



THE KING OF THULE. (From the painting by P. van der Ouderaa.)

## HOW TO VISIT NORWAY.

By THE REV. THOMAS B. WILLSON, M.A., Author of "The Handy Guide to Norway."



A BRIDE.

## PART I.

## THE LAND ITSELF.

"To Norway, the land of the foss and the fjeld,  
Where waters, the purest that e'er were beheld,  
Are laughing all day as they dance in the sun,  
And ne'er go to sleep when the day's work is done."

## WHY visit Norway?

Let me try to answer this question, which perhaps may suggest itself to my readers.

More years ago than I like now to recall, I remember listening with eager ears to a delightful little story, written by an English-woman whose name is well known in our literature, and which has since then been often reprinted. It was called *Feats on the Fjord*, and came from the pen of Harriet Martineau. It told of the adventures, more than a hundred years ago, of certain worthy folk who lived on the Saltenfjord in the north of Norway, in the days when pirates appear to have been commonly met with, and when Nipen and other local demons were in full possession of their powers. It was a charming tale though written by one who, I believe, was never in the country she so graphically describes.

It matters little that one has since learned that there were many errors, geographical and otherwise, in Miss Martineau's story, but this is hardly to be wondered at, for it was written at a time when Norway was, to the

ordinary Englishman, little better known than is Franz Josef's Land to-day, and the writer had to depend for her facts on the scanty information which was then forthcoming about the far north of Europe. All this, however, did not then, and does not to-day, to my mind, lessen the charm of the story.

Several years after reading *Feats on the Fjord*, another book on Norway helped to deepen one's interest in that country.

The late Mr. W. Mattieu Williams turned the attention of many people to the northern land, by his graphic accounts of his wanderings there, in *Through Norway with a Knapsack*, a book which in its original edition had some very striking illustrations. It tells of how the writer, with no more luggage than he carried on his back, tramped from one end of Norway to the other; with the adventures which were inci-

dental to travellers, who in those days were not merely prepared to rough it, but who *had* to do so over and over again.

Many persons were, after the publication of this book, impelled to follow his example and to find out for themselves what Norway was like, and I well remember setting out from Christiania one July afternoon more than twenty-five years ago, in company with a friend, bearing a knapsack of a weight and size, the very remembrance of which to-day causes a shudder to pass through me.

Since that day, with occasional lapses into Germany, Switzerland and Italy, I have remained faithful to that delightful land,

separated alas! from us by the stormy billows of the North Sea.

But what is the charm of Norway? and why is it that so many people who know "How to visit Norway" (and that is the important point) seldom fail to remain faithful in their love to dear *Gamle Norge*?

It is not exactly easy to answer the question. There is about countries what there is about individuals, an attractiveness which we cannot always explain offhand, and which draws others to them. This "magnetic attractiveness," as it has been called, which has been so often noted in great men, is also to be found in certain countries. There are lands which draw men to them. Not merely attractive to the natives of the country, for all lands, how-



A SALMON STAGE.



THE MOUNTAIN NYMPH.

ever uninteresting to outsiders, are full of interest and delight to their inhabitants.

Norway is undoubtedly one of the countries in Europe which possesses this "magnetic attractiveness." Other countries, I know, possess it also, some in a greater, some in a lesser degree. It is enough for our present purpose that Norway has the power of attracting people of other lands to its shores.

What is the country like? A land for the most part, as far as we in England are concerned, surrounded by a sea rarely calm, guarded along its coast line for many hundreds of miles by bare rocky islets, mostly small and uninhabited, but here and there of larger size and rising a considerable height from the extraordinarily deep water which surrounds them. A land of rugged mountains, scarred and furrowed by countless streams of water and ice, with here and there deep valleys with wide rushing rivers and fertile meadows. Sometimes the valleys are filled with placid lakes, the shores of which are clad with sombre pines, and higher up the graceful birch trees, with their silvery bark, lighten the landscape.

Deep into this coast, from almost the extreme south to the far distant north, those wonderful arms of the sea, which are known as fjords, make their way. Generally there is

a broad parent stem like the trunk of a tree, with small arms branching off from it to the north and south, and the further they run from the western coast the narrower they become, and the higher rise the mountain walls at each side.

It is these wonderful fjords which so delight the traveller, and which are, among the countries of Europe, practically the monopoly of Norway, but which are reproduced in North America, and still more strikingly in the far-off western coast of the southern island of New Zealand.

Back from the western coast in the central part of Norway, which resembles very much the shape of a pear, rise the higher mountains and vast tablelands or *vidde*, where the inhabitants are few and far between.

These tablelands lie, roughly speaking, east and south of the Hardanger and decrease in elevation to the south. There you come to the great forest region in the Telemark, and the country south of it, and find large lakes and chains of lakes which eventually empty their waters into the sea in the Skager Rack.

In this forest region pine is, as usual, the prevailing kind of timber, and as you sail over the lakes, and see the mountains and hills clothed often to the summit with living verdure, you can realise the truth of Ruskin's words about "the waves of everlasting green which roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines."

In those districts the axe of the woodman is heard in the long winter, and in the summer the results are seen in the great pine logs which the spring floods have carried down into the lakes, there to be made up into vast rafts, and towed slowly along by some small steamer, after which they come like some gigantic snake moving in sinuous curves over the placid waters. This forest region extends also along the eastern frontier of Norway in the Valley of the Glommen.

To the north of the forest district and tablelands, and chiefly at the east of the great Sogne Fjord, you find a vast mountain district, the Jotunheim, so called from the mythology of the early Northmen whose earliest nature-worship pictured a land of frost and snow as the abode of the Jotuns or giants. This great district was, until comparatively recent years, altogether unknown even to Norwegians themselves, but is now invaded each summer for a couple of months by scores of hardy pedestrians and mountaineers, and the numbers of girls who visit it with their knapsacks on their backs (Norwegian girls *can* walk and walk well,) have led some to suggest that the name had best be changed from *Jotunheim* to *Jomfru* (German *Jungfrau*) heim.

In this region all the higher mountains of Norway are to be found, the well-known Galdhøpig with its rounded top, and the stately and beautiful peaks of the Horungtinder group; the Skagastølstinder, with their three peaks, the highest of which was esteemed the most difficult mountain in Norway, believed by the natives to be unclimbable, until one day the well-known mountaineer, Mr. Cecil Slingsby, conquered it, and since then it has been ascended over and over again.

This wild region possesses magnificent glaciers, but the greatest icefield of Norway—indeed, of Europe as well—is the Justedalbræ,

which lies to the north-west, and which sends down many arms into the wild valleys on the northern side of the Sogne Fjord and the southern and eastern sides of the Nord Fjord.

This mountain and glacier region extends, roughly speaking, to the Romsdal and Gudbrandsdal, and then the rolling masses of the Dovre Fjeld, with Snøhetten (snow hat), take the place of the peaks of Jotunheim or Søndmøre, decreasing in height until you come near to the old capital Trondhjem, where more open country, with broad and fertile valleys, is met.

