann, Christiania, to ask him to reserve one cabin amidships for two young ladies on the Rollo, August 15th. Messrs. Wilson had recommended us when at Hull to do this, so as to secure our being without the intrusion of fellow-passengers. Another to Mr. Smeby, with a small present, thanking him for forwarding our letters, and desiring that he would convey to Captain Soulsby, of the Domino, the baggage we had left at his hotel in Bergen. Another to Captain Soulsby, soliciting as a great favour that he would safely deliver our luggage at the office of Messrs. Wilson, Hull, on August 11th. Another to Messrs. Wilson to request them kindly to take charge of the same till we arrived at Hull by the Rollo.

Then we sat in the pretty balcony at Tenden's, and listened to the prattle of an elderly lady who is travelling alone. She constantly reiterated her chagrin that she had not joined the party to the glacier; that they might have pressed their invitation; that she was in the breakfast-room when there was yet only one plate on the table, to show that she was sufficiently early; that she would never intrude on anyone, and finished each remark with, "But I sat upon my pride, I sat upon my pride." How sorry she was that some of her garments were on the hill being cleaned, or she would honour us with her society to Grodaas. She was very persistent; whenever we moved she followed with her tautological decantations, till we finally beat a hasty retreat to our pleasant wooden chamber, and closed the door. About one, Kate charioteered our stolkjærre, while I exercised my limbs and judgment too. Some men, in a shed containing buckets of sprats that had just been caught, were putting them in tubs with large quantities of salt to preserve them. I arrested the attention of one youth, and before he could sprinkle the salt, inquired "Hvor meget?" (how much), and, in due course, succeeded in getting a nice bundle of fresh fish, which our landlady cooked for our tea, and we pronounced them "meget god" (very good).

I think I shall never forget that walk from Faleide. It impressed me as did my entrance to Chamounix, years ago, when the dying orb of day shed a rosy blush on Mont Blanc's perpetual snows, and on the golden harvest in the vale. We were both sorry to leave Faleide. Our cursory glimpse of a place so

redundant with every type of beauty seemed but an inspiration to stay. On the hill I stopped again and again to gaze on snow-mantled peaks, forests of pine, lichen, ferns, and sparkling waters.

Oh! let me turn back once again,  
Just for one loving, lingering look,  
And say, "Farewell, Faleide!"

All worries and annoyances sank into oblivion, and I thought—

Then gently bear the ills of life,  
Some day must have its tide of joy;

for it seemed well to bear suffering and trouble if we reaped such a reward as this. And with all life is it not the same? How little shall we estimate pain and care when we see the glory of heaven, and are able to realise its peace. Shall we not, then, be thankful for what we have endured bravely and patiently? How often and how ignorantly do we dread "the clouds that are big with mercy, and ready to break in blessings on our heads." Often in sorrow have those wonderful lines by Cowper comforted me. May they bring consolation and courage to many more.

"God moves in a mysterious way

His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill

He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace:  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain."

A fine sheet of water at Kjos, where we waited for another stolkjærre, and where we amused ourselves watching our skydsgut, an immoderately fat boy, with a huge spoon, demolishing his porridge and milk. The girls in white shirts proffered us some milk, but it was too sour.

The jolting down the hill to Grodaas, though not exactly enviable, was at the least appetising, and Mrs. Raatevold was expeditious in practically replying to our inquiry, "Kan vi faa noget at spise?" (Can we have anything to eat?), followed by, "Kan vi faa Senge for to Damerne?" (Can we have beds for two ladies?) After a good supper we asked her to oblige us by decking herself in her bridal attire, the different parts of which ornamented the room. She was complimented at the request, but showed them to advantage on her little girl of ten years: a white shirt, scarlet bodice much embroidered, a frilled cap, supplemented by a gilt crown about eight inches in depth, beneath which were suspended nine or ten ribbons about two inches wide, each a distinct colour, and decorated with beads and tinsel.

A quiet evening stroll in the soft, mellow light, and a rest in the verandah, nicely posed on Hornindal's fair lake, terminated a blissful day.

	Kr.	Ore.
Bill at Faleide . . . . .	18	40
Stolkjærre to Kjos . . . . .	4	45
" " Grodaas . . . . .	2	30
Bill at Grodaas—supper, beds, breakfast . . . . .	3	40

On the hill, near Sandborg's Hotel, Hellesylt,  
Tuesday, July 29.

A little girl took us in a stolkjærre to Indre Haugen, where we managed to get one to bring us to Hellesylt without changing at

Kjelstadli. The whole drive was magnificent. Fields blue with harebells and red with clover, and grasses whose stems are deep-tinted and delicately shaded.

Sunely is one series of cataracts and windings about the road, while birch, hazel, and mountain-ash fill every space between the rocks. Over the foreground tower lofty peaks of varied form, many of them showing large masses of perpetual snow. We tried for a rowing-boat to take us to Merok, but all the men are at work in the fields, so we must wait till four or five o'clock for the steamer. We reserve ourselves for dinner at Merok.

Off Merok in the Geirangerfjord.

On the steamer, 11 o'clock, p.m., July 29. "At midsummer on Norway's hills the blush of morning kisses the blush of evening." All is hushed! Only the sound "as of many waters," deep, melodious, full, such as I love to hear; a roseate glow o'erspreads snow and purple mountain, and illuminates yon rushing fall that bursts from its dark recess—

From a source hid long in the mountain's brow  
Where no man ever trod,  
Enshrouded by pure everlasting snow,  
And only known to God,  
The heaven-born waterfall bursts its bond,  
Dashing away, away,  
And o'er purple moor and auburn frond  
Laughed in the light of day.

It trickled and sparkled, rippled and sang,  
With heart so light and free,  
The grey-blue pine with its melody rang,  
Wafting its tones to me;  
And o'er the boulders merrily fell,  
Dashing, foaming, and white,  
Or lurked, to refreshen the pale harebell,  
And make all things look bright.

had not a care, for it blessed and gave  
Its goodly store to all;  
A spirit so tender, noble, and brave,  
Had that sweet waterfall.  
Each fern and leaflet, blade and flower, had won  
Of its beautiful flow,  
And its globules played "Bo Peep" in the sun  
To murmurs soft and low.

Away it ran with its bountiful heart  
To mingle with the sea,  
Of its gentle nature render a part,  
Unite its minstrelsy.  
And I wished that I could be borne away  
Upon its gentle breast;  
But I had much to learn beyond that day,  
It was not time to rest.

It is like peeping into fairyland to lean over the boat, and gaze into these limpid depths; grey and ebon shades of castellated battlements and turrets, patches of snow subdued by gold and ruddy tints, masses of dark chrome green, and lesser lights of olive, emerald, pale yellow, and dim blue grey; here and there clusters of scarlet berries, a purling, musical streak of white, a few shadowy phantoms and ethereal shapes, one sheet of lustrous blue with heaven's candles shining through. Here all the beauty that reigns above has its twin, for "not a feature of these hills is in the mirror slighted," but is fairer, more delicately hued, softer, and more soothing to the ocular desire. The gull its silver wing flapped o'er, enamoured of itself the more, and jelly-fish courting the bosom of the silvery fjord subtend their gorgeously-coloured tentacles to mingle with sweet fantasies below.

Not for one moment do I regret that slumbering little Merok could not make place for us, nor that Hellesylt's apartments were all pre-engaged. When the steamer came to Hellesylt at four it had nearly its full complement of *voyageurs*, all wanting to sleep at Merok. The three elderly ladies, their nephew,

and friend accompanied us; but they very judiciously secured their rooms at Hellesylt. We steamed at half-speed to Merok, where a general panic ensued—a desperate struggle to be first ashore. By dint of great perseverance I managed to alight into one boat, but a number of men preceded me to the inn, outside of which on a bench sat several women. I asked one if she had "senge for to Damerne," to which her only answer was an intimation to go inside. I did, and ran upstairs; but, to my dismay, found every door locked, and for elucidation of the matter ascertained that the male community had taken possession of the rooms, and consigned the keys to their own pockets. Kate was rowing towards me with the luggage, when I told her we must hasten back to the steamer. Returning to Hellesylt, the friend of the ladies hurried off in advance to endeavour to obtain a room for us, but with no better result. We therefore resigned ourselves to fate, and to the captain, who immediately ordered us an excellent supper, and reserved for our use the little deck cabin.

Now we are anchored off Merok, and shall go to Hellesylt to-morrow morning at half-past six, for the fourth time beholding the glories of the Geiranger Fjord. Perched high on these precipitous rocks are scoters, whose inhabitants are said to tether their children that they may not tumble into the fjord below.

	Kr.	Ore.
Stolkjærre to Indre Haugen . . . . .	2	95
"    "    Hellesylt . . . . .	4	70
Lunch at Hellesylt . . . . .	1	25
Steamer to Merok . . . . .	2	15
"    "    Hellesylt . . . . .	2	30
Stewardess . . . . .	0	50

(To be continued.)



EDUCATIONAL.

N. H.—Write to the office of the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon-row, W., and you will obtain a prospectus and any extra information you desire. But we warn you not to be too sanguine of success, as the candidates are so much in excess of the appointments vacant. Perhaps you might get into a private house of business.

ERNESTINE MARIE.—You would be old enough to be received as a pupil nurse at twenty-one years of age, or a lady pupil in the Hospital for Children, Great Ormond-street. As an ordinary nurse, you might be received at twenty; as a pupil nurse, you would have to take a certificate from the clergyman of the parish in which you reside. You would be lodged and boarded in hospital on payment of one guinea weekly, or 7s. 6d. by ordinary nurses. Applications to be addressed to the lady superintendent. In other hospitals, as a general rule, candidates are required

to be from twenty-five years of age to forty, their wages (with or without uniform) averaging about £12 per annum during the first year of probation.

LOVER OF G. O. P.—If the advice already given has failed to assist you in the cure of your hesitation and stammer you will require the aid of a teacher. A few lessons might improve your articulation. You may learn at any age.

ART.

J. L. W.—There is a school of wood and stone carving, under the direction of Mr. Schauerman, at the Polytechnic Institute, 309 and 311, Regent-street, W. Terms for course of instruction during ten weeks, including the use of tools, £2 2s. You may be instructed in any branch of the art—figures, fruit, and flowers, and ornamental devices of every description. The classes are held on Tuesdays and Fridays from 2 till 4 p.m.

WOULD-BE ARTIST.—We think such sketches would be suitable for a child's magazine. You should procure a list of them, and make application personally to the several editors, taking a collection of sketches with you. But, to make more sure of the disposing of your design, you should learn to draw on wood, and then sell the blocks all ready for the engraver. Never offer your work for nothing. You would thereby do a cruel injury to other artists.

TROTTY, LADY JANE, and Others.—We notice constant advertisements in the *Queen* newspaper and others, of schools of art and private teachers where lessons in repoussé brasswork can be obtained.

WILL'S DARLING.—Oil paintings that are very dirty can be cleaned by carefully rubbing with half a raw potato, then cleaning off with a sponge and clean water.

WORK.

FLORENCE.—We should be glad to oblige you, but it is against our rules to make such promises. Write copies daily in small roundhand.

F. P. and L. S.—The pile may be raised on velvet after it has been wet by holding it over the steam of boiling water and afterwards smoothing it gently with the hand.

BLO.—We are pleased to hear that your sister has succeeded in making four dresses by the aid of our dress articles. At some future period we shall probably give the information you want.

ADDIE G.—We are sure the sufferers in the hospital will be glad of the books, and of your handiwork also, which you may make very amusing by giving illustrations of the things you write out, and pictures.

DORA CRU L.—The gowns worn by the lady students and graduates are of the same shape exactly as the gentlemen's, and the college caps are also the same. Both constitute, in fact, the proper academic costumes without which the female students, we suppose, would not have been admitted. Their assumption of the gown and cap was not considered in the least degree unwomanly nor wrong.

HOUSEKEEPING.

LILY.—One pound of bran to a gallon of boiling water is the quantity used for washing crewel work. Prepare this overnight, and use the clear part tepid the next morning without soap; wring lightly out, and iron while damp.

SENZA.—It is said that strong snuff, scattered near their holes, will kill black beetles; and that cucumber parings will drive them away. But the best plan is to have a good hunt for the holes, and fill them up with cement, or keep a hedgehog.

SAILOR BOY.—The house-linen is now frequently marked in both names, an old-fashion revival, thus:—"J. E. and L. C." would stand for "James Edwin and Louise Cooke." Silver jewellery should not be worn for six months when in deep mourning for a parent.

NELLIE.—Pancakes are usually fried by the cook and sent in to table in a pile in the centre of the dish, with powdered sugar sprinkled over them. An ornamental dish-paper is usually placed beneath.

DAPHNE.—An American recipe for whitening the handles of ivory table-knives is to rub them the way of the grain with a little moist whitening and a soft flannel. White marble is cleaned by rubbing it with a paste made of whitening and washing soda, pounded into a fine powder and mixed with water. Leave the paste on over night.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROSA.—Persons who snore should avoid heavy suppers at night, practise breathing constantly through the nose, and never sleep on their backs.

A SCHOOLGIRL.—September 10th, 1862, was a Friday. The hair requires much brushing to keep up its glossy look. We suppose you have neglected it, and curled it instead. Put a very little vaseline on it, and brush well. There is no need of such mixtures if you add fruit and vegetables to your diet and eat less meat than in winter.

MABEL CUTTS.—We should think your general health is in fault. You had better consult both dentist and doctor.

D. T. B. T.—The rector is one who receives both great and small tithes. The vicar receives only the small tithes. The term "vicar" is now applied to

the minister of a district church, though he receives neither great nor small tithes. The term "vicar" originated at the Reformation, when parishes that had belonged to monasteries passed into the hands of noblemen, who, not being in holy orders, performed the sacred office vicariously.

EVANGELINE.—The best way to strengthen weak lungs is to practise breathing through the nose, and take lessons in singing, which exercise is said, when carefully and regularly used, to have great effect.

A FIREBRAND.—You make our blood run cold when you speak of being "possessed with a host of evil spirits," and compare your condition with that of Saul. Your temper must indeed be ferocious, and your best-beloved friend may congratulate herself that there are no javelins within reach. Indeed, she had better desire the housemaid to lock up the "pope's head" and the broomsticks. It is shocking to hear you speak of grossly insulting people, and of the fearful anger that rushes over you. It would punish you deservedly if your friend were to spring an alarm rattle and call in help, as such gentry as you seem to be are only fit for a lunatic asylum. Pray for grace to control yourself, or you will probably end in one.

BROWN BETTY.—Why should you eat bran? Your baker will supply you with a description of brown bread that has a certain admixture of bran in it. Let that suffice; apart from flour, it is unsuitable as human food.

LAURIE B.—See directions given in "The Fairy of the Family" for cleaning every description of textile. You are rather too young to act as companion to an elderly lady; still, there are some who would prefer a girl of your age.

M. C. ALEKYNE.—What do you mean by your "completion," for which you apprehend that beer may be bad? We recommend the use of a dictionary. Beer may be injurious to the liver in some cases, especially as the imbibor advances in life.

V. DALRYMPLE.—When a widow marries we advise her to consult the feelings of her second husband in the matter of retaining the wedding-ring of her first on the same ring finger. We think that she should remove it to the right hand, if worn at all, and this without waiting for any expression of feeling and remonstrance on his part. No man could like to see his predecessor's marriage ring beside his own. Immediate removal to the sea is the best cure for hay fever. If unable to go, strong doses of quinine two or three times daily, and the inhaling of ammonia, are essential. If liable to this complaint, you should remove to a sea place before the haymaking season commences.

BERENGARIA.—Write to our publishing department. The Editor has nothing to do with it. Young gentlemen cease to be called "master" when old enough to go into society, and at a still earlier age if at Eton or some other great schools.

AAENPP.—Certainly, you should lose no time in returning the visit of the lady you name. You should have done so before. Go in the afternoon, and if she be out, leave a card for her and one for her niece. If the sins against others, to which you allude, were in any way injurious to them, you should repair the injury, even if in so doing you were involved in the humiliation of confessing the fault to them.

