





UTDRAG AV:
THE NORSE-FOLK;

OR,
A VISIT TO THE HOMES
OF
NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

BY
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AUTHOR OF "HUNGARY IN 1851," AND "HOME-LIFE IN GERMANY."



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PREFACE.

To an American a visit to the home of the old Northmen is a visit back to his forefathers' house. A thousand signs tell him he is at the cradle of the race which leads modern enterprise, and whose Viking-power on both hemispheres has not yet ceased to be felt. In giving a sketch of a journey among the Norse-Folk, it has seemed to me that there were two sides which should most of all interest their descendants and kinsmen in the New World: one, the associations and memorials which connect them with the age when the wild energy of the race was transplanted to the British Islands, and even touched briefly in its enterprises the coasts of America; and the other, the life of to-day.

When one puts his mind into the position of reading a book of travels, an author should not give him, instead, dry historical details; still, glimpses and scenes of the past, side-views into the misty perspectives of early history, suggestions, quaint superstitions, relics which keep the busy present in connection with a far-away time, can surely be properly presented in the traveller's journal. In this view, while I have given free play to the memories which constantly and naturally, through various associations, bring back the Saga-period and the days of the early Norsemen, I have left out of view the modern history, glorious as it is, of the Scandinavian States.

The main object of this book, however, is not historical, but simply to picture the life of to-day. It has seemed to me possible to present a country and its people with something of the *personal* and living interest with which they come before a traveller. When we hear general statements on the polity or institutions of a nation, they make, even on the most reflective of us, only a faint impression; but when we are brought into intercourse with its persons, when we

hear their words, see their manners, and study their habits when we sit at their tables, and mingle in their households, and become familiar with their current of thought, we learn, in a way not easily forgotten, the main features of the society and the essential life of such a people. I have in this book attempted to give at least faithfully what I saw in my sojourn in Norway and Sweden, and I hope so faithfully that the reader can often form his conclusion in regard to these countries independently of my conclusion.

It is often a difficulty in a traveller's description to draw a line between the strict privacies of life to which he is frankly introduced, and which are for him alone, and those customs and habits which illustrate the general life of a people. I trust I have never invaded the former. The names and estates of individuals are usually so disguised that they would be recognised with difficulty even in Norway or Sweden. Of public men I have given no details which are not known to all their countrymen. The conversations related are merely those which chanced on characteristic and public topics.

Norway has been so thoroughly travelled and described of late years by English tourists, that I have bestowed much less space and investigation on its peculiarities than on those of Sweden, which is yet a somewhat fresh field.

Possibly, in some respects, I have spoken too favourably of the latter country, yet I would rather err on that side than on the other. No one can behold a national any more than an individual character accurately who does not behold it with a genial eye. Certainly in respect to its alleged popular vices, intemperance and licentiousness, there must have been in later years a vast improvement. With the present advance of education, the development of agriculture, the increase of trade, the building of railroads and telegraphs, and the proposed liberal measures with respect to freedom of conscience, what may not be accomplished yet by the modern Norsemen? Their American kinsmen cannot but wish them God-speed.

CHARLES L. BRACE.

May, 1857.

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THE NORSE FOLK:

HOME-LIFE IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

I. NORWAY.

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTIANIA.

JUNE twenty-first! — the long summer-day, celebrated by the old Norse-people and the Vikings, equally with the shortest day, *Yule*, or Christmas: it is a holiday here. Arbours of branches are in the gardens, flowers on the tables, and last night bonfires were burning. To-day, business is abandoned: my carriole, which was preparing for the journey over the mountains, must wait another day; people are taking excursions, some on the water in boats, and some in carriages to the country. It is a beautiful sight, this cool fresh day, to watch the parties on the Fiord, from the bastions of the old fort (Agershuus). There is an endless sparkle of the waters, and the gaily-dressed parties cross and recross to the little islets which break in picturesquely on the distant reach of the bay. You look down, some seven miles, through what seems a chain of lakes, but which is the broken outline of the Fiord, until the eye turns away from the bright glimmer to the shaded valleys and wooded hills that make the horizon on every side.

2 HOME-LIFE IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

The market-place is full of women, with bright kerchiefs on their heads, selling flowers and vegetables, and of little four-wheeled carts, with cloths and stuffs for sale. Everyone is neatly dressed, and I have met no one intoxicated.

The city is a neat, cheerful-looking place, with stuccoed houses, two stories high, placed directly on the street, as in the German and French villages.

In the quarter near the Palace, there are some large, handsome buildings, inhabited by the wealthiest people, in *flats*, like the Berlin and Paris houses. The streets are lighted with gas. There is nothing in the city to especially distinguish it from other European cities, except the appearance of the peasants. These are marked-looking men and women — usually blonde, with ruddy complexion, regular Norman features, light hair, and faces expressing a certain reserved and sober strength of feeling. They have, most of them, powerful frames. I notice some of darker complexion, with an obliquity of eyelids, almost Mongolian — the same feature which struck me in the Norwegian waiters on our boat from Copenhagen. Probably they have a slight mixture of Finnish blood.

The town is evidently a great resort for travellers. All the principal shops are for strangers — filled with prints, or characteristic Norwegian objects; others are crowded with accoutrements for carriage-travelling, and salmon-fishing. English is spoken everywhere, and Englishmen throng in every hotel. Our landlord (in the *Hôtel du Nord*) says he sent off fifteen English sportsmen yesterday up the country, each in his carriage.

The outskirts of the city are beautiful — a broken, hilly, green country, with wooded roads running near the Fiord, and catching the most picturesque glimpses, as of mountain-lakes. The country-seats are very neat and comfortable in aspect, and the soil does not seem inferior. I see fields of all our Northern productions in America, except of the Indian corn.

One of the sights without the city, which gives a pleasant ride, is the villa of Prince Oscar, the crown prince; a pretty

3 PRINCE OSCAR'S HALL.

little country seat on a rocky point, looking out over the Fiord. It seemed *to* me the most tasteful and really enjoyable royal residence to be seen in Europe. A gem of a house. If any of our wealthy gentlemen would like a model for a rich little villa, they should see this. The furniture is all of Norwegian materials — the tables and chairs of exquisite polished Norwegian maple, giving a most original and pretty effect. The floors are parquette of inlaid polished woods of the country. The pictures illustrate the Norwegian life and scenery.

Tiedemann has there his series, representing the "Life of a Norwegian Peasant." Such narrative paintings are usually too palpable to be interesting artistically. But this is so simply and skilfully managed that it is very effective. You are interested in the characteristic scenes of Norwegian peasant life, but you are led on to the greater mysteries of human life; — the memories of childhood, seen through tears, the sunny glow, the ideal hope and passion, the sorrow and blank disappointment, the maturity and decay.

I visited afterwards several studios and galleries in the city. There are some very pretty landscapes in these collections; and works of a good quality can be got quite cheaply.

INSTITUTIONS.

The schools in Christiania seem in an advanced condition. There are one hundred and ninety-seven stationary schools in this diocese, beside high schools, a school of drawing for workmen, and a normal school for teachers. I have visited one Institution for vagrant and homeless girls, which seems excellently managed — the *Eugenia Stift*. An old spacious house is occupied by the school, with the dormitories, and various work-rooms.

The girls work at spinning, sewing, embroidery, and straw-weaving within doors, and have a large garden in which to labour in the mild months. When they have been here a certain time, they are commonly sent away to families as servants.

4 HOME-LIFE IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

Among other institutions, I drove out to see the new Insane Asylum. It is a large building, and arranged on the best modern principles. As is usual, there are apartments for all degrees of insanity, and for different conditions of wealth among the patients. There is no wall about the asylum, and the view, at this season, is exquisite enough in itself to be a cure for the diseased mind. We found in one sitting-room a very well-dressed party of gentlemen, with billiard-table, books, piano, and various luxuries. They received us politely, and, at our request, one played very prettily a modern German waltz.

Nothing betrayed them as a company of lunatics. In another ward, the superintendent pointed us out a mild old man, bent with some previous suffering, who, he said, had been kept in one of the villages for fifteen years in chains! so little understanding was there among the people of the proper treatment of this disease. I was surprised to see *wooden* bedsteads used in so complete an establishment. The asylum has no idiots within it, and the superintendent tells me that there is no institution in Norway for this most unfortunate class — though he estimated their number at three thousand in the whole country! It was a very significant fact, and characteristic of Norway, that among this great company of insane, not love, or licentiousness, or intemperance, or disappointment, was the preponderant cause, but *solitude* — its gloom and moroseness, and, above all, its unnatural self-consuming lusts.

I did not understand this effect of the mountain life clearly at the time — but now, after being in those vast, melancholy solitudes, and seeing how utterly lonely, on the great mountain-sides and by the rock-bounded Fiords of the North, thousands must live year after year in Norway, I can well believe that the soul may become diseased or poisoned for want of its atmosphere — the society of other beings.

I hear here, as in all the hospitals, of a new cure of a fearful disease, which, while it scourges the guilty, often does not spare the innocent. It attracts great attention, and is

5 THE STUDENTS.

practised by the University physician, Dr. BOECK, though discovered first in France. If the results of the last five years be continued in this gentleman's practice, the cure will form an era with the original discovery which checked the small-pox. It seems a treatment somewhat on the same principle; and if I understand the subject, it is the most thorough application yet made of homoeopathic principles, though by allopathic physicians.

Medical readers will know what I mean, when I give the title of the pamphlet, which has already reached the Smithsonian Institute, on the subject, "*Die Syphilization der Kinder.*"*

As this is the summer vacation, I have been able to see but little of either the professors or students of the University. The buildings are tasteful and well situated, and the collections, both of natural history and antiquities, seemed valuable. It has thirty-one professors: *D.*60,000 per annum is the amount devoted to it by the state.

At the present time, the students are away on an invited visit, with the Danish students from Copenhagen, to the Universities of Lund and Upsala, in Sweden. The papers are filled with accounts of their speeches, the reception by the king in his palace, and the various festivities. Though principally a youthful frolic, there is no doubt that the excursion is encouraged by thousands, who are seriously hoping such mutual associations among the young men of the three countries, may tend to the great result so long prayed for — a SCANDINAVIAN UNION.

June — A procession of the Fathers of the city went down to-day to the dock, to meet the returning students. I took the arm of a friend, and we made our way to the same point.

We found already a crowd of thousands assembled. Not a man was intoxicated. There were no soldiers nor policemen

* This pamphlet will also be found in the Mercantile Library, New York.

to preserve order, and my friend assured me that in such crowds, picking pockets was almost unknown. Every one was decently dressed, and the faces wore a superior, intelligent expression. The crowd lined the pier, and at length as the guns announced that the *Ganger Rolf* was coming up the Fiord, they swarmed over the schooners and small craft lying near, while little boats moved about to catch a good view of the returning steamer.

One boy excited great admiration on my part by his skilful motions with the "Water Shoes." These are long wooden shoes, appearing precisely like snow shoes, except that they are somewhat longer, and are fastened together by an iron bar, about a foot apart. The boy's feet were kept steady on them by little iron clamps, under which he put his toes. His oar was a light paddle, with a blade at each end, so that he could whirl and strike the water, backing, turning, or swinging with the most beautiful ease. With this ingenious apparatus, he glided over the water faster than the fastest row-boats near him.

My friend, with whom I had been speaking of the remarkable sobriety of the crowd, said that the new Sunday law had made a great difference. Now, no one is allowed to sell spirits from five o'clock Saturday evening till nine o'clock on Monday morning. The first offence was a fine of ten dollars; second, twenty, and so on, with a final chance of imprisonment. The informant received half. Our own landlord, he said, of the *Hotel du Nord*, had been fined twice, merely for sending toddy up to gentlemen's rooms on Sunday. The beer of the country — a beverage much like *Lager Bier* — is wisely excepted.

At length our steamer drew up to the wharf, gay with flags, and crowded with the hundreds of students. Cheers echoed on both sides, and handkerchiefs waved. The bands on shore struck up spirited music, and the students in procession, welcomed by the guilds and the societies of the city, marched animatedly into the town. It was a very lively scene.

As we walked home, passing a few soldiers, my companion said that a new law would soon be in operation, which would

7 A NORWEGIAN DINNER.

to take every man a soldier, and he should have to pay a hundred species (dollars) to get rid of it! It appears this is a militia law, much like our own, requiring service from every man, but accepting a substitute — though here the service would often be much heavier; as, for instance, standing guard in the city, and drilling every day — while the fines are heavier.

The law is probably intended to throw more of the burdens of state, especially of the army, on Norway, which has not yet borne a proportional part to Sweden.

CHAPTER II.

A NORWEGIAN DINNER.

A GENIAL friend gave us, with some other strangers, a most agreeable dinner-party to-day. Some eighteen or twenty gentlemen and ladies were present, and the table was truly splendid. The language spoken was mostly English (I have but one acquaintance in Christiania who does not speak English). The talk was very lively. Several students were present, who had just returned from the great excursion, one or two Norwegian gentlemen of distinction, a rough, blunt English naturalist, a distinguished Swedish professor, an English salmon-fisher, and several ladies.

“You should have seen our festivities in Stockholm,” said an enthusiastic young student near me. “We had the splendid dining-hall of the Palace, and the king hospitated us. Nearly a thousand sat down at once. But those stupids — those Swedes — they seem as they had never seen a lady! Ah, the ladies I Mr. B., — they really covered us with flowers! We had bouquets each moment!” I asked whether these excursions had been tried before. He replied that they had; and that they had already all visited Copenhagen. “Do people really have much hope for a union?” I asked. “No,” said he, “to tell you the truth, I do not think they have. It is a good thing to

write poems about, and make oratories, but for a *fact*, I must confess," and he shrugged his shoulders, "we have no very high respects for either Sweden or Denmark."

"He has reason," said an old gentleman near me — a politician. "We are a democratic country, and we could never unite with any other country, except on the freest Constitution. Besides, there would be practical hindrances — where the capital to put, and how raise the common revenues? The benefits would by no means be so great to us as to Denmark: — she needs Union to save her. She must in years fall to pieces — losing Holstein, and having the Sound-dues capitalized, and becoming into quarrels through the change of succession."

"But you speak of Union — you have one now with a monarchy."

"Yes, that is true — but it is really only a union in name. We have our own Storting, and our laws, and our soldiery — and not a King of Sweden ever will dare to lay fingers on them. We were obliged to unite under Carl Johann, when all Europe was against us; but even he never dared to attack long our liberties — but listen — there is a toast for you!"

Our host, though we were only on the second course, rose for a toast, and in a neat little English speech, proposed the health of the "American guest," and deprecated the unnatural and horrible contest into which the two countries of England and America seemed about to enter. The company drank, and bowed to me, and I replied. After this, a succession of toasts was kept up in a much more formal manner than would be customary with us, or on the Continent. The English and Norwegian habits in this seems to express a more dignified hospitality than ours.

The dishes were peculiar. The second course after soup was ham cut up, and peas, passed about, and tongue with *kraut*; the third, lobsters boiled; the fourth, asparagus; the fifth, salmon; sixth, chickens and mutton cut up and handed to each by the servants; then custards, fruit and cakes, with claret, hock, champagne, sherry, port, &c, &c.

9 EUROPEAN FEELING TOWARDS AMERICA.

In the drinking of healths, my neighbour whispered that he never filled his glass, and so escaped too much wine. The old custom was for each to empty his glass, which is fast going into disuse. The Norwegian cookery seems excellent, with much use of cream in the dishes.

In the course of the conversation, the subject of America came up, and our Swedish Professor said a very good thing.

They were speaking of the State-Church — and of the experiment of separation in our country. “The truth is,” said one gentleman, “nothing can be learnt from the American Pree Church system — America is too young. What is her whole age against two thousand years? it is a mere day!” “But,” said the Swede, with a fine expression, “how do we know that these two thousand years are not a mere day, compared with the whole coming human history? America has little to learn from the past.”

After a little, the talk turned to the subject of Slavery, and the recent disgraceful and cowardly assault by Brooks upon Senator Sumner. The words spoken were such as would be good for our people to hear — scathing, indignant words at such ruffianly brutality. Much further interesting conversation was kept up on American affairs, showing a thorough understanding of our difficulties and struggles.

At length we arose and took our ladies to the drawing-room, each bowing to his companion, and then shaking hands with the host, with the words “*Tak för maden!*” (thanks for the meal!) The gentlemen then retreated to the library to smoke, while coffee was brought.

It is very evident, as I converse with people here, and in other parts of Northern Europe, that a great change has come over the popular feeling towards America, since I was last on the Continent, five years ago. Then America was the ideal everywhere to free-thinking and aspiring men. The oppressed looked hopefully to it; the philosopher found the confirmation of his theories of human liberty there; the hard-working, the politically-degraded, the idealists, the struggling masses, felt that the Western Republic was especially for them, and even

if they could never share its privileges, they were happy that humanity had at length looked on such a glorious effort. The reports of the common freedom, of the education of the masses, of the high morality prevailing, came over even exaggerated, and silenced the enemies of popular rights, and converted many doubtful. One felt the effect of all this, as a traveller. You were not alone; you were the representative of the best thoughts and aspirations of mankind. The warm hand grasping yours, welcomed not you, but a nation of free-men. The rich did not condemn, because property and person had been better shielded under the Republic than under European monarchies. The poor, the labourers, were especially your friends, for was not your land the very land which elevated labour?