Then from that district to the north you again find high mountains and a sea-coast of the most wondrous and weird beauty, culminating in the Lofoten Islands and the adjacent mainland, where rock scenery unequalled in Europe abounds on every hand. After this the mountains sink down once more into curiously-formed table mountains until you come to the end of all things, and from the bare rock which forms the North Cape look out over the eternal silences of the Polar Ocean.

An outline sketch such as the above will give the reader some idea of what Norway is like in its main features. There are, of course,



HAULING IN THE NET.

many other things to be noted, but what I have pointed out will sufficiently indicate the general character of the country.

In a land such as Norway the pleasures and drawbacks of a mountainous country will be met with. Along the west coast, exposed to and warmed by the Gulf Stream, rain is met with in no small degree, and the traveller must not expect to avoid the discomforts which wet weather usually brings with it. Bergen is, or was supposed to be, one of the wettest places in Europe, though I think I can detect an improvement in this respect. There is no doubt, however, that along the west coast rain is very constant even in fine summers. It is very remarkable, however, the way in which the rainfall decreases as you leave the coast. The differences in the annual rainfall between the country at the mouth of the Sogne Fjord and at the eastern end of it is something almost incredible, and when you get to the east of the great mountains, of which I have spoken, in that part of Norway, and come to the upper part of the Gudbrandsdal, you reach a region where rain is comparatively rare, and where a curious system of irrigation, by means of hollowed pine-logs, is necessary in order to raise the scanty crops.

A mild and, comparatively speaking, wet west coast is the rule all along Norway even in the winter, and it often happens that when there is rain, say, in Bergen in the winter months, at Vossevangen, some sixty miles inland, deep snow will take the place of the rain.

I must not forget, when speaking of the atmospheric conditions of Norway, to say a word about our worthy friend, the Midnight Sun. Norway is often spoken of as the land of the midnight sun, and a great many people ask their friends when they have returned from Norway if they enjoyed the sight of it, quite forgetting that it is only a comparatively speaking small part of the country which enjoys that privilege, and that the great majority of visitors to Norway have never seen it.

It is to M. du Chaillu's book that Norway is indebted for the name, but the fact is it might almost as well be applied to Sweden as to Norway, for a large part of that country shares with Norway the spectacle of the sun being above the horizon at midnight. I need not tell the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER what "every schoolboy," even in Lord Macaulay's days, knew—that it is only within a certain latitude, and for a limited time each summer, that the sun (to quote *Alice in Wonderland*) occupies a position where he has got no business to be "after the day is done," though in justice to the greater light we must admit that while he is there the day is not done.

A great deal of nonsense is talked and written about the midnight sun, and pictures and photographs help to keep up the illusion. The real fact is that the sun at midnight is just like the sun at 7 or 7.30 on a summer evening, when the time for setting is drawing near; and the colours which it gives are very much the same, except that the atmospheric conditions in the far north are much more wonderful than they are in this country and the colouring is much more striking and exquisite. Photographs of the midnight sun often sold in Norway and brought home and treasured, are in all probability taken during the daytime, and by a little clever manipulation of the plate made to produce curious effects.

There is one thing, however, about the midnight sun which is truly remarkable, and that (if the bull will be pardoned) is the day-break. You watch from the steamer's deck, or some mountain peak, the sun gradually descending towards the sea, and note the glorious sunset effects, more beautiful indeed than may be seen further south. Lower and lower it sinks, but when it reaches its lowest point it may still be well above the horizon. Then the wonder begins. When that point is reached a marvellous change comes. Instead of the rich crimson of the sunset glow, there comes almost in a few seconds—certainly in a few minutes—the glorious golden light of the morning, and a new day has begun. Where all the hills a few minutes before were bathed in the deep red glow of the sunset, they are now glowing with the bright gold of the new day. This wonderful change is to my mind the great attraction of the sight, and a truly wonderful and beautiful thing it is to see.

It is sometimes thought that it was only in recent years that attention has been called to the phenomenon of the midnight sun. This, however, is a great mistake. Our old friend Tacitus in his *Germania* has his remarks upon

it, and he describes it in language almost identical with what might be found in a guide-book at the present day. He, however, ventures on the assertion that the rising of the sun can be heard as well as seen, and I do not think that even the most imaginative tourist in these prosaic days has ever ventured to make such an assertion.

Here is a paraphrase, almost literal, of the words of the famous Roman historian, and they will be interesting as perhaps the first notice of the Midnight Sun in literature—

“The glorious sun beneath that ocean dips  
His setting orb scarce one brief moment;  
then  
The stars are dimmed by pure celestial  
light,  
And of his rising mighty sounds are heard  
That echo loud along that ice-girt shore.  
Then Gods immortal show their forms,  
their heads  
Girt round with shining light, to mortals’  
gaze,  
Who stand afar with trembling hearts and  
limbs.  
The crags and hanging cliffs around that  
sea  
Behold and fear. The mountains, too, are  
still.  
Those last declining ruby rays, that show  
Full on their rugged face, now yield  
To Dawn, fair golden Dawn, that comes  
with speed,  
Arising from the trembling ocean’s  
depths.”

Before we leave the distinguished historian of early days, I may mention that there is one point on which the vast majority of travellers to Norway will distinctly refuse to accept him as an authority. I have mentioned at the

beginning of this chapter that the sea which lies between the British Isles and Norway is not always quiescent, and that it is not by any means an ocean “whose breast” (to quote Byron) “is gently heaving like an infant’s

their screws and other irritants destroyed its temper, the North Sea was a model ocean. Here is the Roman historian’s opinion—

“The sea is sluggish and almost unbroken, so that it is even tedious to row upon it.”



THE FOOT OF THE GLACIER.

asleep.” On the contrary, it generally appears like a very angry infant, and very wide awake at the same time. But hear the other side. Possibly it has not always been so. In the days of Mr. Tacitus, before steamers with

Oh! that the days of Tacitus might return once more, for even three months in each year, is the wish of many a farer over the bright blue waters of the North Sea.

(To be continued.)

## THE WORST OF ALL PLAGUES.

By “THE NEW DOCTOR.”

WE have just been looking through a microscope at a group of rod-shaped atoms of exceedingly minute size. And as we were looking, we mused at the ease with which nowadays we can demonstrate these atoms, which had baffled the minds of so many before us. And we asked a friend to look at them, and when she had seen them, she exclaimed—

“Oh, is that all?”

Yes, that is all, all that you can see; there is nothing more than those tiny rods. But to the existence of those rods, more than twelve out of every hundred of the human race owe their death long before they have reached their full term of years.

For those tiny atoms are the germs of tuberculosis, the most dreaded of all the scourges of mankind. And the particular specimen at which we were gazing was telling us its old story of misery and death! We will tell you whence came those germs, and what they mean. The patient is a young man of twenty-eight, who is married and has three children, all absolutely dependent upon him. Last month he had what he called “a cold,” and he has had a cough since. There were signs in his chest which suggested that he had consumption, and the germs which we have just seen were found in his expectoration; and the presence of these germs means death to that man—in his case death in a few months at latest, and his wife and children will have to go to the workhouse.

And this is what we see every day, day after day, throughout the years that we practise medicine. Is it any wonder, then, that we should, from time to time, stir up the

general public to help to quell this terrible evil?