PARSON'S WIFE.—We imagine that what appears to be grass is a description of seaweed. You could obtain it at a large upholsterer's shop. Send a sample of it in a letter to some firm in London.

LITTLE DAISY.—We thank you for your nice letter. Perhaps your headache has rather more to do with your digestion or liver than your nerves. Sometimes what is called a sick headache may be cured by sprinkling two slices of bread-and-butter, or two buttered biscuits, with cayenne pepper, and making a sort of sandwich as hot as you can eat. If purely nervous, perhaps a teaspoonful of sal volatile in half a wineglass of water would relieve you. Add more water if too strong. Occupy your thoughts with interesting books, and your hands at other times in some way that will keep your mind busy also, and so give yourself no time for brooding over a painful subject. Constant occupation will help you to forget.

DUTY.—At the Children's Hospital, Shadwell, E.C., or at the Cripples' Nursery, 15, Park-place, Regent's Park, N.W., any contribution of cards will be gratefully received. We are very glad to hear that our paper is of so much spiritual assistance to you.

RANDOM MOLLIE.—A sty on the eyelid should be bathed frequently with warm milk and water, and if it comes to a head, pass a wedding-ring once or twice across it to relieve it of the matter formed in it. If it do not come to a head, it may be necessary to apply a warm white bread poultice at night. Styes, like whitlows, generally arise from a low state of health, resulting from bad air, some fault in the drainage, or insufficient nutrition.

KINGSTONIAN is thanked for the kind expression of her own and her friend's approval of our magazine with which she has favoured us. We by no means supposed that our Canadian sisters lived on blubber in consequence of the severity of the cold in winter, nor that all of them "camped out" as a general rule. We know a good deal more about them than they imagine.

NITA.—You should wear either gloves or mittens, and proper thin-soled shoes. You should not wear slippers out of your bedroom.



THE GEIRANGER FJORD.

## OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON  
GIRLS.

Off Merok, in the Geiranger Fjord,

Wednesday, July 30, 3.30 a.m.

How delicious to escape from the tainted atmosphere, to enjoy the "incense-breathing morn,

Ere on the brake  
His matins did a warbler make,  
Or stirred his wing to brush away  
A single dew-drop from the spray."

All is calm and tranquil, as I gaze once more into those pellucid fathoms of deep, translucent green. One snow-clad mountain kissed with the rosy blush of dawn; pretty waving grass on the hill tinged red and violet brown; the quaint, modest, painted timber church, vividly defined; bronze-dyed huts gaily decked with green and gold. Merok still sleeps. Oh, fair vision! Oh, pensive hour!

And this is that day on which God gave my gentle mother this world's breath. How bright a day it used to be before God gave her life in heaven! It should now be brighter, better, more dearly hallowed. She would will it so.

A sweet, clear melody of rushing brook falls on my ear; a quivering bird soars by; a big brown fishing smack lies anchored near the huts, from which a man and woman unload their precious cargo of grass to store; blue smoke curls and wreathes amid its bower of greenery; sweet scented air fans my flushed cheek; and over those mystic, magic halls that seem to kiss both sky and lake, day's harbinger comes forth. Then boats of azure tint and variegated green put off from Merok, laden with those who gained their rest on shore, and there is a hubbub and a bustle. I still lean over the side, and as we plough the clear lake,



THE TROLLTINDEN MOUNTAINS IN THE ROMSDALEN.

I see deep down myriad brilliant shades of orange, blue, purple, green, violet, red, playing on white foam, feathery spray, and crystal drops; for countless waterfalls attend the Seven Sisters' Court, and all shine in regal splendour. I glance at the sky for a rainbow; there is not one; but, here in the depths they glow, and on those cliffs gigantic, vast, rampageous, weird, while floating around, above, beneath, are filmy forms and shadowy shapes; and I am paralysed with amazement and delight.

Vestnøes, 11 o'clock p.m.

Is it possible that a day can surpass this for grandeur, sublimity, and loveliness? I think not. The whole voyage from Merok, through the Geiranger Fjord, Sunely's Fjord, Slyng's Fjord, and Stor Fjord to Soholt, I believe, must be unrivalled. Perfect weather, exquisite and varied scenery, amiable and entertaining society, and excellent meals. What more can mortal want? Soholt is most beautifully situated; with it we were charmed, and ardently wished we could stay there; but we were due at Vestnøes at night. The landlord kindly procured us a stollkjørrer immediately through to Vestnøes, which a gentleman, who was in a hurry, politely tried to inveigle us to let him use; but we could hardly afford to be so unselfish, especially as many others (ladies included) were waiting for conveyances. I was half inclined to remind the gentleman that he did not vacate his bedroom the night before for the benefit of two ladies, or he should naturally reciprocate the generous action.

I think I never saw a picture so sumptuously rich, so gorgeous, so luxurious as at midday when ascending the hill from Soholt. The sun, "high in the vault of cloudless blue," and lavish with heat, shed brilliancy and misty vapours. Across the sparkling Stor Fjord our little steam packet (now a tiny speck) was losing itself in softly heaving mountains clothed in rich blue haze. To left and right dense forests of pine in protean hues of green, and dark velvety brown; on left, more magnificently purpled mountains rearing tall crests to the sky, and in the far, far distance, amid grey clouds, more mountains, as if heaven's portals were opening to show other mountains beyond. There they stood, grand, erect, massive, bold, black as ebony, whose undulating bosoms and valleys were clad in sheeny snow, so dazzling that the eyelid droops oppressed, to pause before the eye dare look again. A deep, rich glow overspread the fiery dell, and the whole gorgeous mass was flaming with heat and glory.

I gazed long at this imposing and magnificent sight, fervid with passionate admiration and suspense, till a gentle trickle of water aroused me from my torpor, and turning I beheld close to me a deep, cool ravine where brooklet's merry laughter rang, and ahead a tall, silver-grey mountain, cold and lonely, to which we gradually approached. Soon a thick, dark mist enveloped it, and hid it from our view, while swift arrows pierced aslant glistening in sunbeams, and

"The brooklet raved, for on the hills  
The upland showers had swoln the rills,  
And down the torrents came;  
Muttered the distant thunder dread,  
And frequent o'er the vale was spread  
A sheet of lightning flame."

Is it thankless or discordant to admit I feel like one suddenly fallen into the lap of luxury and become replete with satiety? I am bursting with desire to portray what I have seen, but, at the same time, I am utterly powerless, and writhe with contempt at my want of power.

	kr.	ore.
Steamer to Soholt .. ..	5	60
Three meals on board for two	10	40
Stollkjørrer to Vestnøes ..	6	35

Hotel Romsdal, Veblungnøes.

July 31st.

Last night we were not prepossessed with the appearance of our apartment, but this morning, after having slept soundly, our verdict is that we could not be more comfortable. The farm house is very antiquated, and is opposite the little church of Vestnøes, with its small portion of "God's acre" full of humble graves and black crosses. After breakfast I went into the kitchen, where an old woman was making an enormous supply of porridge, so I appealed to the bright young girl (in clean white shirt and ornamented scarlet bodice) who had waited on us at meals for replies to my inquisitiveness. She was shy at first, not being able to converse much in English, but after a while she told me she was the daughter of the bønder, or owner of the farm, that the porridge was for the servants, of whom they keep thirty in summer, about four or five in winter. The labourers work on the farm from four till seven, when they breakfast; from eight till eleven, when they have midday meal and two hours' rest, then return to their labours till four, teatime, and again work till nine. This young girl appeared the essence of happiness and good-humour; when I asked her if she were dull in winter, she replied, "Oh, no! I play." Whereupon I, of course, led her to the piano, and begged her to amuse us with some Norwegian airs, which she did at once, and her execution was remarkably good. She had enjoyed the tuition of a master for one year only, and yet she played through five or six pieces of music without hesitation or mistake. I thought she might well put to the blush many a London young lady who has studied for some years, and yet refuses to gratify a few friends when desired to cheer a monotonous half hour.

Herr Stokkeland, the bønder, intends to give the farm to his eldest son next year, as he and his wife are getting too old, and his son is about to be married. Einara, the pretty young daughter, who presented me with her card, says she shall never be married, and if she happens to do so she has resolved only to wear a sprig of myrtle behind her left ear; the girls in Vestnøes, having forsaken the gilt crowns, wear high tiaras of flowers, but she considers them very ugly. I advised her to serve coffee with boiling milk in future, which she said she would do if English people like it better.

Einara took us a lovely walk through the hayfields (where the peasants were busy raising haycocks) to a flagstaff on an eminence, whence we obtained a grand and extensive view of the surrounding country, the Molde Fjord, and gorgeous mountains. In very hot weather the peasants rest during the day and labour at night. The summer is very short, the winter very long. Rye is sown early in November, which month is called "slaughter month," because then the bønder kills and salts a certain number of sheep and cows according to the requirements of his family. In winter no outdoor work can be done except felling trees and bringing heavy loads over the frozen snow. Every trace of vegetation is hidden under several feet of snow. It is a season of feasting and social enjoyment and cessation from labour, and Christmas is kept right merrily. During winter months the cattle are fed indoors, for which purpose the tender branches and leaves of trees are stored for their support.

In the farmhouse at Vestnøes we made the acquaintance of four ladies who had been to the North Cape, and had a thoroughly successful trip, and who were now, like us, en route to the Romsdal. Kate and I thought of taking the steamer to Molde (about an hour's voyage, and very inexpensive) and walking up the hill called the Varden, but we ultimately decided to take the steamer at half-past one for Veblungnøes. We and the four ladies were sorry to bid adieu to Einara, and I fancy

I saw her blush away a tear as she stole a parting glance from behind the white lace curtain. I hope if she visits London she will not forget her promise to come to see me.

We much enjoyed our dinner on board, although the salad was dressed with sugar instead of salt; a good cup of coffee followed on deck.

Such a glorious day! Grand, dark mountains mantled with dazzling snow, a rippling, jewelled fjord, the jagged and rugged peaks of Romsdalshorn and Trolltinderne, and we approach Veblungnøes. A walk of three minutes, with a boy to carry our luggage, and we are located at the Romsdal about five p.m.

At supper I sat next to Marie Brown, an American authoress, who tells me she is travelling (free of cost) for five years through Norway and Sweden, collecting materials for two large volumes, entitled, "The Sunny North." She seems anxious to induce the Norwegians to alter some of their primitive customs, and to have bigger hotels for the accommodation of her American sisters and brothers; but, as I told her, my idea is this: let beautiful Norway remain much as it is, and those who enjoy rusticity, beauty, peace, and simplicity travel over its glorious scenes, but those who yearn for big dinners, plenty of attention, and creature comforts—why, they had better roam in other lands where they can obtain the things they like best. We saw some seals tossing and tumbling in the Stor Fjord yesterday, and a handsome snake on the road to Vestnøes. A strange coincidence happened to the three ladies at Hellesylt. They were put into a bedroom where the roof was wanting repair, and in consequence of the rain they had to sit under their umbrellas all night. These ladies (not elderly, as I carelessly wrote in my previous article,) struck me as being unusually happy in having travelled a great deal, by which they knew how to get over difficult ground with more than usual ease. They, in fact, had acquired the philosophy of true travellers, and made themselves and all about them happy as with a magic wand. Their nephew and friend evidently were much impressed in their favour, as also were Kate and I.

We are quite in love with Veblungnøes. Its situation is most charming, and the little hamlet is so quiet and peaceful. The people seem gentle, and speak gently. We cannot help remarking on their soft voices and quiet demeanour. We remained on the hill behind this hotel till half-past ten, and I think we have not seen a lovelier twilight. In the west was a streak of deep gold; a soft, mysterious, deep blue haze enshrouded the distant peaks, and veiled the glimmering snow; boldly against the paling sky stood forth the eccentric Romsdalshorn, and at our feet the placid fjord lay hushed to rest. We culled large bundles of lovely grasses, the stems of which are brilliant crimson and gold.

	kr.	ore.
Bill at Vestnøes—supper, beds,		
breakfast .. ..	6	0
Einara .. ..	1	0
Luggage to steamer .. ..	1	45
Tickets to Veblungnøes ..	4	40
Dinner on steamer, including		
coffee .. ..	4	40

The Pension Hotel, Aak,

Friday, August 1.

After breakfast, Herr Torke, who is kindness itself, planned to forward our luggage to Aak, three miles, so that we might walk. My friend had a pair of boots soled last night in two hours, so I took a pair this morning, and about half-past nine we went to see Skomager Olsen, and sat an hour with him. An extraordinary little humped-backed cobbler, with a pair of merry, twinkling eyes, and as honest a face as we wish to see. His

wife was singing, and folding a quantity of cleanlinen, whilst the fair-haired little daughter, Marie, talked to us, and made us accept all she could find to give us; a few dried leaves, some pretty tiny shells, and a Christmas card with a text in Norske. She pressed us to take an English copy of "Eugene Aram," which her brother, who is at sea, had left with her, but we would not so far trespass upon her generosity. We inscribed our names in her birthday text book, while they wrote their autographs for us on a slip of paper. While lost in admiration of the mysteries of the cobbler's art, who should come in and sit down to sew up a grass pillow, but Herr Torke, the proprietor of "the Romsdal," a big man, with a genial countenance. We all had a good laugh, and tried to make each other understand. Not one of them knew English; and to us naturally the position of affairs had its comical side. Cobbler Olsen was highly amused that we should shake his dingy-looking hand; we had quite an affectionate parting. He only charged four kroner thirty ore for putting strong soles to two pairs of boots, and repairing the heels. Marie was delighted with our small farewell token.

The walk to Aak was delightful, but intensely hot. The roadsides were thick with raspberries, with which we refreshed ourselves. We dined at three in the Hotel Aak, after which the four ladies invited us to tea outside the dépendance. Mrs. Russell and Miss Smith had letters to write, so Miss Wriggle and Mrs. Gwynne decided to go a jaunt with us.

Exhilarated and refreshed, laughing and chatting, we trudged through deep sand, by Blaafield, and up the valley, where an old woman accosted us, and insinuated the way to her søeter. Thither we followed, when she produced several wooden tubs containing milk, cream, sour milk with a thick surface of cream, most tempting in appearance, and thin, delicious, crisp round cakes of fladbrod, stamped with elegant designs. Kate and I confined our attention to the fresh cream, while Miss Wriggle and the widow lady exhibited a keen appreciation of the thickened acidulous junket. Here we drank to my father's birthday. It seemed a desolate existence, this old woman's. I imagined the pig would enter soon to be her only companion for the night. The natives live to a good old age, but, I daresay, in the mountains many die for want of attention and advice. A young doctor is provided to preside over a district of forty miles in extent, generally for a term of two years, after which melancholy isolation he is presumed to be qualified for better things. This is a glorious valley, envired by mountains to the height of four and five thousand feet, whose sides are sheerly perpendicular; a deep mantle of snow covers their summits, and fills all the ravines wherever practicable for it to lie. The Horn, 4,960 feet, is a most picturesque object, terminating in two cusps, of which the highest is crowned by a pillar, to show that even its savage precipices have been scaled by man.

