



LONELY FARM ON A MOUNTAIN WASTE.

NORWAY AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.

First Paper.

IN Norway man carries on a hard struggle with nature, often to the danger of his life. This, and the feeling of belonging to a great race, which especially is characteristic of the inhabitants of the broad valleys, has left its imprint upon their character, and explains the latest development of their political history. It is here we must seek the people in their life work.

The arable land of Norway is small in proportion to its extent. The climatic conditions are not favorable for corn-growing, as the summer is short and uncertain; nor is the soil in all places of the best quality, the country belonging geologically, for the greater part, to the older or oldest formations. The country has only 740 English square miles of ploughed land, but there are large meadows which are never ploughed.

The expense of opening up new land for cultivation is nowhere greater than in

Norway; the ground is full of stones, both upon and under the surface, and abounds also in trees, which must be taken up by the root. All the water which runs down the mountain-sides must be carried off by an expensive system of drainage. Therefore much love for the soil and the spot itself is needed to take up this struggle, and a deal of energy is required from generation to generation to carry it through.

As the greater part of the corn and pasture land is situated on the hill and mountain sides, its cultivation is necessarily arduous and expensive; and for every five years the farmers generally count upon one bad year, sometimes two. Either too much rain spoils the crops or early frost nights destroy the corn and potatoes. But the people do not lose heart; they try again. When they have forests or fishery, they make good their losses from these sources, or they carry



WOMAN FROM VOSS.

on more extensive sheep and cattle farming by means of their great mountain pastures than the farm otherwise could support. The Norwegian peasants live frugally, but, notwithstanding this, their farms are generally mortgaged. They cannot compete with the great corn-producing countries, especially since America has begun to supply the markets of the world with its enormous production of corn and pork. Many are now trying to confine themselves to sheep and cattle farming only, but the change involves much expense, and the character of the people does not dispose them to easily relinquish the labor of tilling the soil; it is the noblest.

There is little flat land in Norway; there are, however, considerable stretches of it in the southern parts of the country—in the districts around Lake Mjösen, in Ringerike, in the Christiania Valley, and to some extent on both sides of the Christiania Fjord, on the Jæderen near Stavanger, and in the Trondhjem district. The most populated parts of the country are the valleys. In the broad valleys the farms are generally gathered around a lake or along the river, and here and there a few are seen climbing up the slopes; in the narrow valleys a rushing river usually winds its way along, while the farms here are dotted over the steep hill-sides. But often, especially in districts rich in forests, they are situated on the mountain ridges or the highlands, generally separated from each other by forests, or the farmsteads lie side by side, each on its own ground, while woods and forests all around stretch far away across

the mountain ranges. One parish is seldom connected with another except in the flat parts. In the interior of the country they are separated by mountains or forests, and on the coast by the fjords. The Norwegian fjords cut deeply into the country, and are far more numerous than in any other part of the world.

As each parish generally is isolated from the neighboring ones, and as the farms in each parish, again, are at some distance from each other, and as, besides, there are no villages or country inns in Norway, the people are greatly accustomed to solitude. Generally they only seek each other when they have errands, or on Sundays at church. The children form an exception; the children from neighboring farms play together and accompany each other to and from school. The young people also meet on Saturday and Sunday evenings on the country roads or at one of the farms for a dance. But after the heyday of youth is over they live quietly at home, and in this solitude they dwell happily and content; that is to say, if it may be called living in solitude when the farmer, his wife and children, servants and tenants, live and work together from year to year.

A Norwegian farmstead consists of many buildings. The Norwegians like plenty of room and comfort, and they have abundant building materials close at hand in the forests. When the dwelling-house becomes old, they build a new one,



WOMAN FROM THE VICINITY OF BERGEN.

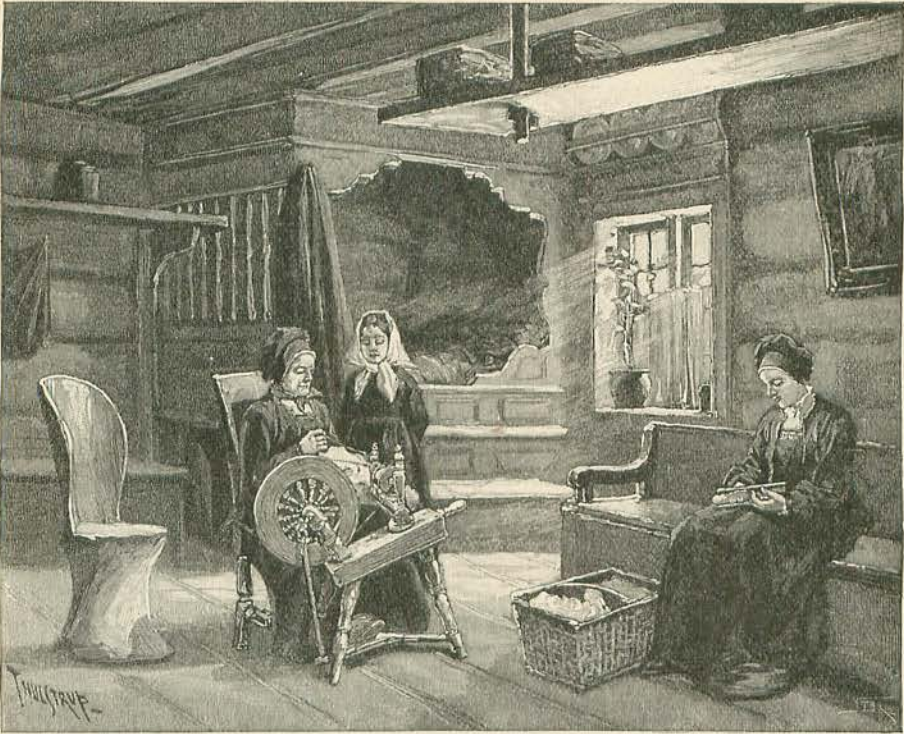
but let the old one remain. On the coast, with its bare cliffs and barren islands, the people must content themselves with a single small house and tiny rooms.



FROM VALLEY TO VALLEY IN NORTHERN NORWAY.

An ordinary farmstead has a good substantial dwelling-house. The principal room is the kitchen, which is large and spacious, and where the family generally assembles after meal-times, and for all in-door work during the winter; it also serves as a sleeping apartment for the children and the servant-girls. On the

smaller farms the master and the mistress of the house also sleep there; on the larger ones they occupy a *kammers* (a small room next to the kitchen) as bedroom, and where they also retire when they desire to be alone. There are generally one or two bedrooms upstairs for the rest of the household.



INTERIOR OF A NORWEGIAN FARMSTEAD.

The house has a passage in the middle, on one side of which a door leads to the kitchen, and on the opposite side another leads to the *gjæstestue* (the room for guests), which is generally kept in very good order. It is also used as a store-room for various household products at times when guests are not expected. On the smaller farms the beds for the guests are also in this room, but on larger ones they have separate bedrooms upstairs.

Besides the dwelling-house there is always an *ildhuus* (house for firing) on the farmstead. It must originally have obtained its name at the time when it was used as a dwelling-house, and was the only building in which any fire was lighted. The fire was made in the middle of the floor, and the smoke escaped through a hole in the roof. Later on, a small open oven, something like that of a baker, was built in a corner of the room; there was no funnel from the oven: the smoke curled up under the ceiling and out through the hole. The embers were raked out on to a large hearth in front of the oven. Around this the family used to gather; on

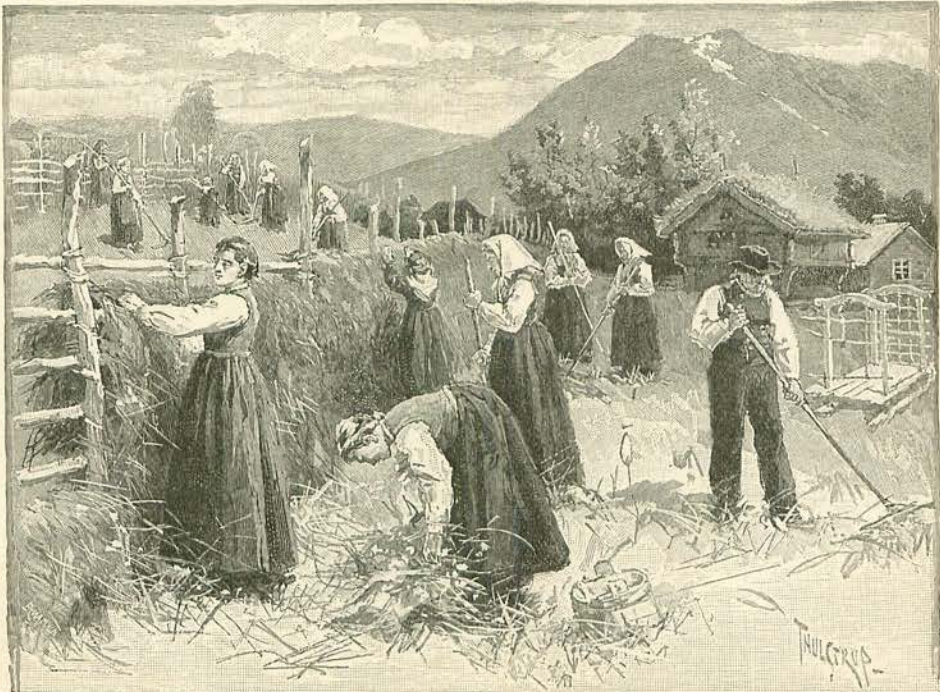
top of the oven clothes and wood were dried. Sometimes people used to sleep there. At present the *ildhuus* is used on "great washing days," or for brewing, baking, and for boiling *enerlaug*, a lye made from juniper, and used for scouring milk pans and other utensils which require a good cleansing.

Nowadays they have chimneys, built of stone or brick, with proper hearths, baking ovens, and stoves. In front of the great hearth in the kitchen a woman will generally be found for a considerable part of the year baking *fladbrød* (thin, crisp bread made from oat, barley, or rye meal). The dough is rolled out on a large board till it becomes as thin as a wafer and quite round—two to three feet in diameter—when it is baked on an iron griddle of the same size, which is placed on the hearth by her side, and kept warm by glowing embers beneath. The making and baking of the bread is an art, not understood by all; it is the most important and inevitable article of food of the peasantry, is unfermented, crisp, and of excellent taste.

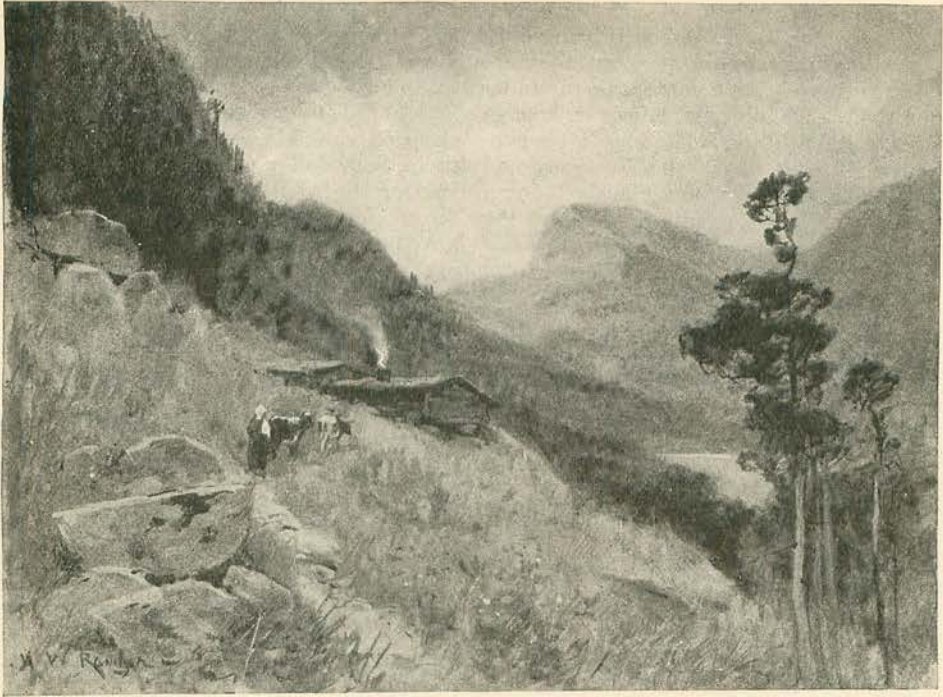
The other out-houses—cow-house, stable, and sheep-sheds—are still being built separate from one another, but they are now beginning to combine them under one roof. The pigs are, however, kept in a separate building. The hay-loft is generally situated above the cow-shed and the stable, the hay being pushed down through a large opening. But as the farms frequently have large expanses of half-redeemed fields at some distance from the farmstead, only used for growing hay and grazing, and as the hilly ground makes transport difficult, they build barns on these fields and keep the hay there during the short, busy summer-time, till the winter comes, when it is carted home to the farmstead on sledges. The corn is seldom stored in any special building, but in some spacious loft adjoining the hay-loft. Gradually as the corn is threshed it is carried up to the *stabur* (a small granary or storehouse), built on short piles about four feet above the ground, not far from the dwelling-house. If there is only one *stabur* on the farmstead there is generally one compartment for flour-bins, and another for salted beef, pork, po-

lonies, and dried meats and hams, as well as for the year's supply of *fladbröd* ranged along the walls in great piles. In a room to themselves are the sheepskin quilts which are not in use. The peasantry sleep on calf-skins, with sheepskins over them, both softly prepared, and with the hair or the wool toward the body. All the woollen blankets and quilts, which have been prepared for years to come, and other household articles of value, are also kept here. Lately, however, they have begun to keep such things in one of the large rooms upstairs in the dwelling-house.