All this is quite different now. You are treated politely as a stranger; or you are welcomed more or less for what you personally are, but for your country, among the populace you get no welcome. The glory has departed.

Within five years, various circumstances have opened the eyes of Europe to our real situation, and, as often happens, the people see nothing but our sins. We are simply now a tricky, jobbing, half-barbaric people, where the worst political corruption of the Old World exists without its refinement; and where brutality, rowdyism, and unlimited despotism have in certain quarters free play. Our politicians and diplomates are despised; our Constitution is sneered at, as inflicting upon us the most disgraceful legislators; and the labouring class and the democrats know that within our limits, a more abominable tyranny over labour and free speech and thought exists, than the worst despotisms of the Continent ever exhibited. There is nothing now in our situation to dazzle the world. They see with clear eye our blackest sins and our miserable political jobbing.

To-day a leader appears of some length in the Christiania "*Aften Bladet*" with the following mild opening — "The scandal in the North American Senate, which has roused such feelings of excitement, it appears to us, in its treatment by the

Senate, the press, and the public meetings, shows a greater degree of general brutality, even than the scene itself between Brooks and Sumner.'

Then it gives us the scene between Mr. "Wilson and Mr. Butler, where the latter says, " You are a liar," and follows this by quoting at length two atrocious articles, disgraceful to South Sea Islanders, from the *Richmond Whig* and the *Examiner*, approving of the assault. It closes with a sarcastic remark on the respect due to American institutions.

For my own part, unpleasant as the change is in the public sympathy and respect for us, I am glad of it. We have had the world's applause too long. We need the frown. Besides, how can men in distant countries and engaged in petty questions of state or commerce, judge on those mighty struggles, whose scum only appears on the surface of American affairs!

Yet never does one love his country so as in hearing this universal voice of condemnation. At home, you do not think much of patriotism. But when you see from a distance the grand nature of the experiment made in your country, and when you behold the dark storms that threaten, you say, as you never could say before, "I belong to her, and with her fall, will I fall."

We went out from our dinner-party, about eight o'clock, to see a meeting of the students in the little park, to celebrate their return. A considerable crowd of the young men and the professors were assembled, nearly all smoking vigorously. Just outside the slight palings and hedge, a great concourse of the town's people had gathered, watching the proceedings. It was characteristic that these never once offered to intrude, though there was nothing to prevent them, except a few students' marshals. The first exercises were some spirited chorus-songs from the crowd of young men; then one of the professors followed, with an extemporaneous oration. It was delivered with a great deal of fire and enthusiasm — recounting the interesting points of their visit, and glorifying the idea of Scandinavian union — picturing the possible future, when the

three nations, even more than in the old Kalmar Union, would form a united whole, and become the great barrier to Russian invasion, and a State of influence in the world. These sentiments were received with great applause.

Other speeches followed, to the same effect, with more songs. I met a Danish gentleman in the crowd, and we spoke of the oration. He admitted that the idea of union was very popular, but thought, as do all, that practical difficulties were in the way — there were now such great dissimilarities in the characters of the peoples, and in the forms of their government — each had so much jealousy and dislike of the other — the Norwegians were democratic, rough, and practical; the Danes more reserved, refined, and ideal. Still, he confessed, a union was almost indispensable to Denmark.

June — th. — One of my friends drove me out to-day, to see the beautiful environs of Christiania. There is something in the aspect of the country which reminds me of scenery in Maine: the broken coast of the Fiord, with little wooded islets — the pine-covered hills in the distance, and the warm green valleys by the streams. It is a warmer and more genial scenery than I should have expected in Norway.

A gentleman whom my friend knew overtook us on our ride, mounted on a beautiful blood-horse.

They saluted formally, and, at his hearty invitation, we turned to pay him a visit. We entered his place through a pleasant avenue, and came in on a little square of low, neat buildings, with a bell-tower over one, giving a pleasant effect of grouping about it to the cluster of houses. We were shown to a comfortable sitting-room, and, after a short chat, our host most kindly gave us a glimpse of his house. There were numbers of fine rooms opening into each other — the bed-rooms being usually on the ground-floor. The guest-chamber had its own sitting-rooms adjoining. There was one large dancing-saloon. Scarcely any of the rooms were carpeted, but the furniture was tasteful and comfortable. The kitchen was below, a good spacious room, as it should be.

The only Norwegian peculiarity was a great covering, like a roof, reaching out over the brick-range, serving as a funnel or ventilator to carry off smoke and smells — not a useless invention for our American kitchens.

The most marked thing about the house was the great extent of it, through building on laterally rather than perpendicularly, as an American would do.

The gentleman took us also out to his grounds, and his barns and farm-houses, which were large brick buildings with pointed gables. In a pretty arbour of beech lie sat us at a table, and a servant brought champagne. At parting, a servant opened the carriage-door, and he himself stood with head uncovered bowing repeatedly to us. Norway is certainly opening in Christiania most courteously and agreeably.

AN ICELANDER.

June — th. — I called to-day, on a student, from Iceland, a thorough scholar in the old Norse literature. After a few words, he said, with a fine enthusiasm, speaking English, “Ah, sir, I love your country and your folk. You are the true descendants of the Norsemen. I see more of the qualities of our old Vikings in your country than I do anywhere in Scandinavia or England. Even your vices are the vices of the Vikings — how like! — you love so the adventure, and the sea-water life, and to be uncontrolled. The filibusters, as you do call them, they are modern vikinger!”

I agreed, but hoped we should imitate the descendants of the Vikings, and free our villains and serfs.

His face had a beautiful spiritual, enthusiastic expression, and he said, sadly, “Yes, it is to hope! God will surely so guide you. The Northmen were, it is true, sea-pirates, but they always planted free institutions wherever they settled, and left things better than they found. You have a horrible — I know not if you have the Icelandic word — *thraldom* there, but the blood of the Northmen leads to freedom.

“You and the Norse-folk are the only ones in history where the individual does so venture everything. Look at

your first settlers and at your sea-captains and discoverers, and now at "Walker! It is, sir, the old blood. Do you remember the description of the Vikings and of Gauka Thorer, in the *Heimskringla*.* You do have a translation, I believe. Yours are the men who have the faith above all in themselves.'

I inquired about Iceland and its present condition. He represented it as discontented with its connection with Denmark, and ready to accept almost any other foreign government. It still produced, he said, many students and scholars, who mostly went to the University of Copenhagen.

I found we had an equal admiration for the old Icelandic literature, though I knew it only by translation. A new German translation of the *Eddas*, by Simrock, which I had with me, he pronounced one of the very best yet made, preserving the alliteration admirably.

He attached very little historic authority to the sagas

* THE SEA-KING.

The hero who knows well to ride
 The sea-horse o'er the foaming tide, —
 He who in boyhood wild rode o'er
 The seaman's horse to Scania's shore,
 And showed the Danes his galley's bow,
 Right nobly scours the ocean now.
 On Scotland's coast he lights the brand
 Of flaming war; with conquering hand
 Drives many a Scottish warrior tall
 To the bright seats in Odin's hall.

GAUKA THORER.

The King said, "And I have a great inclination to take such; but are ye Christian men?"

Gauka Thorer replies, that he is neither Christian nor heathen. "I and my comrades have no faith but on ourselves, our strength, and the luck of victory; and with this faith we slip through sufficiently well."

The King replies, "A great pity it is that such brave slaughtering fellows did not believe in Christ their Creator."

Thorer replies, "Is there any Christian man, king, in thy following, who stands so high in the air as we two brothers." — *Laing's Translation*.

15 THE ICELANDER.

which Snorro Sturleson collected of times before the seventh and eighth centuries. The saga of the discovery of America by the Northmen, he, as most scholars, considered to be based in fact, especially as it is conjoined with the saga accounts of Greenland and its occupation, which recent investigations by the Danish government into the remains of the early settlements have fully confirmed. His theory of the settlement of Iceland was peculiar — that colonists from Ireland and the adjacent islands, first occupied the island, and these were succeeded by Norwegian Northmen.*

CHAPTER III.

POSTING OVER THE DOVRE FIELD.

CHRISTIANIA, to most travellers, is merely a waiting-placer. People are always preparing in it, and questioning, and investigating as to the perils and trials of the unknown journey in the interior. My perplexities were somewhat increased, by having now a lady to provide for — my wife having joined me by steamer from Hull — and for a woman's travelling in Norway, there seems not the slightest provision. One thing was clear, that beyond the railway and the Mjöson Lake, there was no public conveyance, except a kind of peasant's dog-cart. But whether to hire a double carriage, or a chaise, or carriages, or to buy one or any of these, was the problem. A carriage and driver to Trondhjem alone would come to about sixty dollars. Luckily we had an honest reliable landlord, who spoke English, to whom I most cordially recommend all distressed travellers, starting for the unknown journey through Norwegian mountains. Mr. Halvorsen, the landlord of the *Hotel du Nord*, remember! After exploring everything else, I took his advice precisely,

* One of the old sagas relates that a celebrated Icelandic chieftain had his son taught Irish, * that nothing should be wanting to him, if he should ever come to Ireland!*

and it turned out the very best. In fact, no other vehicle would have done at all. I bought two new light carriages for seventy dollars, with the privilege of returning them at the end of the journey, and receiving fifty-five dollars back, if they were uninjured. Of these interesting vehicles, more hereafter. Our equipment was also very carefully provided; and, as I trust, in a few years, a summer trip over the mountains of Norway will be as common and popular to Americans, as now is a journey to the Springs, I will give it. Baggage, a small valise each, with thick covers (the best is oil-skin), and straps to fasten them under the post-boy's seat. The gentlemen must have an India-rubber poncho, very light, slouched hat, thick shawl, thick over-coat and shoes, and clothes very strong, with walking-stick and wallet and a leathern bag for small silver and copper coin. This last indispensable. The lady, a water-proof cloak with hood (an excellent article, called *aqua-scutum*, can be obtained in London), blanket-shawls, stout leather boots (India-rubbers for change); warm winter clothing, and a wallet for tea, and guide-books, etc., etc. *One* bonnet, I am instructed, with change of trimmings!

The great object being to have everything as compact as possible, and to be prepared for the hardest treatment, that clothes, luggage, vehicle, and externals can possibly sustain, from the dust, heat, mud, rain, snow, and bitter cold. Nothing that is taken in the way of garments, it should be remembered, will ever come back in wearable condition. For stores, if the party be inclined to dyspepsia, take portable soup and biscuit, and, in any case, tea. I took no brandy nor wine, but those who need them should be reminded that the country inns have nothing of the kind.

June . — As usual, too late in starting; nobody in the Christiania Hotel in the least hurry — the landlord quietly observing as we leave the house, while he looks at his watch, that he thinks we cannot possibly reach the train, though he knows we have been waiting already two days beyond

17 RAILROAD.

our time. Our rosy-faced *commissionaire* who had negotiated for the carriages, starts them off at the same time with ourselves. The clock in the station already points the hour; the rooms for the first and second classes are crowded with people — sportsmen in grey shawls and California hats; travellers in oil-skin sou'-westers; gentlemen of business, soldiers and ladies — all gathering parcels, calling for tickets, and hurrying to and fro.

The *commissionaire* puts the carriages aboard the freight-cars, and I buy the tickets in agonizing haste; but there is not the slightest occasion for it. Our railroad, like everything else in Norway, takes its time. We seat ourselves in a second-class carriage, dispose the bundles — but finding two pipes already beginning to smoke, in different parts of it, change *to* a first-class before there is any indication of the train's starting. At length the guard, evidently from his face an Englishman, locks the door and we are off. Our car is entirely English, even more comfortable than many English first-class carriages, and we have the cushioned little compartment entirely to ourselves. The scenery on the route is much like that of a New England railroad — long, sloping, pine-covered hills, glimpses of rivers and white foam through trees, green rye-fields and pastures, and here and there a log-house, or little village of red houses. Time, about eighteen miles an hour; length, forty-two miles.

This road has been built in great part by the aid of English capital, at the cost of *D.*50,000 per mile. Part of the directors reside in England. It pays only about three per cent, on the whole stock, but is increasing daily in business. From the connection with the steamer on Lake Hjoslen, it is enabled to gather in the products and passengers from a considerable back country, perhaps 150 miles in extent. It is the only railroad in Norway. Another is much talked of now, which shall connect Norway and Sweden, by *Kongsvinger* on the Glommen, to the north-east of Christiania.

This road ends at Eidsvold. Here we found a very com-

fortable, sensible sort of station; boats were in waiting to take the passengers to the steamer — none of our frail, modern boats, but broad, substantial Norsk vessels — into which carriages, luggage, and passengers can be dumped without inconvenience. Four carriages and one low-wheeled carriage for two horses were taken up by crane and rope on the front deck of the steamer. For the two vehicles and ourselves the fare of the ferry was sixteen cents. No one put himself out, and in about two hours everything was aboard, and we were under weigh.

As I already find in Norway, charges are low, and no one seems to wish to take advantage of you. (N.B. — Two persons have returned me change to-day, overpaid.)

A polite Norwegian gentleman, travelling by post to Trondhjem, has taken us in charge, and by his thorough kindness we get on admirably. He says that the carriage on board belongs to one of the Bonders,* or peasant farmers on the Lake — the wealthiest class in Norway.

The scenery of Lake Mjøsen is not at all remarkable — pretty and gentle, with green hills sloping far to the water, sprinkled over with little brown or black houses. A great deal of cultivation is visible, and constantly small villages of neatly-cut log-houses come in sight, where the steamer stops — on the whole, the scene is much like Lake Champlain or Lake George.

Everything is done in the easiest way possible. Broad boats [pull leisurely off, the boatmen raise their hats, the sailors raise their caps, passengers bid polite adieus, and calmly smoking step into the boats. A passenger is putting on his coat, and the man at the wheel leaves the helm to help him get it on. The carriage is swung off into a large scow-boat; a gentlemanly-looking man receives it, and pulls off with sweeps, and does not even take off his coat. When last seen, the current has taken him quite below the landing-

* I shall adapt this English version of the Norwegian word *Baender*, as better than any translation.

place, and the boat seems much too heavy for him, but he labours on undisturbed.

The men one sees are tall, florid, vigorous-looking, but generally spare in the face — blond, with wrinkled face near the eyes, and often, with what I observed in Christiania, a slight obliquity in the eyelids. The nose is regular, and is a little raised in line.

There are not many passengers in the cabin — a few Danish ladies coming to the Lake for a pleasure trip, and to see a Norwegian *sætter* or mountain pasture, one or two Norwegians, and two English sportsmen, salmon-fishers. These last are desperately bored, and one — generally in the finest scenery — turns his face to the wall and sleeps. They left England because they were so bored; and they find this almost as bad, though once in the mountains they hope for sport.

The Lake is only sixty-three miles long, but we did not reach the town at the end, *Lillehammer*, before eleven o'clock in the evening. It was still bright daylight; a crowd of boys were on the pier — there was no shouting or excitement — boys raise their caps, we raise ours — the little carriages are lifted up by the cranes on the dock. In a few moments, small Norwegian ponies are harnessed to them and we drive towards our inn.

It was very important that evening, that I should see a gentleman, to whom I had especial letters — the principal magistrate of the province. It was half-past eleven at night, though still only a pleasant twilight, and with some trepidation I drove to his house. He was up with his ladies in the drawing-room, and welcomed me, just as if it was a seasonable hour in the afternoon. He spoke English. I desired only to state my objects, and not further to detain them — but he would not hear of it. The guest must at least break bread with them. Some refreshments were brought, and he was gone for a few moments, while I chatted with the ladies. He had said so little, and used so few ceremonies, and I had made such a strange intrusion, that I should not have been

surprised at his getting rid of me on the easiest terms. But, on the contrary, he had been showing me the most thorough kindness — a sort of English-like politeness which comes right to the point of your wishes, and serves you without words in the most direct way. In those few minutes, he had prepared a plan of travel and given me directions to various parties through the country, which saved me afterwards weeks of useless labour. They drank a parting health, and bade a warm good-bye, and the hostess handing me a bouquet of roses for the lady-traveller, we separated, much to my regret. Our hotel was a droll little place. The rooms seemed to be arranged *en suite*, so that I had to pass through one with two couples in different beds, and one with a single gentleman, before I reached mine, and in that, the door would neither lock nor shut. When such accidents began in Norway, I always put my purse anxiously under my pillow, but soon gave up all that. You very soon see that you are among the most honest people in the world.

An English gentleman, a year or two ago, in travelling from Trondhjem to Christiania, tied his *porte-monnaie* — which is a large leather bag for carrying the quantity of little silver money necessary — on the back of his carriage, and lost out fourteen or fifteen sovereigns on the road. He wrote on arrival at Christiania to the country judges, and in a few days had every one of the sovereigns returned to him. They had been picked up by the peasants, and handed to the magistrates, who sent them on to the owner. We are constantly meeting similar little instances of honesty. People take money whenever offered, but they always seem content with a little; and if they are convinced that they overcharge, they are usually willing to take off a portion.

At half-past four in the morning, the servant girl was at my bedside with a cup of good coffee and delicious cream; and in a little time we were safely fastened into our carriages. Your first experience in a carriage is no joke. The sensation over a pebbly road is as if your teeth would be shaken out.