It is about this germ and the work that it does that we wish to speak to you, and when you have read what we are about to tell you, you will not exclaim, “Is that all?” if ever you see the actual organism.

And first we must describe the germ itself: it will not take us long. It is a colourless, structureless stick, rather less than a seven thousandth part of an inch long, and about a thirty thousandth of an inch broad. It has no structure, and increases merely by breaking into two. It cannot even move about. Many germs can move freely, but the bacillus of tuberculosis is stationary. It does not even increase rapidly like most germs, it is slow, but very, very sure. Moreover, it is possessed of a degree of vitality which is positively surprising. The organism cannot be seen unless it is stained by an elaborate process, and it requires the highest powers of the microscope and special arrangements of light to see it at all.

And now as to what this germ does. It produces but one disease—tuberculosis (consumption). But that one disease kills more than one-seventh of the human race before the fortieth year of life. But it does more than this. Many as it kills, it cripples a far larger number, and in a minor way it renders the lives of very many of us a misery, for a time at least.

Although one-seventh of mankind dies from tuberculosis, fully three times that number are attacked by this germ, and this statement is based on the results of post-mortem examinations of persons who have died from every

form of disease or accident. Think what this means! If you collect together everybody who dies from accidents by land and sea, everybody who comes to a violent death from any cause, and put them by the side of those who are killed by tubercle, the latter will outweigh the former in the proportion of nearly ten to one. If to the deaths from accident you add those due to all the acute infectious fevers, and all those due to cancer, the deaths from tuberculosis will still weigh these down.

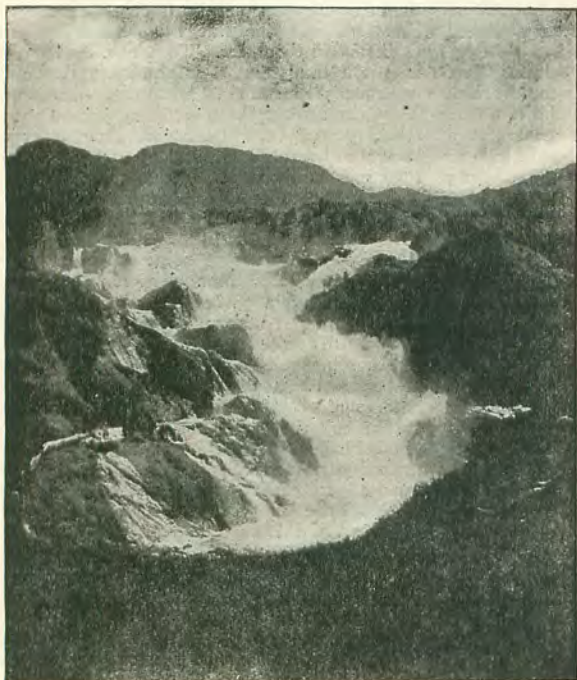
And how comes this disease, and what causes it? It comes gradually, insidiously, often without warning of any kind. Indeed, it may progress to a stage from which recovery is hopeless without giving one single sign or symptom of its presence.

We have told you its cause—it is the bacillus, the little atom we have just described. All other factors are of little importance. It will, however, be necessary for us to tell you about the so-called predisposing factors which render the body less able to withstand the attacks of the germs should it, by chance, become neglected, and how the germ finds its entrance into the body. To detail to you the various predisposing factors which render the body less liable than usual to resist tuberculosis would be to describe all the causes and conditions which lead to general ill-health or to that condition of being “below par” about which so much is talked, and so very little is known.

In former days, before the bacillus of tubercle was known, the various items which we are about to mention were supposed to have a far more powerful effect upon this

## HOW TO VISIT NORWAY.

By THE REV. THOMAS B. WILLSON, M.A., Author of "The Handy Guide to Norway."



"THE THUNDER IN THE MOUNTAINS."

## CHAPTER II.

## WHAT TO SEE.

"Ye who love the haunts of nature,  
Love the sunshine of the meadow,  
Love the shadow of the forest,  
Love the wind among the branches,  
And the rushing of great rivers,  
And the thunder in the mountains."

In my previous chapter I have endeavoured to give the reader some idea of the country as a whole—enough, I hope, to sharpen the appetite for what is to come after. I have given an outline of a large country, one far greater in extent than is generally thought, by those who have forgotten the lessons in geography which they learned at school. In this paper I shall try to come to more practical questions for those who hope to pay a visit to the delightful land of the north, to which, when holiday times come round, the thoughts of many will eagerly turn.

I will assume now that my readers wish to visit Norway as intelligent beings, not as mere automata who have to go through a certain performance, and must, when they get to the coast, "leave their brains outside, and do just as their leaders tell 'em to," as the song—slightly altered—has it.

"Travel," said one of the wisest men our country ever produced, "in the younger sort is a part of education; in the elder a part of experience." The more we travel, and the longer we live, the more we must become convinced of the truth of this remark. And if my readers are, as I suppose most of them will be, of "the younger sort," with a fair sprinkling of "the elder," the more necessary is it that they must seek, when they travel at all, to travel wisely.

To visit a foreign land, and to go home again, without having made some advance in intellectual growth, is (except for the benefit it may bring to health, a thing of course not

for one moment to be despised) but a useless expenditure both of time and money. There is nothing so good for people as to come in contact with other nations, who speak another tongue, have different manners, customs, prejudices, possibly religion, and yet to learn that they may be quite as good as, or often better than, ourselves. It rubs off angles, and though the experience may often pain us at first, it must be beneficial in the long run, and enlarge our minds and our sympathies as well.

When we go, then, to Norway, or indeed any other country, the first thing we want to know something about is the people, and then the land in which they dwell. This knowledge can only be gained by travelling in the country itself, and seeing how the people live, and what their homes, manners and habits are like.

This may seem to some of my readers a very self-evident fact, and one which need hardly be put in writing.

But in speaking of Norway it is a necessary remark, because it is possible to go to Norway nowadays, and to come back without having seen practically anything of the people. There are a good many travellers who have been to Norway, crossed and re-crossed the North Sea, and yet who have no more knowledge of the country than would be gained of, say, Spain by sailing from London to Gibraltar, and calling at Cadiz or some other port, and then returning again. This is pretty much the way in which the majority of those who go to Norway by the "Yachting Cruises" see the country. Now, I am not going to say a word against such cruises as means of spending a very

enjoyable holiday, and having complete rest and change of scene, removed from all the difficulties incidental to a foreign language and foreign coinage; but I do maintain that those who visit the country in that way, and *only* in that way, come back (from the shorter cruises, at any rate) with only a very slight acquaintance with a part of the coast and a few miles here and there of a road, and with practically no knowledge whatever of the people or the land, except what may be gained from the deck of a steamer. The educational value of such expeditions is very slight, if indeed it can be said to exist at all.