The Norwegian peasant rigidly adheres to the customs and manner of living of his forefathers. They have a peculiar mode of making their bread. The dough being first prepared—made of wheat flour, of barley, oat, or rye meal, according to circumstances and situation—is afterwards rolled into round sheets thinner than pancakes, which are thrown and turned by one person on a flat sheet of iron placed on a fire, while another rolls out the cakes. By this means two persons in a very short space of time prepare cakes enough for the supply of an entire family for several months. This is called "flad," or "fladbrod," and will keep a year if put in a dry place. The oldest is thought to be the

best, and in former times the woman was esteemed a good housewife who saved for her son's wedding a piece of bread that she had baked for his christening. In times of scarcity the peasants are obliged to have recourse to an old custom, as a disagreeable but sure method of preserving life. They take the bark of the fir-tree, boil and dry it before the fire, then grind it to meal, and mix a little oatmeal with it. It has a bitter and resinous taste, and does not afford much nourishment; but even in the most plentiful times they will occasionally eat it, that they may be prepared against a time of scarcity. They also make a kind of hasty pudding of oatmeal and barley-meal, which they call soup, and in which they sometimes boil a pickled herring or a half-salted mackerel or salmon. They kill cows, sheep, and goats for winter stock, which they pickle, cut in thin slices, dry in the wind, and eat like hung beef. This they call "skarke," and it requires a ploughman's stomach to digest it. Fish is a great and general commodity. Their general drink is small beer in winter, milk and water in summer, and strong beer at Christmas. They are fond of smoking and chewing tobacco. They make several kinds of cheese, particularly one from sour milk, called old Northern cheese. It is made of thickened sour milk, from which the cream has been skimmed. Of this a large quantity is collected from time to time, which is boiled for half an hour, and churned during the boiling; the caseous part then precipitates, the whey is poured off, and the warm curds are put into moulds and strongly pressed. After two days the cheeses are taken from the moulds and put to dry in a tolerably warm place until they begin to ferment and get soft in parts. They are then brought nearer to the fire, in order that their surfaces may dry, and afterwards are piled one on another in a close room till autumn, when they are surrounded with straw, packed in casks, and stored in warm cellars. In Koras the makers have cheese cases for keeping them, in which they improve exceedingly. The cheeses thus preserved increase in value the older they become, and the more full they are of broken parts, as they acquire no impurities. This cheese, when good, is of a brown colour, thin, has rather a strong smell, and a remarkably sharp taste; it assists digestion, and is regarded by the country people as a remedy for a variety of complaints. Another sort of cheese is made, called *miss smor orst*, principally of the fresh milk of sheep and goats, unskimmed. Of the butter milk, they, by boiling, make a species of cheese called *knage ost*. The dishes formed from milk are numerous.

Hotel Aak (pronounced Oak) has been bought by Mr. Wills, of the Bristol Bird's Eye tobacco. After supper we made arrangements with Mr. Landmark to supply us a guide and luncheon for to-morrow, and we hope to rise early and do a mountain. We hope to take Blaafield, over 5,000 feet.

Bill at the Romsdal, Veblungnes:	kr. ore.
Supper, beds, breakfast . . . . .	5 20
Conveyance of luggage to Aak . . . . .	0 50

Hotel Aak, The Romsdal,  
August 2.

Most glorious morning. Lively breakfast; and about eight o'clock the widow lady, Miss Wriggle, Kate, and I, accompanied by the heavily-handicapped Ingebret, sallied forth, casting over the bridge a loving, lingering glance at Rauma's crystal depths, so fascinatingly alluring.

Wending our way to the side of Blaafield, we commenced our ascent, from which point it was impossible to descry the summit. Blithely and steadily we climbed, beneath birch and alder, over loose and rugged stones, upon rich parterres of brown-gold moss

and emerald ferns, dwarf shrubs of bilberry and molteboer clothed in autumnal hues of golden yellow, tinged with pink and deep dark red; now and again pausing to respire and scan the distant height, till we reached a sheet of snow, where we rested. Even here the fiat of Ingebret was still "Move on, ladies." Fifteen hundred feet had yet to be accomplished. How many times we ask, "Is this the top?" and begin vague speculations as to what Ingebret's wallet contains. At last, the acme of our bliss, Ingebret plants his stick firmly on a stone, and, surveying us with a look of pardonable pride, says, "This is the top." We cast ourselves in a recumbent attitude, and with limbs stretched to their full extent, devote a few moments to panting and other recuperative measures, while Ingebret kindles a fire for women's chief comfort—tea. We were almost disposed to grumble at Mr. Landmark, who, in lieu of packing twelve hard-boiled eggs as proposed, had only sent a third of that number, with half a loaf and some butter. We had some biscuits, and our precious patent soother, and in so beautiful an arcadia it was not likely we should remember long the trivial negligence of our host. With greedy appetites we were about to attack our frugal repast, when Miss Wriggle exclaimed, "What are those dark figures moving in the snow yonder?"

"Surely they are bears!" ejaculated Mrs. Gwynne, with a wry face.

"Then we must be off at once," expostulated Miss Wriggle, but, before we could distinguish the last word, her lap of luncheon was all upset, and she was a few yards on the wrong way down. Dismay had somewhat petrified us all, till we recalled to mind that between us and the bears was a gulf fixed, in the shape of a yawning gorge parting the mountains. A shout to Miss Wriggle soon brought her to bay, and we resumed our task of demolishing the eggs, sincerely trusting that one of the four would not be green; for dark histories have reached us of how the Norwegians leave all the eggs in the nest till the last one is laid, so that the first gift of spring is likely to be peculiar (not to say nasty) in colour and flavour. Ingebret, a picturesque object in striped shirt and fur turban, ensconced himself in a shady nook to smoke his lengthy Norwegian pipe, from which we gathered we might leisurely revel in the beautiful scenes around us.

High in the ultramarine canopy of heaven sits the fiery king; the dazzling fjord sparkles with diamond, sapphire, chrysolite, and laves fair Molde's shore and Veblungnes, which modest hamlet entertains us once again to be its happy guests; patches of ripening corn and ruddy grass, where busy haymakers look but tiny specks; and near, almost within our touch (except for intervening gulfs), mystic peaks of Romsdalshorn, Vinde-Inde, and more eccentric, jagged, toothlike crags, Trolltinderne. These "witch-cliffs" are especially conspicuous for their strange, fantastic pinnacles, which against the clear blue sky assume the form of, and have been named after, owls, dogs, men, &c. Olden tradition says that they are the witches and demons of heathenism, transformed into these enduring monuments at the time St. Olaf Christianised this valley by the powerful arguments of fire and sword.

Between four and five o'clock we began to trip down "on the light, fantastic toe," singing and shouting—as we all said, to give our lungs fair play. Our course was arrested by a fluttering, terrified brood of ryer. We counted the parents and seven young. A wretched hawk was hovering and swooping over them, and I fear their ingenuity in hiding would not prevent him carrying out his dark design. During our heated ascent Mrs. Gwynne had disencumbered herself of certain nether garments of woollen texture, which we

hid behind boulders, noting the place, so as to find them on the return journey; but we mistook the route, and if the sheep and goats suffer from indigestion our vivacious widow is decidedly the fair culprit.

Till midnight we sat "in the gloaming" outside the dépandance, talking over our happy day.

Two shares, guide up Blaafjeld, 3 kr.

(To be continued.)

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

- GOTHIC.**—"The Cathedral Churches of England and Wales," published by Cassell, would, we think, supply all the information you want.
- A VERY PLAIN GIRL** is thanked for her letter.
- THE OSTRICH** had better give her canary some green food, such as some groundsel or chickweed. A little change of diet is required.
- MARION WAINWRIGHT** must dip her hands in a weak solution of alum or salt and water.
- J. H.**—We should think it wiser for your aunt, while yet a young woman, to take a light situation as housekeeper, and save her £20 per annum.
- ONE WHO IS IN TROUBLE.**—After being a teacher in a school, you could take a situation as bookkeeper or clerk.
- LUCIE AND ANNIE FRIENDS.**—A lemon plant is not difficult to rear in the house. The leaves must be sponged regularly, and it will want water once a week.
- A ROVER.**—The ancient Romans reckoned on the founding of Rome, A.U.C. B.C. 753; the Mahomedans from the Hegira, or flight of the Prophet from Mecca, 16th July, 622; the Hindoo era of the deluge, the Cali Yuga, dates from B.C. 3101; the Greeks date from the Olympiads, dating from July 1st, 776 B.C.; the Chinese say that their first cycle began B.C. 2700.
- SEMPER FIDELIS.**—You must either employ a private genealogist or write to the Herald's College, London, E.C., for information about your ancestors.

**ARGUMENT.**—Lady Jane Grey has been called the "Nine days Queen."

**SEE SAW.**—A military man on going into the Church drops his military title and rank, and becomes simply "The Rev." or Mr. So-and-So, in conversation.

**JUANITA** must consult Miss Cailleff's articles on good breeding, which, under various titles, will be found in the G. O. P. Juanita should precede her hostess directly she is asked to do so. Oranges are eaten with both the dessert knife and fork, and are cut into halves and quarters, and the inside cut out from the rind with the aid of the knife.

**LILY DATHAN.**—We regret we cannot make such appeals through our columns.

**E. F. Z.**—Of course, if you find everyone at home you do not require to leave one of your cards. If there be two gentlemen in the house, you must leave cards both for your father and brother. We should think the work is a clever compilation of nonsense only.

**MOTHER'S HELP.**—All such home employments are obtained by advertising or inquiry. We regret we could not help you in any way.

**MYOSOTIS.**—You had better get a bird for your pet. A canary would be the best, being fairly hardy.

**MOPPS.**—Bathe the forehead with eau de Cologne and water several times a day. Give up all study for a week, and, as you live in Brighton, go out for a walk on the downs every day. In fact, live as much in the fresh air as you can. The cause of your trouble is over-fatigue.

**LETTIE CRITCHON.**—Write for full information on the subject of emigration to Canada to the Women's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

**TILLY SLOPER** would find plenty of pensions on the Lake of Thun at all prices. If she would like to go up to the mountains, she might try Beatenburg or the Wengern Alp, and there are numbers of pensions on the road to Lauterbrunnen.

**MARGARET GILMORE** had better allow "her dearest friend's brother" to call her by the name of his choice—"Miss So-and-So." Further intimacy will perhaps come, but the advances need not proceed from herself.

**BEE.**—Old-fashioned gentlemen take off the glove before shaking hands with a lady; but new ideas do not require such ceremony, and the modern gloves are too tight to allow of it.

**ANEMONE.**—We sympathise with Anemone in reference to the red "noze," of which she says she "wishes to get rid," especially as it "swells dreadfully." We

should recommend her not to part with the article, all the same. Of course, "cold feet and hands" tend to make it red. Keep the circulation in good order, and the curious specimen described may improve in appearance.

**X. Y. Z.**—We give a specimen of the verses you enclose, having to correct an unscriptural statement—

"Nature is what God has made,  
That man ne'er did touch.  
It is ev'ry root and blade  
God's own image such."

See Genesis i. 26 and 27. "Every root and blade" is certainly not "made in His image." In your last verse, also, you say that "God is Nature," which is equally false. The Divine Creator of all that exists cannot be confounded with the things and the ordinances He has made. Try to write sense, even if you cannot write poetry.

**TEA ROSE.**—The waters of the Dead Sea are not of a petrifying character. One of its names is Lake Asphaltites, from the quantities of bitumen which it contains; and its local name is Bar Lut, or "Sea of Lot." But it is very unequally charged with its various constituents. It is upwards of seven times saltier than the ocean, and exceeds in saltness the Salt Lake of Utah. Certainly, you ought not to go out for a walk at night with a young man. Always return home before dark from your walks, and never take them for pleasure at any time without a female companion.

**CIGARETTE** would have to go through a regular training as hospital nurse before she became a war nurse. Full directions for hospital nursing, and how to enter upon it, were given in the articles on "Work for All" last year.

**BROWNIE.**—The general way is to write to the author and make an arrangement with him to translate it; but good books are rarely given to unknown translators.

**JANE KNOX.**—Perhaps you may find washing the face with terebene soap of use to you. It is of great service at times in removing skin irritations.

**ST. KILDA.**—We think St. Kilda remains in much the same state as when you read of it.

**OCEAN WAVE.**—The glasses of an aquarium are usually fastened with white lead and putty; but you should go to a glazier's to get the correct mixture. The aquarium requires very long drying before anything is put into it, for fear of killing the fish.



## "SHEETS O' DAISIES,"

THE SUMMER NUMBER OF  
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER,

**CONTAINS:**—*Frontispiece*—**DAHLIA.** Drawn by John C. Staples. —**INTRODUCTORY POEM—ON THE CROMER CLIFFS.** A Story. By Constance Evelyn. —**DAHLIA.** A Poem. By Clara Thwaites. —**THE ART OF PACKING.** By Dora Hope. —**THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.** With Portrait. —**THE BROOK AND THE WAVE.** A New Song. Words by Longfellow. Music by Cecile S. Hartoz. —**BETROTHALS.** By the Rev. T. F. Thaiselton Dyer, M.A. —**THREE KNOWN.** A Poem. —**THE VALLEY OF FLOWERS.** A Story. By Lily Watson. Illustrated. —**HOW KATE AND NELLIE POUNDED A LOCAL MUSEUM.** By Nanette Mason. —**TO A GENTIANELLA.** A Poem. By Anne Beale. —**SUNNY MEMORIES OF THE HOLIDAY SEASON.** By Dr. Gordon Stables. —**MAID KITTIE.** A Poem. By Robert Richardson, B.A. Illustrated. —**THE POETRY OF THE DAISY.** By Dr. Macaulay. —**A SUN-BEAM FOR THE POOR.** By Alice King. —**A STUDY OF NEW APRONS.** By Dora de Blaquiere. With Illustrations by John Dinsdale. —**INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.** —**AN ADVENTURE IN THE ST. BERNARD PASS.** By Charles Peters. With Illustrations. —**SUMMER HOLIDAY FARE.** By Phillis Browne. —**A PROFITABLE WAY OF LOOKING AT NATURE.** By James Mason. —**VARIETIES.** —**SEASIDE REMINISCENCES: TOLD ALPHABETICALLY.** By Ximena. —**THE DIAMOND AND THE ROSE.** A Short Story. Illustrated by E. J. Walker. —**HER GODMOTHER'S STORY.**

## OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

## THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

The Station, Fladmark, August 3.

THIS morning at Aak, after breakfast, great excitement prevailed in consequence of a young man having left the hotel at 2 A.M. with two guides to scale the heights of Romsdals Horn. Now and again we descried them through the telescope, pausing to rest or struggling on.

Having despatched our luggage last night in a stolkjærre to Fladmark, we commenced our walk with Mrs. Gwynne about half-past one. The road along the narrow gorge between the Vinde-Tinde and Trolltinderne is very grand. We were told that seven witches were hurrying along to a wedding, with the fiddler (that most important character in a Norwegian wedding), who brought up the rear. Either they were late in beginning their journey, or the road proved longer than they expected; anyhow, they were overtaken by the dawn and instantly petrified. On the face of the rocks are black streaks, which Kate suggested to be the witches' tears. We loitered on the road, constantly looking back and admiring the extraordinary colours and shapes of these eccentric rocks, and were surprised when we reached Horgheim, about seven and a half miles from Aak. In this little station several people were dining; so we, after finding our kettle, etc., decided to make our tea on the pleasant greensward outside the inn. The kitchen folks being busy, I went in and found for myself cups, saucers, and plates, and altogether amused the proprietors immensely. Collecting all requisites on a tray, I carried them out, and there made acquaintance with four Norwegian young ladies (daughters of the banker at Christiansund) attired in black skirts trimmed with scarlet braid, white shirts, and scarlet bodices much embroidered. We invited them to take tea with us, which they did, but declined to partake of the eggs. We asked them to sing, but they declared a preference to hear us; so we began a favourite hymn, the one dear old nurse made me sing not long before she fell asleep:—

"Hark! Hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling  
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore.  
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
Of that new life where sin shall be no more!  
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night."

It sounded very solemn and beautiful in that weird imposing spot, but while pausing before the next verse, a reverberation as of thunder startled us, and looking up, we saw snow sprinkling down from the mountain side, a little silvery shower, and could scarcely realise that what in the distance appeared to be so slight an avalanche would produce a noise so appalling and terrific.

About six o'clock we strolled leisurely the remaining seven miles, through the narrow valley to Fladmark, which is filled with enormous boulders, confusedly hurled down from the impending crags, among which the roaring river tears its devious path as best it can. Telegraph poles are fixed in the huge blocks. A good supper refreshed us, and we were all delighted with our glorious walk. We hope to leave here before seven to-morrow morning, so have ordered coffee and pancakes, and a stolkjærre for our luggage.

	kr.	ore.
Bill at Aak .. .. .	20	40
Luggage to Horgheim .. ..	1	70
Tea at Horgheim .. .. .	1	25
Luggage to Fladmark .. ..	2	10
Supper, beds, and breakfast for three at Fladmark .. .. }	3	55

Stueflaaten, Romsdalen,  
Monday, August 4.

"Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,  
And, springing from the bed of sloth,  
enjoy  
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,  
To meditation due, and sacred song?  
For is there aught in sleep can charm the  
wise?  
Who would in such a gloomy state re-  
main  
Longer than nature craves, when every  
muse  
And every blooming pleasure wait with-  
out  
To bless the wildly-devious morning  
walk?"

How glorious! In the brisk sweet air what could we enjoy more than exercise of limb, amid nature's loveliest scenes, and in the rosy blush of early dawn. How it invigorates one! Every pulse throbs with appreciation and delight. How healthy we feel! We cannot estimate thoroughly the value of health, the greatest of all the many temporal blessings with which God endows us. What is life without it? It behoves us all to guard it as one great talent entrusted to our care. With it everything is enjoyment; it is conducive to contentment, amiability, and consequently happiness. One moment's indiscretion may part it from us for ever. Health assists the power of mind and brain, and it is essential we should do all in our power to advise the rising generation, especially the poor, of its benefits.

Mrs. Gwynne, our merry companion, is leaving papers in Norway and wherever she travels about the Free Home for Destitute Orphan Girls at Kilburn, and the Seaside Home for Children of the Poor at Broadstairs. THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, too, collects for the Girl's Own Home. These admirable institutions require help, and there are few charitable undertakings, if any, more worthy of support. If we do all we possibly can for the improvement and benefit of girls, both morally and physically, we know that reward will come in the moral and physical development of men and boys in future generations. Our girls must be trained to make good wives and good mothers; and what is more necessary for the proper fulfilment of each path than health?

It seems a pity in Norway that the people have not some exercising pastimes. Few care to walk much. We have seen a dismal game of croquet played once or twice; but they have neither cricket nor tennis, and my idea is that every girl as well as every boy (unless constitutionally debarred) in every country should be induced to play cricket and tennis. Charles Kingsley says that a walk, if it is without an object, or is more a task than a pleasure, is not the same relaxation, the same health and life-giving spirit, as a good game, when every muscle is used and the brain enjoys entire rest.

A delightful constitutional walk of six miles brought us to Ormeim at half-past ten, where we waited for the "diligence," which drew up at ten minutes to twelve, containing Mrs.

Russell, Miss Smith, and Miss Wriggle. With deep and sincere regret we allowed Mrs. Gwynne to join them, and waved a sad farewell. Mrs. Russell and Miss Smith extend their tour through to St. Petersburg; Mrs. Gwynne and Miss Wriggle leave Christiania on the 8th in the "Angelo."

Ormeim is lovely, and we roamed amid the pines listening to numerous waterfalls till one o'clock, when we dined with a Norwegian lady, who knew not English but could speak a little French, and an Austrian gentleman, who knew German, Polish, and other languages, but neither French, Norwegian, nor English; neither could he carve, so I performed on the "ox," and a very lively company we were, in spite of all deficiencies. After this satisfying repast we forwarded our luggage by stolkjærre, and walked eight miles to Stueflaaten, an ascent of one thousand feet, stopping to admire the beautiful Søndre Slettefossen, and other charms varied and grand.

The course of the river Rauma here deserves to be thoroughly explored. A succession of bold and beautiful falls, some of them occurring between perpendicular walls of rock, which can only be viewed by lying down on the ground and projecting the head over the precipice. Beyond the Slettefos is a striking view from the road of the blue waters of the river as they issue from this gorge, whose dark precipitous sides, relieved here and there by a graceful birch which springs from among the crags, contrast finely with the stream beneath. The clouds lowered ominously as we approached Stueflaaten, and the whole scene became extremely weird and melancholy. Being indulged with sitting as well as bed room, we made tea, and remained in our sitting-room till supper-time—said to be eight, but not ready till nine. We generally reckon for meals to be nearly an hour later than stated. Judging by appearances, we shall have rain to-morrow.

The term Norway is understood to mean the northern way or country; it was anciently called Norriker, or the Northern Kingdom: Norwegian, Norge; Swedish, Norrige or Norrike; French, Norvège; German, Norwegen; Latin and Italian, Norvegia. The inhabitants of the ancient Scandinavia, or Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, were called Normans, or Northmen. This name was given to them in the Netherlands, in Germany and France; in Britain they were called Danes. They were fierce and warlike tribes, who made piratical expeditions to all parts of the European seas, plundering by land and by sea, and often overrunning large tracts of country, in which they practised every enormity. "They had scarcely any inducement," says Mackintosh, "to spare countries which they visited only to plunder, and where they did not hope to dwell; they were less than others liable to retaliation, and they had neither kindred nor family, nor home. They were perhaps the only barbarians who applied their highest title of magistracy to denote the leaders of piratical squadrons, whom they termed vikings or sea kings. Not contented with their native and habitual ferocity, some of them (called Berserker) sought to surpass their companions by working themselves into horrible and temporary insanity." The poverty of their country compelled them to adopt this means of subsistence, and their religion inspired them with a love for daring enterprises, since it taught them that warriors fallen in battle were



admitted to the joys of Valhalla, the Northern Paradise. They began their piratical excursions in the first part of the ninth century, and soon covered the sea with their boats, and ravaged the coast of England, Germany, Friesland, Flanders, and France. Under the feeble reigns of Charles the Bald and Charles the Fat, they ascended the rivers to the very heart of France, and plundered Paris. It became necessary to purchase their retreat with gold. Their incursions into France were afterwards renewed, and Charles the Simple was obliged to cede to them a part of Neustria (the western kingdom of the Franks, in the north of France, which was afterwards called, from them, Normandy) and to give his daughter in marriage to Rollo, their chief. Rollo embraced the Christian religion, was baptised under the name of Robert, and became the first duke of Normandy, and a vassal of the king of France. His followers received the religion of their leader, and abandoned their roving and piratical habits.

Britain was for about two centuries desolated by the Danes, as they were there called, till the eleventh century, when three Scandinavian princes, Canute, Harold, and Hardicanute, ruled over all England for the space of about twenty-five years. The Saxon line was then restored; but, in 1066, William, duke of Normandy, obtained the English Throne.

	kr. ore.
Luggage to Ormeim .. ..	1 90
Dinner at Ormeim, two ..	4 20
Luggage to Stueflaaten ..	1 87
Supper, beds, breakfast at Stueflaaten .. ..	4 90

Holset, Gudbrandsdalen.

Tuesday, August 5.

Exquisite morning, lovely blue sky! I fancy I have not made mention of the gorgeous profusion of wild roses, foxgloves, pansies, forget-me-nots, and other flowers; and last night, as we neared Stueflaaten, we saw lovely beds of lilies-of-the-valley—not in blossom, certainly, but I was surprised to find them in so high an altitude.

Outside Stueflaaten is Bjørneklev (the cleft of the bears), which forms the end of Romsdalen and beginning of Gudbrandsdalen. The tale of an old peasant woman, translated, ran thus:—

“Dale (valley) Gudbrand in the eleventh century was a rich peasant, who received permission to own as much land as he could ride over in one day. He began at Lillehammer and continued to ride the whole day till he reached Bjørneklev, a distance of one hundred and ninety-two miles, where his horse fell down dead. The same Gudbrand believed in idols, but, when Olaf den Hellige (the saint) would christen Norway, Gudbrand resisted. One day, when Olaf and Gudbrand stood surrounded by the idols, Olaf asked Gudbrand to look to the east, and at the same time he took his axe and cut down the idol, and from the idol fled rats, mice, and worms, whereupon he became a Christian and built a church.”

Distance here is reckoned by the kilometer (1,000 meter) constituting one tenth of the old Norwegian mile, or two-thirds of an English mile; one Norwegian mile, eleven kilometers, seven English miles (7·018). The distance from Stueflaaten to Mølmen is seven and a half miles, and as experience teaches us that our luggage cannot be transmitted without cost, we think we may as well try the “ride and tied” fashion, for which purpose this morning we ordered a carriole, which is composed of a seat to admit one person, with a semi-circular back and a narrow sledge-like receptacle for the legs, and a splashboard in front, the whole being fixed between two large wheels into a pair of very long ash shafts,

with no other springs than what their length and elasticity supply. I walked on, leaving Kate and the luggage to follow in the carriole. She passed me on the road. I reached Mølmen about half past ten, to find that Kate had preceded me, and that a carriole was in preparation for me. After a glass of delicious milk, I soon overtook Kate, and in half an hour descended from the vehicle, giving directions to the boy to “vent fur Damm,” (wait for lady). In due course Kate passed me, and, hastening on to Lesje Jernværk, ordered coffee, eggs, pancakes, and preserved berries, an excellent and ample midday repast. This is a capital station; the walls of the sitting-room are covered with paintings at least one hundred years old. Good trout and grayling fishing in front of the house. From the lake the river Rauma runs to the north-west, and the river Laugen to the south-east, the two rivers intersecting the southern part of Norway. In winter the sun does not shine here for twelve weeks. We walked together to Holset, nine miles, sending the luggage on by a little girl of ten, wearing a pretty pink kerchief on her head. Our first request at Holset was for the river, to which a little girl led the way across a fine sloping farm. Here we crossed a rustic bridge and wandered by the stream, till, in the sweet seclusion of the pinewood’s gloom,

“In we plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The dark river ran,”

and after sufficient exercise to produce an exhilarating glow, returned to the farm to supper at seven, in a cosy little room, where we had the most delicious cream we ever tasted, and plenty of it, with pancakes and strawberry jam. After this, by “Luna’s light composed and cool,” our kind hostess took us round the “gaard,” or farm buildings, of various designations. The Bonderhus is the residence of the family; the humble log hut belongs to the “hausmand,” or labourer. The store-house is supported upon pillars, to keep out the mice. The barn is entered by an inclined plane, broad enough to admit a cart with its load of hay. Usually attached to each “gaard” is a rude mill, turned by the unruly waters of some wild roaring torrent. We went into the shed to see the horses feed before they were unwillingly turned out for the night.

Had we not already felt tired, we would have walked to the seter, about three or four miles off, on the mountain, to get a view, and see more cattle. After this exploration we entered the kitchen, and roasted coffee in the berry over a wood fire, for our good host and his belongings. I believe peat will be more generally used for fuel: the country abounds with it; there is not any coal.

When at Mølmen we should like to have extended our route by following the advice given us by Mr. Burney at Lørdalsören, which was to walk three and a half miles to Bjordala and row across Tyenvand to Trindehoug, thence walk to Eidsburgaden; then, with a guide, walk to Gjendesboden; row to Gjendesheim and Gjendebod; then walk to Spiterstul, Røsheim, Vaage, and Dombaas.

	kr. ore.
Carriole to Mølmen .. ..	2 30
Milk at Mølmen .. ..	0 10
Carriole to Lesje Jernværk ..	2 10
Repast at Lesje Jernværk ..	2 0
Carriole to Holset .. ..	1 95
Supper, beds, breakfast at Holset	6 0

Breendhaugen, Gudbrandsdalen,  
Wednesday, August 6.

A delightful morning for pedestrians, and at half-past seven I trudged on, Kate following in the carriole. She soon passed me,

however, and I did not hear of her again till I reached Holaker, seven and a half miles. The farms about here are first-rate, and the land richly cultivated. As I walked, revelling and meditating, I suddenly became conscious of a stalwart form following close on my heels. I was not nervous, but a kind of tremor ran through my frame, and after a few minutes’ deliberation I resolved to stand still to admire the view, and at the same time catch a glimpse of the man’s face. It looked honest and kind, and as he began conversing we walked side by side, I secretly trying just a little to outstep him. I could not understand half he said, so, rather than make a mistake and give a wrong answer, I continually replied, “Nø ver stor” (no comprehend). At last by words and signs he led me to understand that he wanted to look at my umbrella. I felt a slight pang, knowing I was parting with my only defensive weapon; but I would not evince any trace of distrust, so I handed it him unhesitatingly. He examined it carefully, and carried it almost proudly for some time, then returned it to me, and, after chatting to me for about ten minutes longer, he raised his hat and said he was going to his farm.

I was slightly relieved, but the little incident put nervous thoughts in my mind, and I almost regretted he did not continue to accompany me, rather than be solitary, as I did not see another creature till I arrived at Holaker, where Kate had ordered a carriole for me, and was walking in advance. I passed her, and had driven a little distance ahead when the portmanteau fell out; so while the skydsgrut was arranging matters I hurried on again, and left him with the carriole for her. She gets tired more readily than I, and I do not want her to feel any qualm of uneasiness that may come while so utterly alone.

I thoroughly enjoyed the walk by rushing water through a lengthy pine forest to Dombaas, where we partook of milk and rusks, and where we met five Danish ladies with their brother (whom we had seen before) in three stolkjørrer, who kindly undertook to convey our small complement of luggage to Toftemoen. Mr. Dombaas is a breeder of horses, so we asked to be allowed to see some of them; but he said they (forty in number) were at the seter on the mountain, ten miles away. We would willingly have gone there had time allowed.

Now our chief idea is economy. Being almost satisfied with grandeur and beauty, our great anxiety is to save a little cash for small presents at Christiania to take to those at home.

We had seven or eight miles to accomplish before we could reach Toftemoen, where we hoped to get some dinner. It was intensely hot, and when about three miles from Toftemoen I could not resist the fascination of the flowing river, so sought a sheltered and secluded nook,

“And in the depths quiescent stayed  
While purling ripples o’er me played.”

Weary and footsore, we arrived at Toftemoen about half past five, and, with the aid of a fine English sportsman, who was about to leave, ascertained that we could have veal and pancakes. How thoroughly we did justice to the *recherche* dinner, so well served in this spotlessly clean and commodious shelter! Lately we had eaten little else than fish and eggs; tinned meat we objected to, and the fresh meat it was impossible to masticate. Here we had tender veal, excellent gravy, nicely cooked potatoes, delicious cream, bilberries, and pancakes. After this our attentive maid cleared the decks, and placed in the centre of the table a huge wooden bowl, about half a yard in diameter, full of thick sou cream, and handed us each a big spoon with which to help ourselves. It was reluctantly

we expressed to her our dislike of the same, while she averred that most ladies like it. We regretted sincerely the absence of Mrs. Gwynne and Miss Wriggle. Herr Tofte, the owner of this pleasant abode, is a descendant of Harald Haarfager, of which he and his relations are very proud, and they never marry out of the family. He is a rich man, and when King Charles XV. dined at his house on his way to be crowned at Tröndjhem in 1860, his uncle, who then kept the station, told his Majesty that it was unnecessary to bring in his plate, as he had silver forks and spoons enough for all the thirty or forty in the suite. He has about four hundred cows and calves, two hundred sheep, and forty or fifty goats in his stable all the winter. Here is a post-office. The horse for our stolkjörre ran away, and the maid (who was to be our skyds-guten) and we had considerable fun in catching it.

A most lovely drive brought us to Brøndhaugen.

We nodded to the peasants who were still busy in the fields, at which Katrine was intensely amused, especially when an occasional stolid one would stare in astonishment, and neither nod nor smile. Our Danish friends fill the station here, so we have the *dépendance* opposite, and have ordered coffee and cakes at six in the morning, so as to walk before it gets too hot.

	kr.	ore.
Carriole to Holaker .. ..	2	55
Milk .. ..	0	10
Carriole to Dombaas .. ..	2	10
Biscuits and milk at Dombaas ..	0	60
Good dinner at Toftemoen ..	2	0
Maid .. ..	0	50
Stolkjörre to Brøndhaugen ..	2	95
Beds, coffee, and cakes ..	2	60

#### Brødevangen,

Thursday, August 7th, Mid-day.

This is delightful, but intensely hot; so hot, that we cannot exert ourselves, but lie on the sofa and languidly gaze out of the windows at the exquisite situation of Brødevangen. Fir-clad hills, hot and hazy on every side; and a wide river, dotted here and there with tiny islets, meanders close by. It is most lovely and picturesque. The flies, though, are a great nuisance, and Kate and I are martyrs to the mosquitoes and insects. How I revelled this morning! The bright green grass, Scotch firs, and birch, were bespangled with dew; gossamer webs of every brilliant hue united bowers of greenery; the soft brisk air was laden with the fragrance of pine, the perfumes of kine, fresh milk, and newly-mown hay, as I sauntered through Rusten, a deep wild gorge, following the devious windings of the river, which precipitates itself in glistening sheets, boiling, eddying, swirling, and splashing among the rocky fragments beneath, then hurrying onwards with ungovernable impetuosity, making falls innumerable, and throwing up on its way a long train of snow-white foam bubbles, that gleam and flutter in the passing breeze.