The morning was a glorious one. We wound along the back of a giant-hill, with a deep spacious valley beneath, and a stream rushing through far below in the bottom. The sunbeams fell across in great breadths of light; the grass and grain fields were sparkling with dew, and distant perspectives, with blue mountains and ponderous pine-covered hills in the foreground, opened before us. Everything was still, and pure, and grand, but yet it was not satisfactory. The carriages seemed like to shake our brains to pieces; heads and necks became almost dislocated. After half an hour's travel, we were as tired as if it had been a day's. "We agreed that Norway was grand, but this would never do. At length, the lady gives out, and is handed over to a public carriage which runs up a few miles, while one of the English salmon-fishers agrees to drive her carriage.

This vehicle, the American reader should understand, belongs to the general species of our New York "sulkies" for fast trotting. It is a single-cushioned seat, just fitted for the person, with a little strip of wood reaching in front to a narrow dash-board, and swings on a pair of ash shafts between the horse's back and the single pair of wheels. A leathern apron closely fastened to the seat covers the front part, in which your feet can be stretched. The dash-board has a bag for your wallet, and a place on which to tie umbrellas. The luggage must be tied on or under a little seat behind, where the post-boy sits. It is the lightest thing imaginable for a man to ride in, and has the advantage of being easily taken to pieces, when you come to a lake or fiord, and put into boats.

This beginning with the carriages was not at all a fair instance. The road was stony, and we were not accustomed to them. We soon became used to the motion, and over the perfect Norwegian roads it became a luxury to travel in them. Indeed, the great temptation was to hurry on too much. The little Norwegian horses whirl one on at such a rate, and it is so pleasant to have the union of grand scenery enjoyed at your

leisure, with this excellent driving, that you are for ever getting on. The night, too, almost as bright as the day, is so tempting. You come to have a kind of mania for making the station (usually six or seven miles), in the three-quarters. Every one you meet has the same mania. Our two English salmon-fishers, who had nothing in the world to do, were hurrying this day, as if their life depended on it. We ourselves, with all the unpromising beginning, posted eighty-six miles before midnight.

The scenery to-day in the Gulbrandsdal has been impressive, yet hardly equal to my expectation. The aspects have scarcely been bold and grand enough. Perhaps the finest effect was in the sensation just hinted at, the fresh exciting feeling of travelling through constantly new scenes of such lonely beauty, the idea of continuousness of enjoyment in Nature, as if for days to come, she would open successive pictures to you..

Then the silence!

The old Scandinavian Mythology placed among its deities the god Vidar, son of Odin, who dwells in Landvidi, or the "Boundless Land." He is called by the poets, the Silent. He represents the imperishability of Nature. Of him, Thorpe says, "Who has ever wandered through such forests, in a length of many miles, in a boundless expanse, without a path, without a goal, amid their monstrous shadows, their sacred gloom, without being filled with deep reverence for the sublime greatness of Nature above all human agency, without feeling the grandeur of the idea which forms the basis of Vidar's essence!"

One feels him still in those grand, silent mountain-valleys of Norway.

JOURNAL.

June— . — *Station E.* — One o'clock. — "Six miles in fifty-five minutes. Good! *Hesterne! Strax!*" (Horses! right away!) These are the two magical words. You unbundle yourself, jump out, and rush into the farm-house for refreshments. Everything is very cheap — a breakfast, with deli-

cious coffee, for sixteen or twenty cents. The cream seems scarcely ever made into butter, but to be used at once for coffee and tea, and in cooking. Butter is usually poor, and often imported — a singular instance of Norwegian want of economy, still a by-no-means disagreeable fact to a traveller. One favourite dish is *sour cream*, eaten with sugar.

These stations are kept up by the peasants by Jaw, and they are obliged to have horses ready, and to furnish refreshments. Every charge is fixed by legal enactment. We pay at the “fast stations” — *i. e.*, stations where horses must be kept ready — almost thirty-one cents for seven miles, which, with a small gratuity to the post-boy, makes the expense of posting about five cents a mile. Every station has a “post-book,” with the law in regard to the rates of posting, the fines, etc., etc. Each traveller is expected to put his name in the book, and if he has a complaint to lodge against the postman or the fare of the house, he does it in these books. The horses trot wonderfully well. We have passed one stage, of eleven miles and three-fourths, in an hour and five minutes — most of it down hill, however.

A Norwegian gentleman has been travelling with us, and at first, it was almost frightful to see him, when reaching a hill-summit, suddenly disappear, and then, on coming ourselves there, to find him plunging at tremendous speed far down the slopes below.

But we have soon become used to this habit of Norwegian driving, and whirl down the hills at fearful rate. We hardly hold the reins in at all — the little horses managing all, without ever stumbling.

Station M. — We have just visited a singular little Lutheran church, built of logs, and entirely covered with large square pieces of slate instead of boarding. The nave crosses the transept at right angles in the centre. The inside is furnished with plain wooden seats, the altar is ornamented with old gilt carving, and it has a painting and candles. A little model of a ship, a foot or two long, hangs over the aisle. The churches we have passed are very picturesque — painted

red or brown, with pointed white spires, sometimes with several parts, built one upon the other in a pleasing proportion. We have passed one, an octagon in shape.

I had a letter to the head sheriff of this district, and have enjoyed a very pleasant conversation with him. As usual, the Norwegian officials seem really the first men in the community. This gentleman, who spoke English well, was a person of singular dignity and intelligence. With reference to the education of the country districts, he states that, owing to the scattered dwellings of the population, they cannot have many fixed schools, so that the schoolmaster goes from house to house, and gathers in each the children of the nearest neighbours. Their pay is only a few dollars a month. The higher classes must have tutors for their children or send them to the towns. The churches are equally scattered — still, the people, he thinks, very faithful in their attendance. The morality of the country he considers much improved since the working of the temperance societies in Norway. Wine is still drunk at tables, but brandy has been much abandoned, and intemperance is uncommon.

I learn from this gentleman that there are a certain number of Norwegian families who are confirmed gipsies in habits. They are mostly the descendants of a vagabond population, which was scattered over Europe after the Thirty Years' War. They wander from one end of the land to the other, stealing and begging, and have scarce any settled home. There is a police-book, with the names of every one. An antiquarian of Christiania, Mr. Sundt, has written a curious book upon this class, the *Fante*. We have, thus far, hardly seen a beggar.

The cultivation along the road has been good to-day — the crops mostly rye, oats, and barley. In some fields water had been brought from the hills above in wooden troughs, and men, in the universally worn red caps, stood with ladles and sprinkled it over the ground. The tops of the hills are covered with forest, while the lower slopes are cultivated, and dotted with brown log-houses.' These are nearly always groups, arranged in square, of four or six houses — one as the

dwelling, one the kitchen, one for guests, and the rest for "the creatures" as the Norwegians, Yankee-like, call the cattle. We pass no villages; yet, on the whole, the country must be populous. All the houses have flowers in the windows. The roads are very good, of stone, covered with gravel. The fences are of poles, inclining between two cross-bars.

Station F. — We have just met two English sportsmen in carriages. We not only did not salute, but there was scarcely a look on their side, even of curiosity — hardly more than if we had met in Regent's Park. The country-people generally lift their hats to us. We meet only a few persons travelling, and they are usually in rough carriages. We find that the lady-traveller makes a great sensation among the peasants; and indeed, what with the capote and out-flying travelling costume, and the comical little vehicle dashing along the roads under female hands, we cannot help having ourselves a good laugh occasionally at the droll aspect.

The people at the inns find a woman from America a great curiosity; they examine her dress, price every article, and ask innumerable questions; yet they are all exceedingly civil and attentive, though apparently a little perplexed at the wants of modern civilization.

Station L. — Not far from this station, where we are passing the night, we rode through the narrow way where, more than two centuries ago, an ill-fated army of Scotchmen was crushed to death by rocks and stones, rolled down from the mountain above by the peasants. They were allies of Gustavus Adolphus in his war with Denmark, and were making a bold cross-march over Norway to Sweden, when they were suddenly destroyed. As we passed, a dark storm was covering the sky, and there was a desolate gloom and wildness over the spot.

It is a sombre, fearful way, even on the new road which Norwegian enterprise has constructed. A simple monument of stone, with an inscription, marks the spot where SINCLAIR and his brave comrades fell.

Our hotel is also in a desolate pass; — not a house in sight, only a turbulent river and an immense bare mountain-side, with hardly a tree to hide its barrenness. We sit by the great roaring kitchen-fire. The bed-rooms are large unpainted boarded rooms, approached by a stairway on the outside of the house; water for the morning is brought in a black wine-bottle! yet everything is very clean and neat, and the people are anxious to please.

CHAPTER IV.

A VISIT TO A BONDER.

Tofte. — A bit of the old Saga history belongs here — a glimpse of the Norwegian Kings: —

“King Harold (Haarfager), one winter, went about in guest-quarters in Upland, and had ordered a Christmas feast to be prepared for him at the farm Thopte (from *Tofte*). — On Christmas eve came Swase to the door, just as the king went to table, and sent a message to the king to ask if he would go out with him. The king was angry at such a message, and the man who brought it in took out with him a reply of the king's displeasure. But Swase, notwithstanding, desired that his message should be delivered a second time; adding to it that he was the Laplander whose hut the king had promised to visit, and which stood on the other side of the ridge. Now the king sent out, and promised to follow him, and went over the ridge to his hut, although some of his men dissuaded him. There stood *Snaefrid*, the daughter of Swase, a most beautiful girl; and she filled a cup of mead for the king — but he took hold both of the cup and of her hand.”

The saga goes on to tell, in rather plain language, that he fell passionately in love with her, and finally married her, forgetting — such was his passion — both his crown and dignity.

Tofte is one of the old royal stations. In the chronicle of King *Eystein*, who reigned about 1120, the king is represented as having a great dispute with King *Sigurd*, in their guest-quarters, as to the good deeds of each. *Sigurd* relates his crusades, but *Eystein*, among other improvements which

he describes himself as making, says: "The road from Drontheim goes over the Doverfielde, and many people had to sleep out of doors, and make a very severe journey; but I built inns, and supported them with money; and all travellers know that Eystein has been king in Norway."

They were at first only block-houses (called *saelnhús* in the sagas), and uninhabited. The first inn (*tafernishús*) was built in 1303, by King Hakon Magnusson.

Tofte was one of the stations thus supported by the kings. Even yet, these post-houses have peculiar rights — the owners being freed from taxes, and enjoying other privileges.

I had noticed in the room of the post-house some remarkable articles of furniture of black carved wood, with gilt ornaments, and was told that the Bonder who owned them lived on the hill near by. I felt a great desire to see the farm-buildings of one of this class, but was doubtful whether I should be received without a proper letter of introduction. A Norwegian gentleman in the inn encouraged me, saying no one made ceremonies here; so, engaging a guide, I started off.

The Bonder of Norway is not at all a common peasant. In one sense he is the aristocrat of the country; he owns the land, and is descended from the old leaders, and sometimes the princes, of the nation. His class send the most of the Representatives to the National Assembly. We might say, he is one of the farmers or yeomanry of Norway; but, so far as my observation extends, the Bonders are not at all like the "farmers" of America, or the yeomen of England. They are a more distinct class; a class with less of the gentleman, and more of the relics of the former peasantry about them — who, though independent, were still somewhat in the power of the great princes. In this — the middle province of Norway — you see them continually on the boats, at the post-houses, and working in the fields. Their features are usually large and strong, with firm and intelligent expression, and the blonde complexion much reddened by the exposure to the weather. They seem vigorous, well-made men. The common costume

is a red cap, like a nightcap; jacket with metal buttons, and breeches. The farm buildings of one Bonder were shown me, on Lake Mjösen, who was estimated to be worth *D.* 100,000.

The *gaard*, or estate, of this proprietor was on a hill, commanding an immense view, and like all the farms we have passed, formed, with its buildings, a little square, the interior being protected from the winter winds. There was no indication, among various houses, which was the main dwelling; but finding one hospitable-looking door, I rapped with my knuckles, and a servant girl opened. She understood me, and summoned the master. He came soon, and looking at a sort of general letter I had, at once showed me into another of the little houses in the square.

There was something very notable in his appearance; he was not exactly a "gentleman," in the usual acceptation, not a man of the world, but he impressed you as a kind of natural prince; tall, strong, with commanding features and long black hair, and an air of genuine dignity. He wore the red woollen cap and the usual costume of the farmers. At each door, as he opened it, he stepped back and bowed, to let me in. I was shown into a large room with a handsome uncarpeted floor. The furniture was singular. On each side of the apartment were some splendid carved cabinets and tables, black with gilding — one with white pannels, having pictures in them — while in the midst of the room a common deal table stood, with enormous legs, and in the corners were small tables and wooden settees — just such as one would see in an English country ale-house. Near the door was a long, old clock, such as every New Englander is familiar with in his oldest village houses. The host had gone out for a little while, as I was observing all this. He returned, and brought with him an old gentleman with a still more noble and patriarchal air. This one welcomed me in the same dignified manner, and told me in a few words that he was a direct descendant from one of the old Norwegian kings, HAROLD HAARFAGER. A decanter was then brought in with a cordial, and a glass poured out for me. I sipped, and we all

bowed, and quite seriously drank healths. This custom of the welcoming-drink dates back at least to times of the early Vikings. It appears in all the sagas.*

After some conversation, I asked if they would have any objections to show a stranger the house. They had not, and getting a bunch of keys, the younger took me over one or two of the houses. There were an immense number of bedrooms; some with plain farmer-like furnishing, others with elegant curtained beds and pieces of splendid furniture. Seeing my interest, my host kindly went farther, and took me to the store-rooms and attic. There were the winter coats, the bear skins and furs, and reindeer boots, and high water-boots; the blankets, and comfortables, and dresses; then the little sleds and sleighs for the snow; the piles of round oatmeal cakes, each a foot and a-half in diameter, kept for the food of the labourers; heaps of birch bark for tanning, spinning-wheels for weaving, shoe-blocks for shoe-making — for on these farms all trades are carried on. Then to the kitchen, a still separate house again, with a sort of stone range in a corner, over which is a little roof, completely overshadowing it, and carrying off the smoke and flames of the cooking. In another part was a great tin tub for baking bread, and large vats or vessels for boiling. One side of the kitchen was occupied with beds for the servants. The next little log-house seemed to be for keeping preserved meats; another was used for some common farm purposes, and had a little cupola and bell, which is often seen in the Norwegian farm-clusters, and has a most picturesque effect. It gives a centrality to each group, as though they made up *one* home. There were, I think, eight of these log-houses in this *gaard*.

This arrangement of many separate houses appears in all the old sagas. "We hear very early of a sleep-house (*symp-*

* It is stated in one of the sagas, that when Gangleri asked about heavenly things — whether water was drank in Walhalla? his informant replied, that it would be a wonderful thing indeed if the All-Father should invite kings, and earls, and heroes, to himself, only to set water before them!

nhús); and of two stalls being kept apart from the dwellings, though even at this day the Danish peasant has animals and family under one roof. The old Icelandic homesteads had often thirty or forty houses.

My host next took me to the stables, though "the creatures," as he informed me, were in the mountain pastures, or *saetters*. These are beautiful little green pastures on the heights of the mountain, where the cattle stay in the summers, under the charge of two or three dairy-maids and men, who there make their butter and cheese for winter. They are famous in Norwegian poetry and romance.

The barns in central Norway, though often old, have the modern improvements — being built usually on a side-hill — with two or three easy entrances to each story, and with apertures for sliding the hay or grain down to the stalls beneath. The lower story is the cattle stable, each stall being constructed of two large slabs of slate, so that you look up, on entering, a long range of upright stone slabs, which make the separating walls of each stall; the floor is of wood, and the feeding-place a trough, with bars above, as in our own barns. The barns as well as other buildings are elevated on little stone supports, to save them from the destructive invasions of the lemming-rats,*

Slate-slabs form a very common article of use in this valley. This gentleman has one table, some eight feet by five, made of one slab.

One part of the under story was slabbed out for sheep and pigs. I was surprised to see an old threshing-machine here — the wheels turned by a horse moving in a circle below — a ponderous, primitive-looking thing, but the owner said, very

* These little creatures are a species of rat which in Lapland is very small, but in Norway attains sometimes the size of a wharf-rat. They have black and tawny spots on their backs, with white head and belly, and grey legs and tail. Once in eight or ten years there is a great immigration of these animals, as there is of squirrels in America, directly over the country, up mountains, and across lakes. Nothing can turn them aside, and they consume everything they can get hold of.

useful. The common crops raised by him are oats, barley, and hay. His fields are irrigated by water, brought down in troughs, as I have before described.

He has about one hundred cows, thirty horses, and hundreds of sheep and swine.

I know not how to express enough my sense of the courtesy and the intelligence of this Bonder landlord. With our limited means of understanding each other, he showed such a quickness and keenness — such an appreciation of the point of every question — that I was surprised how much we communicated in so few words. Then everywhere, he manifested such a true and manly courtesy, that I left him feeling the country was very fortunate that possessed such a class. They are evidently the muscle and bone of Norway; and when greater enlightenment and modern enterprise shall reach them, we shall see what a nation this vigorous old Norse people can yet make.