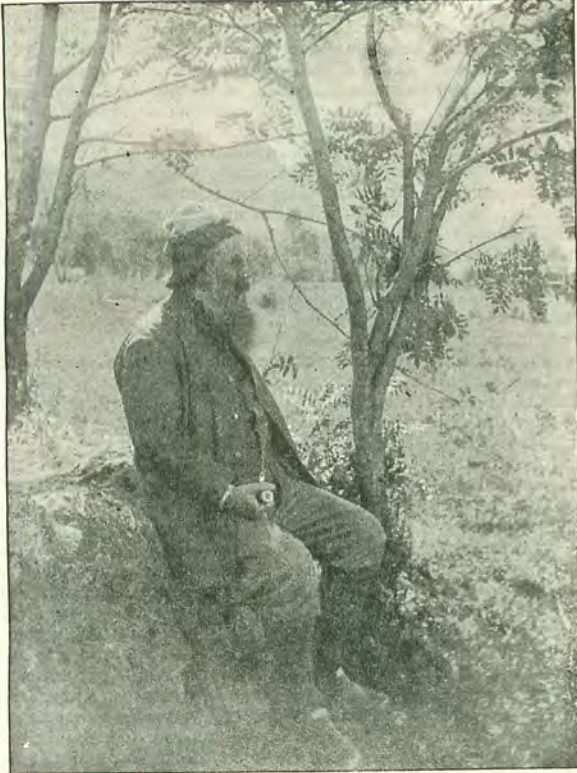
Now comes the question, What are we to see, and how much can we see?

It is not easy to answer these questions off-hand, so much will depend on two important factors—time and money. With most of my readers I think I may conclude that neither of these are unlimited. I am not writing, however, for those who have leisure to spend, say, two or three months in the country, and who can command all the money which would be required for such longer trips, but for those who, like the great majority, have holidays ranging from five to two weeks, or even one. For the last I would say, do not go to Norway at all; the distance is too great to make it worth while, as most of the time would be spent on the North Sea. But for those who have a month, or even a fortnight, much may be seen, if you know how to go about it, and the cost may be estimated for one traveller—two will travel more cheaply than one—at from five and twenty to twelve or fourteen pounds.

When planning out a tour, one point should be kept well in view: do not attempt too much. Very often it happens that people with but a short time at their disposal will attempt to cram into a fortnight what will really require a month to accomplish, and the result is that they rush through the country, and come back with but a confused and muddled impression of what they have seen—a kaleidoscopic view which is practically useless. You ask them whether they have seen such and such a point of interest, and they will tell you No, for they had to be at some place fifty



A SEA TELESCOPE. LOOKING FOR HERRINGS.



A NORTHERN FARMER.

miles further on that night, and they could not stop; they were very sorry, but then if they had done so they would have upset their itinerary, etc. They will lament that they were very tired and weary, and did not get as much good as they ought to have done, and they think Norway a place which taxes their energies very much.

All this arises, as I have said, from an attempt to do more than it is possible to accomplish in comfort. For example, a journey by steamer, which would have been a most delightful and restful day if it had not been unduly prolonged, becomes a wearisome and exhausting excursion if a night is spent on board in a very small and stuffy cabin, with a number of people who most likely have a deeply-rooted objection to a breath of fresh air. It is, of course, often necessary to spend a night on a small steamer, and many of them are, as far as they go, very comfortable; but night journeys ought naturally to be avoided, as you want to see all that you can.

This is the first point to be kept well in view. Another, and very important one, is, that you should endeavour, in a first tour at any rate, to see those special things for which the country is remarkable. For example, if an American comes to England, he or she will be quite certain to make a point of seeing some of our great cathedrals, and the birthplaces of our great men, like Stratford-on-Avon. If they go to Scotland, Edinburgh and Stirling Castles, the Trossachs, etc., will not fail to be visited. In Ireland, the lakes of Killarney and a Round Tower, etc. The principle is a very sound one, and ought to be acted upon in every country we may visit.

Now, in Norway we do not look for any great number of ancient historical buildings (all that exist you could probably count on the fingers of one hand), nor do you go to see great cities, because there are none; but you have an almost univalued collection of the works of Dame Nature, on a scale truly wonderful, and infinite in variety.

In certain departments of natural scenery Norway is without a rival in Europe. Two more especially commend themselves to us—ice and water.

When you visit Norway, then, you must make sure that you see a really fine glacier, a great waterfall, and a characteristic fjord. These, of course, do not for a moment exhaust the list of things worth seeing. There are mountain peaks in Norway as wild and grand as any to be found in Europe, though not so lofty. There are magnificent valleys, of which equals can perhaps only be found in the west of North America, and there are chains of beautiful lakes as lovely as the mind could well wish for.

You can, of course, combine all these things in a single tour, or you can, if you have the good fortune to go often to Norway, take them in succession, devoting one holiday to the coast, another to the higher mountain regions, another to the far north, etc.

Let us now come to some more detail. It will be asked by the reader, When is it best to go to Norway; how are we to get there; and, having got there, what are we to do?

Let me devote the rest of this article to answering these questions as briefly as possible.

First, as to the best time. I know, of course, that there is one special holiday month in England, and that is August; but there are happily plenty of people whose holidays are not necessarily confined to that month, and who can practically go any time during what we usually call the summer months. For the southern and central parts of Norway I have no doubt whatever, after a pretty long experience, that the month of June is *par excellence* the month for Norway. In the first place, the weather is usually very fine, and for

a country like Norway this is a matter of the first importance. Naturally you will have cold and wet Junes in Norway, as in every other country in the north of Europe, but as a rule they are fine. Then, again, you have the nightless period. I have explained in my first article that it is only a small part of Norway which can literally be called "the land of the midnight sun." But in June it may be said of Norway what is written of "the land which is very far off," there is "no night there." The sun sinks, indeed, below the horizon, but the light does not fade into night, it only changes into a light of wondrous, almost unearthly, beauty. The mountains and hills are clothed with a rose-coloured glow, shaded in parts into violet, and the higher clouds will often retain, almost until he reappears, the glow of the setting sun. The actual time of this light is, at midsummer, only a few hours, and then all is bright and glorious again. As an example of the clearness of this light after the sun has set, I might mention that one St. John's Eve I took a photograph at 11 P.M. of a girl about to light a bonfire (which, indeed, was afterwards reproduced in *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*) with "ordinary," not rapid, plates, and an exposure of under two seconds!

Another advantage of June is that in that month, owing to the melting of the snow, you will have all the fine waterfalls in their greatest magnificence, and even falls which in August may seem, for Norway, insignificant will often be well worthy of a visit. The snow will also be much lower down on the mountains, and the effect of this will greatly enhance their beauty by contrast with the bright fresh green of the woods and forests on the lower slopes. One more advantage may be noted, and that is an important one: the regular routes will be less crowded, and travelling more enjoyable when there is no doubt as to obtaining accommodation and attention.

Although I think June and early July the best time for Norway, we may take it that any time from the middle of May to the middle of September will be found pleasant. As a rule, few travellers stay in Norway in September, though the very finest weather of the whole year is often met with at that time. The reason for this lies, however, mostly in the extremely stupid regulations of some of the principal fjord steamer companies, which make summer end arbitrarily in the last week in August, and after that give a steamer-service the same as what exists in mid-winter.