We have not yet enumerated all the various buildings on the farmstead. A smithy is generally to be found at some little distance from the other houses; moreover, a *badstue* (bath-room), so called from the period when the people used vapor baths—a custom which went out with the introduction of Christianity into the country, when the priests and the monks set themselves against it. Now the building is used for drying corn and raw materials of wood which the craftsmen on the farm may have use for.



HAYMAKING.



A SÆTER (MOUNTAIN DAIRY) IN TELEMARKEK.

Not very far from the farmstead may be seen, in proportion to the size of the farm, one or more of the cottages of the tenantry. The houses on the tenants' plots belong also to the farm. If there is much grazing land appertaining to the farm, whether consisting of stretches of uncultivated ground fenced in or of pastures in the woods, there is generally a *sommerfjøs* (a summer byre or cow-shed), better ventilated than the ordinary one on the farmstead. Most farms have a *sæter* (a mountain dairy), which generally consists of one room, in which the butter is churned, the cheese made, the food cooked, the dairy utensils washed, and where the dairy-maids sleep after their hard day's work. Besides this cottage there is sometimes a separate building or shed for the cattle and the sheep. To the *sæter* generally belongs a large fenced-in field, well stubbed, on which the manure from the cattle is spread. Here grows the finest grass on the whole farm. It is stored in a barn during the summer months, and is brought down to the farmstead in the winter. The life up there in the vast solitude, with the snow-capped

mountains in the distance, often with a mountain lake close by, with the cow-bells, the baying of dogs, the sound of the mountain horns, and the hallooing of the girls—life up there with its peaceful work and the solemn stillness of the evening after work is done—is the happiest a Norwegian peasant knows.

In some districts nearly the whole of the population move to the *sæter*, often one or two days' journey distant. But as a rule it is only the oldest daughter on the farm, with a female assistant and the herd-boy, who goes there. Of late the women have in some parts been replaced by men, as in the Tyrol and Switzerland. Those who have been accustomed to the life in the *sæter* become ill from longing, when the summer comes and they are not going up with the cattle. The same thing happens to the cows. If one accustomed to going to the mountains is kept at home on the farmstead, she will wander about waiting and longing to get away; and if the cattle are not well looked after in the spring they will all rush off to the *sæter*, led by the bell-cow, as soon as they are out of their winter-quarters.

Norway has excellent roads. Comparatively speaking, no country has so many and such good roads. But as soon as you turn off from the main roads to get to the farmsteads on the hill-sides they are inferior, and if any one has to cross the mountains to a *sæter* or on a tour, he meets with very bad and difficult roads, often only a narrow path across marshy moors or endless stony mountain wastes. The horses in these districts are not large, but nimble, sure-footed, and strong. For the mountain journeys they are fitted

whether for transport of goods or persons. The sledges used in the winter are also small. For transport of timber they use very small sledges, about two feet long, on which two or three logs are placed, with the heavy end resting on the cross-bar of the sledge, while the other end is dragged along the ground in the snow. Sometimes a similar sledge is placed under the ends of the logs instead of letting them trail along the ground.

The use of agricultural machinery in Norway is confined to the flat lands. The



MILKING COWS ON THE SÆTER.

with a kind of panniers, in which they carry everything that has to be taken across the mountains. It requires a deal of practice to be able to pack things safely in such panniers. The horses show a wondrous dexterity in proceeding along the mountain paths and roads, which must be seen to be realized. The vehicles on the farm are necessarily like the horses, light and small, both inland and on the coast. Most vehicles have but two wheels,

ploughing of fields on the hill-sides loosens the soil, which is gradually carried down by the water from the melting ice or the heavy rain-showers, and collects in the furrows of the fields below, which slowly rise, until the soil with great trouble must be carted up again load by load. From this it will be understood that the cultivation of the land in these districts is laborious, and that it requires a greater number of hands than in the flat lands.

The people in the mountain districts could not therefore compete with the lowlanders but for the forests, which they have to fall back upon. And even then it is only sufficient to keep soul and body together. The tenantry are comparatively better off; they have sufficient land to keep one or two cows, sometimes more. While his family look after the place, the tenant himself works on the farmstead for the landlord at a fixed small wage, and as a rule they manage to make both ends meet. If not, they get tickets from relatives in America—it has come to this that every family amongst the peasantry have relatives over there—and they leave their homes and their country with a fortitude which reminds one of what far-travelling folks the Norwegians have been from olden times. I do not think there is any other nation which travels as much as my countrymen—as sailors to all parts of the world, as fishermen on their great fishery and whaling expeditions, as artisans, students, or men of science seeking knowledge and experience abroad, as merchants seeking new markets, and last, though not least, as emigrants.

It is a general custom all over the country among the peasantry that the heads of the household and their children take their meals together at the same table with the servants and those of the tenantry who work on the farm. Only on some of the very large farms do the master of the house and his family live by themselves; the servants then live in a separate building, called the *borgestue*. The way of living is very plain; their food consists principally of porridge and milk, fish, potatoes, and bread, with some kind of soup to it, salted herring and potatoes with sour milk or rye meal soup, salt beef and bacon with pea soup (fresh meat is seldom used), polonies made of blood and barley, dried meats, cheese and butter, and with nearly all these dishes they use the above-named *fladbrød*.

Such briefly are the material conditions and life of the peasantry in Norway.

Norway has some of the greatest fisheries in the world, and we now know the reason why.

Some Norwegian men of science had some time ago a ship in command of a naval officer placed at their disposal by the state for scientific researches in the Norwegian seas and along the coast.

In 1877 they found in the sea around Jan-Mayen, and especially in those parts of the Atlantic where the low temperature indicated its being mixed with ice-water, endless masses of a brown-yellowish mucilage, an organic matter which colored the seas around for miles, an amorphous but apparently living protoplasm. Further south, near the Vigten Islands, they met with a similar glutinous matter, which consisted solely of colored microscopical organisms, principally a peculiar kind of *diatomaceæ*. Professor George Ossian Sars, the discoverer, maintains that both are links in a series; that the former accounts for the latter. This floating matter from the Northern polar seas (the same has also been met with in the Southern polar seas) furnishes food to millions of myriads of animalcules which fill the ocean, and which again become food for larger and yet larger animals. It thus seems as if it is from the apparently barren polar ice and the influence of the summer sun upon it that the wealth of animal life in the seas in the temperate zone derives the conditions for its existence.

On the North American coast this glutinous matter is carried with the polar stream from the sea around Greenland down toward Labrador and Newfoundland. The Norwegian coast lies for the greater part outside the current of the polar stream, under the influence of the warm northeasterly Atlantic stream, so the supply of this matter is less here, but the meeting of the currents seems to be the advantage of the fisheries.

The small animal upon which the Norwegian herring largely feeds is an *astacus* (called *sildaat* by the Norwegians). They are carried in enormous masses toward the coast by the current, till they run against a ridge or a steep subterranean mountain in the valleys of the ocean, which with occasional interruptions runs along a considerable portion of the Norwegian coast; in the Lofoten district it runs through two degrees of latitude, and here the cold stream, meeting the warmer current and being the heavier, is forced down as much as four hundred feet under the surface. But toward the surface of the water, where the streams mingle, the *astacus* gathers in enormous masses, followed up by the herring shoals, which sometimes extend over an area of several hundred miles. The sea inside the ridge is spacious enough to serve as spawning-



A NORWEGIAN PEASANT AND HIS HOUSEHOLD AT DINNER.

ground for still larger numbers, the fish being attracted by the milder temperature. There the codfish in immense masses chase the herring, and there man pursues both at their various spawning times or when they go there for food.

(flour, bread, cheese, salted and dried meats and pork, coffee, sugar, salt, etc.), one change of clothes, sea boots, and the usual overalls for bad weather. The fishing has hitherto principally been carried on in open boats, but now deck boats and smacks are more and more being used in deep-sea fishing, whereby its character has somewhat altered. In these vessels the fishermen have the advantage of the convenience and shelter of the cabins, a comfort to which they had not previously been accustomed.

But the life of the fishermen in the open boats is a hard one, and often when they assemble at some fishing station in unusually large numbers, they cannot all obtain lodgings, and half of them are not able to get their food cooked, but must content themselves with eating it cold and with a "dram," and with sleeping in their stiff frozen clothes, packed closely together, like herrings in a barrel, along the floor, or even standing, one leaning against the other, in a close and stifling atmosphere, which only over-tired people can endure, and not always even they.

Sometimes they cannot get shelter inside a house, and they must then go back to their boats, cover themselves up with anything they can find, and shivering from cold, spend the night under the arctic sky, trying to get some sleep. In this way many a one catches an illness, which often proves fatal.

A greater number, however, lose their lives in stormy weather or through some accident. The loss of life along the western coast of Norway is as great as if this part of the country was in the midst of war.

The hope of great and immediate profit carries them through all discomforts and dangers, and tempts generation after generation to follow on the same path. Even if the fishing has turned out badly and they return home in debt, or if they have lost both boat and tackle, they do not lose courage. They go at it again next year.



PEASANT BOYS OF THE WEST COAST.

The crews of the fishing-boats consist of four to six men, each of whom has his *lod*, or share, in the catch; the owners of the boat and the fishing-gear also have their shares. The most experienced of the crew is chosen as "skipper," though his position ashore may be only that of a servant. Even if the owner of the boat and gear accompanies it as one of the crew, he, like every one else, is bound to obey the skipper. He steers the boat, and superintends the fishing. A fisherman's outfit consists of a chest containing provisions



HERRING FISHERY ON THE WEST COAST.

It is not the gain alone which tempts them; the life itself is so adventurous; they have heard accounts of it from boyhood, and have had some experience of it too on the fjord near their homes, and are restless until they are off to the great fishing-grounds to try their luck. Those who once have been there, and see others getting ready for any of the fisheries, cannot easily withstand the temptation to join them.

Formerly they sailed all the way to the fishing-grounds in their own boats, or sometimes in a *jægt* (fish-carrier or big smack), which would take several boats and their crews on board, but now boat and crew go by steamer, and once on board the latter, the merry, exciting life begins. Formerly the boats sailed from harbor to harbor looking for the herring or the cod, but now the telegraph flashes the news to the various stations along the coast where the fish is to be found, and off starts steamer after steamer, full of boats and fishermen, to reap the harvest of the deep. On these occasions the fishermen are sure to meet old friends and comrades at the different fishing stations, when the memory of old times is revived by lively, briny conversation, enlivened by drink, card-playing, betting, and dancing with the girls, who on Sundays come

long distances for a "swing-round," or with the "gutter lasses," who during the herring fishery obtain employment by gutting the fish. There is a wonderful attraction about the herring fishery, when thousands of shrieking sea-gulls follow the shoals on their way into the fjords, chased by the whales, whose spouting and blowing fill the air. The boats set off from the shore, and then the work begins.

Besides the large fisheries, a quieter and more steady fishery takes place in the fjords; each season brings its own kind of fish, and every family on the coast catches sufficient for its own use. This fishing is generally carried on both by line and by net.

The impressions of the grand natural surroundings on the mind of these sturdy fishermen, especially during the light summer nights, have such an attraction that Norwegians whom I met during my visit to America a few years ago, and who had been settled for some time in the interior of the States, told me they were yearning to return home, if only to be able to experience this life once more. And many of these were people who when at home in Norway must have been poor tenants or owners of a small plot of ground, and whose boats and gear were but according to their means.



PULLING UP FISHING-BOATS, WEST COAST.

The *jægts*, or coasting smacks, used for the transport of fish from the fishing stations to the towns, are still built on almost the same lines as those of the old Viking ships. Some of the fishing-boats resemble perhaps still more those ancient vessels, as may be seen from the old Viking ship dug out at Gokstad some years ago, and now preserved in the University Museum at Christiania.

The deck of the *jægts* consists of large loose boards, which are often taken away to allow the dried fish, *klipfisk* or *stokfisk*,* to be piled a long way up the mast. These vessels seldom venture into the open sea; they generally sail inside the numerous skerries or islands on the Norwegian coast; otherwise the cargo could not be stowed and conveyed in this way. The greater part of the fish caught and cured in the North is sent to Christiansund and Bergen, where it is reshipped for Spain, Italy, and other Catholic countries in

* *Klipfisk* is the codfish split open, spread-eagle fashion, dried on the rocks (*klip*—cliff); while *stokfisk* or *rundfisk* is the cod, coal-fish, or ling, which, after being "drawn," is hung up, unsalted, and dried in the air, when it becomes as hard as a stick (*stok*). The heads are cut off in both cases, and are used for the manufacture of fish-guano.

the Mediterranean and South America. Sometimes you may meet fleet after fleet of a hundred or more of these *jægts* sailing along the coast or lying in the harbor of Bergen, side by side—a unique sight.