The great historical fact, undoubtedly, which gave the peculiar power to the Norwegian people in their early history, and which renders now their peasantry one of the best of Europe, is that Feudalism had no existence among them. Some of the French historians have questioned this, but there seems now no doubt of it. Feudalism is always the fruit of conquest. In Norway, the conquered inhabitants, the Finns, melted away before a race so different, or fled to the Northern and most inaccessible provinces. There was no conquered people to render military service. The land was divided among equals. Democratic assemblies governed the people from the earliest times. Even the petty kings, who were conquered and driven out by Harold Haarfager, were only chieftains from their bravery and skill, and were obliged to refer everything to the Things, or Popular Assemblies. These bodies often chose their king, and nearly as often murdered him. The country became divided up, as it were, among a nation of soldiers. Each Bonder was a freeholder, equal to every one else, and owing for his estate no feudal duty, obligation, or tax whatever. The only restriction upon him was the Udal Law. By this law, every descendant of the owner

had, in the order of relationship, a right in the property. If the possessor sold or parted with the estate, the one next of kin had the power to redeem it, by repaying the purchase-money; and if he refused, the one next to him had again the same right. At his death again, it was divided among his lawful heirs. The time of redemption,* is in modern times limited to five years. By such a law, there could be no primogeniture, and no opportunity for large estates. The nation, in its early history, was a body of equal and free petty land-owners. It is so still.

CHAPTER V.

POSTING.

Dovre Field. — WE are ascending now the great plateau, called the Dovre Field (pronounced Fiell). The main road over it was first constructed in the beginning of the twelfth century, by King Eystein. The scenery is very desolate: there is no vegetation except stunted birch, and the ground is covered with fragments of rock. At a little distance, are snow-topped hills: snow occasionally drifts down near the road. On one side of the way are poles, at regular distance, to mark the path in winter. Though it is near the end of June, the air is cold and cutting, like November winds.

The height above the sea here is about 3,200 feet. We can catch occasional glimpses of a famous snow-peak in the distance — Sneehoetten — a mountain about 7,700 feet high.

Jerkin. — This is another of the old government post-houses, and is considered the best between Christiania and Trondhjem. It is a little *gaard*, or group of farm-houses right in the midst of this desolate mountain scenery — not a house or tree in sight. We were put into a comfortable upper room, with a roaring fire, and a nice supper of reindeer-steak and pancakes, with coffee, was sent up. The old room

* Laing.

with its great feather-beds set in alcoves, and its large chairs and quaint furniture, had a very inviting look after our long ride.

I went out soon to examine the farm. The landlord is one of the old Bonders of the country: and the arrangement is very much like that at the farm near Tofte, only on a smaller scale. All the trades are carried on on the farm — smithery, carpentering, shoemaking, weaving, &c, &c. There are various little houses for these and other purposes. In one we found dried meats; in another, piles of oaten cakes, for the workmen during the winter. One building has, as usual, the little belfry. The stable has the same arrangement of stalls, slabbed off by pieces of slates. The cows were away in the *saetter* — I think the boy said there were fifty of them. There were stalls also for some forty or fifty horses. In the house, the landlady showed us, with much pride, her furs and handsome dresses, and other articles — reindeer coats, bear and fox-skins, wolves'-skins, and eider-down comfortables. Both she and the landlord had much the same manner that a substantial farmer and farmer's wife would have with us — an independent, kind, half-patronizing way. This post-house is a favourite sporting station for the English: there are two sportsmen now in the little guest-house: and here travellers leave the main road to climb Sneehoetten. The charges are just about what they would be at an American country tavern — about seventy-five cents, or one dollar a-day. Generally, the whole bill in a Norwegian inn, is not much more than fifty cents a-day for each person, provided he does not call for too many dishes. Travelling was once much cheaper in Norway, but the English are said to have corrupted the people, as they have done the Swiss; still, even now it is the cheapest country in Europe, except Sweden, for hotel charges. Posting, inn-charges, and all, come usually to about three dollars a-day.

There is in these stations — as indeed in all interior Norway — a curious mingling of habits. You climb a ladder to your bed-room, and find there the cleanest beds, with, perhaps, some rich antique furniture, but the log-walls scarcely covered

by plaster. A very nice dinner may be set before you, with napkins, and you begin to imagine yourselves in the most comfortable civilization, when your landlady suddenly empties your slops out of the window, or you discover some singular omission on the table, which could nowhere else occur with such beginnings.

A little beyond Jerkin, the summit of the plateau is reached, 4,594 feet above the level of the sea.

The descent from the Dovre Field down the valley of the Driv, is a grand mountain drive — road like a gentleman's avenue, hard, gravelled, graded beautifully, and fenced by blocks of cut stone.

On the left, a deep ravine, with a dashing stream, with waterfalls, eddies, flashing currents, cavernous pits, where the waters bury themselves to come out again foaming and hurrying below; and beyond, the eye looking far down a succession of such glens — add to this, your little Norwegian pony trotting down the slopes at ten miles an hour, your ride changing each moment the point of view, yet giving you time to enjoy each glimpse, and revealing beds of the most exquisite mountain-flowers, passed so quickly, that they seem like masses of beautiful violet, pink, or yellow colouring on the rocks, rather than flowers, and one can perhaps enjoy with us that morning ride down the mountain. The flowers are wonderful, so delicate and fresh in colouring, growing almost from the chinks of the cliffs. The lady can hardly get on, for sending the post-boy to pick them; but "the stupid fellow" has such a talent for finding dandelions and buttercups, and weeds, instead of violets and hare-bells, and such like! *

Stuen. — We are experiencing now some of the fair com-

* Among the flowers which we found were the following: — The draba (*cruciferae*); viola palustris, viola tricolor; lychnis githago, silene nivea (*caryophyllacee*); linum; geranium palustre; epilobium angustifolium (*onograceæ*) sedum minimum (*crassulaceæ*); linnæa borealis; galium mollugo (*rubiaceæ*); achillea multifolium (*compositæ*); vitis idæa altera (*vaccinium*); andromeda cerulea (*ericaceæ*); linaria vulgaris (*scrophulariceæ*); echium; phlox (*polemoniaceæ*).

penation for the trouble which the Norwegian law allows a traveller to put upon a peasant. "We are passing occasionally common or "slow stations," where horses are not obliged to be kept, and where it often takes three or four hours to get one from the mountain-pasture. To avoid delay, I had sent on an order for horses at such an hour. But we have been everywhere delayed, and in consequence must pay wait-money. There is additional money demanded, too, for sending for the horses. I disputed and discussed it at first considerably, but finally found it was the legal charge.

I think the Norwegian always respects you for questioning anything that is an overcharge. We had a government post-book with us, and knew exactly what we should pay for every mile. The peasants can always be convinced, if you will reason with them and show your authority. They are generally poor reckoners, and one must not unfrequently pay them more than they claim to give them their legal right. This settling the fare by law is an immense saving of annoyance and disputes. It is good policy to give drink-money, or gratuities to your post-boys, which is but a trifle — with the Norwegian travellers, three or four cents; with a foreigner, perhaps double. If he gives more he injures other travellers, as it is not the custom of the country.

The scenery of this part of the journey is very fine — wide views over deep valleys, and dark pine-covered hills.

At the station, just after we had crossed the Orkel, on the summit of the hill, we enjoyed one of the grandest views on the whole route. An immense valley opened below, filled with sombre pines, and in the midst flowed a calm, dark river, while beyond, surge upon surge of the gloomy hills crossed the valley. At the west it opened into a green dell, with soft, sloping banks, where the stream wound through, beautifully gleaming. A rich glow of light from a summer sunset poured over the whole, giving a wonderful glory and softness to what would have been otherwise only a grand and gloomy scene.

"We were delayed now at each station, and did not reach

Garlie (our resting-place for the night) till about one o'clock. But there was no darkness; all through the night the light was almost as it is with us on a cloudy day.

On the morning of the fifth day from leaving Christiania we crossed the ridge which gave us the first view of TRONDHJEM. The old city lay below on the banks of the beautiful Fiord, with the Cathedral towers and formal houses plainly to be seen, the shipping and steamers in front, the dark solitary island (Munkolm), with its fort in the harbour, and a long stretch on each side of the arms and islets of the Fiord. The city was still eight or ten miles away by road, and the worst road I had yet seen. After a tedious drive, we reached the old fortifications, and entered the ancient city. Our carriages rattled up the broad, paved streets, lined with low, neat houses, towards the *Hotel de Belle Vue*, which had been especially recommended. The city is a quiet, formal town, which is redeemed from common-place by the interesting old cathedral, that meets your view almost everywhere. The shops appear all like private houses, with windows high from the ground, to avoid the deep snow in the winter.

We were soon made comfortable in our hotel, with a neat room and a good dinner, and I sallied out to see the city.

There is little to interest a stranger in it except its historic associations as the ancient capital of Norway, and its cathedral. This last is a most remarkable building, both for its mingling of styles, its union of different ages and schools, and the massive effect of the whole structure.

All the wealth and religious feeling of Norway cannot keep it in repair, and the mystery is how it was ever built.

The two aisles are in the purest Byzantine, and the nave in the Gothic. The most delicate and graceful part of it is its choir, now ornamented with Thorwaldsen's figure of Christ, and the Apostles, by his pupil, Nissen. These, I believe, were the gift of Bernadotte. The interior is disfigured by a row of wooden boxes, built up on the sides of the nave, like the boxes of a theatre. A large part of the nave is still in ruins.

37 SCHOOLS.

The two chapels clinging to the choir, the minaret-like spire, and the solid tower, the exquisite flower capitals, and the grotesque faces, leave a strange combination of impressions on the mind — of the Eastern imagination and the quaint Gothic, sardonic earnestness expressed in the singular structure.

June — th, 1856. — I was amused in accompanying a gentleman to call upon another, to see him put on a sou'wester, as if it was the customary June coat for Trondhjem. The wind felt like December air. Most of the gentlemen to whom I had letters were in their villas in the country at this season. I visited one house well known to travellers for its artistic treasures and the cultivated host — that of Consul Knudtzen's. He has several of the most famous bas-reliefs of Thorwaldsen, his brother having been one of the first friends and patrons of the great artist. I saw here also the well-known book of Minurtoli on the Trondhjem Cathedral.

Trondhjem has a number of Public Schools, as well as a *Real* School or academy, a Drawing School for mechanics and artisans, and an Agricultural School in the country near by. I attended an exhibition in the Real School, and a giving of prizes for scholarship during the school-term. The teacher of English was very polite and communicative, and gave me much information on Norwegian Schools.

CHAPTER VI.

TOWARD THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

A TRIP to the North Cape, even in July, cannot be recommended, unless you are sure of the weather. To-day is the second of July, and the wind, which cuts across the deck, is like a February gale in America.

We left Trondhjem, or Drontheim, yesterday, in one of a line of steamers run by the government along the whole coast

from Christiania to Hammerfest, for the purpose of carrying the mail and providing a connection between the different parts of Norway. The prices are very moderate, and as a business line it would not pay. There are two little cabins, one for gentlemen and one for ladies, and a small saloon in common. The rate of passage is fixed at twelve skillings per mile (about three cents an English mile) — wives or sisters, in company with a gentleman, being charged half price, as is the universal custom on Norwegian boats.

Our company is made up of two or three young merchants, returning to the North from business on the continent, a young Norwegian gentleman travelling with his betrothed, a young lady going home from an English school, one or two other ladies, one German artist, one English 'squire, and, beside ourselves, an American gentleman, with his wife and servant. On the front deck are great numbers of fishermen's wives and farmers, coming back from selling their products at Trondhjem, and taking their sugar, goods, &c, to the Loffoden Islands, Tromsøe, Hammerfest, and various small stations on the north coast of Norway. Among them are three Cambridge-men from England, pedestrians and sportsmen, who sleep on the deck under their blankets.

The weather is horrible — cold, bleak, with occasional turns of driving mist and rain, almost sleet — and then clearing up, to show the grand and gloomy scenery. We are driving on through narrow fiords, or arms of the sea, with grey, bare rocks, twisted and broken, and crumbled as though under the action, first of fire, and then of ages of the ocean storms, reaching down close to the white waves. No houses, or grass, or trees are visible on shore, nor sails upon the water. Behind the first ledges the land sinks, and then rises into sharp, jagged mountain peaks, drifted with snow even to their base, and wreathed with mist. Large white gulls flutter over the rocks, and now and then the eider-ducks scud off just on the surface of the water towards the shore. Now as I write, we have come out on a larger bay, with heavy waves rolling in. Rocky islands make the horizon seaward, and on every other

side the many mountain summits rise. "We steer in at what seems an unbroken dark ledge of rocks; but as we approach, a channel opens, and beyond, another broad sheet of water appears, sprinkled with islands, and opening into innumerable bays and armlets among the fissures of the mountains. There is no soft, summer light, no gently-rounded outline, or dreamy perspective — it is all stern, harsh, and forbidding.

TORGHATTAN. — One of the most remarkable objects we have met, is an island-peak — Torghattan — with an immense cavern distinctly visible through the upper part. Murray says "large enough for a ship to go through," but unfortunately the floor must be a hundred feet or more from the water. Forbes* makes the peak about 1,200 feet high, and the cavern is estimated here as large as a cathedral.

Some fishing-boats have just crossed our bows — broad, unwieldy things, with cod-fish piled half-way up the mast like hay, and with one large square sail, which is reefed by untying and separating from the sail successive folds. They have very high stems and sterns; it seemed to me the old traditional form of the Viking "sea-dragons," as pictures give them. Our captain says they are excellent sailers.

"We have just passed a harbour where a famous old Viking, Harick, had his nest. It seems the coast to breed Vikings — the sea-kings and pirate-conquerors of the North. The scenery opens now more grand; the mountains are massive at the base, but above broken, and as if tossed about in the wildest confusion. Peak follows peak in endless succession and form. A green herbage is visible on the lower slopes, probably dwarf birches and pines. As I write, the fog rises, and the sun, near the edge of the mountains, at eleven o'clock at night, pours a golden light into the cabin.

The great peculiarity of the scenery is the rounded, smooth character of the hills below, while the peaks rise in abrupt conical or jagged summits above — the latter being, perhaps,

* Glaciers of Norway.

a volcanic effect, while the former shows the abrasion of the immense ice-floods which once swept over Norway.

We have passed the "Seven Sisters" — seven stern, weird-looking peaks,* that seemed to reach out snowy hands to each other, and whose frosty brows lowered on us as though, according to the Finnish traditions, they were the spirits hostile to the proud conquering races who had invaded them.

HESTEMANDOE.

July second. — We have just passed the Arctic circle, at a singular island, rising in the form of a giant horseman from the waters. The back of his mantle is the mountain-side, and the crags and cliffs make the horse's head and ears, and the rider's hand. His head was at first veiled angrily in mist; but as we passed, a whiff carried it away, and a grand, calm face, like the face of the Sphinx, stood out, looking solemnly up to the stormy sky. The effect was mysterious and wonderful. These high peaks are great barometers to the seamen, and one can imagine how many a fisher-boat's crew has watched anxiously and superstitiously the head of the giant rider, and, though Christian, has muttered a prayer against Jumala or the Trolls.

The legend of this island is, that a giant who dwelt on it, shot a great arrow at a maiden in Leköe (eighty-eight miles distant), who had rejected him. The arrow passed through Torghattan, and made the great cave or fissure, already mentioned, and thus failed of reaching the maiden. Both then changed each other to stone, and must so remain till doomsday.

Thorpe says that every Nordlander still takes off his hat, as he sails by, to the maid of Leköe.

We are winding now through multitudes of islands with occasional little stations, which consist usually of a large log-house, with a Norwegian flag floating above it, and one or two smaller houses, sometimes boarded and painted red,

* Estimated height, 4,000 feet. — *Von Buch.*

41 GLACIERS.

The roofs are frequently grassed, and it is difficult to distinguish them from the green slopes which form the foot of the mountains.

Sometimes, on a rocky coast, the eye wanders over the cliffs for a long distance, without noticing these little brown cabins planted on them. The channels between the rocks are occasionally so narrow, that the steamer is compelled to anchor, and swing round on its bows, in order to return. Last night, our artist and the ladies were on the constant look-out for the "midnight sun." but the clouds utterly obscured the view.

The thermometer stands at thirty-five degrees (Fahrenheit) in a shelter, and continual storms of cold rain or mist sweep over our course; such cold and gloom at this season are almost unknown. The farmers on board say it has done great injury to the crops. The artist says, "If he could only have good butter, he should not care for the weather!" Every one is shivering, and abusing the arctic summer. Yet there is something in these sudden wild squalls, and the gloomy mists covering and revealing the wintry snow-peaks, and in the cold grey light, well suited to the character of the coast — the stern, grand, repelling scenery.

THE FONDAL GLACIERS.

July third. — To-night I was called up to see a grand scene. A wintry gale was howling over the ship, and to the southward the drifting squalls hid everything in gloomy, driving sleet and rain; but near us, on our quarter, some peaks arose which seemed gigantic, against the misty background. The first was a black, massive cliff, rent and fissured, and with twisted strata marked plainly on its side, jutting with deep wall against the sea; behind it, and following the line of the coast, were several peaks of pure snow, whose tops in the storm above seemed to reach unknown heights.

The snow was drifting in clouds above their summits, and yet every few moments admitting a perfectly clear view into

their vast solitudes, so that what seemed tracks were visible down their sides. As the mountains opened to view, glaciers appeared between them, the blue ice obtruding through the snow. On the seaward side again, the cessation of the storm-gusts showed snow-peaks and black, craggy islands. It seemed the very desolation of the Icy Ocean; or as if you were a witness of the action of the most gigantic powers of Nature, in the antediluvian solitude and chaos. You shrink away, as if too insignificant amid such tremendous agencies.

We are now in the West Fiord, one of the broadest inlets on the coast, and near the famous whirlpool —

THE MAELSTROM.