AN UNKNOWN GLACIER, THE SKILBECKBRÆ.

A gradual change, however, is taking place in this respect, and in Hardanger, at any rate, a summer service is maintained until the middle of September. The Norwegian mail line of steamers to England (the Bergenske-Nordensfjeldske Companies) has done its best to support this extension of the local summer service, and it is to be hoped it will succeed in adding, at any rate, half of September to the time when a summer service of steamers is maintained.

The next question is, How to get to Norway? I am assuming in this paper that visitors will wish, on a first visit at any rate, to see those particular natural features for which Norway is so famous; and this being so, the traveller will, especially if time is limited, visit first the western part of the country. For this purpose Bergen, the principal town in the west, will naturally be the port of disembarkation, either Bergen or Stavanger being selected instead of Christiania or Trondhjem.

There is considerable choice of routes by which to proceed. You can reach Bergen from Hull (twice weekly), Newcastle-on-Tyne (the Norwegian Mail line, thrice weekly), Leith or Aberdeen—the last-named in the summer season.

It is not the object of this paper to decide on the rival merits of different lines of competing steamers; that I must leave to my readers and their advisers. The Hull route is slightly the more expensive, £7 the return ticket, against £6 from Newcastle, and it labours also under what may be a disadvantage to some travellers, of having only two steamers a week to and from Bergen, against three by the Newcastle route. From Leith there is a regular line of steamers to Egersund and Christiania, the first-named being only two hours by rail from Stavanger, where the Hull and Newcastle steamers call every week, and which is a good starting-place for some tours. It is well in the regular tourist season to apply some time beforehand for berths by either Hull or Newcastle, as the best berths are often booked a long time in advance. If you are a very inexperienced traveller, it is often well to take tickets for the whole of your tour from some of the many tourist agencies. It will save some trouble, especially where you come to a foreign

language and a foreign coinage, but for those who have a reliable guide-book and who want to learn something by travelling it seems unnecessary. It must also be remembered that with your tickets for the whole way, you cannot, without some loss and inconvenience, make any change in your plans, which may be, and often is, both necessary and desirable in many ways.

And now lastly, what to do when you get to Norway? I have said before, don't attempt more than can be done in comfort, and try to see some of the most characteristic features of the country—fjords, ice and water. The west of Norway divides itself naturally into certain sections which contain all of these, and you can combine these different districts in more extended tours. Each section I am about to name has behind it what the Germans call—and what has now practically become an English word—a "hinterland," which is full of interest to the traveller. They are Hardanger, Sogn, Nordfjord and Søndmøre-Romsdal. A general idea of one of these districts can be gained in a week or ten days, but one or two months in each will by no means exhaust their beauties. In the first-named, Hardanger, you can begin, if you like, at Stavanger, and work up to the head of the fjord by the Bratlandsdal, and down to Odda, or begin at Bergen and end at Stavanger. In that district you will find, almost in perfection, the three things I have mentioned. A very beautiful fjord, but with the exception of the Fixensund, no arm of it to vie in grandeur with what may be found further north. Ice will be well represented by the Bondhusbræ and the Buarbræ, both excellent specimens of glaciers, though small as compared with others. In waterfalls, however, the Hardanger is richer than any other part of Norway, when you reckon the magnificent Skjæggédalsfos, the finest fall in Europe, with its neighbour the Tyssrestrengene, a twin fall of great beauty, and then the mighty Vöringsfos, which can easily be visited from Vik. The "hinterland" of this fjord is the great table-land of the Hardanger vidde, with its lakes and barren wastes beloved by the fisherman and the hunter.

The district around the great Sogne Fjord

is a larger one than Hardanger; the scenery is wilder, though there are many beautiful spots. As you go further from the sea the magnificence of the fjord increases, till it reaches its culminating point in the peerless Nærø Fjord. For ice scenery the district around and behind Balholm and Fjærland is far-famed. At the head of the fjord you have the great Jotunheim region and the wonderful glacier valley of the Justedal. The great waterfall is the Vetti, one of the loftiest in Norway, where the river which forms it falls 943 feet without a break. In this region, the antiquarian will find some of the best survivals of the ancient *stave-kirker*, the strange wooden churches, and Høprestad, Borgund and Urnæs will well repay a careful study.

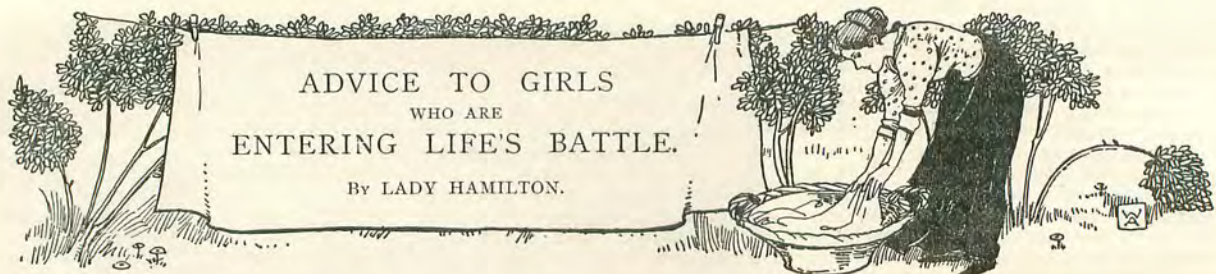
Space would not permit me to enter upon details of the other regions I have mentioned. Suffice to say in all of them you will find ample illustrations of those special points of interest like those I have already enumerated.

I have here only sketched very roughly the west central parts of Norway, those which are most accessible to travellers whose time may be limited. To those with more leisure, the far north is a truly enchanted land, where you can wander "on from island unto island" in what is not so much the "gateway of the day" as the home of the day.

The difficulty which presents itself to many is that it will take nearly a week from England before you really reach the Nordland, but once there, and given fine weather, it is a fairy land in summer. Southern Norway can be reached easily from Christiansand or Christiania, but there, though water is abundant, you will not find the matchless fjords, and glaciers do not exist.

So far I have written for those who wish to be on the move and who want to see all there is to be seen. This for a first, second or third visit is what ought to be. There is one other way in which to visit Norway, and that is by living for a short time in your "own hired house," a manner for those who have the opportunity, to my mind the most delightful of all, but the details of our cottage life in Norway I must defer to the next chapter.

(To be concluded.)



#### PART V. WORK.

If the *Laborare est orare* of the Ancients be translated "To labour is to pray" or "Work is worship," and if it be likewise praise, then we have solved the problem as to whether life is worth living.

Work gives to all our being its healthiest and completest outlet. The whole machinery of the mind and body of man and woman is kept in condition, mentally and physically, by work. In these days, however, the crux of the situation, which results in disaster if not duly considered, is the amount of work that is

healthy, and that which is overwork and consequently unhealthy.

The value of having plenty of interests and many things to do is incalculable, when, be it understood, it enlarges the sympathies and balances the mind. In every way it tends to strengthen man's higher nature, especially if with his work he couples some reflection and makes some careful comparison.

The worker must needs think out for himself the true relation of things to one another, and learn to give to each their due proportion in as far as his eye sees them in life's economy, and inasmuch as his common-sense helps him duly to place them.