The Norwegians also hunt the seal and the walrus, and send large whaling expeditions to the polar seas, which give employment to many people. Several of the promoters of this industry, especially those of Tönsberg, a town on the Christiania Fjord, have become rich men. The whale fishery is carried on exclusively by steamers, which carry guns loaded with short harpoons. For seal and walrus hunting both sailing vessels and steamers are used. On the top of one of the masts a great barrel is fixed as a lookout as soon as the vessel arrives in the ice. When the man on the lookout discovers through his spy-glass the animals with their young ones lying upon the ice, usually in large numbers, he gives the signal, and the boats, manned with hunters, set out on the chase.

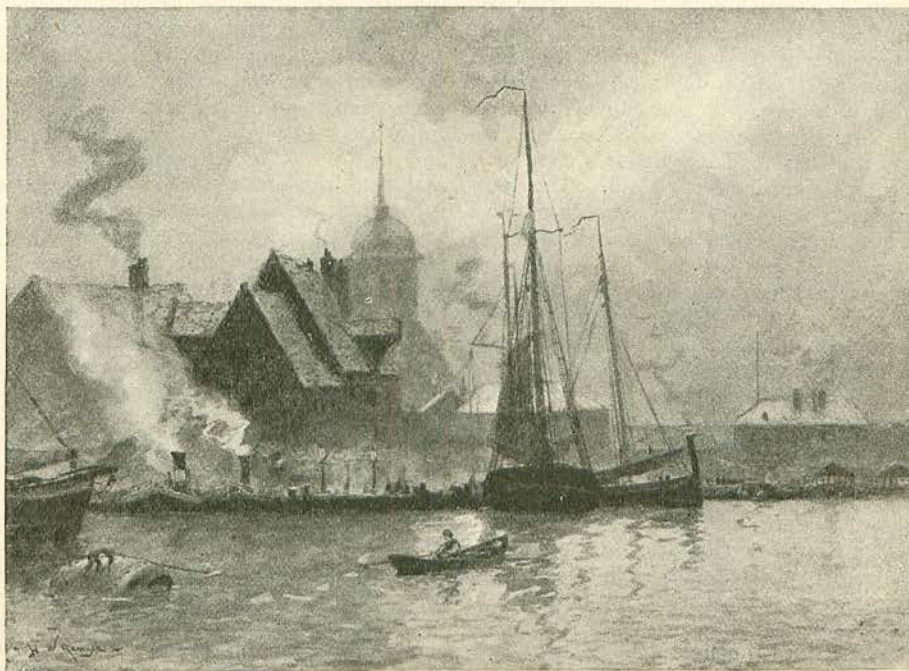
There is considerable danger attached to these expeditions; the ships may be frozen up in the ice, or the crew may have to leave the ship, when their fate,

whether they are able to reach the coast of Spitzbergen or have to take to their boats, is very uncertain. In violent hurricanes ships have been crushed in the ice, hunters have landed from their boats on the ice-flakes and met with polar-bears, that have come on the same errand as the hunters, and will not suffer any intrusion. Sometimes the hunters meet the bears when they have used their last cartridges and are busy dragging their spoil to the boats, or perhaps they only wound the animal, or the bears may be too numerous; it has also happened that the bears have pursued the boats and tried to upset them.

The shipping employs between sixty and seventy thousand men; a considerable number of these take part in the fisheries during the winter months. It is generally estimated that from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty thousand people are engaged in the fisheries, but of course not during the whole year.

One of the chief industries is forestry and the timber trade. The trees are felled in the winter. In the great timber districts, the valley along the Glommen

River and neighboring mountain ranges, this industry demands an outfit almost the same as for the great sea fisheries. The woodman, however, must not take with him more than he can carry in his *næverkout*, a kind of knapsack, plaited so closely from the bark of the birch-tree that it is water-tight. In this he carries a small bag of flour, some salt, a piece of bacon, some salted herrings, *lefser* (a kind of oatmeal cake), a haunch of dried mutton, some butter, cheese, coffee, and sugar. Projecting from the knapsack may be seen the handle of his axe and the feet of a pair of boots, and on the outside are tied up a coffee-kettle and an iron pan. The woodmen often start for the forests in companies of two or more, either on foot or on snow-shoes, and have generally a journey of many miles before them, far away into the forests. There is often no house in the neighborhood where they can get night quarters. They are then obliged to build a plain hut of rough-hewn logs, about eight by twelve feet, the interstices between being filled with moss. The roof consists of split logs and pine bark, and is thatched with moss. The door is only just large enough to creep in at. In one corner a stone slab is

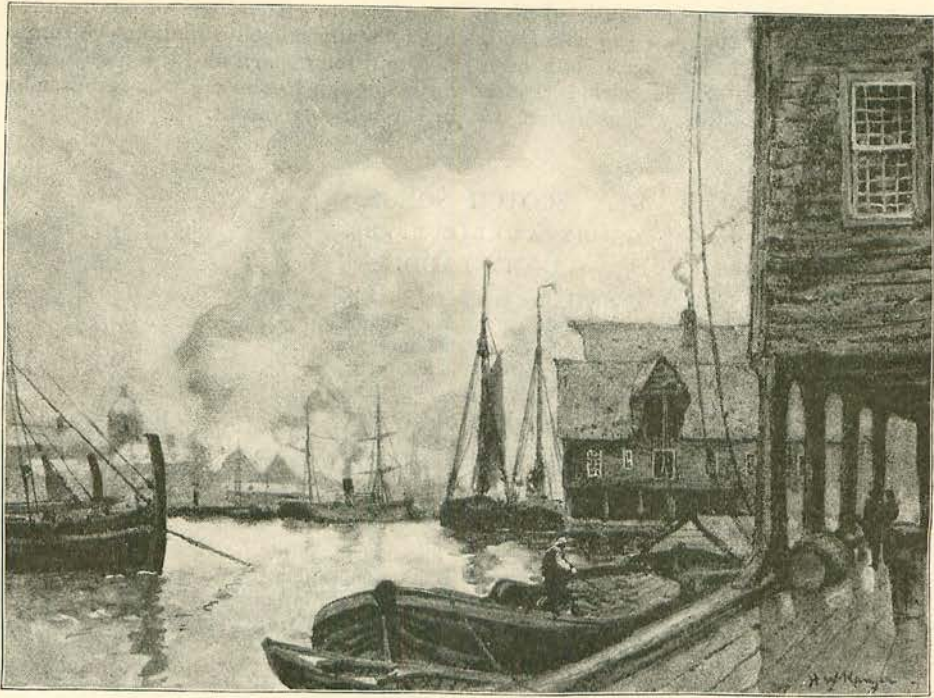


BERGEN HARBOR, WITH THE CATHEDRAL AND FISH-MARKET IN THE BACKGROUND.

placed upon the ground, and on this they build up a rough kind of chimney. On this primitive fireplace they boil their porridge, soup, and coffee, and fry their bacon. A fire is always kept up when the men are in-doors: we are now in the coldest part of Norway. The door and chimney are open, and the hut exceedingly draughty. On the side opposite to the door they place some logs, on top of which are spread hay and moss. Here they sleep, with their knapsacks under their heads for a pillow; they seldom have any bedclothes. They never undress; in the evening, however, they pull off their boots and stockings, which they dry while sitting with their bare feet before the fire. But they put both stockings and boots on again before lying down. In very severe weather it often happens that the clothes on that side of their body which is turned toward the rime-frosted wall become frozen fast to it, while the other side, which is turned toward the fire, is smoking hot and steaming. During the time the timber is transported to the rivers, which generally takes place later on in the winter, they build a cottage of fir branches for the horses, who must be well attended to. In the early morning the men must turn out in the bitter cold to look after the animals. Timber-felling requires a deal of practice and strength: a full-grown man must be able to fell a certain number of trees a day. A spirit of emulation prevails: the one does not like to be behind the other. Their life is a hard one, and the living far from good. They suffer much in health in consequence of their exposure to the weather. The horses also suffer very much. The logs are dragged to the brink of the mountain-side, whence they slide down of themselves to the river, or they have to be carted on sledges down steep roads, the load pressing so much on the horses that they often have to sit down on their haunches and slide down the road with the load after them. The horses are often injured by this rough work and become useless. But, strange to say, the people long for this life in the forest, and many a one, who has no need of taking to such hard work, seeks it voluntarily.

Now comes the floating. All the timber has to be floated down the rivers in the early part of the summer, when the

rivers are full. The logs are constantly being driven into creeks and corners by the strong current, or being piled up against the piers of the bridges. To release the logs and send them on their course, gangs of *flõttere* ("floaters") are employed all along the river. In the great rivers, especially in the Glommen, the "floater" has to wade out in the water, often to his shoulders, to cut loose with his axe the logs which have stuck fast, or to send them into the current with his boat-hook. The "floating" generally takes place in the summer, and although the men do not change clothes, as their knapsacks will not hold anything beyond the necessary food—and besides it would be of little use changing, for the very next moment they may have to go out into the water again—in the large rivers it cannot be said to be a dangerous calling. In the tributary rivers, however—and it is in these that the greater part of the timber is floated down to the great water-courses—the "floating" is a dangerous and health-destroying occupation. Here the "floater" begins his work as soon as the rivers commence to swell from the melting snow and ice, and he has then to wade out into the river, walking about, wet far above the knees, for weeks, without being able to change his clothes. Often the "floaters" fall into the water and become wet all over, or they go for days in clothes saturated with rain-water, frequently in parts that are quite uninhabited. Sometimes they lose all feeling in their feet, and are then obliged to take off their boots and stockings and rub them until feeling is restored, and often they have to lie down to get a little sleep on the cold ground, with nothing over them but branches of the pine-tree as a covering. When sleeping in the open they generally make a fire—*nying*, as they call it—which is so ingeniously made that it keeps burning all night; they then turn, now one side and then the other, to the fire, to keep their body warm, and with these interruptions they sleep on till they can stand the cold no longer; they have then to get up and move about, and off they start further down the river. Where the river permits it they take a small boat with them, which they at night pull ashore and turn over and sleep under. The most critical moments, and the severest test of the "floater's" craft, are when one or more logs are blocking the river crosswise and



IN THE HARBOR OF BERGEN.

have to be released. The "floater" has to venture out on the logs to discover the one which binds them together. When this has been cut through, and the logs, set free, are whirled and tossed about in the surging and roaring waters, it becomes a question of life or death to the "floater" to get ashore across the rolling logs. One wonders how he escapes, and that there are not a greater number of deaths in this dangerous avocation. It is this life of peril and adventure, and the solitude in these lonely parts of the country, that attract the Norwegian peasant to it; for every smart lad or man who succumbs to it—either slowly from what he has endured or through meeting his death in the cataract, whirled and tossed about against the sharp rocks—there are only too many ready and willing to take his place.

Norway has seven hundred and fifty saw-mills, most of which are driven by water-power. From seven to eight thousand people are employed in these mills. It will thus be seen that the Norwegians themselves prepare the raw material as far as possible. It is exported almost en-

tirely in Norwegian ships. Norwegians have also bought up large forests in Sweden and Finland, and these enterprises have become exemplary in those countries.

Some other of the industries of Norway, such as mining, manufacturing, etc., are of considerable importance, and will become more and more so, but as they have not as yet impressed any special stamp and character on the people employed therein, I will pass them by.

A description of the sport to be obtained on the Norwegian mountains in hunting ptarmigan, capercaillie, hares, and reindeer would, no doubt, prove interesting, but I have not the space at my command which would be necessary to do justice to the subject.

I also feel tempted to describe the Lapps in the north of Norway—their life in the mountains and on the coast, wandering about with their large herds of reindeer, on whose flesh and milk they live, and in whose skins they dress themselves, but they do not strictly come within the scope of these articles. During the last few years tame reindeer have been introduced

on the mountains in the south of Norway; thus, at Nystuen, on the Fillefjeld, an attempt on a large scale has been made, and has so far succeeded that a new branch of industry seems here to have arisen. The flesh of the reindeer finds a ready sale both for home consumption and for export, and the pastures are large enough to allow of the reindeer being bred to any extent.

SCOTCH SONGS.

BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

I.—MY LADDIE.

OH, my laddie, my laddie,
 I lo'e your very plaidie,
 I lo'e your very bonnet
 Wi' the silver buckle on it,
 I lo'e your collie Harry,
 I lo'e the kent ye carry;
 But oh! it's past my power to tell
 How much, how much I lo'e yoursel!

Oh, my dearie, my dearie,
 I could luik an' never weary
 At your een sae blue an' laughin',
 That a heart o' stane wad saften,
 While your mouth sae proud an' curly
 Gars my heart gang tirlie-wirlie;
 But oh! yoursel, your very sel.
 I lo'e ten thousand times as well!

Oh, my darlin', my darlin',
 Let's gang among the carlin,
 Let's loll upo' the heather
 A' this bonny, bonny weather;
 Ye shall fauld me in your plaidie,
 My luvie, my luvie, my laddie;
 An' close, an' close into your ear
 I'll tell ye how I lo'e ye, dear.

II.—LOVE'S GHOST.

THE wan moon luiks fu' patiently
 From oot a scarf o' rainbow licht,
 Like a woman pale wi' mony a grief
 Drest oot in colors bricht.

The stars are eyes, sad, sad wi' tears,
 The clouds are faëry winding-sheets,
 The trees grim han's reached up in prayer,
 An' the wind a ghaist that greets.

Another ghaist gangs at my side,
 Wi' eyes like stars, sad, sad wi' tears,
 His wastit han's reach up in prayer,
 His sobs torment my ears.