I quote from Von Buch's description:

“It is from these rapid changes and agitations that the West Fiord is so dangerous for the coasting navigation. The Fiord presses like a wedge between the main land and the high and very extensive islands and mountainous range of Lofodden. The tide surges on at the same time, and the general current from the south to the northern coasts. The narrow sounds between the islands do not afford a sufficiently quick passage for this great mass of water; the ebb returns like a cataract, and the smallest opposition to this motion, such as south winds, occasions immediately broken and irregular waves. A stronger wind, which drives before it the deep waves of the sea, sets the whole Fiord in furious commotion. In all the sounds between the island of Lofodden, the sea flows in as in the strongest and most rapid rivers, and on that account the outermost bear the name of streams, Grimström, Napström, Sundström; and wherever the fall of the ebb cannot extend through such, long channels, there arises an actual cataract; for instance, the well-known Malström at Mosken and Varøe. These streams and this fall change their direction, therefore, four times in the day, as the tide or ebb drives the water on; but the Malström is peculiarly dangerous and terrible to look at, when the north-west wind blows in opposition to the ebbing. We then see waves struggling against waves, towering aloft, or wheeling about in whirlpools. We hear the dashing and roaring of the waves for many miles out at sea. But in summer these violent winds do not prevail; and the stream is then little dreaded, and does not prevent the navigation of the inhabitants of Värøe and Moskenøe. The desire to see here something extraordinary and great, is therefore generally disappointed; for travellers, for the sake of travelling, venture up Norway in summer only, and seldom in winter.”

All the descriptions I heard from the Norwegians familiar with the coast confirmed this account. At high and low tide the "Mill-stream" is perfectly safe; only at the ebb is it at all perilous. Its latitude is about 68°

Our "Fourth" was passed in snow-storms near some of the most imposing scenes of the voyage — the Loffoden Islands.

We celebrated it by a good dinner, and one American treated the whole forward deck to a kind of root and ginger-beer of the country. A Negro — an American — passed it around, and was as enthusiastic — poor fellow! — as anyone for the day of American Liberty. This Negro is much looked up to by the deck-passengers, as a sort of mysterious Oriental personage.

The peaks of the Loffodens rise like volcanic summits with the most sharp and jagged outlines. The panorama of snowy needle-like peaks from one point is wonderful. One writer compares them to the teeth of a shark; another to vertebrae. They are red granite cliffs, protruded as if by fearful volcanic power, about 4,000 feet in height, and with glaciers and snowy valleys among them. Forbes* says the line of this semicircle of mountain-summits reaches 130 miles, and in one point, they occupy a third of the horizon.

Our steamer went far out of its regular course to visit these islands.

Here is the centre of the great business of the north of Norway — the cod-fishery. It employs now probably from 24,000 to 25,000 men, and has a capital engaged of three or four millions of dollars. The fishing is carried on near these islands, from February to the end of May; then it removes, for a few months, to the northernmost coast, for another variety.

The men engaged are the most bold, hardy sailors existing, and are subject to great privations. We have just entered a

* Glaciers of Norway.

harbour, and the captain says that sometimes a storm will sweep these boats right from their anchors into the open Fiord. Last year, twelve were thus carried out and wrecked. The business is not as once, merely an exchange of the fish for provisions—thereby giving the fishermen no chance for saving money—but is a regular cash-trade with the Bergen and Trondhjem merchants. There are two modes of curing the fish—one by cutting it, like our cod, into halves, and hanging it over sticks to dry (this is called stock-fish); the other, by packing in heaps and drying them on the rocks. These little heaps you see all along the coast.

THE LAPPS.

“A Lapp! a Lapp!” We all rushed, helter-skelter, on deck, to see the first specimen we had yet met. “Which is he? Which one?” There is no mistaking. A broad, brown face, with high cheek-bones, and half-frightened expression; the hair long and light, eyes blue, forehead common, and nose mean. His cap rises straight from his forehead, with a bright red band around it; he wears a woollen *blouse*, with red fringes' at the wrists, blue trousers, tied with red bands at the ankles, and great turned-up shoes—in the lower part somewhat a, Chinese costume. “The shoes are packed with dried grass, beaten down, to make them soft,” says the captain. An old woman is with him, also with high cap with red band, but her face is much darker, her eyes small and black, with a Mongolian cast.

“There they are, at dinner!” The old woman has pulled out a large cake, like an immense buckwheat-cake in appearance, which she eats with cheese. Edward, the coloured man, of course, gets into a talk with them, as he does with everybody, though how he makes himself understood is an inscrutable mystery. He says the cheese is *not* reindeer-cheese, and that the cake is rye-bread.

This person is not a Lapp, probably, but a “Sea-Finn”—one of those who live near the shore and have settled habitations. The “Mountain-Finn” lives a wandering life, with his

reindeer. We see the huts of the former now on every Fiord. The "Quaens," of whom we hear a great deal now, as we go farther north, are the inhabitants of Russian Finland , a larger and handsomer race than the Finns and Lapps.

I have conversations continually with the Norwegians on their dealings with the Finns. They deny all oppression or wrong on their part, and describe these tribes as hopelessly inferior and ignorant: still the fact remains that the Finns, like our Indians, have lost their old habitations, and that the conquering race have done, till lately, very little for their improvement. A singular movement has commenced within a few years among them, of which I cannot as yet speak with confidence. It began with terrible outrages and fanaticisms, the murder of the sheriff of the district, and an attempt to offer a Protestant clergyman as a bloody sacrifice to God, the poor creatures believing themselves acting under divine inspiration. They were punished, and since that time, under the influence of Swedish missionaries, the religious excitement has taken a more healthy direction.

My friends speak of it as merely a "fanaticism," but, by their own confession, it has driven out intoxication from among these tribes, which had prevailed before to a fearful extent, and the result seems to be of a sound, rational nature. They are represented as deeply attached to the Bible, but not so much revering Luther; as very correct and pure in their lives, speaking with much feeling of their religious hope, but believing in an inner inspiration in each man's heart. Even the magistrates allow a great change in the general morality of the Finns and Lapps since the "revival movements."

It will give an idea of the proportion of these tribes to the Norwegians* in Finnmark, to give the statistics of a single parish in this neighbourhood, furnished me by a clergyman on board — that of *Lynge*: Normans or Norwegians, 614;

* Lallerstedt makes the number of Finns in Norwegian Finnmark, 6,000; of Lapps, 13,000; of Norwegians, 25,000. La Scandinavie, ses Esperances, &c., p. 1.

Quaens, 721; Finns, 1,601. Of these the mingled races are — from Norwegians and Quaens, 92; from Quaens and Finns, 119; from Norwegians and Finns, 7; this last giving an excellent instance of the affinities between the two races, as compared with those of either to the Russian Quaens.

The Quaens, or Finns from Finland, are a tall, well-made race, and do not at all resemble the Norwegian Finns or Lapps. They are agricultural, and the Lapps nomadic. Von Buch dates their entrance into Norway only to the time of Charles XII.

With regard to the relation and ethnology of these tribes, there may be some confusion of ideas, owing to the confusion of terms applied to them among the Norwegians themselves, "We hear of Finns, of Lapps, or Quaens or Kvens,* and Russian Finns. All these really belong to but one great family — the Tsjudes, and divide themselves into two branches, the Polar people, or the Finns and Laps, and the inhabitants of Russian Finland, or the Quaens, formerly called *Suomi*,† The *Tsjudes* are a great Asiatic race, allied to the Mongolians, who have covered the Northern and North-eastern provinces of Europe. They form the under-stratum in Russia, especially in Archangel and the provinces near St. Petersburg, but are utterly different both from the Slavic and the Germanic families. They divide themselves, according to Prof. Rask, into three great branches, of which it is only necessary here to mention the Finnish.

One of these branches includes also the Madjars, or Hungarians.

The Finnish branch, besides the two divisions mentioned above, has a third, not important in this connection. The languages of the Polar Finns and the Russian Finns, or Quaens, differ as much as the German and Danish, so that the two peoples do not understand each other. The language of

* The English word *queen* is allied — this country of Finland having formerly been supposed to be the country of the Amazons, or of *women*, and thus called queen-land, or *Kvenaland*.

† Prof. Munck.

"Russian Finland is the only cultivated Finnish tongue, having its own literature. The people also are far superior, physically, to their relations of the West.

Prof. Munck* limits the proper Finnish territory as follows: — "It is bordered toward the east by a semicircle, or a third of a circle, from the Gulf of Livonia to the Western part of the White Sea, and towards the west, by a similar curved line, from Malanger in Finmark to Umala on the Gulf of Bothnia."

We have just passed Senjen, a remarkable island. The legend related of it is characteristic: —

THE GIANT.

In ancient times, when the holy St. Olaf came to instruct the Norwegians in the faith of "The white Christ," and to plant the cross on the heathen altars, he found his efforts much impeded by the terrible monsters that still inhabited the mountains and the desolate rocks on the coast. Among these monsters was a giant Senjemanden, who lived in this island of Senjen. This giant threatened often vengeance against the strange God, who was about to drive him from his old dominions; but he was most of all enraged at the pious chantings of a nun, who lived on the island of Grytö. These devout melodies would sometimes make him howl with rage and pain. Happily for the holy nun, his attention became occupied at this time with quite different subjects. In the interior of Kvedfjord, in a beautiful green valley near the Fjord, lived a *Jutuljente*, or daughter of a giant, who was wonderfully rich. Her bulls and black cows pastured the hills by the hundreds; her flocks of goats swarmed over the mountains; her sheep, fat and soft-fleeced, fed in the long grass of the valleys; she had numbers of hens who laid their eggs continually; eider-ducks on her rocks, who gave her soft covering; reindeer on the mainland, who drew her in winter over the snows and ice. In her home she possessed great drinking-horns of gold, and cups of silver; and every one of

* Norskt Maenedskrift, 1st Hefte.

her twelve dogs had a collar of silver. She had much riches beside, of which nobody knew; for it is well known that the *Jutuls*, however much they have, always desire to conceal it, and to have more. The giant Senjemand, though he was old and horribly ugly, was so dazzled by all these riches, that he resolved to win the daughter of the giant to marriage. He commenced by addressing her in his softest tones, but even then, they sounded like summer thunder, and could be heard much farther than in her island, though that was twenty-four miles away. The Jutul-maiden was not a beauty, and had no inclination to perpetual virginity, but she could not bear the addresses of Senjemand. He was too awkward and heavy, and his education had been too much neglected in his association with mermaids and sea-monsters, and such-like creatures, so she answered in good Norse verse: —

”Miserable Senje'mand — ugly and grey!
 Thou win the maid of Kvedfjord!
 No — a churl thou art, and shalt ever remain!”

”Whereupon the Senjemand gnashed his teeth, and in his rage, fitted a stone arrow to his bow, and shot it at the maiden. The arrow passed right through *Toppen*, and split it from top to bottom. At this very moment, the nun happened to be out of doors, engaged in her morning orisons. She was so frightened at the fearful crashing of the arrow through the cliff, that she was changed to stone, where she still stands. The arrow was turned aside by this obstacle of the cliff, and struck the mountain *Elgen*, on the island Hindö, where it may be still seen. The *Jutul-maiden*, in her fear, was seeking to flee away on her horse, but was changed by the magical arts of the giant to stone, with her horse and saddle. The mountain *Sadlen* (saddle) is still to be seen.

The wicked giant himself also became stone from his own rage, and he is so terrible, that no grass or shrub will grow upon him. He is still shown as a warning in the Senjen Island.

CHAPTER VII.

FINMARK AND ALTEN.

OUR boat — the “Prinds Gustav” — is a very pleasant, though a small one, and we enjoy the trip as we approach the North more and more. The captain is a gentleman, an officer of the navy, speaking English very well. The cooking is admirable, and the prices are all low. Our party is just large enough not to inconvenience each other, and still to have a good time. We stop at every small station, and are to remain nearly a day at the towns or important places.

People constantly come on board and leave us again — generally government officers, and tradesmen, and clergymen. My American friend, Mr. L., says “he can always distinguish a Norwegian clergyman now by his weight!” They are evidently the country squires and landlords, and not peculiarly ascetic in habits. Their duties seem to range from those of magistrates, office-holders, and clergymen, to the taking of census and numbering of cattle. One on board says, he must give to the government a complete return of all the population and property, even of every horse, cow, or goat in his parish.

Among our passengers we take many ladies, who are going short distances: all have comical little wooden bandboxes calculated to try the Christian disposition of Norwegian husbands. Some are unique in dress; the most, however, European in costume, and rather pleasant in appearance, without being pretty. Our ladies have fastened upon one tall, serious, half-depressed looking woman of sweet manner, as the original for the heroine in *Afraja* — sensible and devout, but without doubt about to be sacrificed by a tyrannical father to some suitor whom she does not love, a thing, we hear, not altogether confined to fiction in Norway. She has just left at a little fishing station, whence a strong-manned boat pulled out to take her. They watched her depart, sadly.

There is an old Lapp-woman on the forward deck, who might well do for one of the witches in Mügge's story. She has been released from the prison in Trondhjem. Her face looks like the lowest style of Indian faces, with a sly, besotted, murderous expression. She sleeps in all weathers, under her blanket, by the side of the funnel, and speaks to no one — even Edward cannot open communication with her.

In our part of the ship, there is a constant warfare going on between the American ladies and the Norwegian on the subject of the only window of their little cabin. There seems to be a strong constitutional objection on the part of the Norwegians to fresh air; and however many crowd into the little room, the window must at once be shut. From the intimations of our ladies, we should gather also that the Norwegian female travellers are anything but delicate in their curiosity either in strangers' affairs or property. Still, if there is anything one learns from travelling, it is, not to judge of a people alone from its travelling population.

A great want of attention to women is very marked here. They are bundled into boats, or shoved out of them like packages, and need strong arms and much resolution sometimes to avoid accidents.

The worst travelling habit in Norway is the disgusting spitting. I thought America had reached the lowest grade of nauseating vulgarity in that respect, but it is worse here. The decks are clammy with it. And now that I am grumbling, I may go on to say, that of all European countries, it is the worst for fleas. Even Italy is not so tormenting. The country people are usually excessively filthy in their habits, and most of the inns are merely their houses, provided with an extra bed-room. In Sweden or in Hungary, where the country inns are dirty and disagreeable, there is so much hospitality that in your pleasant quarters in gentlemen's houses, you forget the filthy character of the hotels and taverns. Here, where the travel is too much to allow of more hospitality than is customary in civilized and crowded countries, you feel the full effects of the quality of the public accommodations,

Still, all these are trifling, compared with the enjoyments and physical benefits from a Norwegian tour.

We are now in the region of perpetual daylight, though bad weather has prevented a good view of the 'midnight sun.'

This unceasing day gives a new sensation, worth coming to Norway to feel. It is difficult to describe. You are at first struck with the *strangeness* of nature — the silence, and the unnatural light. You feel as if something unusual were about to happen. After a time you become more accustomed to the day, and lose the sense of division of time. The sensation is of perpetuity, of unlimited activity, of a nature working without rest, or change, or shadow.

It is exciting, stimulating, and cheerful; but, probably, if enjoyed long, wearisome.

Finmark. — As we enter the Finmark Amt, the aspect of the coast becomes even more volcanic, with the sharp acuminated summits, and the contorted strata.

In one place, the curved or *curling* lines of rock melted by fire, would have struck the most ignorant beholder, even a quarter-mile away. We saw, in several instances, precipices with grey limestone above, and some granitic formation below. Of all countries, this must be the favourite for a geologist. It is evident that two of the greatest agencies of nature in continent-making — volcanic fire and ice floods — have been in tremendous action over the Norwegian coast.

TROMSÖE.

We came on the deck of our steamer on the morning of the 5th of July, and found ourselves in what seemed a mountain-lake, with the little red-roofed town of Tromsöe on the borders. A brisk snow-storm was blowing, so as almost to hide the giant snow-peaks at one end of the bay; the other was shut in by green slopes, with heavy masses of snow lying close on the grass. The town is on an island, and sheltered from the sea by a larger island, Kvalö, though this does not at all appear from the water. It shows a number of substantial wooden

warehouses, and we could see some dwelling-houses of a very respectable size. The green grass roofs of the fishermen's cottages made the outskirts. We were soon on shore, and wandering about the town, picking some old friends among the flowers—buttercups and violets from a graveyard in one quarter. Every hut had flowers in the windows. The air was cold and wintry. We took breakfast in a miserable, dirty inn. At a later hour, we called on a number of persons to whom we had letters—the Amtmand (magistrate) of the two districts of Finmark, By-Foged (sheriff), and others.

In one house I had a conversation with a very intelligent young pastor on the new religious movement. Like almost every person here, he spoke English. "I speak but imperfectly English," said he, "but I shall be happy to tell you of these peoples. They call themselves *opvakte*, or awakened, and they believe they themselves to have alone the truth of the Bible. They are against the ordinances—the *daub*—what is it? child baptism—for they say, no one should be baptist without his own will, and that they do have now the best baptism of the Holy Ghost. And so of the—what call you it? the priest's clothes and ceremony, and the forgiveness of sin, which is spoken out by the clergyman. They be also opposed to amusements, the musique and dance, and to *brant vein* (brandy). Some of them have burnt their piano-fortes, but the most are too poor to have any such. They always bring out texts from the Bible, and say they have the true understanding of it. One must confess they show much *moralsk* (moral) in their lives. They will have nothing to do with the office church — what is it in English?" "State Church." "Yes; they have removed themselves entirely, here in Tromsøe, to the number of forty-six, but I believe they come again. It will pass forby."