Strong contrasts of colour enrich the effect, "the summer heaven's delicious blue," glowing amber-coloured crags and cool grey rocks, deep green pines, the glistening silver birch, warm brown tinge of clinging lichens, and the rich terra-cotta of the dying fir. A few graceful goats, with sweetly tinkling bells, skipping from rock to rock, are the only signs of animal life, and as I pause on the bridge pensively to drink in the waters of delight, they trip from the mountain side and advance towards me.

A little lower I overtook Kate, who, thinking I might not care to walk so long alone, sent the carriole on, and was returning to meet me, of which I was glad, for when Nature reveals such loveliness we appreciate

her more if we share our pleasure with those we love. To me, looking with two eyes is never the same gratification as looking with four. At Laurgaard we breakfasted about half-past ten; a liberal meal was provided, but we liked the strawberries and cream best. Being oppressed with heat, we ordered a stolkjörre for Moen. At Romundgaard Colonel Sinclair and his followers passed the night before the massacre. We saw two beggars before reaching Moen, and at Moen the people looked dirty and poor. We were shy of them, and did not like the appearance of the station at all—the only place we had seen where we experienced an indescribable relief that we had not to stay a night. They tried to send with us as skyds-gut, a boy whose rags were literally falling off him. So we refused to allow him to accompany us. Here, if cooler, we intended to go up Staagaapigen, two kilometers off. More strawberries and cream have satisfied us, and we shall rest till five, then walk to Storklevstad, eleven or twelve miles. Our good Danish friends convey our luggage.

#### Storklevstad,

August 7th, 10.30 p.m.

This is rather a funny station. We can get very little to eat; neither bread, biscuits, nor fish. A curious, but clean, well-meaning old woman hobbles slowly about, and constantly comes to me and pulls my sleeve, which is puffed. These hot days I wear a red figured sateen short dress trimmed with red lace, and it takes the dear old soul's fancy wonderfully. She tells me I remind her of her grandmother, and gets quite affectionate. Our walk here was delightfully invigorating, and now "the moon has raised her lamp above" it is exquisite.

Near here is Sinclair's unpretentious monument. It is a square, unwhewn stone slab with the following inscription marking the spot where he was buried:—"Her blev spotternes Anfärer Georg Sinclair, begravet efferat han var falden ved Kringelen den 26 August, 1612." Translation:—"Here was buried George Sinclair, the leader of the Scotch, after having fallen at Kringelen on the 26th August, 1612."

In 1612, during the war between Christian IV. of Denmark and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, a body of Scotch troops had been raised for the service of Sweden. The Danes were at that time in possession of Gothenburg; and from Calmar in the Baltic to the North Cape, the whole coast was occupied by the subjects of Christian IV. The Scotch, therefore, decided on the bold plan of landing in Norway, and fighting their way across to Sweden. A portion landed at Tröndjhem, and the rest, 900 strong, commanded by Colonel George Sinclair, landed in Romsdalen, from whence they marched towards this valley, ravaging the country on their way. At Kringelen an ambush was prepared by about 300 peasants. Huge quantities of rock, stones, and trees were collected on the mountain, and so placed that all could at once be launched upon the road beneath. Everything was done to lull the Scotch into security, and with perfect success. When they arrived beneath the awful avalanche prepared for them, all was sent adrift from above, and the majority of the Scotch were crushed to death, or swept into the river and drowned. The peasants then rushed down upon the wounded and stragglers, and despatched them. Of the force only two of the Scotch are said to have survived. But accounts differ on this point, one being that sixty prisoners were taken and afterwards slaughtered in cold blood. Sinclair's lady is said to have accompanied him, and it is added that a youth who meant to join the peasants in the attack was prevented by a young lady to whom he was to be

married the next day. She, on hearing that one of her own sex was with the Scotch, sent her lover to her protection. Mrs. Sinclair, mistaking his object, shot him dead.

	kr.	ore.
Carriole at Laurgaard .. ..	2	10
Frokost at Laurgaard .. ..	2	0
Stolkjörre to Moen .. ..	2	75
Stolkjörre to Brødevangen ..	2	10
Strawberries and cream at Brødevangen .. ..	1	50
Aften, lodging, and coffee at Storklevstad .. ..	3	40

## VARIETIES.

### AN OLD AIR.

The grave-digger's song in *Hamlet*—

"A pickaxe and a spade, a spade,  
For—and a shrouding-sheet:  
Oh, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet"

is, according to all traditions, to be sung to the following old air, which is the original music to the famous ballad of the "Children in the Wood":—



**PRACTISING AND PROJECTING.**—Let us do justice to woman: She often practises those good actions which man contents himself with projecting.—*Aug. Gayard.*

**HEALTHY CHEERFULNESS.**—Cheerfulness of mind is as essential to a good digestion as a good digestion is essential to cheerfulness of mind. A state of gentle and pleasurable excitement of the mind is highly favourable. "Chatted food," according to the old proverb, "is half digested." With the sociability of a mixed dinner company, which a well-regulated household ordinarily supplies, there is just the degree of mutual liveliness most favourable to the performance of every bodily function, and especially digestion.

**MENTAL PLEASURES.**—Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

**LEARNED WOMEN.**—A woman ought to exhibit great modesty as to her learning, and to conceal it carefully, above all from other women, when she knows something of which they are ignorant.—*Mme. de Puisieux.*

### FROM THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM.

The following "Blessing of the Priests," at present sung in the synagogues of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews, is believed by many to be identical with that used in the Temple at Jerusalem.



## OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

### THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

Hölmen, Friday, August 8.



VERSLEPT ourselves at Storklevstad this morning, and did not awake till seven. Our old lady put on a bright red kerchief and accompanied us in our stolkjærre to Byhre, after we had taken a little coffee and some stale buns. Kate did not feel very well, so I decided to drive with her.

Byhre is very lovely, and here we breakfasted, but my poor little friend had not any appetite. Another stolkjærre conveyed us to Listad, also in a lovely situation. Here we enjoyed delightful views, and refreshed ourselves with biscuits and milk. We were warned against beggars on the road to Listad, but did not see any. The authorities of the district particularly request that money shall not be given to them, which will be the only way of preventing the annoyance. At Byhre and Listad we wished to linger, but were compelled to hasten in another stolkjærre to Skjøeggestad. Here we dined sumptuously at 3.30 (at least, I did), and our attentive hostess, with her daughter, sat down with us and partook of the tea we gave them to make.

All the way we have been charmed with the delightful prospects of a rich harvest. The corn is first tied in tiny sheaves and spread on the ground to dry, then stacked to the height of five or six feet, sheaf on sheaf, with the golden ears drooping towards the sun. On our left they resembled golden cascades falling gracefully in gentle ripples; on our right only the stems faced us, and the stacks presented a peculiar appearance, representing in form monkeys and bears.

From Skjøeggestad to Kirkestuen, about eleven or twelve miles, we indulged in two carriages. Winding along the green river Laugen, I saw a wretched-looking man lying by the roadside whose appearance was anything but assuring. Being first, I waited for Kate to overtake me, who also had experienced a tremulous thrill while passing him, and the skydsgut who was on my carriage showed signs of apprehension. We drove quickly on, and both determined that in future we would always keep together—that on any other occasion one should not walk and the other drive. It may be perfectly safe, but while there is companionship needless fears do not arise, or do not impress in the same manner as if one is alone. Kate and I have enjoyed a walking tour at the English lakes and in North Wales with pleasure and safety, and our experience suggests to us to advise two ladies travelling without escort always to keep together. As far as we can judge, Norway is a most suitable country for ladies without chaperonage.

By the side of the river Laugen, and being borne on its bosom, were numberless logs and trunks of trees. Wood is the chief commodity of the country; it is used for fuel, the building of houses, churches, boats, stolkjærres, carriages, masts, bridges, ships, &c.; it is an universal substitute for ropes, rowlocks of boats, tethers for animals, springs for closing gates, and when reduced to pulp it is brought to England for the making of paper. I have a piece before me now. Felled in the primeval forests, the trunk is dragged over the hardened

snow in the following winter to the nearest stream, in readiness to be floated down as soon as returning spring unbinds the waters from their frozen sleep. Then down many a foaming cataract, across many a torpid lake, along many a tributary river, must it be conveyed into the Götha or the Glommen, to be finally floated into the timber yards of Christiania, Drammen, or Gothenburg. Men with long hooked poles direct the timber over the fosses and along the tortuous channels. It is floated on a rude raft, with a still ruder sail—or, not unfrequently, with a leafy birch tree as its substitute. Besides the home consumption, so much is exported that sometimes such piles of it are seen in the ports that one would imagine it must require a long time to remove; yet the embarkations for England, Holland, France, or Spain in a few days sweep them all away, and a few weeks cover the quays again. The red fir will stand several hundred years, and from the root the peasants extract tar, even a hundred years after the trunk has been cut down.

At Kirkestuen, which is a very clean station, we engaged a stolkjærre for Hölmen, and were fortunate in securing a splendid little black horse, which rattled through the delicious twilight at a spanking pace. Quickly making arrangements to stay the night in this red house, we hastened to the eminence behind, where we stood for some time in silent ecstasy. A lovely after-glow of gold and crimson, fading to pale rose, suffused the undulating hills clad in deep velvety softness of dense dark forests. On the right the far-distant snow-tipped mountains were almost lost in Tyrian haze, receding in ulterior wastes to pale blue and grey. It was beautiful, and we almost regretted the necessity to eat. One German gentleman supped with us. We had just finished when three young ladies (one was about twelve) and two boys came in. They were inhabitants of Lillehammer. They have been staying at Gausdal Sanatorium, and to-day have walked twenty-one miles. They persist in saying they will walk all night. It is very beautiful, but I have tried to dissuade them, thinking they have done enough.

The skydsguts, young and old, have a nasty habit of chewing tobacco. They never carry a whip from the station, but jump from the vehicle and cut a twig from a tree on the road.

	Kr.	Ore.
Stolkjærre to Byhre . . . . .	. 2	16
Frokost at Byhre . . . . .	. 1	20
Stolkjærre to Listad . . . . .	. 2	90
Milk and biscuits at Listad . . . . .	. 0	25
Stolkjærre to Skjøeggestad . . . . .	. 3	50
Middag at Skjøeggestad . . . . .	. 1	80
Two carriages to Kirkestuen . . . . .	. 4	10
Stolkjærre to Hölmen . . . . .	. 4	5

Fosse-garden (House of the Fos).

Saturday, August 9.

Breakfast at Hölmen at 6.30. Stolkjærre, 7.15. Most lovely drive through dense forests to Fosse-garden, stopping on the road to pick ferns and wild strawberries. The young ladies had shamed us by leaving Hölmen at five o'clock. We were so charmed with the appearance of this station that immediately on entering, about half-past ten, we ran upstairs and secured the tiny bedroom opening into this pretty balcony which overlooks the green river Laugen, winding for miles right and left, calm and peaceful—then close in front here, dashing, roaring, bubbling, tumbling, the beautiful, white, foaming Hunderfos, likened to the Falls of Schaffhausen. Its deep melodious roar pervades everything. Dense forests of pine and fir, sombre and black, sweep away over hills remote, and in mitigated hues of blue-grey, deep brown, sage-green, and dying red tinge, repose on the

water's edge, kissing softly undulating fields, bright green, dark brown and ruddy, or glistening and gleaming, laden with golden grain. Over all smiles a cloudless blue sky, and as "Sol" gets higher on the hills he sheds a deep blue glow over far, far forests, where wreathes and curls a faint suspicion of pale blue smoke from some solitary sœter. Delicious odours are wafted on gentle zephyrs, and one feels that every sense is satisfied. Well in the glorious and magnificent scenes which compose Norway may we feel with Milton—

"These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous  
then!

One Norwegian lady is staying here for a fortnight. She speaks English in the same sing-song manner as her own language is generally expressed. "There are in Norwegian and Swedish two accents or tones, equal in stress but differing in intonation. The simple tone belongs properly to monosyllables, as *ja*, yes; *dag*, day. It is regarded as one tone, although the voice really rises a few tones, at the same time decreasing in force. The compound tone belongs to disyllables, and is really a kind of melody, of which the first part is felt as incomplete, and the last as the first necessary complement or finishing keynote. The voice begins in the first (accented) syllable about one tone below the keynote, sinks one or two tones, and winds up in the last (unaccented) syllable with the keynote. It is this tone especially that gives to Norwegian and Swedish their peculiar sing-song or singing character. It is difficult to imitate, but essential to the understanding. Musical accents are peculiar to the Scandinavian languages and some Slavonian dialects. The Danish substitute for the simple accent is a kind of jerk or stop in the voice, 'glottal catch,' and for the compound accent the absence of the jerk."

Soon after our arrival here we missed our picnic basket, and concluded we had left it at Hölmen. This not being a telegraph station, I was communicating my perplexities to the good-humoured young hostess, when a boy drove into the yard with a carriage containing the basket, the honest folks at Hölmen having dispatched him immediately on finding it. He shook my hand on receiving a slight gratuity, as they all do when pleased. Kate is not quite her usual self; she does not always appreciate the fare, and on her account I am longing to reach Christiania, where I hope the style of living will be more English.

The Danish ladies (the daughters of the late Professor Rafn, of Copenhagen), with their brother, arrived here this afternoon, and about half-past seven we all went together to the banks of the Laugen to see the hunder-orret caught, just below the Hunderfos. Our host caught five, weighing between nine and twelve pounds, in baskets which had been left all day in the rushing fall. One enormous trout was in a large wooden tank, through which is a constant flow of fresh water. When one is caught alive it is put in the tank and reserved for future use. We then went to see the cows which I had promised to milk, but was too late. I am to be called for the purpose at five in the morning.

The cows are small, and give little milk; but fodder is cheap, and the farmers keep a great number. In the spring, when first turned out, the husbandmen make a large fire in the fields, to which the cattle in the farm-yard run, particularly on cold nights, and lie round it.

Dogs are scarce in these parts; we have seen very few. They are remarkable for their sagacity, and are very peculiar in shape, their

necks being thick in comparison with the hinder part of their bodies. Their coats are about three inches deep, the underneath hairs of which are perfectly white. A lady in my home neighbourhood possesses a very handsome leash of Norwegian dogs. She is evidently very fond of them, but says they are not good-natured. Foreign dogs are not admitted in Norway for fear of hydrophobia.

There is nothing remarkable in the sheep but their standing together in the winter under the snow, and eating each other's wool, as in other snowy countries. The place where they collect is discovered by the warm damp that rises above the snow.

The country people keep so many goats that from Bergen alone are shipped annually 70,000 or 80,000 goat-skins, exclusive of several thousands dressed for Suffian, Cordnan, and Russia leather. These creatures climb the rocks and steeps inaccessible to man. Wherever grass is to be found they will get at it; but they often get into such dangerous situations as not to be able to stir. The cattle often fall down the precipices, and are destroyed; but a peasant will cheerfully venture his life for a sheep or goat, descending from the top of a mountain by a rope of some hundred fathoms in length, till he reaches the place where he finds the animal, which he fastens to the rope, and it is drawn up with him.

The form of the elk is between the horse and the stag, very long-legged, being an ash colour, and having horns on their head like deer, but not so long and round. They are harmless creatures, and keep about the houses in winter; their flesh is much of the taste of venisøx; and the hide sells for a good price, being converted into buff-leather.

The reindeer are abundant. They run wild, and are shot and sold like other game. The diminutive ermine is capable of destroying the elk or bear by creeping into their ears when they lie asleep, and laying fast hold with their teeth. When the larger animal finds himself thus attacked he begins to run about, roaring till he exhausts himself. Then he becomes faint, droops, languishes, and dies. In the same manner it will steal on a sleeping eagle, and let the bird fly away with him upon his back, where he continues gnawing, till, by the great effusion of blood, the bird drops dead on the ground.