Pale ghaist o' luvie, gang on, gang on;
 Why will ye ever haunt me sae?
 Ye are a part o' hours fled,
 A piece o' yesterday.

I know ye not. Flit, flit awa';
 Your eyes like fires burn in my heart.
 Wraith o' fause luvie, haunt not the leal;
 In true luvie's name, depart.

Morris, and some of the neighbors. It was very cold, and I did not go to the grave, but staid at the house.

"They were so very poor that Mrs. Clemm told me that, in order to get money to live, she picked manuscripts out of Mr. Poe's waste-paper basket which he had rejected, and sold them without his knowledge. When my daughter was to be married I wanted Eddie and Mrs. Clemm to come to the wedding. She said they could not, as neither she nor he had any clothes. She wanted me to buy Virginia's gold thimble for ten dollars for a wedding present, but I could not afford it, as I had many things to buy. Mrs. Clemm however, did sell the thimble."

In talking of Poe's intended marriage to Mrs. Shelton, whom he had known as a young man while she was Miss Sarah Elmira Royster, Mary said that Mr. Allan had originally intended them for each other, and spoke of the lady as being a protégée or adopted daughter of that gentleman. As Mr. Woodberry speaks of this affair as coming to naught on account of Mr. Allan's opposition, and Mr. Gill says it was strongly opposed by that gentleman,

and the cause of a violent quarrel between him and his adopted son, perhaps the statement of the lady who followed Miss Royster in Poe's affections should have some weight. It is evident that with the natural disposition of a man to make light of a previous affair he intimated to his new love that it was Mr. Allan who wanted the match, and not he. In this there was, it is likely, also considerable truth. My informant having been perhaps naturally inclined to laugh at much of the story of the love of Poe for his child cousin Virginia, which his biographers speak of as if it made up, with the motherly love of Mrs. Clemm, the whole sum of his experience in female affection during his stay at the latter's home in Baltimore, was also at variance with these gentlemen on another point. She insisted, contrary to all accounts, that Mrs. Shelton, who was the widow, she said, of a rich Southerner, old enough to have been her father, sent first for Mrs. Clemm, and that the latter then sent for Poe. There were some details given about this matter which gave the statement a strong air of probability, but are not worth relating here.

NORWAY AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.

Second Paper.

FROM my first article the reader will no doubt have received the impression that the Norwegian people, according to the life-work allotted to them by Nature herself, are divided into two classes, the inland people carrying on agriculture and forestry, and the coast people mainly engaged in shipping and fishing, and who also rely upon what the soil can produce, which indeed is not of slight importance. Even in the north of the country, where the great fisheries take place, the people would scarcely be able to exist if the crops should fail any year.

Other countries have also inland and coast population with different occupations, but no other country has such a lengthy coast with such regular and rich fisheries, or such a number of harbors and fjords sheltered by a *skjærgaard*—the skerries or islands which all along the Norwegian coast protect the entrance to most of these. The number of the coast

people is therefore comparatively great, and the contrast between them and the inlanders particularly marked. Probably they are not altogether quite the same race of people. The old Viking life led to the introduction of slaves, *i. e.*, captives of war. The Norwegian settlements in foreign countries have also probably contributed to the mixtures of races. A great number of the people on the western coast seem, beyond doubt, to have Gaelic or Celtic blood in their veins. The inland population, on the other hand, are Teuton mixed with Lapps. The latter are the oldest inhabitants of the country, and lived in the woods for a long time after it had been conquered by the *Norvöna* people. As late as in the time of Harald Haarfager (872-930) we hear of a Lapp maiden with whom the King fell in love and married. He loved her passionately, and on her death he had to be severed from her corpse by force.

But the difference in the mixed races and in the modes of obtaining their living becomes still greater by their different environment. Even if the people originally had been of exactly the same race, and their occupation the same, they would in time, with such diverse surroundings, become two. In the inland country are the wooded hills and mountains, the valleys with the many well-built farms dotted about here and there, the *sæter* life and the exhilarating sport to be had on the mountains and in the rivers hovering over it all like an idyl; the work and the life in the great forests as a recreative change; five months winter, with splendid roads for sleighing; the same method of work year after year, happy in its peacefulness; the summer, with its "light life" of four months, like an Eastern fairy tale, enhanced by a solitude in which all impressions become lasting.

Their method of working is slow but steady. Opinions are slowly formed and tenaciously held, and much independence is developed by the rigorous isolation of farm from farm, each on its own freehold ground, unannoyed and uncontradicted by any one. The way the people work and live together in the fields and in the forests and in their large rooms has given them a characteristic stamp of confidence in each other, and the fact that every farm through generations has been dependent upon its own resources has developed a rare many-sidedness in the peasants' minds. Until recently the roads were bad, and communication with the towns and neighboring districts difficult. The men were compelled in consequence to become their own handicraftsmen in addition to their daily work on the farm, to shooting, snaring, fishing, and tree-felling. The women too on a Norwegian farm must, besides cooking and general household work, understand baking, brewing, tailoring, etc.



A HARDANGER BRIDE.

The Norwegian peasant has a decided aptitude for trading and for travel, and is consequently naturally inclined to knowledge. Education is making steady progress in the country; every one can read and write, and on every farmstead one or more newspapers are regularly taken. The *husmænd* (tenants or cotters) even are beginning to subscribe to newspapers. Books they can get from the parish library, or very often they buy them for themselves. The modern literature of the country has penetrated into every valley, and is now generally bought by the well-to-do among the peasantry.

In addition to our excellent *almue-skoler* (national schools), the so-called



BRIDE FROM VOSS.

folkehøiskoler (high-schools for the people) have spread themselves from Denmark. In these, lectures are given for grown-up people of both sexes. Besides these there are also the *amtsskoler* (county schools), essentially the same as the former, but "removable." After a couple of years' teaching in one parish they are moved on to the next. The teachers are, as a rule, well fitted for their calling, and very self-sacrificing. Their object is not profit, but to make the school self-supporting. At these schools the teachers give popular lectures on the physical geography of the country, the political history of the people, and they make the pupils conversant with the social questions of the day. With these schools are associated colleges for agriculture; often they are connected in one. A special feature in the teaching at the *folkehøiskoler* is the study of modern Norwegian literature, which is read aloud to the pupils. The best songs of the people, both old and new, are sung until both melody and words are learned by heart. Women

and men who thus have learned these songs hand them down to the succeeding generation.

This rise of enlightenment, which more and more brings the peasantry to take part in the discussion of social and political questions, at first in private and then in public, and especially at election times, gives a sound counterbalance to the religious speculations which still linger among them from the time when they had nothing else to ponder upon besides their ordinary work. Superstition gave imperious explanation of everything which general ignorance could not solve, while religion was also at hand with its explanation. As education in time gave another and a natural explanation, the mind of the people showed itself to be—what one might know beforehand—of a strong realistic character. A religious revival does not last longer than one generation. The Norwegian peasant's conception of God is generally a feeling of moral responsibility, while dogmas are unessential. Attempts to fanaticize the people against the modern liberal movement in Europe as "freethinking," or even "godless," have been unsuccessful. With the population on the coast it is different.

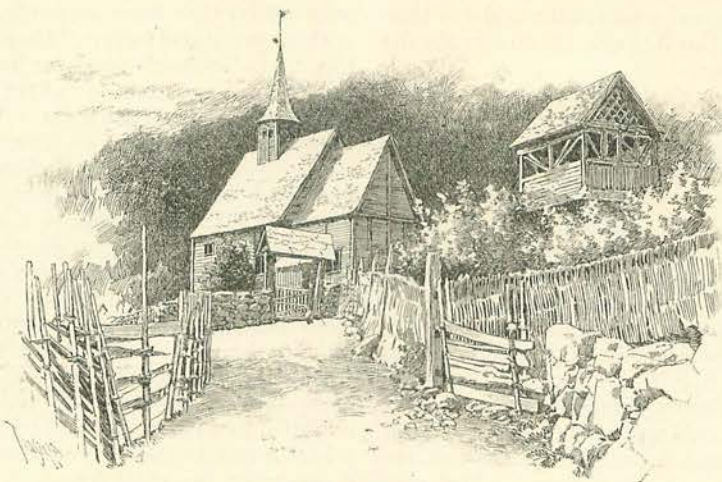
Last winter I made a journey round the coast from Bergen to Christiania, calling at almost every town. If I came by sea, the steamer passing in between the islands, which generally protect the entrance to the harbors, I found the towns lying there before me, overhung by mountains, or, bright and irregular, climbing up along the mountain-side; or when I came by land through the most splendid winter landscapes, often across ice-bound lakes, through narrow valleys and then out again upon open plains, surrounded here and there by the small broken hills with which the mountain ranges finish out toward the sea; and when I looked at the fir and pine trees sprouting with life in the midst of the snow, or at the red-painted houses with white casements under the shelter of hills and rocks spotted with greenish brown or wholly black patches; and when we at last came upon the town and saw the open ocean outside the islands, the town at our feet or right in front of us, like a cluster of birds' nests on an island—one cannot imagine one's self coming upon anything more enclosed and at the same time more open, the landscape so lively, so daring in the

situation, so ready for setting out for sea, but at the same time so sheltered and secure behind the islands and the hills. One could not but believe that a daring race of people dwelt here, and its imagination was as salt and wild as the sea-foam, but its will carefully guarded withal.

On the west coast the character of the people partakes something of that of the sudden squalls which rush down the steep

did landscapes on the west coast, torn asunder by fjords and by mountains.

The journey itself in winter I can recommend as one of the healthiest I know of. One must be well equipped for it, and take care to be dressed according to the severity of the weather, and to keep one's feet warm. With a smart horse, and the roads in a good condition, you can easily do the seven or ten miles between the posting stations; the air is clear and



CHURCH IN VALDERS.

mountain-sides and along the fjords. On the east coast, between the low hills and islands, the character, however, becomes more that of the pilot on the lookout for vessels, or that of the fisherman setting out to see if the mackerel or herring shoals are at last coming into the fjords: the first more unruly and energetic; the other clever and witty enough, but more prudent.

I think that this anticipatory characterization will, on further acquaintance, prove to be the correct one, and if there is any part or district to which it does not exactly apply, the reason will be found in temporary circumstances.

Before I began my journey from Bergen I went there overland from Christiania, right across the southern part of the country, and I shall never forget the impression which the difference between the inland and the coast made upon me as I approached the latter. It was shortly after Christmas: I chose the route through Valdres, which the Fillefjeld separates from Lærdalen in Sogn, one of the most splen-

keen, purified by the snowfall; you stretch your legs at the station while the horses are being changed, and then off again!

Norway is a "winter land," and in my eyes it is then it is most beautiful: white valleys, dark gray rocks, and mountains covered with forests. How finely the latter stand out against the white background! Or perhaps the naked mountain-sides are overrun by frozen streams and torrents, which shine in all colors from grayish white, emerald green, to rusty yellow; one part of the forest stands snow-powdered, another partly powdered, and yet another wholly green, and by its sides the birch-trees delicately rime-frosted to their finest tips, or standing out brownish blue against the verdant pines and firs. The many buildings on the farmsteads, with their snow-clad roofs, lie comfortably nestled together in the dazzling white snow fields. And then the air! There are no bacteria in that air. I do not understand why people who travel for the sake of their health do not choose the winter in which to visit Norway, and then

make this tour, or one through Gudbrandsdalen. The stations are now very comfortable, and in the winter, especially after Christmas, there is a greater variety in the food than in the summer-time.

The further I travelled through Valders, the grander the scenery became, the livelier the people. These—our "mountain folk"—have from olden times looked down upon the people in the lowlands as slow and stupid, while the lowlanders have looked on the mountain folk as rough, poor, and proud in the midst of their poverty. But this spirit is now gradually disappearing.

But although the scenery in Valders is grand and the people lively, the scenery in Lærdal is grander still and its people yet more lively. When you have passed the Fillefjeld, the road over which may be difficult enough in the winter, but where there are excellent accommodations at the posting stations and safe conveyance by experienced and well-known drivers, the mountains in the narrow valley of Lærdal begin to rise precipitously, and become so lofty that the further we get into the valley the more uncomfortable we feel, and how "cabined, cribbed, confined!"

We sit and think: "This must at last crush those who live here." The post-boy on the seat behind speaks to us. He talks in a dialect the cadence of which jumps and meanders like a rippling mountain brook, and the words in this wild melody are full of r's and diphthongs, and rush out in a dashing torrent. You feel in high spirits, raised still higher by the loud tone of his voice, for he who speaks quickly generally speaks loudly, and the folks from Sogn outvie the roaring river or the breakers on the sea-shore. They never meet each other on the road in their carts or sledges without calling out to one another and exchanging some words, continuing to shout for some time after having passed each other.