"Do they believe, as you do, in Christ?"

"Oh, yes; certainly, in nothing so much."

I asked about their leaders. The clergyman thought they scarcely had any. Pastor Lommers, of Skien, was a prominent clergyman among them, who had just abandoned his place in

the National Church. The most, he said, were led by people of their own sort, who pretended to especial inspiration. "They claim, you know, also, to be sinless."

"While conversing, a physician came in, who belonged to the new sect, and we had, after a short time, a conversation in German together on the subject.

He was guarded in his expressions, but in his view the movement was "a struggle for Apostolic Christianity." "We do not find," he said, "in the New Testament, that the clergyman should be chosen by the government authorities, and that he should have so much money, and wear such and such clothes in the church. We believe "confirmation" is altogether a matter of the heart, and not to be fixed by law. Our efforts, mein Herr, is after a life more impressed with religion; we think each man can have a divine light within him."

I asked about baptism and the communion. "Yes," he said, "we believe that only old persons should be baptized; and that the great thing is, the baptism of the Spirit." The communion, he said, they wished made a thing for the soul only, and not a requisition.

Of amusements, his own feeling was, that a redeemed person would have no taste for them; still, they left that to the conscience of each one. Of their alleged belief in perfection, he denied that they ever supposed themselves to have attained to a sinless state. "The main thing in it all, sir, is what you in America will understand — we want the Church utterly kept apart from the State."

It would be presumptuous in me, as yet, to give a judgment on this remarkable religious movement. But from all evidence thus far, I fully believe it is a natural vigorous protest against the State Church, accompanied, of course, with much fanaticism. It should be remembered, in Norway every clergyman is an office-holder, paid by the government. Confirmation — church-membership — is a condition of citizenship, fixed by law at a certain age, and after a certain degree of knowledge. That is, no one can hold a public office or receive a license, or be entitled to the fullest protection of the Norwegian laws,

without possessing a certificate that he has been religiously confirmed in a certain church or parish. To enlarge on the fatal effects of such a mingling of the religious and the political, is not necessary to the American public.

The clergymen seem very well paid throughout the country, and generally have the best farms along the road. In this town of Tromsøe, containing perhaps 3,500 inhabitants, with the universal cheapness of everything, the pastor has a salary of *D.*2,500, and his house. The salary is made up somewhat singularly. Twenty dollars of it are from the *eider-down*,* furnished by a certain island in the neighbourhood. Four hundred dollars come from lands, let out to farmers in the outskirts of the village, which belong to the pastorate: the rest is paid by the parish and the State. Among other fees, the pastor has a fixed one for every baptism and marriage and funeral. In the fishing districts, near the Loffodens, it is the custom for each fisherman to contribute a proportion of his fish, if the catch is lucky; so that in a good season the pastor will have three hundred or four hundred dollars' worth of fish? added to his salary.

I went with a friend to visit the church of the village. It is a log building, boarded, and painted red. The interior has the usual division into four equal parts, by one portion of the building crossing the other in the centre at right angles.

The altar is separated by a railing from the church; a picture of Christ was behind it, and candles before. The floor within was strewn with juniper twigs, for the odour.

The seats in the body of the church were ugly wooden seats, and the walls were occupied with three tiers of unpainted little boxes, like opera-boxes, for the better classes. The pulpit was on one of the angles of the nave and transept. The house was never warmed, they said. Above the altar hung two little ships-of-war, complete in all equipments, such as one sees sometimes in a marine insurance-lawyer's office, for models to use in court. I asked the meaning of this singular custom, which is quite common in Norway.

* The down sells here at *two* dollars a pound.

“It betokens the sailing of the soul away to heaven,” my friend answered.

Another explanation is, that the first church of the Northmen was an inverted boat; and hence, through all the Teutonic branches, the name for the principal aisle of the church became ship * or nave.

Two Russian vessels are lying in the harbour, with meal. The men were walking about in the town. They were much better-looking persons than the Norwegian sailors, with regular features, and full beard and moustaches. They seemed to me to have a certain peculiar gravity and dignity for people of their class. Probably something of the consciousness of a great nation comes down even to the lowest.

Russia has a considerable trade with this town.

I walked out in the afternoon on the hills behind the city. Here the Tromsøe citizens of wealth have erected villas to escape the heats of the summer, and to enjoy the wide landscape. It was the day after the Fourth, so my New York friends will remember its temperature. I had two overcoats on, but could hardly keep warm with walking, and was half blinded by the snow-squalls. One gentleman has a kind of Chinese villa, with pretty gravelled walks about it, laid out among trees, which, from the water, seem a grove of fruit and shade trees, and with fountains and summer-houses. A green lawn runs down from one side of the house, with flowers in the grass. There was something almost touching in this effort for summer. The only trees that would grow there, were the dwarf birch; the snow yet lay deep at the foot of the lawn; and the only flowers were the sweet Arctic *flora*, which winter cannot drive away, the yellow ranunculus; the wild violet, here almost yellow; the pink heather blossom; the white multi-berry flower; and our unfailing friends, the buttercup and dandelion. Otherwise no shrub, or fruit, or vegetable — even potatoes can hardly endure the climate. The view

* In German, Schiff; Norwegian and Danish, Slab.

from the *summer*-houses was the usual grand, desolate, Norwegian scenery of this latitude, mighty snow-peaks, of jagged outline, running down into dark, broken, twisted rock-bases, with broad reaches of water, gloomily hidden or suddenly revealed in the scurrying snow-squalls sweeping across it.

THE LYNGEN FIORD.

The Lyngen Fiord attracted my attention, as we sailed on from Tromsøe, from its mention in Mügge's charming romance. The scenery of it is truly grand. In the upper portions, owing to the condensation of the air, and the collecting of clouds by the hills, the climate is singularly mild and genial. Here grain sometimes ripens — the highest grain-growing land in the world — though at Tromsøe, only the dwarf-birch flourishes, and at Hammerfest, which is but a little distance, not even potatoes or the birch can live.

“We pass now many glaciers, and occasionally cliffs of limestone.

The Jökulfjord was indicated as remarkable, for having the only *sea-glacier* in Norway — that is, the only glacier emptying into the sea. With all these glaciers, are plainly to be seen the signs so often indicated by Agassiz; the *moraines*, or masses of rock and stone pushed on by the slowly-descending ice, the semicircular form of the mouth, and the protruding blue ice — with, as we hear, deep crevasses on the sides of the mountains, down which the ice-floods make their way.

Our bad weather is beginning to disappear, and the sun shone out brightly as we entered the beautiful Alten Fiord, in which are the famous copper-works. The inner branch of the Fiord is called Kaafiord, where is a famous headland, Bosekop. The highest peaks are about 3,000 feet high: many of the hills rounded by ice-floods are visible. The village with the green slopes, and the pretty houses of the proprietor, Colonel Thomas, looked very pleasant as we came to anchor. The works are a little without the village.

One of the most singular sights from the steamer, is the different lines of the old sea-beach, plainly visible some fifty feet or more above the present water-level. The highest of these ancient sea-beaches is now 240 feet above the sea, showing that the land has been elevated during the historic period that distance. It is curious that the elevation is greater here than towards the north, so that there is a *slope* towards Hammerfest.*

The copper found in these mines is the common yellow pyrites. The rocks are clay-slate, limestone, and hypersthene, green stone, with a peculiar kind of sandstone, or granular quartz.

As we lay at anchor, a young gentleman, an Icelander, came on board from the Catholic Mission recently established in this neighbourhood. I had known some of his friends in Copenhagen, and we soon made each other's acquaintance. There seems to me about all the Icelanders I have met a peculiar raciness and enthusiasm. We had a long conversation together, in which I inquired of the mission and its objects. It was commenced, he stated, by a Russian gentleman, who had lost his estates in Russia from his conversion to the Catholic faith — the Baron de Djunkowsky, or *Père Etienne*, as he is called now.

The mission consists of seven priests, two French and three German, beside himself. They have a chapel, and have prepared a catechism, as well as a kind of ascetical work. A seminary and college will be opened later. He is very warm about his friend.

"He is a noble man, Mr. B.," he says; "such a man as the Holy Xavier was." He states that the Baron is the Apostolic Prefect of Iceland, the Faroes, Lapland, Greenland, and Polar America.

They are to revive the five bishoprics which flourished here in the early Christian times, and they want hundreds of priests. The great question yet is, whether they are a legal

* Forbes' *Glaciers of Norway*, pp. 84 and 96.

community. They are buying land, and they refuse to pay tithes, so that they hope soon to have the question of their independency of the State Church brought before the courts or the government.*

"It is truly a question of liberty in religion," he says; "but we are obliged to present it as a question of education. At present we are only an educational establishment, and there is no law in Norway against schools by foreigners."

I had some very free conversation with him as to his reasons for joining the Jesuit mission. "I know," he said, in English, "I leave the faith of my fathers, though not of the ancient Icelandic folk, but to me, at this time, the Church Catholique seems the only democratic church. If I was in America it might be different. Look at us here! We alone ask for toleration — such as you give even to the Mormons — and this Lutheran church does try to crush us. "We are seeking to carry the cross among the poor Finns, and these rich pastors say, "No: you must pay for our salaries! you must bring in the tenths! and you must keep up the State Church!" We will not do this. No; I would rather go to Siberia, as my father, the Baron, has done once."

We spoke afterwards of Iceland and her literature. "Ah!" he said, "Mr. B., if you could only read our old sagas in the Icelandic! They are grand. I do think of them every day — such vigour and fearlessness! We have nothing like them in these days. Those old chieftains who conquered in all countries of Europe, and who sailed away on the unknown seas as the crows flew, and feared never, and finally even reached your noble country. Ah! what have we now like them!

"People do never acknowledge what they have gained from the Northmen. Do you think they do? Your jury-trial — your free speech — and your respect for women — are they not from our ancestors? Christianity has much effected, but I do not believe it so much implanted respect for women as the old

* Later information shows that the Mission has been legalized. A new Catholic church — the first in Norway — the Church of *St. Olef*, was consecrated August 24, 1856, in Christiania.

Norse habits and character did. *Pardon!* that I run on so. Will you take snuff?"

We walked up and down the deck, continuing our animated conversation. I asked if he would care to live in Iceland? No: he would not. It was dull, and was now only a colony — and a depressed colony — of Denmark. "When I settle it shall be in Free Amerique, where all sects can have toleration. Europe has much to learn from you in tolerance and free allowance of every religious opinion. Do you see how these Norwegians avoid me? I am a wolf, because I am become a Catholique. They say, "See! he's a Jesuit. He wants an *auto-da-fe* here! We shall have nuns and a *Parc aux Cerfs* again!" *Les bêtes!*"

I asked him about the Finns and Lapps whom they were trying to convert. He gave a better account of them than I had heard from the Norwegians. "A simple, serious folk," he said, "who could not leave their nomade life, but who might be much improved. Not especially stupid or inferior, and very grateful for kindness. "He thought they had been much neglected and sometimes oppressed by the Norwegians. I found he spoke German and French as well as he did English.

The valley of the Alten, "the richest and most important on the coast." according to Mr. Lallerstedt, has been selected by the Swedish writers against Russia "as the point where her ambitious attempts against Scandinavia will centralize." The gulf has three mouths, and each one leads to an excellent port, well sheltered against ocean storms, and capable of being well defended.

"A second Sebastopol," says Mr. Lallerstedt, "could easily be erected here." The valley, rich in forests and metals and inhabitants, can furnish the materials for great enterprises. A direct bridle-road to the East connects the Alten valley with the Muonio and the Torneo, which form the frontier between Sweden and Russia. It would need but few days to march Russian battalions across from Torneo to this point. Russia has also in the White Sea 15,000 tons of merchant-

shipping, in which 10,000 men, with artillery and provisions for three months, could without difficulty be embarked. There is nothing on the whole coast, north of Trondhjem, to oppose a united attack thus made by land and sea. With Alten in her hands, Russia at once has a good port towards the Atlantic, securely defended and open, owing to the influence of the conformation of the land and the Gulf-stream for most of the year.

So the Swedish alarmists have pictured the danger. They have, perhaps, overdrawn the peculiar beauties and fertilities of the Alten valley.

It is certainly much more genial in climate than Hammerfest, where nothing grows; but it would not present itself as a very splendid prize for an ambitious Northern people, desiring to burst out towards the south and the sea. For nine months in the year it is a cold, gloomy place, and no large population could ever subsist there.

Still it is, perhaps, well to have called the attention of Europe to the possible danger.

TEMPERATURE.

“For eleven years (1837-48),” says Forbes, “the average temperature (of Alten), at 9 A. M., was $34^{\circ} 50$; at 9 P. M., $32^{\circ} 83$; mean, $33^{\circ} 66$. Von Buch estimated it solely from the upper level of the pine (640 feet above the level of the sea), at nearly 1° Reaumur, or $34^{\circ} 25$ Fahrenheit, a remarkable coincidence. The mean temperature of February; which is decidedly the coldest month, is $15^{\circ} 4$; and of August, which is usually the hottest, $54^{\circ} 3$. This range is, however, small, compared with the actual extremes on particular days, which I find to be the following during three years for which they are specified, but of which those for 1848 only are certainly taken with self-registering instruments: —

	1846.	1847.	1848.
	o	o	o
Maximum . . .	83·3	81·7	86·9
Minimum . . .	14·8	3·1	20·2
Range	98·1	87·8	107·1

61 TEMPERATURE.

Hence it appears that the thermometer rarely, if ever, falls below the zero of Fahrenheit, whilst there is not, perhaps, another part of the earth's surface on this parallel where mercury does not freeze in winter. The fall of rain and snow in these three years was only 18.19, 16.81, and 17.19 inches."

Alten is known as the most northerly grain-growing town in the world — barley being raised here.

"Von Buch has remarked, that in Norway and Lapland the planes of vegetation of the (pine and birch run nearly parallel to the plane of perpetual snow, the intervals, as observed by him at Alten, being given by the following table of limiting heights of vegetation above the sea: —

VEGETATION IN LATITUDE 70°

"The Pine (*Pinus sylvestris*) ceases at 237 metres = 780 English feet. The Birch (*Betula alba*) ceases at 482 metres = 1580 English feet. Bilberry (*Vaccinium Myrtillus*) ceases at 2,030 English feet. Mountain Willow (*Salix myrsmites*) ceases at 2,150 English feet Dwarf Birch (*Betula nam*) at 2,740 English feet The snow line, 3,480 English feet," — *Forbes' Glaciers of Norway*.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAMMERFEST.

THIS is the most northerly town in Europe, lat. 70° 40': on the same degree in America is perpetual snow, and scarcely any human life.

We reached it at eleven o'clock, P.M., in broad daylight. There was a question, whether there was any hotel there at all, so that our first steps were in search of one. We were directed to one of the best-looking merchant's houses, were received by a dignified host, and at once shown to neat, quiet rooms, furnished in the usual style, with narrow beds with huge feather beds for coverlids, chairs, a pretty birch table set into the wall (we see much exquisite furniture made of the polished birch), papered walls, and uncarpeted floors. The house has an immense number of apartments, a large billiard-room, a pretty supper-room, and the family

parlour below stairs. One of the rooms below is the store and counting-house, where is kept for sale almost every article needed by man, and capable of being brought or sold here, from fish-oil and reindeer skins up to oranges and thermometers.

As soon as possible we were out exploring the little town. It was nearly twelve, but the hour seemed no nearer bedtime than in the morning. Hammerfest consists of some three streets, a square, and a church — the square having a dangerous-looking well in the centre. It was horribly muddy, and impregnated with the smell of the boiling fish oil.

The wharves were hung with the *stock-fisch* (cod), tied together and hanging over poles. The great object of every traveller to Hammerfest, besides seeing the Arctic town, is to get a view of the midnight sun — so we soon started, ladies and all, to climb the hill behind the town.

There were represented in our party England, Ireland, Germany, Iceland, Norway, and America; and the latter had the largest deputation. There was something singularly fascinating in thus strolling off at midnight with a good company, and still enjoying broad day-light. The ladies were helped along — in part over the snow, and then over the springing, beautiful moss, till we stood on the summit. The sun was just setting, that is, approaching the mountains at the north; but, contrary to my expectation, the light was not at all the warm light of sunset, but rather that of morning.

Our artist, who has been making a sketch, says that Humboldt assured him that he would never find warm colours in the scenery; that they were always cold and severe. Hammerfest lay below on its little circular bay, hid from the south by a rocky point, now beautifully green, and marked by the crosses of the graveyard, laid out among the rocks. No tree or shrub, or garden-bed was anywhere visible, though beneath our feet, on the rugged cliff, bloomed flowers so exquisite, as no gardener's art has produced them— Even the

dwarf-birch has ceased here to grow, except in the deepest valleys.

The wind began to blow from the north, and there were fears of the clouds, which already half covered the setting sun.

Our Icelander, who loves to quote the *Sagas*, says the north wind was always to the Scandinavians a good sign. The old heroes are represented as praying to the north; and in one battle of the peasants of Sweden with Gustavus Adolphus, they are said to have been greatly encouraged by a bitter north wind. To us weak modern men, the Norwegian north winds are no joke.

"It's just five minutes of twelve I we shan't see it."