Norwegian bears are strong and sagacious, being remarkable for not hurting children. The beaver, an amphibious animal, is shaped like a long-bodied dog, with short legs, a flat, small head, round ears and eyes, a large, thick, and smooth tail, which weighs several pounds, the skin of which is covered with fish scales, and is so much of the fishy kind as to taste like fish, and cannot bear to be long out of the water. The rest of his body is flesh. His hinder feet are webbed like those of a goose, and of the same fleshy nature. As his tail cannot be long out of the water, the beaver builds his house in such a manner that he can always have his hind part hanging in a place which is open from ice all the winter, that he may continually throw his tail forward and backward in free water. To secure this advantage, even where the water rises and falls, he builds always at the water's edge a wooden house, three stories high and regularly raised above one another, like a little tower, where he and his mate have each their separate lodging and bed. To fell the trees for building these houses the wise Creator has furnished this little animal with a tooth four or five inches long, and sharp at the end, not unlike a boar's tusk. With this, as with a small axe, he prepares the wood for the joists, fits all together, and lays them over one another, that they may not fall.

White and red foxes are found. They have a particular way of drawing crabs ashore by

dipping their tails in the water, of which the crabs take hold.

The most pernicious vermin is a little animal called the loemus, or lemming, which is between the size of a rat and a mouse. The tail is short, and turned up at the end. The legs are very short. Once or twice in every twenty years they assemble from their secret abodes in prodigious numbers, and proceed from Kolen's Rock, which divides the Nordland manor from Sweden—held to be their peculiar and native place—marching in vast multitudes through Nordland and Finmark to the Western Ocean, and other bodies of them through Swedish Lapmark to the Sinus Bethnicus, devouring all the grass and vegetables in their way. They do this in a direct line, going straight forward into the rivers or the sea. If they meet with a boat in any river they run in at one end or side, and out again at the other, in order to keep their course, carrying their young with them on their backs or in their mouths; and if they meet with peasants who come to oppose them they will stand undaunted and bark at them like dogs. The evil is, however, of short duration; for, on entering the sea, they swim as long as their strength lasts, and then are drowned. If any are stopped in their course, and unable to reach the sea, they are killed by the frosts of winter; and if any of these escape most of them die as soon as they eat the new grass.

Toads and snakes are only met with in the southern parts of the country, and these are less poisonous than in warmer climates. The birds which are found in Norway are numerous. Eagles and falcons are seen of various descriptions, bustards and dodrels, most of the small birds common to the northern parts of Great Britain, and an astonishing quantity of wild fowl, moor game, and aquatic birds. On the rocks which surround the coast the eider duck is everywhere met with.

	Kr.	Ore.
Bill at Hölmen . . . . .	3	90
Stolkjærre to Fossegarden . . . . .	4	20
Laundress . . . . .	1	0

On Balcony, Fossegarden.

Sunday, August 10, 11 a.m.

They awoke me at five to milk the cows, but, I blush to own, I was so sleepy I did not arise till nearly eight. Deliciously calm and quiet is the morning. The cataract laughs and gleams in the sunshine, the far, far hill looks a deeper blue, more soft and velvety, and the golden corn bows with an oppression of wealth. We think with regret that we are leaving, perhaps for ever, the lovely and wonderful scenes of which we have become so enamoured. The beautiful hush of the Sabbath is scarcely more conspicuous than the gentle sounds which pervade every day, and impress one almost with the feeling that every day is Sunday. There are not any loud voices nor distressing noises—only the glorious roar and rush of many waters, or the exquisite trickle of a single fall, the tinkling bell of a browsing herd, a bleating sheep, the fluttering wing of a ryper, magpie or crow, and the low chant of a kindly peasant. We have bade a fond farewell to giant mountains, with their warm snow covering, and soon we must forsake the gorgeously-coloured hills of dense dark forests, and smiling undulations of red, gold, and green. Farewell to bright-hued heather, sweet-scented clover and honeysuckle, exquisite wild roses, grasses, mosses, ferns, harebells, pansies, foxgloves, dandelions, Marguerites, and many other delightful additions to our pleasure. Then these agreeable stations—how spotlessly clean they generally are, with ivy twined across the ceiling or walls, and perfumed with oleanders, pelargoniums, scented geraniums, and heliotropes. We have often admired the handsome case

clocks, carved oak, and Chippendale furniture, antique silver spoons, and other articles of vertu possessed by the owners of these stations.

A tray, with plates, a large bowl of strawberries, and a jug of cream, have just been placed on the bench beside me—a hint that it is time for us to regale ourselves before our walk to Lillehammer. We sent our luggage on last night.

Johansen's Hotel, Lillehammer, 10 p.m.

We had a delightful walk here, and then went to see the Mesna Fos. The day lost some of its brightness and became oppressive, in consequence of which we felt less energetically disposed than usual. We visited the churchyard—

"Where many a holy text around is strewn  
To teach the rustic moralist to die."

Here the flowers were beautiful, and many bowls of fresh roses and forget-me-nots have been placed on the graves this morning. Not a vault was to be seen. There were small gardens containing the graves of a family, and a bench or small chair where the relatives and mourners could sit apart and think on the loved ones who have "gone before." The church is the first brick building we have seen. The town was very quiet, its inhabitants mostly standing about in groups, talking. At half-past five we returned to dinner. We were served first with anchovies, which we did not like, but soon obtained both ox and veal with potatoes and peas—cooked, as usual, with their pods. Afterwards we found the Misses Rafn and their brother at the Victoria Hotel, and accepted their polite invitation to sit with them on the slates and admire the very extensive view. We expressed our surprise that one gentleman should travel with five ladies, when "brother" told us that once in Paris he took thirty ladies for a walk, and added that he thoroughly appreciated the society of ladies, for then he was blessed with more of Heaven than of earth.

	Kr.	Ore.
Bill at Fossegarden . . . . .	6	20
Stolkjærre, with luggage, to Lillehammer . . . . .	3	45

Grand Hotel, Christiania,

Monday, August 11.

The folks at Johansen's were very punctual, and brought to our dormitory coffee and cakes at six a.m. The captain received us at eight on board the "Skidlabner," and, to our surprise, the two young ladies whom we met at Hölmen came to say "Adieu," and brought with them two charming bouquets, composed of stock, mignonette, pelargonium, forget-me-nots, and lobelia, as a parting gift. We took through tickets across Lake Mjosen from Lillehammer to Eidsvold, thence by train to Christiania; and after our luggage was weighed and labelled, we were told that all responsibility was removed from our shoulders till we should reach Christiania.

A good breakfast, chatting with our Danish friends, and a little Norwegian girl, who was very bright and merry, passed the time pleasantly till we sighted Hamar, about twelve, where our Danish friends disembarked. Before reaching there we called at Gjovik and several other ports. We had few passengers. Our lively little companion was quite disgusted that we had taken first-class through tickets, because she, and the ladies with her, had only taken first-class for steamer and third for train, and they felt sure that was the better and more economical plan. We reached Eidsvold at three, and there, while entering our train, another locomotive arrived from Hamar with the Danish contingent, whereupon ensued another affectionate leave-taking, with a distribution of our flowers, excepting

those we pressed and have still "in memoriam." Our first experience of Norwegian train travelling was rather dreary work. The journey was short, but stopping at every station prolonged the time, and we did not reach Christiania till a little after five.

Our intention had been to stay at the far-famed Victoria Hotel, but on our route some people advised us to go to the Scandinavie, as they thought the Victoria very expensive. Accordingly we went to the Scandinavie, which was so full that there was only one bedroom to spare, connected with a sitting-room, for which they demanded ten kroner per night. This rejecting, we were advised to try the Grand. And here we are, having, with almost insatiable appetites, enjoyed thoroughly, roast chicken, potatoes, cucumber and salad, and excellent tea. Evidently the fare here is good, and I hope Kate will reap the benefit of it, and feel better before we tempt the ocean wave. We procured our letters from the Victoria, and required no other amusement but the perusal of home news, for which we have been longing.

	Kr.	Ore.
Bill at Lillehammer . . .	4	40
Stolkjørrer to steamer . . .	0	80
Breakfast on board . . .	3	0
Tickets to Christiania . . .	20	75

Apartment 72, The Grand, Christiania,  
Tuesday, August 12.

Respectable breakfast of mutton chops. We then called at Herr Heitmann's office, and ascertaining the number of our berths to be 3 and 4, we went to the "Rollo" to inspect the same. We found them in the general cabin for ladies, with several other berths, and on interrogating the stewardess, she informed us that on her last passage to Norway the ladies' cabin was so full that she and her friend were compelled to sleep on the floor. We asked if all the other berths were engaged. She replied "No; but some were always kept vacant for gentlemen. There was a general sleeping-room for ladies, but not for gentlemen, although there was another saloon below provided with cabins for gentlemen." We returned to Herr Heitmann's office, and asked the young man with whom we had previously spoken to allow us to secure berths 34 and 35, as they were in a cabin for two. He replied that he could not do so: supposing gentlemen should come at the last moment for a berth, and there was not one left vacant? We saw from his list that 34 and 35 were disengaged, and explained that

we paid quite as much as gentlemen, first-class fare, and also that Messrs. Wilson, at Hull, had told us that if we wrote in advance we should ensure a cabin to ourselves. We had written a fortnight in advance, and yet we were to be located with eight or twelve other ladies, as the case might be. Still the lad was inexorable. So we gained admission to Herr Heitmann's private office, and plainly stated the facts of the case. He fully sympathised with us, and said that ladies were not sufficiently considered, but added that we should have allotted to us the berths we requested—Nos. 34 and 35. We then went to Mr. Bennett's repository, and bought knives, photos, &c., but found afterwards we could purchase similar articles much cheaper elsewhere. While there, an American lady told us she had written to Hull for a berth on the "Rollo," and had received a reply that one was reserved for her. She did not see the ship previously to the day of departure for Norway, and then she was introduced to her berth in the general sleeping cabin for ladies. Several ladies were very ill, and altogether the voyage was a most unpleasant one. She drew many comparisons between that and her voyage from America. Henceforth I shall recommend people to see the berth they engage, not to depend upon a written application. Our next visitation was to David Andersen, where we negotiated for silver spoons, bowie knives, and carriole brooches. Then we surveyed the fort and barracks, with the badly-equipped soldiers.

Table d'hôte at the Grand was at two, to which we did full justice, and after resting for a short time on the balcony of the cosy drawing-room, we turned out again to parade the streets, and rub our noses against the shop windows, wishing we had plenty of money, so that we might take home presents for our numerous brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces. About six o'clock we refreshed ourselves with milk and cake at Molmessens's, and at eight entered the Tivoli Gardens. Here we were much edified by an orchestra consisting of eight ladies and one gentleman. The ladies wore white muslin dresses, with pink silk scarves.

First violin, og Direktrice, Fröken Helene Hofman.  
First violin, Fröken Mathilde Hütter.  
First violin, Fröken Auguste Bonhaus.  
Obligate violin, Fröken Elise Heller.  
Obligate violin, Fröken Therese Pauhaus.  
Flöite, Fröken Hedvig Kosnapfel.  
Harmonium, Fröken Mina Leger.

Grand cassa, liden tromme og triangel,  
Fru Caroline Richter.

Konsertmester, Herr G. Richter.

Returning to the Grand, about half-past nine, we saw our bill for the day on the table in our bedroom. To avoid mistakes, a list of charges is handed to the guests every day, which we think a very good plan.

Christiania, the capital of Norway, having a population of about 112,000, is situated in a picturesque valley at the northern extremity of the Christiania Fjord, a magnificent sheet of water running up a distance of about seventy English miles from the sea. It owes its foundation to King Harold (contemporary with Sweno, King of Denmark, surnamed Estritius, because he was the son of Margaret, named Estrita, daughter to Sweno II., and sister to Canute the Great), who called it Obselo. Harold kept his court here in the middle of the eleventh century. When the Swedes were besieging the fort of Aggerhuus, in the year 1567, the Danes, in order to take from them all pretences for staying in the country, burnt the town of Obselo. A peace was concluded between them three years after; and Frederick II. of Denmark, under whose reign this town was burnt, dying in 1588, his successor, Christian IV., rebuilt it in 1614, and called it Christiania, by which name it has been generally known ever since. It is built principally of white stone, and possesses, besides numerous public buildings, three first-rate hotels—the Victoria, the Grand, the Scandinavie, and other smaller ones, besides many private pensions. The old town of Christiania, now called "Oslo," was a bishopric in the mediæval age, and there are still a few remains of the Bishop's Palace ("Ladegaarden") and the main street. In this palace King James the Sixth of Scotland was espoused to the Princess Anna, sister to Christian IV. In the graveyard of the ancient church of "Oslo," W. Bradshaw, the compiler of the "Railway Guide," was buried, and a gravestone was erected to his memory. The shortest day at Christiania is five hours long, the longest of nineteen hours duration.

We have obtained "Bennett's Guide Book to Christiania," and the "Telegrafren," which is published daily, and gives much information.

	Kr.	Ore.
Admission to Tivoli . . .	1	0
Cakes and milk . . .	1	0
Bill at the Grand, August 11th . . .	10	80
Bill at the Grand, August 12th . . .	15	50

(To be concluded.)

## HOME-MADE WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY CAKES: HOW TO MAKE AND ICE THEM.

By PHILIS BROWNE Author of "The Girls' Own Cookery Book."



ALL girl cooks have an idea that their *chef d'œuvre* shall be a wedding cake. I have again and again heard girls say, "I should like above all things to know how to ice a wedding cake, and to make some of that delicious almond paste which lies underneath the white sugar." I sympathise with girls

who consider this almond paste delicious, and as it is exceedingly easy to prepare it when once you know how, I propose that to-day we learn what we can about this very interesting subject.

The wedding cake is a very ancient institution; indeed, it is said to have come down to us from the time of the Romans, when it was a rule that the marriages of exalted personages should be performed before no fewer than ten witnesses, and that the contracting parties should mutually partake of a cake made of salt, water, and flour. Our modern wedding cakes are made of something more than this. They are usually so rich that prudent folks avoid them; and they are very expensive also. Even a very small wedding cake, such as would be considered by the majority of brides quite a makeshift, would cost from thirty shillings to two pounds; while at very grand weddings, when expense is no object, the cake is sometimes very large, and is most elaborately ornamented. I heard of one the other day which was several feet

high, and which was said to have cost eighty pounds. It is said, too, that the cake which is to be used at the marriage of the Princess Beatrice is to weigh 4 cwt., and is to consist of three cakes placed one on the top of the other. Cakes of this description would, of course, be baked in separate pieces, in tin moulds which had been carefully measured and calculated to turn out portions which when fitted together would make a circle.

With cakes of this sort I have nothing to do. I propose, however, to speak of a cake which would be quite sufficiently large for a reasonable bride, and which could be satisfactorily baked in an ordinary oven. And it must be remembered that if we were to examine what would be called a handsome good-sized cake, we should find that the actual cake—that is, the butter, almond, and

OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.  
THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

SITTING on the Tower, "Tryvandshoiden," about four o'clock, Wednesday afternoon.

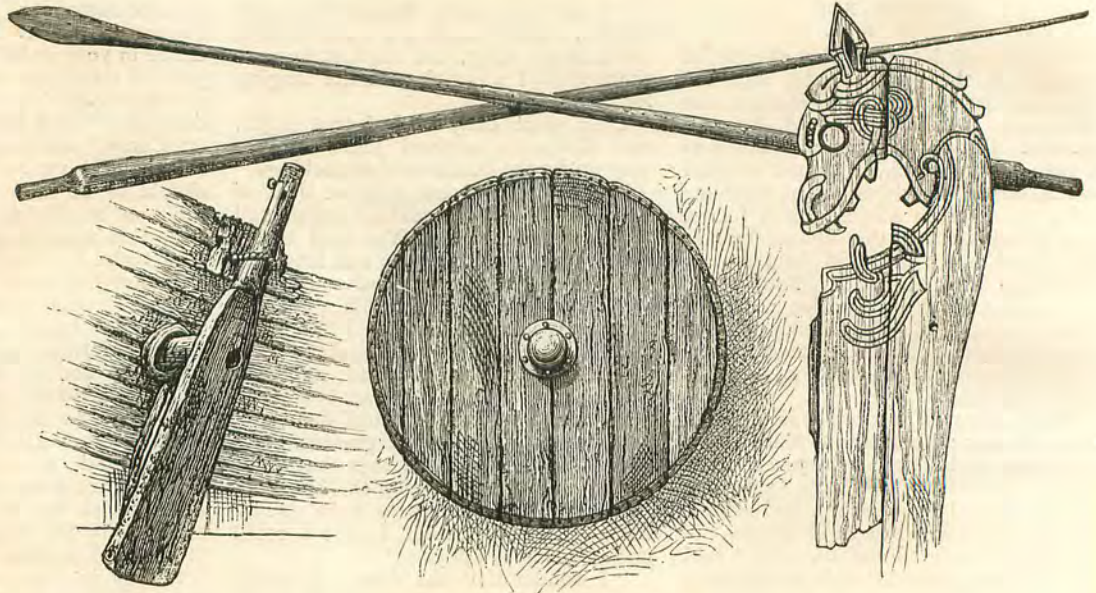
August 13th.