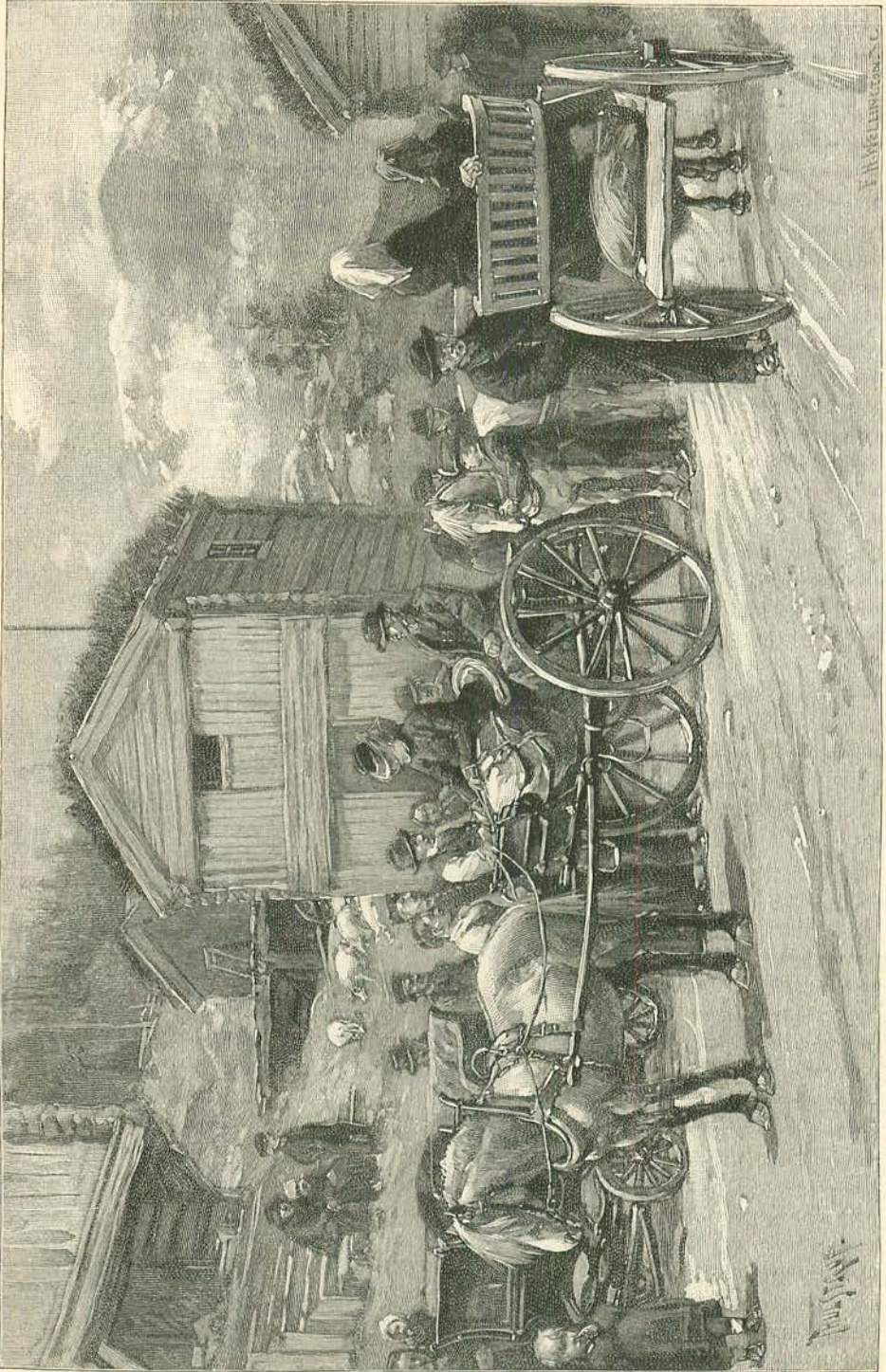
And if you enter into conversation with the boy, you will find from his questions and answers that he is possessed of a dauntless view of life and upright courage, and you will understand the truth of the saying: "These people are masters over the nature they live in; they soar higher than the mountains."

The "lyrism" of the west coast, begotten of its grand scenery, where mountain and sea meet, and nourished by the struggle between the two, is the vital force of

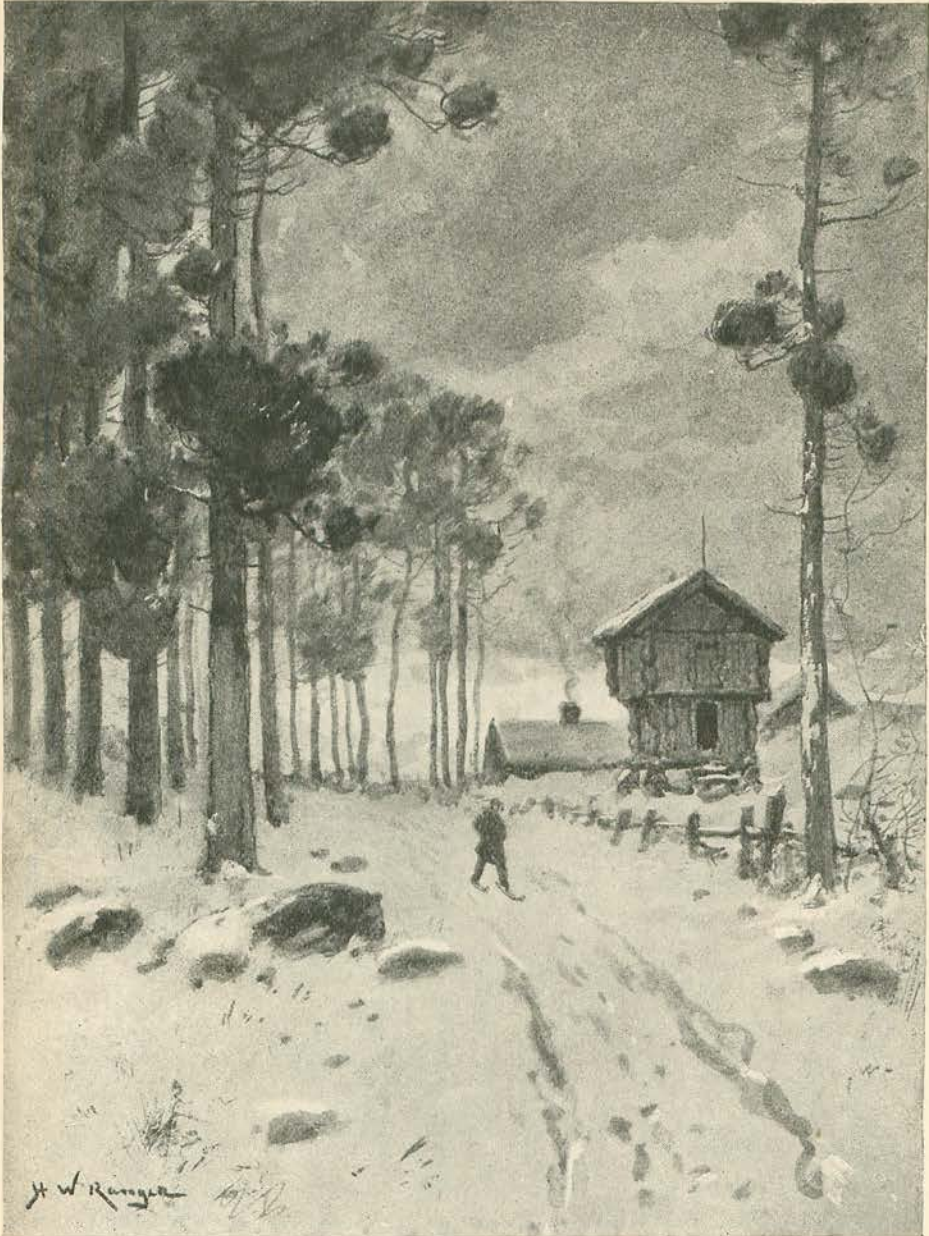
the country. The "lyrism" of the west may show a more unstable will, but then it is more fruitful in enterprise. What they lose by the one they gain by the other. Here the pioneers of the country, in all branches of mental activity and business, are reared.

Those of the population on the coast who are fishermen or sailors, and consequently are aware that their lives are in danger, and that they themselves and their calling depend upon circumstances over which they have no control, reckon with supernatural factors. Human nature has an indomitable need for knowledge. If a natural explanation cannot be found, a supernatural one is sought. When the boats were open and smaller, the coast not so well known, and finding the fish depended largely on chance, no telegraph to tell of their approach, of the sea-gulls and the whales, no steamer to convey the fishermen out to sea with their boats—all was then to them chance, or even a miracle; superstition supplied the explanation, and blind submission was the one condition for success. Since science and experience have changed the doubtful to a certainty, and built shelters where formerly there were none, and laid down rules for what formerly was haphazard, superstition has, of course, yielded little by little, and other conditions have now more weight than blind submission.

At one time the greater part of the western coast of Norway was covered with great forests: often, when digging into the soil on the islands or in the crevices of the rocks, one comes upon roots of large trees. Now it is completely denuded of trees. The houses on the coast are in consequence, as I have already mentioned, small and few; but more than a hundred years ago it was, in this respect, even worse. The dwelling-houses on the islands and in the districts nearest the coast had only a couple of small rooms; the one, from four to six feet broad and from ten to twelve feet long, served as kitchen and a kind of anteroom; the other, about ten to twelve feet square, where the people lived, took their meals, kept their provisions and clothes, and slept, and when you add that it served also as workshop—in those days all people were their own handicraftsmen—you will be able to picture to yourself the appearance of these dwellings. But worse remains: in these



AT THE POSTING STATION (SKYD STATION).



A ROAD IN WINTER.

rooms lived sometimes as many as four families. The fact that these rooms were *røgstuer*—rooms without a chimney, but with a hole in the roof for the smoke—will explain how they were able to live in them without the air being vitiated. The great long table always found in the dwellings

of the Norwegian peasantry was here divided for each family; so also was the floor. Endless quarrels and fights were the consequence. Their food was very plain: a basin of oatmeal soup and a *lubbesild* (dried herring) for breakfast; fish and oatmeal soup for dinner; porridge and milk



INTERIOR OF OLD CHURCH AT SOGN.

for *mellemad* (a third meal, taken about five o'clock), and for supper the same as for breakfast. The food was portioned out to each, the master's share greater than that of the others. The women had to do the work on the farm—in other words, the heaviest—while the men were away fishing or taking rest at home. And when there was nothing for the women to attend to on the farm, for instance, in the winter months, they had also to go out with the men in the boats to assist in rowing or in the fishing. The children were shut up in the house, the oldest taking care of the younger ones. Consequently there was little sense of domestic order and comfort. The floor of the room was scoured once or twice a year. Sand was strewn on it every Saturday, or whenever the floor became too wet.

From such conditions the people have raised themselves. And in this the strict religious teaching has assisted. Every Saturday evening and Sunday morning they had family worship, as well as before dinner on Sundays. The children had always to join in these devotions. If they had done anything wrong, they had

to choose between saying a long evening prayer or grace and—the rod.

The great *markeder* (fairs), where the inland and the coast population met to sell, buy, or barter with each other, were notorious. They were held in the summer-time, near the main roads over the mountains which separate the western from the eastern districts, generally in the neighborhood of a church, which from olden times had been a *lovekirke*—one to which sailors and fishermen had promised something when in danger. Here they worshipped God, had horse-racing and rough fights promiscuously; here the men from the west measured strength and brutality with those from the east; “here many a fine horse had its wind broken, and many a smart lad was thrashed,” as the saying was, and a very wild and licentious life on the whole was carried on. The fairs often lasted as long as eighty days.

And this in full swing even in our century! The women had in many places, when they were preparing to go to any feast or merrymaking, to take their husbands' shroud with them; no one could



A NORDEFJORD BRIDE.

foresee the issue of the inevitable fights on these occasions. In these encounters such feats as who could first gouge his opponent's eye out were included. They practised fighting with knives as soldiers practise with swords, and it was agreed to beforehand how deep the opponents were to stab each other. There was little or no respect for the authorities in those times. Even among men of the official classes life was not as it should be. Thus excessive drinking was the rule at all social gatherings and festivals. As late as in the early part of the present century it happened in Valdres, one of our wildest districts, that the sheriff, the judge, the undersheriff, and the counsel who came to the assizes, and who had been invited to dinner by the clergyman, who lived hard by, forgot all about the people who were waiting for them outside the courtroom. When at length the satiated and inebriated guests came reeling out of the house on their way to the court, they

were seized hold of by the people, who had ranged themselves in a row on either side of the door, and judge, sheriff, and lawyers were all soundly thrashed in their turn as they were passed along from man to man.