Most of us are born into the world with certain definite responsibilities, certain clearly-defined duties, certain relationships which entail consideration, and various ties born of surroundings or what not that give us some special interest as day by day we rise from sleep and begin another day's round.

According to our tastes and our inclinations and our habits of mind, we attend to this sort of work, and oftentimes it is the means of leading us much further afield in this workaday world, as circumstances and experience shape our course along life's road.

This sort of work comes more to what we may call the woman of leisure, and in it



Vol. XXI.—No. 1074.]

JULY 28, 1900.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## HOW TO VISIT NORWAY.

BY THE REV. THOMAS B. WILLSON, M.A., Author of "The Handy Guide to Norway."

### CHAPTER III.

IN the last chapter I have given some general hints as to what visitors should see when they go to Norway. I have not attempted to sketch out any tours, for that is not the object of these papers. They are rather intended to answer the question which stands at the head, How to visit the country; not so much where to go, but how to see it so that the visitor shall gain the greatest amount of advantage possible from a stay in Norway, and come back to home and work all the better both in body and mind for what he or she has seen and done.

I want in this paper to give my readers some idea of the great pleasure to be derived from spending the summer, or a part of it, in your own hired house, which it is quite possible to do, if you know how to go about it.

Now many of my readers will say that such a course would be quite impossible for them, first, on account of its expense, and secondly, on account of the difficulties which would arise from having to employ a native servant or servants, not to mention the vast supplies of what the Romans rightly called *impedimenta*, which would have to be taken from home.

As to the question of expense, the reader must bear in mind that house-rent in the country parts of Norway is not as extravagant an item as it often is in summer resorts in England, and that it may be, and is, possible to get a comfortable cottage (built of wood, of course, and very plainly furnished) for the whole summer, say June to end of August, at about the price which would be paid by a family party for one week in some English watering-place. It is true that there will be a Spartan simplicity in the matter of furniture. For example, fresh straw will often take the place of the ordinary mattress, but those who know the comfort of a properly-made straw bed will think it a

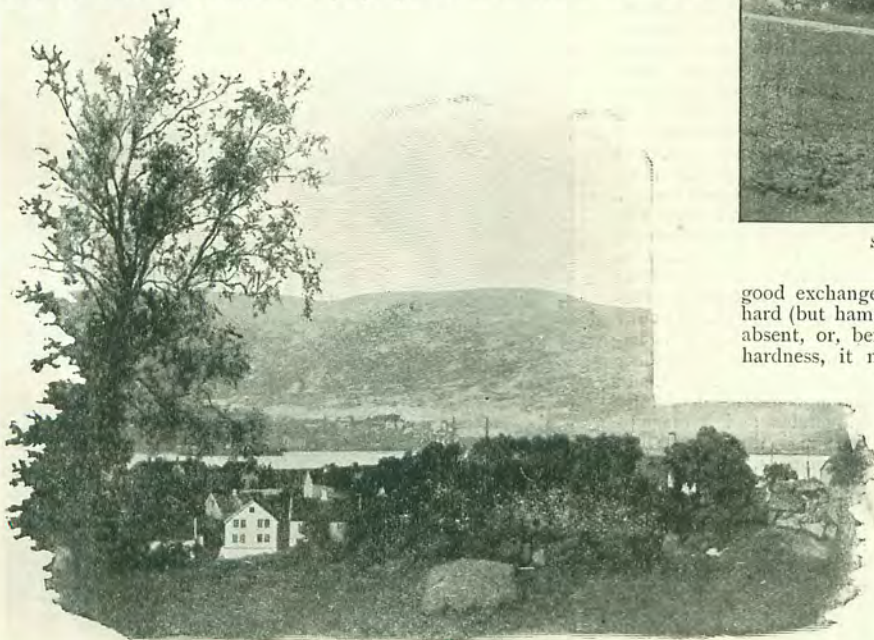


STRIPPING THE MOUNTAIN ASH.

good exchange. The chairs will be plentiful in number, if hard (but hammock chairs can easily be had), and if sofas are absent, or, being present, are of the most uncompromising hardness, it must all be accepted as a part of the programme.

In the neighbourhood of Bergen, and other large towns in Norway, there are a number of houses (chiefly farmhouses) where visitors are received for the summer months. In many cases it is not possible to get a whole house, but only a certain number of rooms and a kitchen, but small houses are often available, and are sometimes built for the purpose of being let to visitors in the summer months.

As soon as the middle or end of June comes, and the long summer holidays of the Norwegian schools begin (the Norwegians are wise in having their holidays when the



NEAR BERGEN.

All rights reserved.]





ON THE FJORD.

days are longest and summer at its best, instead of waiting for August and September as in England), there is a regular exodus from the towns to the country and the fjords. The steamers depart crowded with families and luggage of all kinds, including various household supplies, and beds, if the families are large, on their way to the summer lodgings which are to be had in the adjoining district, that is to say, within a radius of a hundred or a hundred and twenty miles.

It is quite possible for English visitors to secure one of these houses, if application is made in good time, or possibly an advertisement in Norwegian newspapers which could be inserted through some of the many tourist agencies, such as Beyer's or Bennett's of Bergen.

The servant difficulty is of course one which is not to be despised, but it must be remembered that there are a great many who have been employed in hotels where they have had to learn English, and also a very large number who have been to America and are therefore fairly proficient in English. Then it must be remembered that the vocabulary required to give household directions is a very limited one indeed, and with a little trouble and the help of a dictionary could easily be mastered. Servants employed thus for the summer in the country get, for Norway, high wages—at the rate of about twenty kroner (£1 2s. 3d.) per month, or even more, but one servant is generally sufficient, except, of course, for a large party.

It is, I think, almost useless to bring English servants to Norway, to act as general servants I mean, because they will find everything in the way of cooking, etc., utterly different from home, and wood fires require special training to know how to manage them. They will neither understand the food nor the way to cook it. The joints are cut in a way which would make an English butcher gasp. To the uninitiated it would seem as though the sheep or ox, or parts of them, were laid upon a block and blows aimed at them with an axe, and the fragments cooked in a way which, however appetising to those who eat them, would be strange and wonderful to an English domestic.

If the readers wish to live exactly as they would do at home, I would say most decidedly, do not try a cottage in Norway for the summer. But if, on the other hand, they would like a little variety and a very pleasing variety, they will find that there is perhaps no way of spending a holiday more altogether delightful than that of getting a cottage in some sheltered creek on the fjords, and enjoying a life of perpetual picnic and absolute freedom for a few weeks.

One great advantage you will have, which is not by any means to be despised, is that you are absolutely your own master. In hotel life you are bound to a great extent by the rules of the place and the convenience of your fellow-guests. Dinner and supper are usually, in well-regulated establishments, at fixed hours; and if you return home late at night, or in the small hours of the morning, and move about a wooden house even in what may seem to you to be the most noiseless fashion, you are apt to find that complaints may be lodged with the hotel-keeper the next morning.