Sitting on a bench at the top of this tower of polished wood, which is thirty feet high, and boasts a flag-staff and seventy-three steps, we are delighted and amazed at the glorious views we obtain. This tower is erected on an open space in a forest 1,925 feet above the level of the sea, and is nearly two miles beyond Frognerøster. To the south may be seen the open sea outside Christiania, to the east the frontier of Sweden, to the north the vast forests of Nordmarken, to the west the mountains of Hallingdal and Thelemarken, of which the snow-clad peaks of "Norefjeld" (5,033 feet) and "Gausta" (6,300 feet) are especially observable, although about eighty

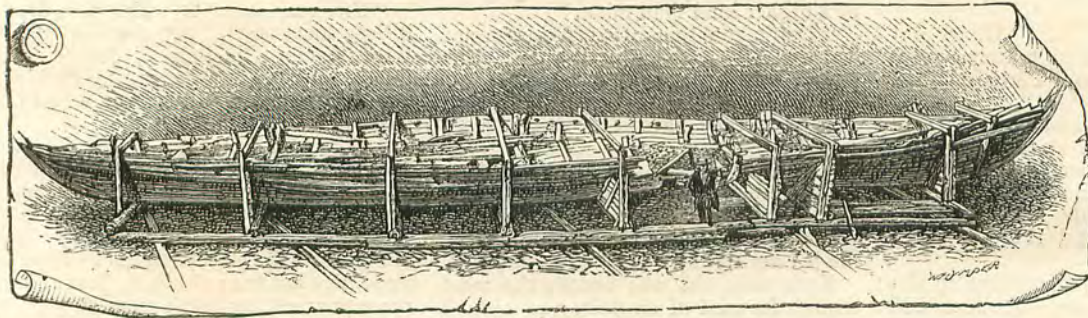
miles distant. As I gaze, I am high above the top of magnificent forests sweeping fold on fold of deep green velvet o'er lesser ranges, and rolling about the distant mountains like rich

fur mantles. Far away in the Tyrian haze glimpses of snow reveal its dazzling splendour. The mysterious Fjord, dotted with islets, and appearing as if it were enclosed by land,

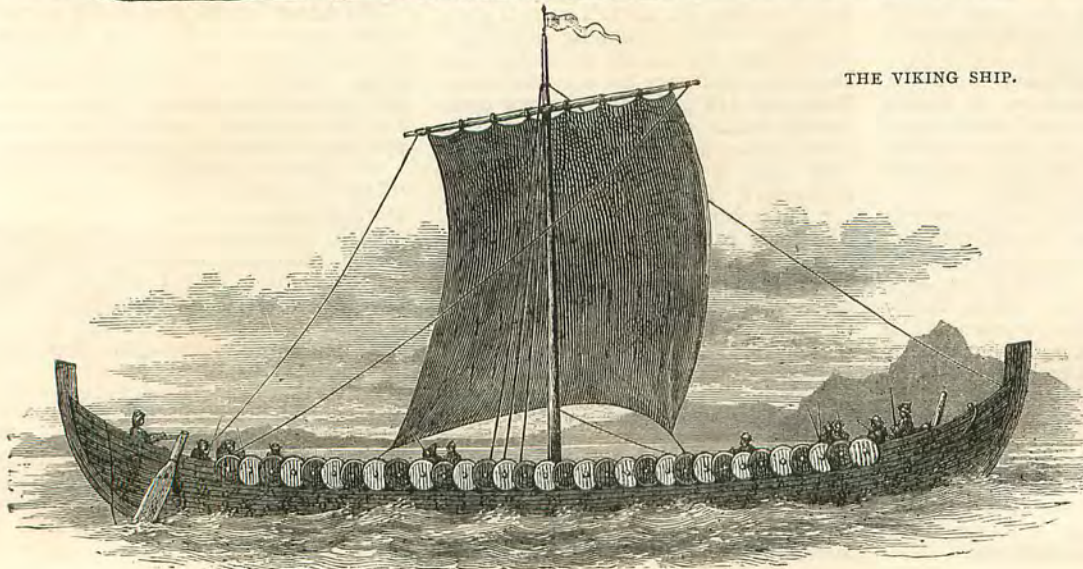
sparkles in the brilliant sunshine, and bears on its jewelled bosom gleaming sails and fluttering pennons. Many a silvery lake and solitary tarn embellish the landscape. Busy Christiania looks compressed and small; beyond, across the bay, amid dark trees, Oscar's Hall is but a tiny white speck. One streak of pale blue smoke rises beyond and below this vast forest. Five cows are grazing beneath us amid the fir-boles. They each wear a bell, whose harmonious tinkling makes sweet melody. It is most ravishing; the walk, too, was delightful, among strawberries, bilberries, variously coloured mosses, ferns, and overshadowing trees. We rested at Frognerøster (five miles from Christiania), which is a pretty chalet, and in the shrubbery, where we partook of milk, and fruit we car-

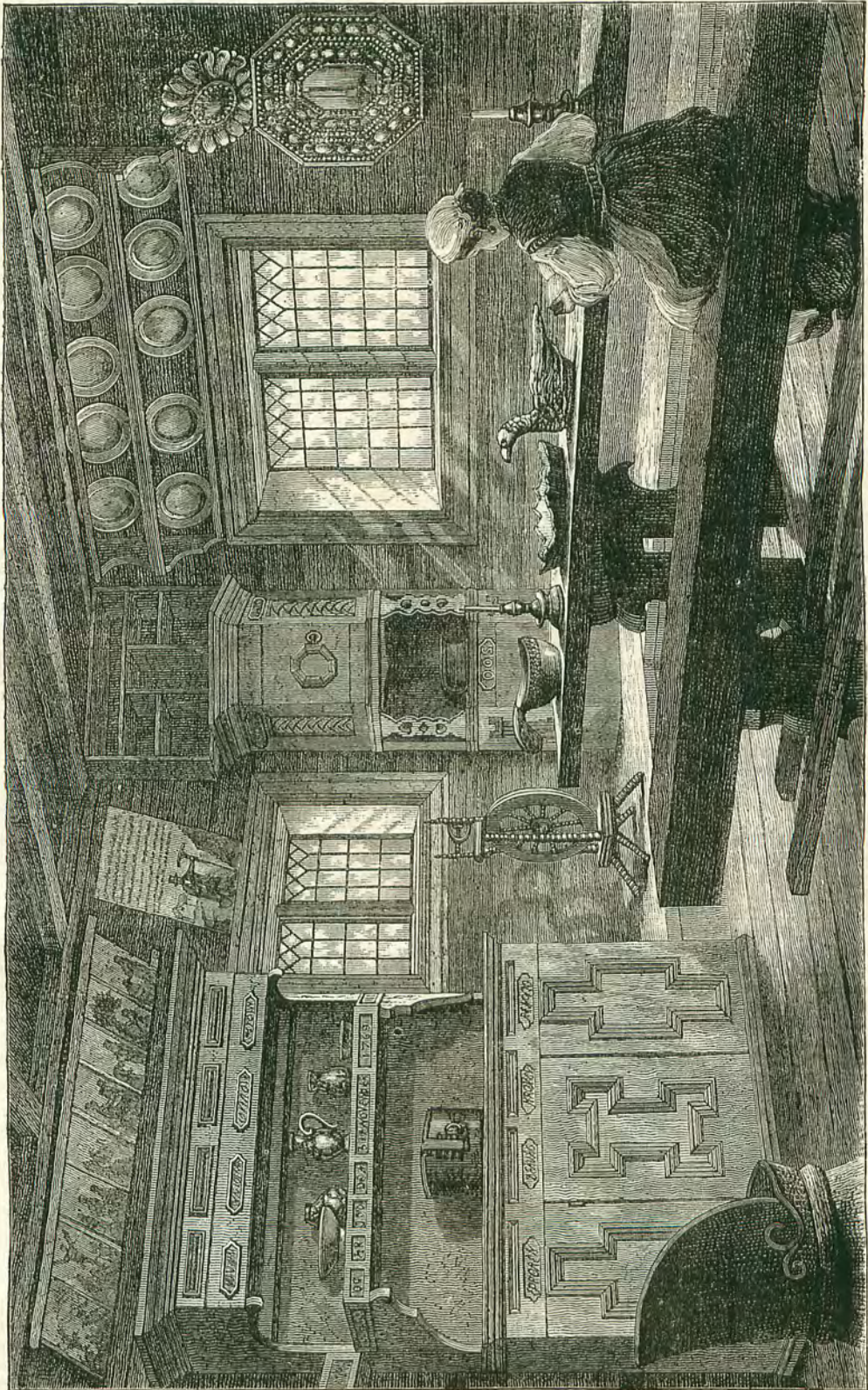


DETAILS OF THE VIKING SHIP.



THE VIKING SHIP.





INTERIOR OF "HOVESTUEN PAA BYGDO."

ried from Christiania market. Soon after leaving the town we passed a space of ground enclosed by wooden palings, containing thousands of tons of ice in enormous blocks, covered thickly with saw-dust. There were two carts, each with two horses, removing eight or ten blocks at a time. This is a storehouse for summer, and is replenished in winter from the neighbouring lakes. The ice is sold to different parts of Norway, England, and other countries, and has to be cleared before the ensuing season.

	kr.	ore.
Fruit at market .. ..	0	75
Milk at Frognerstøter .. ..	0	60
Bill at the "Grand" .. ..	13	60

#### Grand Hotel,

Thursday, August 14th.

Last night every one was quite surprised that we had walked to "Tryvandshoiden." We remarked that many others, particularly gentlemen, went in a carriage and pair. We concluded we enjoyed the walk far more, and had plenty of time to ramble about and examine all the pretty nooks.

This morning we went to "Vor Frelsers Kirke" (St. Saviour's Church), on the "Stortovet," the large market place. It is a fine building, and holds the King's pew. A large new organ is in process of being made, which is very interesting to see. It will doubtless be a splendid instrument. The Industrial Museum, Sculpture Gallery, Art Union, and National Gallery claimed our attention for some time, and then we went to the University to see the "Viking Ship," which was discovered in 1880, at Gokstad, in the neighbourhood of Sandefjord, in a mound of blue clay, a species of earth undoubtedly selected for its excellent qualities as a preserver of wood. "We learn from several parts of our ancient history that it was a very common northern custom during the last centuries of heathenism (the Viking period) to bury celebrated men in one of their ships. The corpse was laid in the vessel, and a mound generally thrown over it. This ship dates back to the time of the Vikings, between the end of the 8th century and the middle of the 11th. Who the chieftain who was buried in the ship was, is a vain question. The length of the vessel from stem to stern is 23·4 metres (about 80 feet), and the width across the beams 5 metres (about 17 feet). It carried 16 oars on each side; and was, therefore, of the size called in the old Norse term a "Sextensesse." Sixty-three men were necessary to row a "Sextensesse," as each oar required two men, who relieved one another alternately. When fully manned the vessel probably numbered 80 men. It is entirely of oak, clinker-built, the boards connected with iron nails, and the seams caulked with oakum made of cow's hair spun into three-stranded cord. The planks and the frame timbers are fastened together with withes of trees' roots, which are passed through holes made in the under part of the frame timbers, and through corresponding holes in blocks projecting from the inner side of the planks. The workmanship is throughout very carefully and gracefully executed. All the planks have planed, moulded edges both inside and out, and many of the pieces belonging to the ship are adorned with ornamental designs. Both ends are very sharp, and have beautiful lines. There is no deck, but only loose bottom boards resting upon notches cut in the frame timbers. There is not the slightest sign of seats for the rowers; it would seem, therefore, they have rowed standing. Several of the oars are about 20 feet long. They have passed through holes about 18 inches below the gunwale.

In order to prevent the sea from washing through the holes when the oars were taken in, the holes are provided with a sliding board.

There has only been one mast and one sail (a square sail). The mast was frequently lowered, for instance, when rowing against a head wind, or when preparing for battle. To provide some protection against the weather, it was customary to stretch a tent-cloth above some part of the vessel, under which most of the hands could find shelter.

One point wherein the old ships especially differed from those of the present day was in the construction of the rudder and its adaptation. Down to the fourteenth century the rudder was not fastened to the stem of the boat, but on the right hand side a little in front of the stem, which side is still called "styrbord" (steer-board). It resembles mostly an oar with a very long blade, and hangs in a rope which passes through a pierced knob fastened to the side of the ship. It was managed by a tiller fixed in a hole in the upper end; a thin rope which was probably passed through the iron ring near the bottom of the rudder must have been used to draw in the rudder when not required. Several of the ship's ropes were found. They are all made of bass; some are covered over with finer spun fibres of the same article. An iron anchor was found forward on the starboard side, but so corroded as to make it impossible to preserve it; only the wooden stock is kept.

The ship, although somewhat used and showing some signs of wear and tear, has been comparatively new when drawn on shore to be turned into a coffin. A sepulchral chamber of wood has been built from the mast to the stem. It is in the shape of a span roof, formed of round pieces of timber, which ascend from both sides of the ship up to the ridge-pole; the gable walls at both ends consist of erected planks. In this chamber the body of the deceased has been placed unburnt on a bed, together with such personal effects as custom required should be buried with him. Unfortunately, this ship-tomb had been visited by grave-robbers, in all probability during the Pagan era. The barrow was very large, of the usual circular form. The ship had been interred in the middle, on her keel, decorated with shields hung close together along the rail on both sides of the vessel. The marauders dug an entrance into the mound on the port side, and gained access through a large opening which they cut in the ship's side and the wall of the grave-chamber. The bones of the body had nearly all disappeared with the handsome weapons and equipments deposited with the dead chief. Only a few ancient relics were left. A number of bronze and lead mountings to belts and harnesses; the bones of a very little dog; and the bones and feathers of a peacock, supposed to be his favourite animals, buried with him. The bones of eight or nine horses and dogs which were sacrificed at his funeral; fragments of three oak boats; a landing stage; remains of bedsteads, two of which have been put together, and are much the same shape as those now in use among the Norwegian peasantry; and a great variety of kitchen utensils, wooden plates, finely carved wooden drinking cups, and many other articles. The cooking utensils were only of service while coasting when a harbour could be gained, as not any trace of a fire-place can be discovered in the ship.\*

We then visited King Oscar's Palace, where he passes the month of February during the assembling of Parliament. He has so many fine palaces in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, that his sojourn in Norway is generally brief. "Det Kongelige Slot" is finely situated on an eminence at the end of "Karl Johan's Gade." In front is an equestrian statue of King Karl Johan, cast by the Norwegian sculptor Brynjulf Bergslien. It was erected in 1875 by the voluntary contributions

of the whole nation. The inscriptions on the two sides of the pedestal are, "Det Norske Folk reiste dette Mind" ("The Norwegian People raised this Memorial"), and "Broderfolkets Vel" ("The Sister Nation's Welfare"). Carl Johann, as he styled himself, though christened Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte, was raised by his talents and fortune to the dignities of Marshal of France and Prince of Ponte Corvo; and on the death of Charles XIII., in 1818, came to the Swedish throne under the title of Charles XIV. He died of apoplexy on March 8th, 1844, and was succeeded by his son Joseph Francis Oscar, who had in 1823, at Stockholm, married Josephine Maximiliana, daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, Duke of Leuchtenberg (whose wife was Augusta Amelia, Princess of Bavaria). Under the title of Oscar I. he reigned fifteen years, and died on July 8th, 1859, and was succeeded by his son, Charles Louis Eugene, who ascended the throne under the title of Charles XV. He died in 1872, and was succeeded by his brother, Oscar II., who had on June 6th, 1857, married Sophia, daughter of the late Duke William of Nassau, by whom he had four sons: the heir apparent, Gustavus-Adolphus, Duke Wermeland and Crown Prince, born June 16th, 1858; also Oscar, Carl, and Eugene.