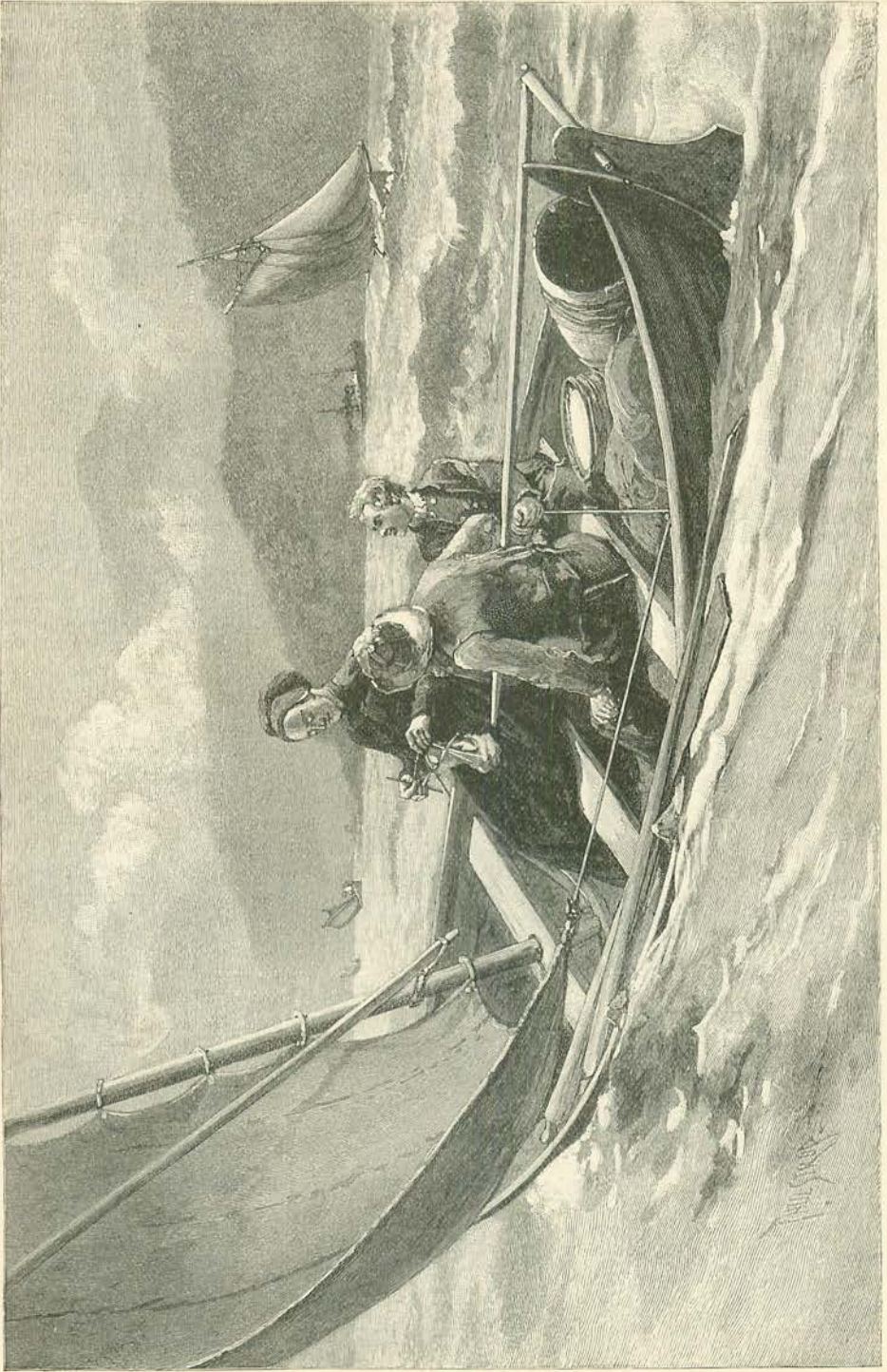
During the long period that Norway was united with Denmark (1450-1814) all official positions in the country were almost exclusively held by Danes, and it frequently happened that they were totally unfit for their post, and did not even understand the language of the peasants.

Less than the many errors and the insolence of these officials was needed to arouse the independent spirit of the Norwegian peasantry, who during the long union with Denmark never for a moment had allowed any encroachment upon their independence, which the *udal* right to their farms, inherited from their forefathers, had for generations—nay, for centuries—maintained.*

An attempt to bind Norway more closely to Denmark was made by inducing some of the sons of the old peasant families on the large farms to stay for some time in Denmark. Most of these farms are found in the heart of the country, and in the Trondhjem district, while many are found on the coast as far up as Nordland. These sons were to be made noblemen—which they, however, thought they already were. They were at first to go through a course of military discipline and to learn "good manners," but the attempt proved a most miserable failure, for the lads gave the officers and their teachers a sound thrashing, and got up a mutiny, and had at last to be sent home again. An attempt to organize a Norwegian corps of Lifeguards, in attendance upon the King at Copenhagen, was just as unsuccessful, and terminated in the same way. Such occurrences, however, tended to strengthen the claim of the country for national independence. What was Norwegian could not be made Danish; this was gradually being understood.

Thus the yearning for independence developed quietly, and soon found a mouth-piece in the *Norske Selskab* (the Norwegian Society), a literary gathering of Norwegian students at the Copenha-

* The *udal* right (*odelsretten*) means that the land is not held from any superior, but by original right, and is consequently not subject to any of the burdens or casualties affecting land held by feudal tenure.



FISHER-FOLK RETURNING HOME FROM MARKET.



FARM-YARD IN WINTER.

gen University; their victorious fisticuffs with their Danish brethren became in time a spiritual alliance for the welfare of the father-land. The ancestral pride of these independent odel-peasants had long been the natural foundation for this awakening patriotism; now it also became the historical-legal ground for their claim for political self-government. In due time it attained its end, when Norway in 1814 became an independent kingdom.

Then the people entered upon a new era, which quickly dis severed them from their old barbarous customs, and in which the natural strength and ability of the people reached to attainments which united what hitherto had been disunited and hostile.

Under this gradual growth, with self-made laws, and with municipal as well as national self-government, with an increasing enlightenment and good schools, with newspapers, with a literature, with lectures, meetings, political and social movements, the people have made astonishing progress, and under this newly awakened life the old-fashioned religious intolerance has become an archaism.

When in my first article I described the Norwegian people in their life work I intended to show how the peculiar conditions of the country, proceeding from its situation and natural characteristics, necessarily made their daily toil a strenuous education.

I do not believe there is another peasantry for whom progress is easier. It is, at any rate, certain that no other country possesses so many men in official positions—doctors, clergymen, engineers, teachers, merchants—who are peasant-born, often even from the tenant and working classes; and that no other country has so many eminent poets, artists, men of science, and statesmen who have also risen from the peasantry. I do not think I can better illustrate my assertion than by mentioning a few who yesterday were peasants and who to-day are leading men in the country. These men are in every point abreast of the age, whether they have received their education at school and university, or whether they, as self-made men, have travelled a far more thorny path to knowledge and position in life than the ordinary one.

Norway is not the only country where

the clergy are recruited so largely from the ranks of the peasantry. But I ought to explain that in Norway no one can be ordained before he has taken his degrees at the university like other officials, and no one can be appointed to a bishopric unless he has taken degrees with honors. It is therefore all the more remarkable that several of our bishops have been peasants. Of these I will mention Bishop Jørgen Moe, also well known as a hymn-writer; and of clergymen, Landstad, who likewise is a hymn-writer. Skreversrud is one of the greatest missionaries of our time; in conjunction with a Danish friend he has converted the Santals, one of the aboriginal races of India. He is a linguistic genius; not only has he formed a grammar of the language of this ancient people, but he himself speaks twelve languages. Ivar Aasen is our greatest linguist, and as such widely known; he was also a peasant. Vinje is a great lyrical poet; many of his songs have been set to music by our celebrated composer Edvard Grieg. Arne Garborg is one of our rising authors, and a witty controversialist, also peasant-born. Skredsvig, whose name as

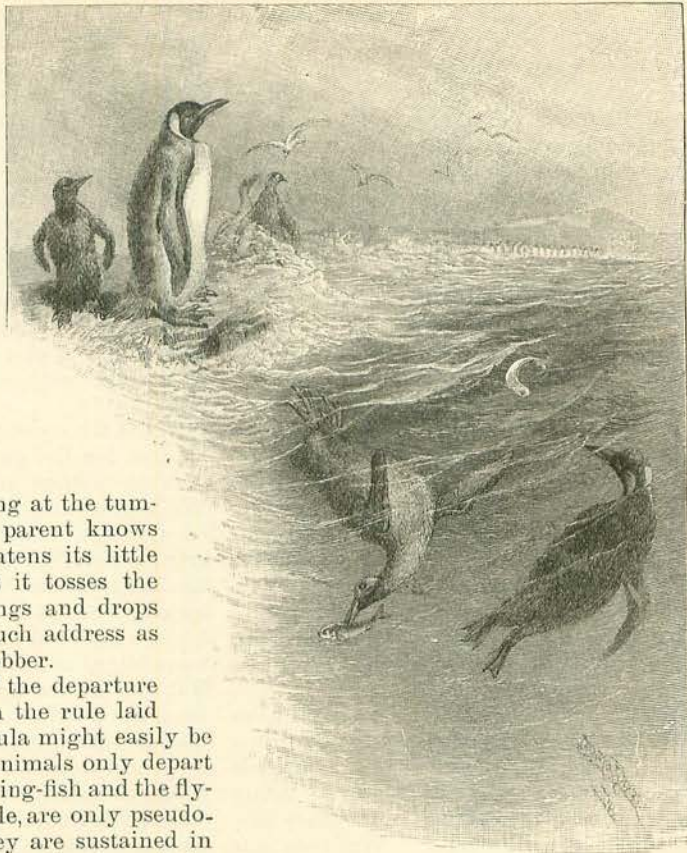
a painter is known far beyond the borders of Norway, is the son of a working-man. The father of the Norwegian school of painting, Dahl, was a peasant boy from the west coast. A number of our best painters and nearly all our sculptors are of the peasantry. Thus Skeibrok, the sculptor, is a peasant from the Mandal coast; he is also a clever humoristic writer, and reproduces with great talent the characteristic dialect and manners of the people from his district. Svendsen, the composer, well known on both sides of the Atlantic, and at present holding the honorable position of musical director at the Royal Opera at Copenhagen, is the son of a working-man. Arvesen, our most prominent teacher at the high-schools for the people, and a popular orator, O. Thommessen, one of our most gifted editors, Baard Haugland, our present Minister of Finance, Sivert Nilsen, President of the Storting, are all peasant-born; the latter two have never gone through any of the higher schools or the university, but have nevertheless reached the highest positions of honor in the country.



BOAT-HOUSES ON THE HARDANGER FJORD.

cleaves the air until it has reached a point beyond the breakers. There it stops, gives its body a quick jerk, and thus tosses the baby from its perch, and sends it rolling over and over down into the water, into which it dives at once with as much ease as its parent. This first journey of the young guillemot is usually a very exciting one, for the rapacious gulls are always on the lookout for this time, and are in waiting at the tumbling-off place. The parent knows the danger that threatens its little one, and the moment it tosses the baby off closes its wings and drops by its side with so much address as usually to baffle the robber.

Similar instances of the departure of other animals from the rule laid down in the old formula might easily be cited, although some animals only depart in appearance. The flying-fish and the flying-dragon, for example, are only pseudo-fliers, inasmuch as they are sustained in the air merely by an application of the parachute principle. The walking fishes, on the other hand, do really desert the water for long periods of time, traversing considerable distances in the mean while. The whale, whose nearest terrestrial relation now living is by some supposed to



THE KING-PENGUIN—MOST GROTESQUE BIRD IN THE WORLD—NO WINGS OR FEATHERS.

be the hog, is an exclusive water-dweller, unlike the seals, which always go ashore to rear their young.

NORWAY AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.

Third Paper.

THE contrast between the inland and the coast population of Norway becomes apparent in a most characteristic manner in the politics of the country. But for the people of the west coast the Norwegians would not have engaged in so many contests with bureaucracy and monarchy; but for the people of the Uplands (the central districts of Norway around Lake Mjösen) and of Thrøndelagen (the Trondhjem district) these contests would have been deficient in plan and

probably wanting in success. Without the west coast we should have had no extension of the franchise, and would not have been on the way to universal suffrage; and without the Uplands and Thrøndelagen we should now have had a hierarchy supported by a fully organized state Church. Some day the Uplands and Thrøndelagen will force the Church to separate itself wholly from the state, and compel it either to surrender its dogmatic intolerance or to lose the intelligent

part of the people. The people of the west coast have introduced a system of saving in the finances of the country which often saves the cents while letting the dollars go. The demand of the Uplands and of Thröndelagen for a thorough reform in the administration of the country will also save the Storting (the Norwegian parliament) from a considerable expenditure of time and money and temper. If it comes to the question of gradually abolishing all protective duties and of voting money for new undertakings, then the west coast will take the lead, while the eastern districts and Thröndelagen will demand higher duties on all agricultural products. And should the question arise of joining in the great movement of the civilized world for peace and international arbitration, then the west coast is ready, while the other parts of the country will regard it doubtfully. But, on the other hand, upon the subject of national independence they are as one. The reason that the question of national independence can still be raised is, of course, due to the union with Sweden.

We are an independent nation, we have our own parliament, we make our own laws. The King can twice refuse his sanction to a bill, but upon its being passed for a third time it becomes law whether he will or no. We vote our own budget, impose our own taxes, settle our own customs tariff, have our own army and navy, which cannot be employed without the sanction of the parliament. All grants of money lie entirely in the hands of the parliament. In fact we only have the King in common with Sweden, and we, through him, have our diplomatic affairs conducted by Sweden, but Norwegians as well as Swedes are appointed as consuls and ambassadors abroad. We have our own flag, but it unfortunately bears a union, somewhat like that of the English ensign, which is also to be found in the Swedish flag, and which we wish to be rid of, because the English and American unions, the only ones which the world knows of, signify that the different states of those countries are welded together into one nation, which is not the case with Norway and Sweden. The fact that the Swedish flag otherwise is different from the Norwegian does not save us from this apprehension. England, Spain, Russia, and other countries have several different flags. Foreign nations

therefore believe that our flag is one of two different Swedish ensigns. It is just the same as if a heathen people carried a flag with a cross—every one would take them for a Christian people, because the cross is known from olden time to represent Christianity. All assurances that they were heathens would not avail. The antiquity of the sign and its renown would be stronger than any protest of theirs. Therefore, as long as our flag bears the union, it misrepresents us; it tells that Norway, the smaller country, is absorbed in the larger one—Sweden—just as Ireland and Scotland are united to England.