But in your cottage no such restrictions exist. You are monarch of all you survey. You can breakfast, dine, and sup at any hours you please. You may go out for a walk at 11 P.M. and return at 3 A.M., and throw your boots about as you like, and no one will complain. And as to your meals, you may, to quote the words of the immortal "Lewis Carroll"—

"Frequently breakfast at afternoon tea,  
And dine on the following day."

Now it may help my readers to understand what a cottage by the Norwegian fjords is like if I give an account of our own experiences in that way.

I have tried the experiment, for several years past, of a fixed abode in the summer, after having spent many delightful summers in wanderings, which have extended from Christiansand to the North Cape. Having thoroughly explored Norway from north to south, and east to west, it is pleasant to be anchored for a time at any rate, and to study the people more closely in their own homes.

Our present cottage (we have had more than one) is situated at a spot which we will call Gerdashavn, within a radius of seventy miles from Bergen—whether north or south of it is immaterial. It is on the shore of a little creek or *vik*, and has a background of lofty mountains and a magnificent region known to few Norwegians, and to but few also of those who live near. No tourists come there, because they know nothing about it. "Yachting steamers," with hundreds of passengers on board, go by within a couple of miles, but they have never heard of it.

"What a fearfully out-of-

the-way place," the reader will say, "and how shut out from the world!" Not a bit of it. Within three hundred yards of our cottage you can telegraph to any spot on the habitable globe where a telegraph station exists. If you ring a bell you can converse with every shop or private dwelling in Bergen which possesses a telephone, and most of them do, and with a little waiting you can carry on a conversation (by telephone) with people who may be hundreds of miles away from you!

Our cottage is a small farmhouse. The owner has another about a mile off, and lets this one. It stands about fifty yards from the seashore, where there is a large boat-house, in which we shelter our boat. A boat is a necessity if you are to have real enjoyment. Boats can be hired for a very small sum, and if you like to purchase one, you can get an excellent one, all found, for about £2.

Externally the house is not much to look at. It is built of wood and painted white; the roof consists of large slabs of a slaty stone which is quarried in the neighbourhood. It stands on sloping ground with a pleasant meadow between the house and the river, which here runs into the fjord. A garden with a small orchard is on one side, and on the other many mountain ash trees, which at the end of the summer are stripped bare of leaves and berries to be stored up for the winter feeding of the cattle.

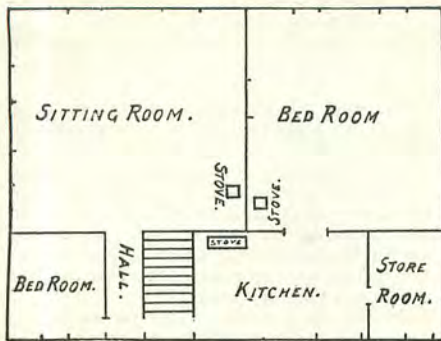
A ground plan of the cottage will explain matters a little to the reader.

The house is 32 feet long by 24 feet wide, so it will be seen that the rooms in it are of a good size, and that, especially in the one sitting-room, a good deal more than the necessary cubic space is provided. Underneath the whole of the sitting-room and large bedroom is a fine cellar, not exactly an underground one, as the house is built on the slope of a hill. This makes these rooms very dry, and gives a cool and admirable store-room in hot weather.

Upstairs (the stairs partake somewhat of



A NORWEGIAN HOUSE OF THE BETTER CLASS.



GROUND PLAN OF COTTAGE.

the nature of a ladder) there are three bedrooms, but a vast amount of space is needlessly lost, which, if pressed for room, could easily be made available for sleeping accommodation.

It will be observed that in the plan, all the stoves are close together. There is a reason for this. One chimney as a rule suffices in a Norwegian country house; and so it is arranged that all the stoves and kitchen range will be placed in such a position that a short piece of pipe will suffice to convey the smoke to a common chimney. Another thing may be noticed which is common all over Norway in every house of every kind, namely, that every room on the one floor is connected with that adjoining on each side, so that you can go all over the floor from one room to another at your own sweet will.

This custom sometimes entails awkward consequences. I remember once arriving at a country "station" and being allotted a room, to reach which you had to pass through another bedroom. This was all very well when the house was not full, but it happened that other visitors arrived after we had gone to bed, and the consequence was that in the morning, wishing for an early start, we found we were locked in, and the only way to escape from captivity was the apostolic, but uncomfortable, means of exit, "through a window," though happily "a basket" was not needed, as we were not far from the ground.

Having thus given the reader some idea of our cottage and its surroundings, it may be of interest to know how we manage to get on as to the important point of commissariat. It is needless to say that "shops" in the ordinary sense of the word do not exist in remote places, either in Norway or any other country. There is one that is called in Norway *landhandleri*, which, being interpreted, means a country shop. On these *landhandleri* (usually situated beside the steamer landing-place) the country population depend for their supplies. But for English visitors these supplies are hardly all that is needed, as, for example, such a thing as fresh meat is unknown there, and the bread is often largely composed of rye, which, though wholesome, requires an educated palate to appreciate; and so it comes to pass that for most things we have to depend on supplies from the nearest large town, such as Bergen, and we usually have a standing order for white bread, meat, etc., to be sent down once or twice a week. If it happens that you forget anything, all you have to do is to call to the shop by telephone, and the distance of seventy or eighty miles becomes as naught, and you find your wants promptly attended to.

The expense of getting food sent you by steamer is very small. They seem to have a uniform charge for all packages and cases, however large or however small. This is usually 25 öre, a little over 2½d., and this sum

you will pay for a few loaves of bread, or a large case of groceries.

We can often get fresh meat locally, that is, if any of the farmers happen to have killed animals to send up to the Bergen market. An amusing thing happened in connection with our local purchases. One day when there was a prospect of our running short of supplies, our *pige*, or servant, came with the joyful tidings that we could have half a calf. This seemed a rather large order, even for our hungry household, but my wife thought it best to close with the offer, as we had such an excellent and cold cellar. It was deemed expedient, however, to replenish the salt-box and be ready for emergencies. Not long after we were informed that the half calf had arrived, and was safely

lodged in the cellar, and the inquisitive discoverer added that it had a woolly tail! This seemed strange even in a foreign land, but investigations by daylight revealed the fact that the calf was only a very small lamb, and we further learned that the word calf in Norwegian was applied to the young of any animal.

One very important item of housekeeping, in Norway especially, is eggs, and of these there is a fair supply. We buy them by what sounds in English like the "sneeze," a *snes* being the local word for a score. Those who have enjoyed pancakes in Norway know that a good supply of eggs is a very important matter, and I believe that they take a very prominent place in all matters connected with cooking in Norway, even more than in other countries.

Eggs naturally suggest chickens, and it must be confessed that the Norwegian chicken is a very poor sort of thing compared to its English relations. We have always found it hard to get chickens to purchase in the country. The peasants apparently are favoured with an abnormal number of hen-chickens and very few cockerels. Generally, it must be said, it is an old bird which is brought for sale, but occasionally a real genuine chicken is met with, and we have got them at from about sixpence to eightpence apiece. Older birds, however, come in usefully, as the Norwegian plan is, "first boil your fowl and then roast him." This is almost invariably done, and it has the advantage of making old birds, at any rate, eatable.