"There it is above I See the line of sunshine come down the mountain! We shall have it soon!" There were a few moments of doubt, when the great orb burst splendidly forth below the cloud. "*The rising sun!* THE MIDNIGHT SUN!" It was a splendid spectacle — the rays sparkling over the beautiful Fiord, lighting up distant snowy mountains, shining back from peak to peak far away, and the whole sphere majestically rising and clearing away what a moment before had been the clouds of evening, but were now the mists of morning. The light, too, was a different one, at least to our imagination — purer, clearer, and fresher. "We watched the first movement, and it seemed, for a time, not to be upwards, but parallel with the hills, and then to be gradually ascending. At length we slowly descended under the full morning sun-light to the village. It was half-past one, as we walked through the streets, but people seemed just as much up and stirring as in the day. Children were playing in the street, and worn n sewing at the windows, while many came to the doors to study the costume of our ladies. "Certainly, nobody sleeps in Norway," we said.

I must speak again of these gloriously longdays — they are the greatest pleasure of Nordland (to an American) — you are always ahead in your work; time never overtakes

you. At first, you are hurrying in the evening, as if darkness would come upon you and you should not have time to finish whatever you are engaged at; or you hasten to get through with an excursion, but you soon come into the habit of the perpetual day. The elastic air stimulates, and you seem to live two lives to the one in other latitudes. It becomes hard to sleep. Our lady friends, indeed, complain j they miss the evening twilight, and the curtains drawn, and shutters closed. One says, "she would give so much to see a good Paris lamp again!"

I find that I sleep usually from one or two in the morning till nine, and though it is broad day at either hour, it seems to make no difference.

We found that the artist had made a beautiful sketch in water-colours of the place, faithfully portraying the horizon of iceberg-like peaks, faintly coloured by the morning, bounding the Fiord; the singular reddish rock rising in the middle of the bay; the little semicircular town, with its red roofs, and green grass roofs of the peasants, and the picturesque turfed cabins of the Finns on the outskirts. He had been hardly an hour over it, but had wonderfully touched the prominent features with the true feeling of genius. Mr. H., we hear, is the best water-colourist on the continent.

THE TRADE.

This is principally in cod and fish-oil: cod-liver oil is well prepared here. Hammerfest is a considerable centre of exchange in furs and skins; immense quantities of reindeer skins being brought there,

I purchased two or three large, beautiful skins, to be made up into mats, as gifts, for which the price was only one dollar each. The ermine skins are six cents each; fox skins from three dollars to fifteen dollars. A singular exchange is carried on here. Otter skins are imported, *via* England and Hamburg, *from America*, sold to the Russians, and carried by them overland to China, where they are employed to

wrap the dead who are buried in state. There were several Russian vessels in the harbour from Archangel, with most ugly-looking sailors aboard. These bring rye and provisions and furs: the stoppage of this trade by the war was severely felt in Northern Norway.

Everything is much cheaper than I should expect, so far towards the ends of the earth. A good dwelling will rent from *D.60* to *D.80*. Beef is 6 cents per pound; mutton, 6 cents ditto; milk about 6 cents a quart. Butter is imported, as, like all the Norwegians, the inhabitants prefer to consume their own cream at once. A cow is worth from *D.12* to *D.20*; horse, *D.100*; reindeer, *D.3*; sheep, *D.2*; a labourer's wages from 42 cents to 63 cents a-day, without food. The population in 1846 was 927; it is now 1,125.

The English college-men who have been "roughing it" on the deck are quartered at this hotel. They, with the artist, are going to the North Cape. The steamer which connects with ours takes them within a few miles, and thence they proceed by open boat, the steamer itself going on to Vadsøe. Our hotel proves a very good one. To-day we had ptarmigan* and reindeers' tongues at dinner, preserved by the landlord in hermetically sealed cans. The only objection to the house, as to the town, is the intolerable smell of burning fish oil which pervades everything. This landlord has himself been three times chosen one of the "Electors," for electing a member of the National Parliament. He says that within a fortnight there will be a new election, but that there is no excitement. Hammerfest and Vadsøe and Tromsøe used to send one member; now they are to send two. The new religious movement in Tromsøe takes all the public interest.

In the afternoon we rowed over to Mr. R.'s place, in order to see some reindeer pasturing on the hill. They were feeding by themselves, without any herdsmen, and

* Called *Ryper* (Tetrao Lagopus Alpuros).

scarcely let us come within what would be shooting-distance. They were dun-coloured, and, seen through the glass, were very thin and ugly. The Lapps drive them down at this season to the sea, to escape the attacks of a little worm which annoys them excessively. They are considered almost valueless now, for present use. We found the moss everywhere on which they feed.

On our way back, we visited an interesting monument erected by the Norwegian, Swedish, and Russian governments, to designate the terminus of the arc of the meridian, drawn, on a great scale, from the Danube to the Arctic.

The following is the inscription, somewhat abbreviated:

"TERMINUS SEPTENTRIONALIS ARCUS MERIDIANI, 25° 28', QUÆM INDE AB OCEANO ARCTICO AD FLUVIUM DANUBIUM USQUE, PER NORREGIAM, SWECIAM, ET ROSSIAM, JUSSU ET AUSPICII REGIS AUGUSTISSIMA, OSCARI I., IMPERATORUM AUGUSTISSIMORUM, ALEXANDRI I., ATQUE NICOLAI I., 1816, AD 1852, CONTINUO LABORE EMENSI SUNT, TRIUM GENTIUM GEOMETRÆ."

LAT. 70° 40' 11".

The weather to-day has been the most splendid autumn-like weather — the sun shining brilliantly over the Fiord and snowy mountains. Women and children are out walking on the heights, and enjoying their few glimpses of summer.

The North Cape can easily be seen from the high hill behind the town.

Von Buch states that to get the mean temperature of Hammerfest, one must ascend from 300 to 400 feet higher than the pass of the St. Gothard, in the Alps. It is an instance of the bonds which the great Ocean river makes between most distant points, that, in 1823, casks of palm-oil drifted ashore here, which were traced to a wreck on Cape Lopez, Africa. This stream of warm water alone must make a vast difference in the climate of Norway. It is well known that drift-ice is never seen, even at Hammerfest, or at nearly 71°, while on the American coast it appears at 41°.

At Trondhjem, the difference of temperature between

January and July is 40° Fahr., while at Jakutzk, Siberia, in the same latitude, away from the influence of the sea, it is 114°, and the mercury is sometimes frozen for three months in the year,*

In walking about the town, one of us said to a boy, cutting cod for salting, "What do you do with the back-bones and bones?" "Feed the cattle, sir," was the answer; and it is true. Even the horses here must sometimes eat refuse fish and bones.

July. — One of the "Fjeld Finner," or Finns of the Mountain, was at our hotel to-day. He wore the same dress as the one on the boat, though his blouse was of fine sheep-skin, and his shoes were of reindeer-skin. The bright colours of their high caps give a very picturesque effect to a company of them, seen together.

I induced this man to take off his cap, and felt the shape of his head, much to his astonishment, no doubt. He had an excellently formed head; forehead strong and full, though not high; the frontal portions of the brain rising finely, perhaps highest on the phrenologic organ of "firmness;" and the backside of the head not too full in proportion. His hair was light and very long; eyes grey, and cheek-bones very high, the broadest part of the face being at that point; mouth large, and chin small, with a scanty moustache and imperial, as is usual. A face, I should say, showing some weakness but good capabilities of improvement; on the whole, bearing out what my Icelandic friend had said.

On going off at night to the steamer, our landlord would not go into any accounts, but said, "Call it a dollar a-day," which, considering that it included use of boat, preparation of four meals and rooms, was cheap enough.

* Forbes.

CHAPTER IX.

AN ARCTIC DINNER AND EXCURSION.

OUR voyage south began in beautiful weather, like an Italian summer, making the coast seem another region compared with the view on our upward trip. We expect to be in Trondhjem on the fourteenth day from leaving it, which is the quickest time in which this trip can be made by the government steamers.

On our arrival at Tromsøe, we found a pleasant dinner-party prepared to meet us at our friend's, Mr. —. The houses here are usually very comfortable: this is like a German house, with many tastefully-furnished but uncarpeted rooms. Reindeer-skin mats you see about, and snow-shoes, some six feet long, at the outside door. The windows are double, with French casements. Beautiful flowers are at almost every window.

The cooking is much like the cooking of a nice German family, and the dinner had the same general arrangement; the pudding — which the Norwegians make inimitably — coming in between the other courses; the game dishes being eaten with sour preserves, and the dessert as with us, fruits and nuts. One preserve, which is very popular with all classes, is the multiberry (*moltibeer*), a small berry growing close to the ground.

The crowning dish of Scandinavia is also in use here, the "rögröd,"* eaten with cream and sugar. May America soon

* We append the recipe: — "Take three and a half pounds of juice of currants and three pints of water and sugar, *ad lib.*, with a flavouring of almonds or cinnamon (an ounce or an ounce and a half). Boil this mixture; and when it begins to boil add one and a quarter pound of ground rice or a pound of sago. Let it boil a quarter of an hour, and stir it often; afterwards it is to be poured into moulds or tea-cups, which have been wet with cold water, and left to cool. Then it should be turned out, and eaten with cream and sugar. Any other juice of acid fruit will do as well.

be blessed with that delicious mixture for a refreshing summer-dish!

The wines used were mostly from the Moselle and the Rhine. The most characteristic things to be observed were, the hearty, manly bearing of the company, and the repeated toasting. I think one would seldom see a table-company in Germany, where there were so many strong, manly-looking persons, and with such a free, independent manner. The conversation showed them all to be persons of cultivation, as well as of much natural intelligence. There was a great deal of quick wit and fun going on constantly across the table. The Norwegian women impress one very favourably — as quick, intelligent, and kind in manner, with an equal bearing towards the men, as if accustomed to respect. I have seen, thus far, very few beauties among the upper classes; the climate evidently tells on them.

Almost immediately after the soup a toast was proposed — “The strangers” — with a neat little speech from the host. We bowed our response.

Soon after came another toast to the *Amtmand* — then to the lady of the *Foged*, who was not present; then from one of the company to the hostess and to the host — each accompanied with a speech or a joke. Towards the close, our host offered one toast very seriously, alluding to the Crampton difficulties — “*Peace between England and America!*” The jovial *amtmand*, with a very hearty, pleasant bit of an oration, gave us “The Thirty-one Stars of the American Flag!”

I responded with a toast in German, to the “Norwegian Constitution!”

In the course of the dinner, I told the *amtmand* about the character of his office as we get it in “*Afraja*” — the cruel and tyrannical *amtmand* of Tromsøe. He had not seen the novel, though they all knew about MÛgge. They laughed at his romance of the oppression of the Finns by the Norwegians, and his sketches of Finnish magicians and maidens. The feeling towards the Finns and Lapps seemed to be very much like the feeling of an intelligent Western company towards

the Indians. The poetry of the race is quite obscured in their debased or drunken habits. The Lapps are simply ignorant, dirty men, who live in a barbarous way among reindeers, or who catch the cod and the ducks which the Norwegians want. Still Mügge is right. They present a fair foil to the Norwegians, such as a dramatist would seize upon — weak, poetic, roving, and unsettled, while their masters are strong, practical, steady, and perhaps tyrannical. They have lost, too, their old possessions and habitations before the conquering race of Northmen. Without doubt, they have suffered much injustice.

“Well: we shall see,” said the amtmand. “I have ordered a little tribe to meet us this afternoon in the valley — reindeer and all. They are generally, at this time of year, far away on the mountains.”

I had some conversation with one gentleman — a teacher — on the Public Schools.

“We have many obstacles, Herr B.,” he said in German. “Our profession is not yet sufficiently respected here. We cannot open as thorough and cultivated schools as we desire.”

I expressed my admiration of their Drawing Schools for working-men. He said, that they found their influence excellent on the craftsmen.

“Do the common people read?” I asked. “*Ya woh!* — certainly,” he answered; “all read the Bible and Psalm-book, and many of them other works.”

I inquired about these fishermen on the coast. They were rather wild and ungoverned, he said, “but they all read, and are intelligent.”

I was talking with another gentleman, a sea-officer, of the coast and the coast scenery, and in our conversation I asked him about that which is the terror of every child's life in geographical description, the *Mälström*. He laughed, and said, in English, “That is a myt (myth)! There is noting in it — noting. I have seen your whirl-streams in America, they are quite as bad. It only is a rapid stream

of tide between two rocks, sometimes a leetle dangerous to an unskilful boatman. Noting more; noting! ”

“Like Hurl-gate, near New York, probably ! ”

“Yees; very likely, so as I remember.”

“Gentlemen,” said our host, rising, “you know it is our custom, before leaving the table, to drink one toast. (To me.) “We are from the South, and it is our habit always to remember that at a festival — I propose *our friends at the South!* gentlemen!” This was drunk heartily, and we left for the drawing-room. There each shook hands with the hostess, and thanked her, and then cigars and coffee were brought, and the pleasant chat was kept up.

“It is time for the excursion,” said the active amtmand, “and we must prepare for rough walking!” It was now seven o'clock, and we had five miles for ladies and all to walk through a marsh and wood, before we could reach the Lapp encampment, which our friends would show us. Think of such a walk into the forest in any other latitude at this hour! The light out-doors was a pleasant full afternoon light yet, and in the northern summer no one thinks of dusk or sleep. Nature leaves you untrammelled.

We crossed the piece of water which surrounds Tromsøe in boats, and, taking up our companions from the steamer, began the walk up the valley. It was an excursion to remember. The paths wound through a kind of thicket, which in the warm valley showed a much greater variety of vegetation than we had seen on the hill by the town.

There was the mountain ash (the Scotch rowan and Norwegian *rön*); and elderberries, and alders, willows, and birch, and a number whose names I did not know.

On the ground, we plucked the yellow violet and white multiberry (*rubus chæmæmorus*), and pink-heath, and yellow ranunculus, and now and then an anemone, with the sweet flower of the blue-berry or the hare-bell.

The weather was as different from what we had experienced here in going up as summer from winter. A rich, warm afternoon-light filled the valley with almost a glory, calling

into short existence thousands and thousands of little insects and moths. Above us were the mighty hills, whence, whenever we left our merry party, we heard, as in the most solemn stillness, the gentle, continuous rustling of the torrents melting from the snow in long silvery streamlets — “the whispering of Nature,” as one of our Norwegian friends said.

The walk was a very hard one for the ladies, especially for one of the Norwegian. We had to carry them over torrents, guide them through morasses, and rescue them from occasional snow-drifts which yet remained even in summer-heats. The Norwegian gentlemen were evidently accustomed to such escorting, and did their duty in a most creditable manner. C —, a lively fellow from this province, who only spoke some half-dozen words in any language besides his own, made himself as agreeable as if he had the whole vocabulary of each — trying now German, now French, now English, or even Latin.

At length we came out on a beautiful green interval, with a brook dashing through it, lying at the base of great snow-capped hills. We were almost upon them before we perceived an encampment, of little turf and wood huts, with an enclosure for cattle, surrounded by a turf and bush hedge. One or two Laplanders stood quietly among them; the whole a perfect fac-simile of the pictures in our little school-geographies. A place to rest was made on the green grass for the ladies, and the refreshments were brought out, while the Lapps were hurrying down their reindeer from the mountains. I went out, in the mean time, to examine the huts. They were built closely, of turf, with a hole in the top for the smoke, like an Indian wigwam. The reindeer-cheese was shown to us, buried in the ground, in wooden vessels: the milk was in heavy wooden pails. The spoons were of wood and horn, curiously cut. We bought a few, and then my American friend attempted to buy some of their rare jewellery, which they have kept a long time among their tribes, but which they occasionally sell to travellers. They would not part with it.

Of course, the great interest was in the reindeer. The first glimpse we caught of them was as of a flock of little black animals on the snow at the top of the mountain. Gradually they drew nearer to us, and we could see that they were driven by some little Lapland-dogs, and two boys with whips. Every straggler from the herd was at once brought in by the dogs, and the whole mass was directed towards us. Finally they came, tramping and snuffing, and with a low grunting noise, into the valley, and passed us, some two hundred of them — the bucks bent down under their grand antlers, the does very thin and scraggy, and the little fawns, dun-coloured and graceful — all running into the enclosure. They are, as I before observed, a small deer — much more so than I expected — and, at this season, peculiarly ugly. Their motion is a kind of quick trot — not a bound, like that of our deer — and, it is said, they will keep this up for ninety miles a-day. The boy, to show us the milk, threw a lasso some twenty feet over a doe, and pulled her up towards him. He milked her in a little wooden vessel. The milk is very rich in quality, richer than cows' milk, and not disagreeable. We are told there are two species of moss which the reindeer feed on — one, a lichen (*rangiferina*), with a broad pale-green leaf, which we observe everywhere on the rocks (such as grows on dead trees in America); and another, the little white Iceland-moss which the Lapps keep and dry for winter. They also eat the lemming-rat. The deer are greatly troubled by flies and insects, and, either to escape these or to get their favourite moss, they draw their masters down at this season to the hills near the sea.

It is a curious fact, that these natural migrations of the reindeer have been the occasion almost of a war between Norway and the colossal empire at the North. In former times, Finnish fishermen used to follow their business on the fishing-places of the Norwegians, and, in return, the Norwegian Lapps were allowed to cross into Finland during winter, for the moss for their reindeer. The Russian Lapps had the same privilege in summer on these coasts. This ex-

change was settled, even by a treaty between Norway and Sweden as far back as 1751.