What the constitution of a country has secured for the people is one thing; how it is understood and applied is another. We began in 1814 as a small, impoverished nation, new to the use of political liberty; a Swedish Governor was placed at the head of the Norwegian government by our mutual King—the King did not know a hundred men in the country, so he was obliged to have a representative there. But the union was not honestly meant from the Swedish side: they only wanted it as an introduction to further conquests by peaceful means through the King. If it became necessary to strike a blow, they were beforehand sure of the sanction of Russia to realize at any time the original plan of 1814, which was to get the King of Denmark to cede the country as a province to Sweden. The whole of the Holy Alliance would also give their sanction as soon as the Norwegians showed any dangerous tendencies toward freedom; and that they very soon displayed. The Swedish people themselves had lived in the blissful belief that Norway was conquered as a legitimate compensation for the loss of Finland, and they became wroth with Carl Johan when they found he had "cheated" them. As long as this feeling lasted—and it lasted for a considerable time—it was necessary for the Norwegians to act with prudence. The King was not to be depended upon, the union anything but safe, and Europe without sympathy. Memoirs and letters written by members of the Norwegian government at that time show how narrow and dangerous the waters were, and how capricious and faithless he was who was at the helm.

With prudence and patriotism the rocks were cleared one by one. Open sea—that



A SUNDAY FUNERAL.



WOMEN FROM HALLINGDAL.

is to say, full independence—Norway has not yet reached. Certainly the Swedish Governor is long ago out of the saga; the vicerealty which the Crown-Prince alone could fill has long been a dead letter, and will soon be struck from the constitution altogether; but the flag, which is now Norwegian—we began by using a Swedish one—bears a union, which must also go. The correct way to show that the two countries have the same King and nothing else in common is not by placing a union in the flag, but by displaying the flags of the two countries side by side whenever the union between the two kingdoms is to be represented. The essential and last sign of dependency on the part of Norway is that the foreign affairs of the country cannot be transacted by the King without the sanction and help of Sweden. This is at present the great question at issue between the two countries.

The Norwegians want to have as many councillors of state as the Swedes at those councils in which common diplomatic matters are transacted, and will not agree to any proposal that the Minister of Foreign Affairs must absolutely be Swedish: either he may also be Norwegian, or there must be two. The result of this strife is most likely to be the following: At present the products of the one country can be imported duty free into the other, but this will be repealed, and the Norwegians will dis sever the present arrangement of mutual consulates for the two countries abroad, and establish their own consuls all over the world.

The Norwegians think in this way: Sweden is too small to protect us; she is also too small to conquer us, and she would derive no advantage whatever thereby. There now only remains the alternative either to place themselves on perfect equality with us or to dis sever the connection.

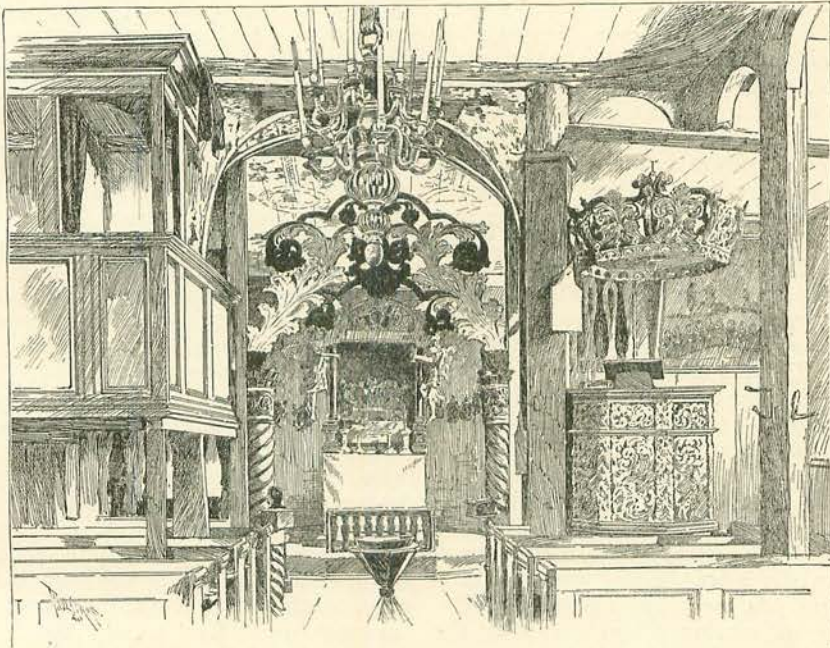
The reactionaries and conservatives of Sweden—and there are many of them in this old country—are afraid that free

Norway will lead Sweden into the path of reforms, and as they understand that this is, and always will be more and more, the outcome of the union, they prefer that it should be dissolved.

And the great democracy of Norway of to-day feels more and more that the union with a nation so closely linked to monarchy, nobility, and old traditions as the Swedes hinders our progress, and they would therefore also be willing to dispense with the union. So far the two are agreed; but there is this great difference, that in Sweden among the conservatives great ill-will—nay, sometimes hatred—against the Norwegians prevails; in Norway no such feeling against Sweden has been excited. The Norwegians do not wish for the dissolution of the union, but that it should become a settled federation with the Swedish people, prompted by natural conditions, mutual interests, and the near kinship of the two peoples. Those

Norwegians who see a danger in the union because the Swedes never will cease putting their fingers into the Norwegians' pie, and because the King is a Swede, and the master of the armies and navies of the two countries (time after time Norway has been threatened with armed intervention when Norwegian politics went against the grain of the Swedes; it is only a few years since the threat was last heard)—those Norwegians who see a danger in

and this, in connection with many other things, indicates the course which the political relations between the two countries will take. The interests of the dynasty, which in this case, as so often happens, do not coincide with those of the people, will delay this development to some extent; but this obstacle will also some day be removed, and the Scandinavian union merge into a large democratic federation of kindred races.



INTERIOR OF OLD CHURCH IN GUDBRANDSDALEN.

the union as it is at present, believe that a federation would be safe. In such a federation we would at once arrange our defences according to a mutual plan with regard to army, navy, and fortifications. Now we dare not!

I must add that among the younger generation of Sweden, and probably also among the Swedish peasants (who, by-the-by, are less alert than the Norwegian peasants, and therefore less a political factor), there are many who regard the development of the union into a federation in the same way as many of the great liberal party in Norway. They look upon the influence of Norway in politics, in literature, and in art as a blessing. These are the true friends of Norway;

I will not occupy my readers' attention any longer with the politics of our little country. I must, however, add that our finances are in a sound condition. Our national debt is about 109 million kroner (about six million pounds sterling), principally contracted for building railways, all of which, except one, belong to the state, and which to some extent are beginning to pay. The revenue of the country in 1887 was about forty-three million kroner (not quite two and a half million pounds sterling), and the expenditure a trifle less.

With regard to the Norwegian constitution I will only mention that the Storting consists really of one House—Norway has no nobility—which after being

ected divides itself into two, the Odels-thing and the Lagthing, the latter consisting of a fourth part of the total number of representatives, and is in reality a kind of select committee of the Storthing. A bill which has been thrice passed by the Storthing becomes law whether the King sanctions it or not. Taxes and customs and excise duties are settled by the Storthing alone, and all the expenditures of the local communes are voted by the board of the local government, elected by the parliamentary voters.

As a land for tourists, Norway has gradually been recognized to be the grandest in Europe. In the summer-time it offers a most pleasant climate, and the scenery is most picturesque, and unique of its kind. More and more of these picturesque parts are being "discovered." No sooner had the new railway from Bergen to Vossevangen provided easy access to the Nærø Valley, now visited every year by thousands from all countries, than the new road over the mountains from Lom in Gudbrandsdalen to the Geiranger Fjord, in Søndmøre, has opened up a still grander and wilder tract, through which you can now travel in a carriage as comfortably and safely as if you were driving along Fifth Avenue in New York. And just as Sogne Fjord is visited by the swarms of tourists as one of the finest of the fjord scenery (in many parts, as you sail up the fjord in the pleasant little steamers, you are overshadowed by lofty, mighty mountains which overhang the ship, so you might easily imagine that you are going through a tunnel by sea), so the discovery of Hjørund Fjord, in Søndmøre—wilder than any other fjord in Norway—has led to the establishment of a very convenient and regular steam-ship traffic upon it.

The "Panorama of Molde," as it is now generally called, is one of the most magnificent parts of Norway—many call it the grandest in Europe. The fjord with its many islands is stretched out before you, the whole landscape breathing of peace and harmony, and you have only to lift your eyes to encounter the wild and rugged peaks of the well-known Romsdal Mountains. The contrast in colors, from the blue-grayish of the sea, the dark green of the islands, the blue of the mountains nearest to you, the eternal white of the snow-peaks, and the play of

the sea mist in the light of the setting sun—nothing more beautiful can be seen!

Since the fame of the "Lofoten" in the far north has become more generally known, special steamers with all the comforts of modern times convey the tourists thither inside the chain of islands along the Norwegian coast, which nearly all the way protect the steamer from the roll of the Atlantic, and the passengers can thus remain upon deck both day and night under the rays of the midnight sun, while the sound of nearly all the European languages is heard buzzing around your ears. And when you at last enter the Vest Fjord, with the lofty mountains of the Lofoten Islands rising out of the sea on one side and the mighty mountain ranges of the main-land on the other, you feel as if you were sailing right into the grandest fairy tales of the people, or into the myths about the eternal fight between the Ases and the Jotuns, the Vanirs and the Gnomes, especially when the glow of the midnight sun suffuses with infinite splendor those parts of the mountains upon which it rests, and leaves the other parts in an inexpressible chill.

Strange legends hover over these regions; the mountains were trolls (giants), who at one time had been courting, and who, when rejected or when driven to jealousy, pursued each other, rolled mighty rocks upon each other, or hurled them in each other's path, and ended by being enchanted into stone themselves by some mightier trolls. These legends are immense, as if they treated about folding the city of New York together like a carpet, carrying it off across the Atlantic, and unfolding it again upon the plains of Normandy, without a house, a child, or a cup being broken on the way. These regions had at one time a poet, Peter Dass (contracted from the Scotch Dundas), who died in 1708. He described in original verses this part of Norway—Nordland—and the love and the imagination of the people have clung to him to such a degree that now the worthy Nordland clergyman is to them as a giant of Solomon's height in the tales of the East. He tied down the devil as you would bind and tame a dog. Satan was always at his beck and call, and had to bring him everything he wished for and to carry him wherever he wanted to go. One Christmas Eve Peter Dass sailed on a millstone down to the King of Denmark,



A CHRISTENING PARTY.



DOOR OF THE HITTERDAL CHURCH.

where he was right royally entertained, but next day he delivered his Christmas sermon in his little parish church in the north, hundreds of miles away. In the same way that they have endowed him, these people, whose imagination has been reared by the wild, weird nature around them during several months of continuous light, night and day, during an equally long period of continuous darkness, with the wild restless rays of the *aurora borealis* across the canopy of the heavens, and in the fantastic life at sea, with the fish shoals under them and millions of birds hovering above them, they will probably in a century or two similarly endow those who to-day have won their love or their hatred. Should the traveller wish himself away from the grand and wild tracts of Norwegian scenery, and from the weird fairy tales and legends and melodies which it has begotten (these melodies are as characteristic as the

legends); should he want to find the cradle of more tranquil and ennobling tales, legends, and melodies; if he as a contrast desires to seek the gentle, broad regions, beautiful in their fertility, and with grand mountain lines as in a symphony—then there is, besides all the places which the tourists have already discovered, a new spot, which undoubtedly will be considered the finest of its kind in Norway: this is the farm Rool, between Stenkjær and Levanger, in the Trondhjem district, right between the arms of the fjords, with islands all over it, the nature of the landscape being that just referred to. You will look far to find its equal. The road by which the spot is reached passes through fertile fields and verdant woods along the shore of the bays on the fjord, full of eider-ducks, wild-ducks, guillemots, gulls, terns, and their young ones, swimming peacefully about close to the shore. One would think they were looking for people whom they knew and who would give them food, or that they were the tame denizens of a duck pond on a large farm. Here and all the way to the north of the country all sea-birds are protected by law; they are the friends of the inhabitants, and pay them back plentifully in down and eggs the value of their rent, but are in return both cared for and protected, and often fed.

I do not think there is any country, frequented by tourists, which is so much traversed on foot as Norway. It is seldom that these pedestrians, mostly Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes, go in parties, although one might think that this would be the



A POST STATION IN GUDBRANDSDALEN.