When one speaks of living in Norway, it is naturally expected that, whatever else you may lack, at any rate fish is always to be had. Now in our summer sojourn by the fjords, we have not found it by any means always easy to

procure fish, unless we catch them. Norway suggests salmon, but then the salmon mainly finds its way to England, or is bought up by the large hotels, and in the country places it is practically impossible to purchase it. Notwithstanding this, we have always had a good supply of fish of our own catching. It is a very enjoyable part of cottage life in Norway to feel that you have to depend, to a certain extent at any rate, on your skill in fishing. We have often set out in the evening "to fish for the pot," and supper has depended largely on the success which attended our efforts.

It was part of the daily routine for one of the party to procure bait. Then after the *siesta*, which curiously enough is as much a custom in Norway as in Spain and the south of Europe, the boat is got ready and our party set forth with lines and all in readiness. We row to some distance to a well-known fishing ground off a small island, and let down the anchor and set to work. If the conditions are favourable, there are soon a number of wriggling, gasping fish floundering about at the bottom of the boat. The sport continues for some time; if good, it is often prolonged beyond sundown, and we wait until the mountains are clothed in that marvellous robe of purple peculiar to these northern regions, and hunger drives us home to supper and to rest.

Such is our cottage life in Norway by the fjords. I have said nothing of the excursions we make from our cottage—how, taking with us some supplies, we start early in the morning and climb up the lower ridges of the great mountains, and gaining a table-land where a *sæter* (a dairy hut) has been erected, partake of a frugal lunch and enjoy the bowl of milk or the tub of *rømmekolle* (a kind of artificially thickened milk) which we divide, each person marking out his or her share on the thick layer of cream on the top, and, setting to work with an appetite and thirst (which the fresh mountain air has intensified), we quickly demolish it.

Then after a short rest we climb higher, past some more *sætters*, along a lake in which a *Trold* is reputed to dwell, and which credible witnesses assert they have seen, though they are uncertain whether it resembles a bear or a man. After the lake comes a harder piece of work. Almost hand over hand, over rocks festooned with parsley-ferns which grow in wonderful luxuriance and beauty, and then past a little *tarn* with a mass of snow beside it which lingers through the whole summer; then a short sharp climb and a panorama of wondrous beauty is unfolded. All round are "the everlasting hills." Away



A FISHING-BOAT.



SUNRISE AT STAVANGER.

to the east a vast snow-field, with here and there a glistening glacier descending to a small lake. Sharp peaks of black rock protrude through the snow, and stand out in

marked contrast to the white ground. Two thousand feet below us—one could imagine it was possible to throw a stone into it—lies a narrow lake, from both sides of which vast

overhanging walls of rock rise. Out to the west lie the fjord and innumerable islands, and beyond them the sun shines upon an ocean of which Greenland is the western shore.

We were often tempted to linger on these mountain heights, but we were far from home and it would not do to be too late, and so we return and pick up our heavier things at the *sæter*, and descend the mountain-side by a zigzagging path until we gain the valley and see the flag of St. George which tells us that an English house is not far off, and so back to our cottage once more to rest and be thankful for a day's pure enjoyment.

In days such as these time passes quickly away. The summer fades to autumn, the days begin to shorten, the Norwegian visitors have gone home at the end of August, and the time at last comes when we have to pack up all our goods. The boat is hauled up into the boat-house, the fishing-lines are carefully put by, and everything being ready, the cottage is locked up. Our landlord comes in the early morning with his cart to convey our luggage to the pier, and all being on board the steamer and "*Farvel! Farvel! Kommer tilbage igjen*" (Good-bye, good-bye, come back again) being said, we steam away, and the fluttering of handkerchiefs ceases as we turn the point, and our cottage home in Norway fades from sight until another summer comes round.

[THE END.]

## CYNTHIA'S BROTHER.

By LESLIE KEITH, Author of "A Little Exile," "Lisbeth," "The Mischief-Maker," etc.

### CHAPTER XV.



ERTAINLY Sir James was a magician, since he so managed matters that Frau Rothmann was not only not offended, but expedited the little party with smiles and nods, and a hundred good wishes,

when they left her house for the Hotel Marquardt, where the English gentleman had taken up his quarters.

Various circumstances helped him to a prompt decision, chief of them, perhaps, the sight of Kitty's quenched beauty. Cynthia had ten precious minutes alone with her father in Frau Rothmann's little salon, and then, blaming herself for selfishness, she flew to share the great news with her friend.

"Run down, Kittums: never mind your frock—your hair is all right! I'm going to hunt up Fräulein Lina, and get her to make some coffee. Father has been asking what's become of you!"

But it was not the old impetuous

Kitty, skipping three steps at a time, who went downstairs, but a sober maiden with faltering, lagging foot, and a head that drooped like a tired flower. Sir James tried to hide his concern under a lively greeting.

"Why, Kitty," he said, "you don't look as if you and the Fatherland got on very well together. What is the matter, my child?"

At this kind tone, Kitty's blue eyes filled till they looked like drowned forget-me-nots.

"Oh, if you've come to take Cynthia away," she said, vainly trying to restrain her sobs, "I can't bear it! I can't be left alone here!"

"I have come to take you both away," he said cheerfully. "I suppose we get to like our plagues, but somehow we old folks came to miss you young ones, so your father and I put our heads together and I was despatched as an embassy to make terms! If you feel in my overcoat pocket, Kitty, you'll find my credentials. Your father has written, and your mother has sent you a box of cakes (but they are at the hotel) as a foretaste of the feast of welcome you may expect."

"Have you really and truly come to take us home?" said Kitty, reviving like a thirsty plant under a refreshing shower.

"Really and truly," he responded, "and I'm glad to find two such amenable young women. I was afraid, from the enthusiastic tone of Cynthia's letters, that I should have to deal with rank rebellion."

Then Kitty's face clouded again.

"Cynthia does like it," she said, "the lessons and the masters and the girls—she doesn't even mind the horrid things they give us to eat. She says it's well worth swallowing any kind of messes to have the chance of studying Schiller on the spot where he lived."

"Dear me, I should have credited her with better sense!" said Sir James, looking round the crude little salon with a smile: "I should have imagined, apart from the food, those bead mats and Berlin wool cats and dogs would have spoilt even Schiller's charm."

"We don't study here. The school-room is quite bare, and Cynthia says it lets you concentrate your thoughts better to have only blank, whitey-grey walls to look at. Sir James," she lowered her voice and spoke miserably—"if Cynthia says she wants to go home, it's all because of *me*, and because she knows I hate this place, and I'll feel a horrid, mean, selfish thing all my life after!"

"So bad as that?" he said, with a laugh. "So I'm to run off with you and leave Cynthia behind? Suppose we bribe her to come with us? Do you think a month or so of foreign travel—a glimpse of other German cities, or a corner of Switzerland, perhaps, would make up for the study of Schiller on his native heath? (He did little here, if I remember, but mistake his true vocation.) Could you endure to put off the home-going so long as that, Kitty?"

"I could bear anything—anything!" she cried fervently, "so long as I was