The succession to the throne is hereditary in the male line, according to the law of primogeniture. On the extinction of the male line the estates have full power to elect a king. The sovereign is of full age in Norway at the completion of his eighteenth year, in Sweden at the close of his twentieth. Before his coronation the king is required to take the inaugural oath, to subscribe an engagement to maintain inviolate the evangelical Lutheran religion.

Norway remains a free kingdom, independent and undivided. On the Norwegian coins the royal title is altered so that Norway is named before Sweden. Only the Crown Prince or his eldest son can be viceroy. A Norwegian or Swede can be appointed governor. The king has the executive power. The "Storting" consists of the delegates of the nation, who deliberate and vote in two chambers called the "Odelsting" and "Lagting." The nation is composed of the clergy, citizens, and peasants, the rank of nobility having been abolished by the "Storting" in 1821. Both in Norway and Sweden the peasants and citizens hold a higher rank than in most European states.

Education is compulsory, and the primary schools are numerous, so there are few who cannot read, or read and write. There are thirteen gymnasia or colleges for higher education, and six institutions for the training of teachers for the popular schools.

The University in Christiania has an attendance of about 650 students. Attached to it are a library, a botanical garden, and collections of natural history. At the same place there is a military academy, and a commercial institute.

The length of the Norwegian railway is 230 miles.

The Palace contains a very fine ball-room, and from the roof is a splendid prospect of the adjacent country and buildings. Afterwards we walked along the Drammensveien to Skarpsno, and ferried across the bay to Oscarshall, the King's villa, situated on a prettily wooded peninsula called Ladegaardsoen. Here we were charmed with everything, and beguiled the time most pleasantly, wandering about the park, the villa, and Hovestuen. The villa contains many curious and valuable relics, also a series of oil paintings by Tidemand, in the banquetting hall, depicting "the life of the Norwegian peasant from the cradle to the grave." From the round Tower of Oscarshall is a most beautiful panoramic view, comprising

\* Professor O. Rygh.



the bright blue Fjord dotted with islands, and gleaming with white sails, distant mountains, forests, corn fields, and the imposing structures of Christiania. Everything is radiant with life and gaiety, and on so glorious a day one is filled with an indescribable sense of pleasure at so novel and bewitching a scene. Hovestuen, or the Hove Cottage at Bygdo, is a most interesting piece of old Norwegian architecture. It was built in 1738 at Lilleherred, in Thelemarken, and has for a long time been one of the principal attractions for tourists visiting Thelemarken, as one gets from it a true idea of how the people lived in Norway in the last century. Last year the cottage was presented to King Oscar II. by the owner, Mr. Ole Hove, in whose family it had remained since its erection. It is now placed in one of the prettiest parts of the King's Park at Bygdo. It is full of interesting furniture and antiques, and is embellished with many curiously carved and painted inscriptions. Kate and I were delighted, and exercised great patience and perseverance in endeavouring to obtain a book containing the history of this extraordinary relic, which, when purchased, we carried with much care to Christiania.

	kr.	ore.
Fruit at market .. ..	1	10
Cakes .. ..	0	45
St. Saviour's Church .. ..	0	50
King's Palace .. ..	1	0
Ferry to Ostarshall .. ..	0	40
Bill at the "Grand" .. ..	10	40

We did not return to *table d'hôte*, but ate our fruits and cakes in the King's Park, and came back to tea and cutlets about 9 p.m.

#### Steamship "Rollo,"

Friday, August 15.

This morning we concluded our purchases, went over the House of Parliament, and returned to *table d'hôte* at half-past two. We left the "Grand" about half-past four to come on board the "Rollo." The harbour was crowded with people, chiefly relatives of eighty emigrants who are bound for America. The farewells were conspicuous and touching, and tears very plentiful. Five pounds each will cover the whole of their expenses till they reach the New World. They mostly go for three years, then re-visit their native country; but, generally preferring the new land to the old, they return to America and settle there for life. The "Rollo" has carried 300 emigrants on some occasions. After tea one played a concertina, while the others danced. They stepped well to time and tune, and we were glad they could so soon banish the sorrow of parting, and appear so cheerful.

The Norwegians have the credit of discovering America prior to Columbus. "Herjulf," a descendant of Ingulf, and his son Biarn, subsisted by trading between Iceland and Norway, in the latter of which countries they generally passed the winter. One season, their vessels being, as usual, divided for the greater convenience of traffic, Biarn did not find his father in Norway, who, he was informed, had proceeded to Greenland, then just discovered. He had never visited that country; but he steered westwards for many days, until a strong north wind bore him considerably to the south. After a long interval, he arrived in sight of a low, woody country, which, compared with the description he had received of the other, and from the route he had taken, could not, he was sure, be Greenland.

Proceeding to the south-west, he reached the latter country, and joined his father, who was located at Herjulfsnæs, a promontory opposite to the western coast of Iceland. In 1001, the information which Biarn gave of this discovery induced Leif, son of Eric the Red, the discoverer of Greenland, to equip a vessel for the unknown country. With thirty-

five persons he sailed from Herjulfsnæs towards the south, in the direction indicated by Biarn. Arriving at a flat stony coast, with mountains, however, covered with snow, visible at a great distance, they called it Hellu-land. Proceeding still southwards, they came to a woody but still flat coast, which they called Mark-land. A brisk north-east wind blowing for two days and two nights, brought them to a finer coast, woody and undulating, and abounding with natural productions. Towards the north this region was sheltered by an island; but there was no port until they had proceeded farther to the west. There they landed; and as there was abundance of fish in a river which flowed into the bay, they ventured there to pass the winter. They found the nights and days less unequal than in Iceland or Norway; on the very shortest day (Dec. 21st) the sun rising at half-past seven, and setting at half-past four. From some wild grapes which they found a few miles from the shore, they denominated the country Vinland, or Winland. The following spring they returned to Greenland.

This description can only apply to North America. The first of the coasts which Leif and his navigators saw must have been Newfoundland or Labrador; the second was probably the coast of Brunswick; the third was Maine. In 1004 Vinland was visited by Thorwald, another son of Eric the Red, and in 1005 by Thorstein, another son, with his wife Gudrida and twenty-five companions; but they were driven by the contending elements to the remote western coast of Greenland, where they passed the winter in great hardships. This adventure was fatal to Thorstein, whose corpse was taken back to the colony by his widow. The first serious attempt at colonising Vinland was made in 1009 by a Norwegian chief, Thorfin, who had removed to Greenland, and married the widow Gudrida.

The voyage along the Christiania Fjord was replete with interest, and we remained on deck till about 11 p.m. We passed a storehouse for ice on the coast close to the Fjord, the ice being conveyed and removed by boats.

It seems strange and yet pleasant to be returning to England; we are truly thankful for the enjoyment we have experienced, and yet long to be safe at home once more.

	kr.	ore.
Bill at "Grand" .. ..	10	0
Waiter, portorage, &c. ..	6	0

#### On the "Rollo,"

Saturday, Aug. 16.

A most lovely day, calm sea, and Kate not ill. I am so glad; it is such a relief to me. Between 6 and 7 a.m. we anchored at Christiansand for about an hour. The morning was thick with mist, so we did not go ashore, but watched the loading of cargo, &c., among which is a quantity of timber pulp for the making of paper. The fare on this boat is first rate; we have a most liberal fable, and are well served by the steward and five assiduously attentive waiters. We have, too, marmalade, and the constant demand for it is cause of endless amusement. Captain Pepper is a capital organiser, most careful and kind. Steward and Mrs. Barrington are all that can be desired; the former is always ready with laugh and joke. The two mates have been most polite to us on the captain's bridge. There are about thirty gentlemen to nine ladies. I believe we two and one merry American girl are the only spinsters. I need hardly say we share with her the large amount of courtesy and attention we receive on all sides.

This morning on deck we formed a lively coterie. I produced my book on "Hovestuen paa Bygdo." A Norwegian gentleman recited, while an English gentleman wrote the Eng-

lish and put into form the few lines of verse. Several others listened and some took notes. The following is a translation of the inscriptions which are engraved on the walls, cupboards, and beds.

Above the entrance door we read, "God bless your entrance and departure from now till all time." Under this, on the broom-shelf (a shelf used in former times for the house-broom), is carved the date "1738," and underneath, "D. I O S." On the front cupboard to the right is carved, "O. O. S. T. S. D. 1738," and besides that there is painted on the same cupboard, "O. O. S. H M T D H 1837." On the first shelf to the left in the grate of the fireplace, and in succession to the same on the front cupboard to the left, which stands to the right of this shelf, one reads the following inscription: "I, Ole Olsson Enggrav (the valley grave), and my second wife, Kone Gunhild Ionsdatter Hushvet, came here to Hove the 10th December, 1818, and was born the 3rd November, 1769. 1821." Besides this there is on the same cupboard, partly above and partly underneath, the following inscription painted: "I, Ole Olsson Holla, and Mari Torgrinus datter (daughter) Holla, came here to the farm under Hove 29 March, 1828." On the cupboard behind the throne to the left there stands in carved letters, "Soli Deo Gloria, O. O. S." On the second throne cupboard stands further engraved in carved letters, "God with us, T. S. D." Round the bed one reads, "God guard from harm and danger house and ground, goods and gard" (the Norwegian word "gard" means the surroundings and appurtenances of a farm; the Norse root "garth," yard in Anglo-Saxon. It is found in place names in England—e.g., Fishguard, Applegarth. "Yerde," in old English switch or twig, and a yard was a place inclosed by twigs. A similar idea is contained in "garth.") "people and cattle, everything which is here, in the name of Jesus. Amen."

Finally, there is above the entrance and the door of the linen-closet painted the following inscription: "Anlong Olsdatter (daughter) was born on the 10th Sept., 1875. Ingeri Olsdatter was born the 11th Nov., 1878. Ole Olsson was born 17th Jan., 1822. Anne Olsdatter was born 12th April, 1825." A small picture represents this: "King Charles XII. asked General Stenbuck which of all the country-people lived the best." The reply was in verse. Literal translation:—

"A peasant who has eight cows and a house, God-fearing, honest, and a good neighbour besides;  
Faithful to his God and King, with every man's confidence,  
A little deferential, and a friend to his priest,  
Knows nothing of the magistrates, nor anything of law,  
Lives far in the mountains, keeps little company,  
Uses well his field, hatchet, spade, and scythe,  
Wears his homespun coat, leather trousers, and vest;  
On good terms with his wife whom he himself has chosen,  
And happy in his work. He lives the very best."

A young Englishman, who told us his *nom de plume* is "B. O. S.," kindly put the above in more rhythmic form:—

#### THE HAPPY MAN.

"An eight-cow'd peasant possessing one horse,  
True to his God, and his neighbours, of course;  
True to his sovereign, and every man's friend,  
Who speaks to his priest with a deferent bend;

Who lives far away in the mountain's fresh air,  
Of laws and the rod he is not aware;  
His friends call but rarely, no landlord has he;  
From the sword, dearth, and illness he ever is free.  
He tills his own field, and the mead for his cows,  
And wears the rough cloth that is spun in his house;  
Than he with his wife, the girl of his mind,  
Not one upon earth can a happier find."  
B. O. S.

This evening the gentlemen proposed a concert. We were rather shy of performing, but when they declared themselves to be passionately fond of music, and commenced by singing what they could remember, Kate and I determined to do our best, and recalled everything we possibly could, vocal and instrumental. Everyone was so generous, not in the least quizzical, and the hours flew by delightfully till eleven o'clock. Naughty "Miss American" cheated us, and retired before the concert began, so that she should not be asked to sing; the two married ladies bravely sat it out, so we did not feel quite deserted. Some of the gentlemen sang remarkably well.

S.S. "Rollo," Sunday, August 17.

5 o'clock p.m.

An unanimous raising of hats when we came on deck this morning, and we were soon engaged in pleasant conversation with the "Major," who has been in India and Tel-el-Kebir, and is full of information; Mr. "Hamilton," who is well up in London news; the "Melancholy Dane," who is full of fun; a clergyman, who has kindly presented us each with a copy of the New Testament in Norse; and others. Captain Pepper asked me to play the hymns for morning service, and at the same time handed me a paper with the numbers 257, 193, and 370, saying that if I liked to select something different, I might. I chose "The Pilgrims of the Night," which he laughingly suggested was not quite orthodox, being an evening hymn. The service was very short. Captain Pepper did most of it; he only accepted assistance from the clergyman present to read the lessons. The manner in which the steward rang the bell for service was truly comical. All the gentlemen attended naturally enough, and I wondered why in England men seem to think that women have souls to be saved and men have not, that the absence of the latter is so often conspicuous in churches.

We dined at half-past two. The weather is most glorious. We have made a tour of the

ship, examining the quarters of the emigrants. The "Major" is so tall, I was constrained to ask him how "long" he is. He replied by asking if I desired his measurement by the yard, and added that he is 6ft. 3in. in his socks. By the bye, he sings very prettily "sotto voce."

We supposed we should reach Hull about half-past seven, and arrive at Ranmoor to-night, but we are still far from land, and not likely to get in till ten or eleven. Some advise us to stay on board all night, but the general impression is that doing so would be very uncomfortable, and that we should be wiser to go to the Station Hotel, Hull. We have all become so friendly, and the voyage has been so pleasant, that the pang of parting is again bitter.

Station Hotel, Hull, 12 p.m.

About half-past ten we left the "Rollo," in a small tug, for the pier. The Custom House officers came on to the "Rollo," and despatched the luggage in a very few moments.

This is a fine hotel, and we are thankful to be safe once more on the shores of dear "old England." We can scarcely forbear a secret wish to be going home direct, to tell our tales, although we are sure of a hearty welcome at Ranmoor.

	£	s.	d.
Bill on S.S. "Rollo" ..	1	11	6
Stewardess and waiters ..	0	5	0
Omnibus to Hotel ..	0	1	0

Ranmoor, Monday, August 18th.

Back again. This morning, at 7.30, we had a pleasant meeting at breakfast at the Station Hotel, Hull, and numerous farewells. "The Melancholy Dane" (he wished to be called this) was invaluable. What a genuinely kind, good-natured face he has! He accompanied us to the office of Messrs. Wilson, procured us our portmanteau and wraps, which had been so kindly conveyed by Captain Soulsby, of the "Domino," from Smeby's Hotel, Bergen. He, "the Melancholy Dane," then obtained a cab, and drove with us to the station. Not content with assisting us so much, he conducted us safely to Sheffield, and did not leave us till he saw us and all our belongings comfortably placed in little Lizzie's brougham. Not till then did we say goodbye! Is any language adequate to convey our gratitude to this young stranger? We must show our appreciation of such unselfish kindness and care, when he comes (as we hope he will) to see us in our English home, where we live unceremoniously, but happily, and are ever ready to give a welcome to those whom we have met in our delightful summer rambles.

	s.	d.
Bill at Station Hotel ..	13	0
Tickets to Sheffield, 3rd class ..	9	1
Porterage, &c. ..	2	6

We consider that the whole trip cost £30 each.

## NEW MUSIC.

WE have received the following from various publishers:—

STANLEY LUCAS AND WEBER.

*Maytime in Midwinter.* Words by A. C. Swinburne. Music by A. M. Wakefield.—An agreeable and prettily conceived song of moderate compass, presenting no difficulties.

*Golden Grain.* Words by Mrs. Charles. Music by C. A. Macirone.—A truly artistic and charming song, in which the composer manifests her usual fluency and elegance of style. The music carries out the spirit of the words, and there is true musical poetry in the treatment of the last words of each verse,



A DUET.