A WEDDING PARTY.

safest way. No: you meet them in twos and threes—man and wife, brother and sister, a couple of students, or very often you meet a solitary traveller; it is also not unusual to see two young ladies on a walking tour even in the most wild and mountainous districts. We have never heard of a single instance in which any one has been molested or even frightened. Should they forget anything at a station or some place of rest, the lost article is always sent on after them, if the address is known, or taken care of until inquiries are made. And should they be obliged to ask for the loan of anything, the request is granted without a thought of any security. Foreign friends who have visited me have found the greatest pleasure in telling me of such occurrences which they themselves have experienced or heard of; so I am in possession of many of these anecdotes. I will relate one of these from Gudbrandsdalen. A German architect, who had been staying at one of the posting stations up there for the night, rose early in the morning and took a walk around the farm-yard. The air was fresh;

the mountains loomed deliciously cool above the dark forests; the corn-crake was croaking in the grass; the distant, sharp roar of a river fell soothingly on the ear; the sun had not yet risen, but the great valley with its broad open lap lay anxiously awaiting it. Suddenly he heard the rattling of wheels upon the road. "That's the post from the south," said a lad who was dragging out three horses from the stables to be ready for the mail. But it was not the post. From the wood emerged, first, a dun-colored horse before a cariole, with a buff mackintosh, an Englishman in it; then another dun-colored horse with another mackintoshed Englishman. Under the carioles, between the wheels, was a canvas bag with the dogs, and behind sat the post-boy. As soon as they arrived at the station the Englishmen and their dogs jumped out. The architect, who could speak English, addressed a few words in greeting to the new arrivals about the beautiful morning, to which they hardly paid any attention; but suddenly they became rather uneasy, they began feeling in all their pockets, and after an appar-

ently fruitless search they inquired of the architect if he could speak Norwegian. Yes, he could. They then asked him if he would help them to explain to the post-boy that they had no money to pay him with; they had left all their money, in all about £200, in a pocket-book under the pillow in one of the beds at the last station where they had slept. Could they get fresh horses to drive back at once? The architect, who knew that the post was expected, said that they could be quite easy about the matter: the mail driver was almost sure to bring the pocket-book with him; they need not go back, but only wait. He had no sooner said this than the post-horn was heard in the distance, and shortly afterward the mail driver in his cariole and with two carts of mail-bags drove into the station. Before descending from his cariole he asked the two Englishmen if they had forgotten a pocket-book at the last station. Yes, they had, answered the architect; upon which the driver pulled out the pocket-book and handed it to the Englishmen. All the money lay untouched there.

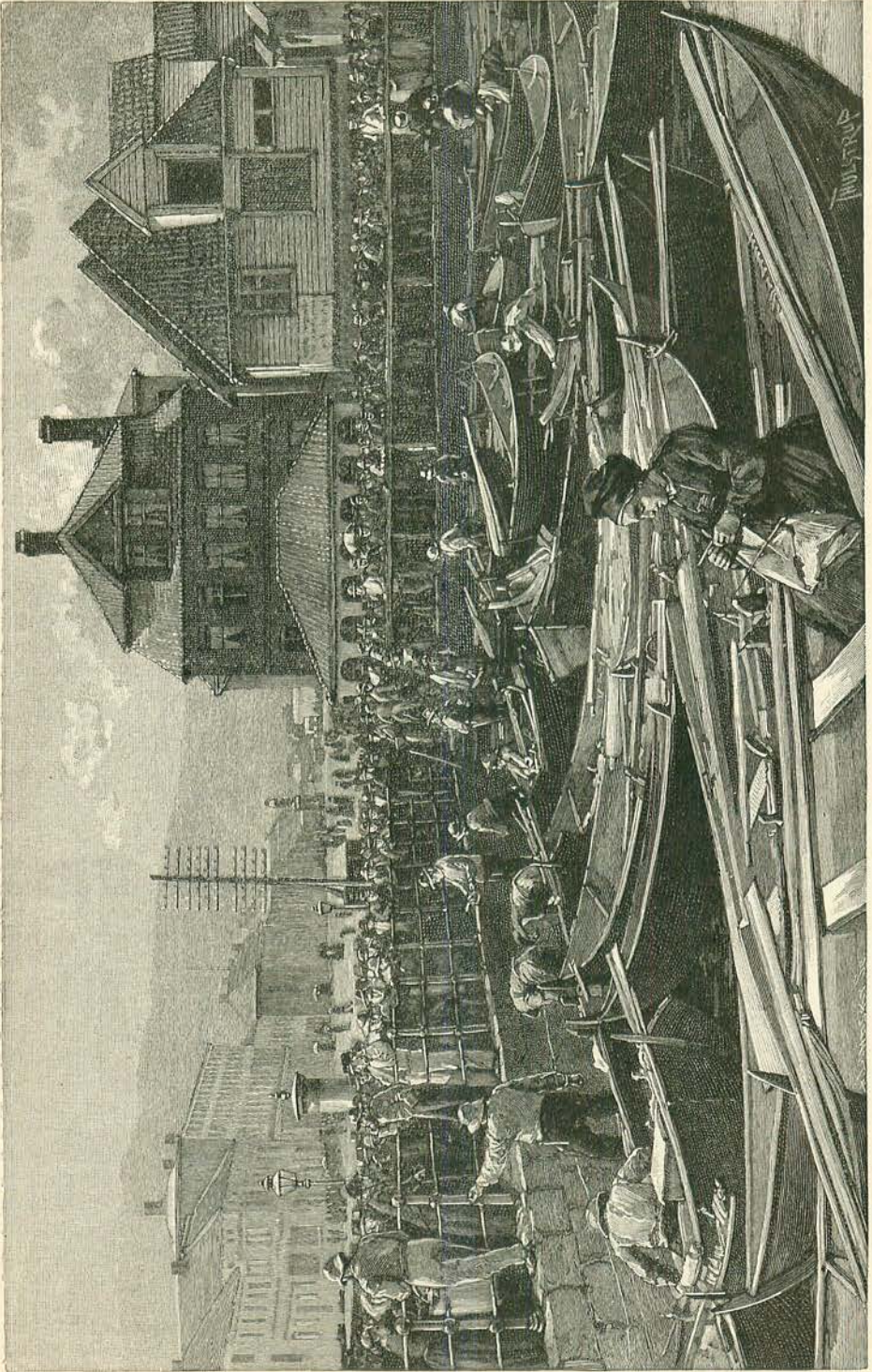
One winter's day, some years ago, a couple of young men were sitting in London talking of their travels during the summer. One of them had been in Norway, and could not sufficiently praise the honesty of the Norwegian peasants and their readiness in judging character. "If I am a well-dressed person and look like a gentleman I can travel through the whole country in my own cariole without paying a penny for the horses. I need only say, 'The one who comes on behind will pay.'" That was too much for the other, and it ended in a heavy bet that they should go together through Norway, buy their own carioles, and travel through the country, the first of them half a day in advance of the other, without a single penny in his pocket; the other should follow behind and pay.

The following summer they went to Norway, got their carioles, and started on their trip. But at the very first station the Englishman who had expatiated upon the honesty of the Norwegians got into a fix: he had forgotten what the magic words were in Norwegian. He could not pay the post-boy; neither could he say, "The one who comes on behind will pay." Fortunately a merchant from Christiania came to the rescue. The Englishman told him all about the bet, upon

which the merchant informed him what the words were in Norwegian. The Englishman repeated them to the post-boy, and they had at once the desired effect. The boy was satisfied, and said it would no doubt be all right about the money. The merchant, however, thought it would be best for the credit of the country to let the new post-boy, who was to go with the Englishman to the next station, into the secret, and requested him to pass it on from station to station, that when the first Englishman arrived and said, "The one coming on behind will pay," no one was to trouble him about money, for on being allowed to continue his journey in this way he would win the bet. The boy undertook to do this, and all the post-boys and station-keepers on the road enjoyed the joke immensely, without betraying that they knew anything about the affair. And so it happened that the Englishman travelled through the country without paying a penny; and thus the two Englishmen go about telling this story, which again is told to a thousand others, that in Norway you need not pay at the posting stations, but only say, "The one who comes on behind will pay."

I am afraid I am not in a position to describe Norway as a tourists' land. I myself have never travelled for the sake of travelling merely; I agree, in fact, so little with the conception of the ordinary tourist that to me a tour on the fjords of Romsdal on the small steamers, and then across a narrow neck of land till we come to another fjord, then through a pine forest or a narrow valley, and then again across another fjord and through another valley, is more than rushing about from country to country or chasing through my own land from one end to another. And I go still further. I, for my part, prefer a journey in the winter through the country to one in the summer, and I maintain that both the country and the people are then seen to better advantage, and that such a journey is better for one's health, and therefore, on the whole, more beneficial.

To make this last clear I must explain that Norway is not the cold country which its geographical position would lead one to believe. The reasons for this are two: a warm current runs along the Norwegian coast, fills the space inside the great banks and islands, and passes into the fjords; these same banks prevent also



FISH-MARKET, BERGEN.

the ice-water from the polar seas from reaching the coast.

Is it possible that this should also have an effect upon the people of the country? Is this the reason that this Northern country of ours, when it, about five hundred years since, only had a population of from two to three hundred thousand inhabitants, produced that succession of men and deeds of which Snorre Sturlasson's great work, *The Heimskringla*, has given a description—a pattern for all times? Is this the reason that our small nation, when its strength again began to revive after destructive civil wars and other great misfortunes (such as that raging epidemic, the "Black Death," and another just as great, the miserable Danish rule through four hundred years), produced that master-spirit of wit, Ludvig Holberg, Molière's rival; produced a "folk-poesy" which in legends, songs, melodies, and tunes may compare with that of any other country; and which in the course of time has begotten a literature and music which are even creating considerable attention outside our own borders? The composers Edvard Grieg and Johan Svendsen are counted among the first of living musicians; Selmer and Sinding are also rising in renown. Executants such as Ole Bull, Erika Lie-Nissen, and Edmund Neupert are well known in the musical world. Henrik Ibsen's dramas, the Germans declare, have opened up a new road in dramatic art. Alexander Kielland's witty sketches of modern society are now as widely read in Germany, Austria, and Hungary as in the Scandinavian countries. Norway has also produced the greatest mathematician of our time, Nils Abel, who died in 1829, only twenty-seven years old, after having enriched mathematical science with epoch-marking discoveries.

In 1814 the Norwegians availed themselves of the political events of the day in such a manner that they made themselves the freest constitution of any country in Europe, if not in the world, and have since shown that they understand how to preserve it.

In having thus tried to give a sketch of my country and its people I have not had much opportunity of describing in detail the excellent illustrations which have been specially prepared for these articles. To make some amends for this, I will here, in conclusion, add a few words

about some of the illustrations which have especially attracted me.

The fish-market of Bergen, well known to all visitors to western Norway, is a most interesting place for studying folk-life in that ancient and most national of all the Norwegian towns. There are special days in the week—those upon which the town dines on fish—when the fishermen from the neighboring districts come sailing or rowing into the harbor with their catch. They moor their boats alongside the quay of the fish-market, and here may be seen, leaning over the railings, the servant-girls of Bergen in lively discussion with the fishermen—bargaining, chatting, and chaffing to their hearts' content. There is a life and bustle which is not easily forgotten, and which should not be missed by our foreign visitors. The landlord at the hotels will inform travellers of the best time to visit the fish-market.

There are several illustrations of ancient Norwegian architecture, such as Hitterdal church, the interior of an old church in Gudbrandsdalen, and a posting station in the same valley, showing the peculiar construction of the old Norwegian houses with galleries, etc. Those who are interested in such matters, the old *stav* churches, etc., I will refer to the many books written on the subject, but visitors to Norway are warned that there are not now many specimens of our old architecture left in the country.

In many districts the old customs in connection with weddings are still kept up. Formerly the wedding festivities lasted a fortnight, and much drinking and fighting were the order of the day. Nowadays the weddings in that part where I live—in the heart of the country—do not last more than half a day; in fact it is becoming not an unusual thing to celebrate the wedding by a dinner only, in the most popular hotel or restaurant of the nearest town. Bridal crowns and national costumes are still, to some extent, worn by the women on the western coast—in Hardanger, Sogn, Nordfjord, etc.—but this custom is gradually dying out. The illustration of a wedding party gives an excellent idea of such a party on their return from church, the bride and bridegroom in the first carriage, with the fiddler in front of them, while the guests come rattling merrily along behind.



HITTERDAL CHURCH.

I notice that the faces of the brides in the illustrations are types of the women on the west coast, selected types, no doubt, which, however, show how near akin these people are to the noble families of England and France through the Normans.

The remarkable costume of the two women from Hallingdal is now mostly to be found in the neighboring district of Sætersdalen. This disfiguring dress, with the skirts close up under the armpits, had its origin, it is said, in religious fanaticism, which did not permit the women to wear any dress which displayed the female form. It did not, however, find imitation in other parts of the country.

By "a funeral on Sunday" it is generally understood that when a clergyman lives a long way from the church—he has often three churches, many miles distant from each other, in each of which he officiates every third Sunday—the coffin is conveyed to the church-yard some time during the week, and is lowered into the grave, the clerk leading the singing of a hymn and making a short speech in the absence of the clergyman; but when the

latter attends on "Sermon Sunday," as it is generally called, he performs the ceremony of casting soil upon the coffin, without any other rite or address than the reading of the old formula: "From earth thou art come; to earth thou shalt return; from earth thou shalt again arise." On these Sundays there is always a large congregation present at church, which then assembles around any grave where this ceremony is performed, as shown in the illustration.

In the picture of a christening party in a boat the artist has depicted in a very correct and spirited manner the way in which the people in the fjord districts generally go to church. In these parts the women are accustomed to assist in rowing the boat.

These illustrations of Norwegian scenery and life among the peasantry will, no doubt, more than any words of mine, help to recall to the minds of many of my readers who have visited Norway pleasant recollections and memories of the hours they have spent in my native country—"Gamle Norge," as we love to call it.