After a time, when Russia had conquered Finland, her government expressed itself dissatisfied with this state of things, and demanded greater privileges for Russian fishermen, and even stations on the coast. These were refused. It then refused all entrance into Finland for the Lapps and their reindeer, and when the poor animals absolutely forced their way to their usual food, they were killed, and great injury was thus inflicted on the Norwegian Lapps. These latter attributed their suffering to their own government, and were exasperated once or twice even into bloody outbreaks. The Norwegian government sent a commission into Finland, to quiet the Lapps, and demanded explanations of the Russian government. No satisfactory replies were ever received, and thus the matter still rests.

As I had expressed my desire of making some inquiries of the Lapps themselves, especially on their religious faith, my friends called forward one of the young herdsmen, and introduced me, through an interpreter. The man was dressed in a kind of reindeer-skin frock, with a red visorless cap, and blue trousers, tied at the ankle. He took off his cap, and showed a good, intelligent face, and well-shaped forehead, with the usual features — high cheek-bones, small eyes, and long light hair. His height was perhaps five feet six inches. He was a kind of servant or member of the household, the chief of which possessed these reindeer.

"Can you read?" I asked, through the interpreter.

He answered that he had learned of the schoolmasters (they go from house to house).

"Can you read the Bible?"

"Oh, yes; he read it almost every day. He had been confirmed under Lestadius."

This was the great preacher and missionary among them, and the originator of this remarkable religious movement, of which I have already spoken. He died in 1841.

"Do you believe you will live after you die?"

75 CONVERSATION WITH A LAPP.

"Every one will live," he answered, very seriously; "but whether he should attain the blessed life, he was not sure; he was trying very hard, but sometimes he was in doubt?"

"Do you think you will live above or below?"

The answer was remarkable: "God is everywhere, above and below. He will do with me what is good."

I was desirous of seeing if any of the old superstitions still existed among them.

"When there is a storm among the mountains, do you not believe the wicked spirits are at work?"

"They are always busy in evil, both among men and in the mountains," he answered.

"Do you believe in the old Jumala (the heathen god)?"

I understood from his answer that he considered Jumala to be Satan.

He professed also his belief in Christ as "part man and part God."

I asked, finally, whether he would like to live in the cities, to go into business, and make money, and have a fine house.

He made a gesture of utter disgust "He would not hear of it; he was only used to this," and he stretched out his hand to the mountains and clouds. "He could not leave the rocks and the reindeer. He would die!"

There was something in his simple and sententious replies that impressed one much. His manner was very serious, and as it were, half abstracted, as if of a man living habitually under principles and thoughts not seen by the eye or easily expressed. He seemed a savage when I first addressed him, but I shook hands with him at parting, as if we belonged to more than the brotherhood of humanity.

The old chief had returned now from taking care of the reindeer. I was introduced to him, as from America. His countenance lighted up at once, and he said, "There is where the son of Lestadius has gone. Does the gentleman know him?" I said no; though I had often heard the name of the good man.

He seemed pleased, and spoke a few words more of the

old missionary with great feeling. We held then another theological conversation. His replies were by no means so original as those of the young man, and were mostly Scripture phrases.

Once he said, in reply to a question about the future life, "Men are on earth, the bad below, and the good above."

Of the wicked? "They go into everlasting punishment." Of Jumala and the heathen superstitions he expressed an utter disbelief. "Is there any fear of demons or evil spirits now among your people?"

"No; except with the poorest persons. We believe in the Redemption through Christ. We do not care for anything else."

"Is there much drinking in your tribe?"

"No, none. We never drink now. The Spirit of God has been among us."

I tried to draw out something more about this strange Revival. He would not answer much, but what he said was spoken with great solemnity.

His opinions on religious facts were very clear. It struck me that he generally felt himself too far advanced for my questions. At the close, he turned suddenly to me with the remarkable question, "Does the gentleman believe in baptism of children?" My friends explained that this subject was greatly agitated just now among the Lapps, and that there were two parties on it.

This chief was a believer in the old creed of the baptism of children.

I felt diffident about explaining my own views, knowing that my Norwegian friends would look on a doubter of that article as some one quite out of the pale of society, and perhaps a little crazed. I explained that the majority of the Christian Church in America, and my own religious friends, generally believed in it, but that I, historically and morally, preferred it as a sign of voluntary conversion, or union with the religious body.

The most touching and interesting thing to me in the con-

versations, was the evident feeling towards the old missionary, Lestadius, and the deep, solemn religious faith which they had gained from him.

There are many splendid monuments scattered *over* the world for the great and wise, but what of them could be half so beautiful as the unspoken gratitude and daily memory inciting to noble thoughts, in the hearts of such poor creatures as these? One could die happy to know that one's name was thus breathed with the prayers of the depressed and the ignorant!

About ten o'clock we started on our walk back, in a beautiful afternoon sunlight. The sky was soft and genial in tone, and the colours like those of an Indian summer, delicate violet and warm purple, with a dreamy haze on the horizon. Our common coats felt too warm. We had left our thermometer behind, but I am assured it frequently rises at this season to 94° Fahrenheit. Think of this in the latitude of Greenland and Baffin's Bay (69° 40')!

In walking through the thicket, I was in company with an intelligent gentleman of Tromsøe, and we had some conversation on the replies of the young Lapp.

"There was something very peculiar about that Lestadius," said he; "his great talent lay in a kind of sensuous and vivid presenting of Scripture truth, which often was really coarseness. I remember an instance. He had been once speaking of believers partaking of the communion supper, and then going off to commit sin, just as before. "Ye eat the body of Christ!" said he. "Does it digest? do ye take it into your vitals? does it become your blood and your life? No; ye are hypocrites! Ye go out into secret places, and *spit it all out!*"

Another time he was preaching of the marriage of the Church to Christ. "Do ye call yourselves *brides* of Christ, ye selfish and sensual Christians! No; ye were never married. Ye are prostitutes and harlots! Beasts have ye married!"

"Still," said my friend," he had a way of coming straight to

the conscience of these poor creatures in a wonderful manner, and he spent his life among them."

I asked what he considered to be the cause of this religious movement among them.

"It seems to me," said he, "that the preaching of Lestadius was the origin of it; and then the grand solitary nature in which these people live has cultivated the deepest religious feeling. People call it fanatical, and so it is: still I have been the witness that it has called forth, even among the Norwegians in Tromsøe, the most serious and solemn desires to live more really for what is not seen; and I know that the influence has been exceedingly deep and powerful on the morals and life of many people."

"Whether it may be God's Spirit," he continued, "or some less natural influence, I believe that now, all through Europe, there are strong movements for a more deep and real religious life. We hear of it in Switzerland and in Germany, and even in France."

Such words, spoken under the shadow of great mountains, with the silent grandeur of nature solemnly attesting, where no other ear listens, from stranger to stranger, crossing each other's paths a moment on the endless journey, have an effect which in no way appears on paper or when repeated afterwards.

When we reached the boats, our ladies were very much fatigued, so that we left them on the steamer, and we went across to take supper with our friends. It was now half-past eleven — the children were up at the house, and the sun poured a blaze of light into the rooms. After a pleasant meal, we bade good-bye, and towards one o'clock came on board the steamer, while the rising sun was lighting up the whole Fiord. It was impossible to sleep under the beautiful morning, and we walked the decks in the mild summer air, and talked of the interesting day, and the pleasant people of Tromsøe, till the morning of more southern latitudes had really come.

COAST VOYAGE.

We stopped again at Alten on our voyage back, and as we lay at anchor, the Baron Djunkowski, or Père Etiena, the head of the Catholic mission, came aboard. He was a small, dark, quick man, with Russian features, who impressed you at once as a person of marked ability. His tact and readiness in the twenty minutes which he spent on the deck of the steamer were extraordinary. Each person he addressed in his own language — (I heard him speak five languages in that time), and to each he spoke just what was most likely to be in accordance with his habits of thought. To me he said, after a few words, "We are attempting here, sir, just what you in America have so nobly solved — the question of toleration of all sects, under the law. It is the question of liberty I do hope, sir, to visit one day your countree. The Church Catholique owes to it much gratitude. I have not the pleasure of knowing many of the Catholique clergy in America, but we hear of Archbishop Hughes. I hope to see America — the land of the future!"

I wished him every success in his struggle for religious toleration, and we parted very cordially.

We stopped but a half-day at Trondhjem, and took leave of our pleasant company and the gentlemanly captain, to take a large Hamburg steamer for Bergen. Our new captain again speaks English excellently. We meet many of the fishing boats, or jechts, bound from Bergen for Finmark. They make two voyages, one in the spring for oil, and another for fish. The salt fish is sent to Spain; the dried, to Italy, sometimes to South America. Our captain says there is a great change in the habits both of the boatmen and fishermen within a few years: so much less intoxication. He attributes it, in part, to the greater import and use of coffee in place of liquors.

The coast between Trondhjem and Bergen is very rich in historic associations. A Norwegian was on board, who had been employed by government in selecting sites on the coast

for lighthouses. Though, apparently, not an educated man, he knew perfectly every scene celebrated in the ancient history and sagas of the country. He pointed me out many famous burial-mounds, where already some of the most interesting objects of antiquity had been found. He stated — and I find that to be the general opinion — that the abandonment of agriculture for fishing had greatly reduced the population of the coast, and that the country produced more in the twelfth century than it does now; "in 1812 there was such a famine that people were obliged to eat the bark of trees."

These views are to be received with much allowance. From the nature of the soil, and the appearance of the coast, it does not seem possible it could ever have supported a very numerous population by agriculture. When men lived principally by hunting and fishing, I can well understand that a country like Norway, with its deep Fiords and inaccessible forests, the refuge of wild animals of every kind, might have been much more resorted to than the more open and fertile lands to the south, and that thus a population might have sprung up, very numerous in proportion to the resources of the country. This, with the confusion of names for different tribes, is the probable cause of the representation by ancient writers of the immense population of Scandinavia.

Molde. — This is one of the most Swiss-like villages in Norway. It is built on the edge of what seems a lake, though really a Fiord, with green fields and wooded hills rising abruptly behind, till they disappear among mountains. The front is sparkling water, with a foreground of sharp, jutting snow-peaks. "We counted eighty-one at one point of view. The air has been to-day the most deliciously balmy; the fresh, green, and luxuriant grain, and the foliage, are inexpressibly soothing and pleasant after our Arctic voyage. There is such a softness and beauty over everything, that we seem to be in one of our American summer scenes rather than in Norway. The yards are fresh with dear old New England flowers — lilacs, laburna, and violets, and roses. I have just

passed, in our ramble, a grave-yard, beautifully set with flowers like a garden. Often one sees that affectionate piety in these northern countries, and what a contrast are their church-yards to our desolate, forsaken places for the dead in America.

The beautiful twilight, with its soft skies, and gentle, quiet and uncertain light, has come again after our long day, and the lamp and the closed curtains are most home-like, after twelve or fourteen days of sunlight.

Aalesund. — The towns on this coast are wonderfully picturesque. This is built among bare rocks, which are curtained in vines, or green with fresh grass; and as you walk along the streets, your path seems to terminate in the hill-side or the cliffs, when you find it suddenly works through on another group of houses among the rocks, or leads over to some pretty little island.

The great business is the fishing and export of herring and cod. The latter is sent even to Italy and Spain.

July . — On our voyage to-day we passed a remarkable headland, with a sheer precipice of 1,200 feet into the Fiord — Hornelen. The sailors and cragsmen have often attempted to scale it and reach the summit, but in vain. Several lives are said to have been lost in the effort, at different times. The tradition which perhaps impels, is that one of the old gigantic Vikings — Olaf Trygvason, I think — laid a wager that he would climb it in his armour. He started with a brave peasant, and after reaching a certain point in the difficult ascent, the man dared neither go farther nor recede. The powerful Viking took the poor fellow under his arm, reached the summit, waved his sword in the air, and brought the men down safely again.

CHAPTER X.

THE NORTHMEN.

WE have just passed an island — *Vigr* — in which one of the most distinguished and heroic of the cruel pirates of the North had his residence — afterwards the founder of the line of Norman dukes in France, and the ancestor of the English kings and of half of the royal families of Europe — Rollo, or ROLF GANGER (Ralph the Walker), so called because his great size crushed any horse he would mount, and he was obliged, in consequence, to walk. This coast which we are passing, with its multitudinous friths, or fiords, encouraging a constant trial of the sea — its jutting rocks, where the slender soil only in favourable seasons could support the inhabitants — was a natural home for that daring race of pirates and filibusters who scourged Europe for so many centuries, and who finally infused their savage vigour into its effeminated and superstitious people. “Whatever be the attractions of scenery or of the existing institutions in Norway to the traveller, the great interest to the student of history for evermore is the thought of its wonderful Past. Though such vague associations, with all their constant charm, are not capable of being expressed, yet they are called unceasingly forth in this country by every familiar object.

The type of the features, the colour of the hair, the stature of the men, the form of the houses, and the mould of the fishing-boats; the scanty soil and the stern cliffs; the names of persons and of objects; the titles, the laws, and the institutions — all, in one mode or another, remind of that powerful race to whom England and America owe their fame and their good work in the world.

One continually asks, what it was in the rocks, the air, or the sea, which made such a people of conquerors. One wonders how it was that a country which now has hardly more than a million and a half of men, could a thousand years

before have sent such destructive and conquering armaments against the most powerful nations of Europe.* Norway is fortunate in still possessing a people who are not degraded in the comparison of manhood with their unconquerable forefathers. In Denmark, one cannot, in the character of the people, trace the historic descent from the Danish Northmen. Among the Norwegians, one feels that the same stuff is still there, and the same essential elements of nature.

To many readers, who only vaguely know that Normandy and England were settled and conquered by the Northmen, a brief sketch of their expeditions may be welcome! I must say here, that I use the name Northmen rather than Normans, because the latter has come to have a too chivalric or heroic association.

The Northmen were simply, through some eight hundred years, Northern pirates, of the most cruel and bloody class. They had various names. The principal one by which they were known, *Vikings*, is derived from *Vicks*, or *Wicks*, the inlets from which their fleets proceeded. By the English, they were called Danes; by the French, whom they continually annoyed, pirates and Northmen; by the Irish, whose island they approached usually from the east, Eastmen; in the sagas, they have the common title of Norwegians, though they came from both branches of the North-Teutonic race, the Danes and the Norwegians. The Swedes, though of the same blood, do not appear to have been often connected with their sea-expeditions, while, on the land, they gained great conquests.

* "King Canute the Great sailed to England with 1,000 great vessels; Knut Sveinson came to Norway with 1,200 ships; Harold Gormson sailed from Denmark with 700 vessels; Eymundi made an expedition against Norway with 600 ships; and the Jombourg Vikings alone had 180."

The common vessels had 30 oars and 200 men each, and could carry sail. — *Weinhold's Alt Nordisches Leben*.

The facts in this chapter are principally drawn from Depping's *Expeditions des Normands*, Thierry, and the *Heimskringla*.

The earliest invasions of which we hear, by sea, from Jutland and the north of Germany, were against Gaul, in 286 A. D. Nearly at the same time, there were emigrations from a branch of the great German family, the Saxons, to England. By the year 480, Saxons had established colonies in Normandy, at Caen, and at the mouth of the Loire, and were fast changing and becoming humanized under the influence of a superior civilization.

In the middle of the fifth century, they had also been called into England, to aid against the Celtic tribes at the north, and thus at length gained a firm foothold in that island. The small islands neighbouring, as well as Scotland, held out much longer than England against these invaders. The Anglo-Saxons were early converted to Christianity, and, from some peculiarly of temperament, appear to have fallen especially under its superstitions. Their success in England emboldened the Scandinavian Northmen, and these commenced to make their fearful incursions against the small islands north and west of Scotland. In this same century, an alliance was formed between a Danish Northman's family and a Scotch royal family. The first really successful invasion of the terrible Northern pirates into England was made in 793 A.D., when they began their relentless devastations of convents and churches, which they continued for so many centuries. "While the Northmen were thus pressing the Christianized Saxons of England, another race — the Franks — were just about breaking the power of the same people in their own provinces, in Northern Germany. Charlemagne had opened his vigorous and cruel campaigns against the heathen Saxons in Northern Germany.

This great leader, though successful against these tribes, could not destroy the power which he saw would soon threaten all civilized Europe — the piratical and fearless sea-rovers of Norway and Denmark. His strong hand was able to protect the coasts of France during his life, but after his death Northmen ravaged unrestrained almost every coast in Europe. The people seemed everywhere to have become weak and

superstitious. Feudalism could do little against the fierce democracy of the Vikings. With the Northern robbers, each private soldier was a landholder, and an independent man. Among the oppressed peoples of Europe, the soldier was a serf. Nor could the Christian faith in amulets and relics, and masses, stand beside the strong faith of these pagans in the joys of Valhalla, reserved for the brave, and their trust in their own right arms. They burned, plundered, and ravaged without mercy or hindrance. Contents were sacked, churches robbed, Christians carried off as slaves by the thousands. Astute and supple, they used wiles where they could not employ force. They united a boundless ambition and enterprise with the most firm animal courage, and a reckless contempt of death. Pain, and hardships, and dangers were their delight. They lived in the excitement of these perils and exploits. The hope of booty, the lust of conquest, the ideals of religion and of poetry, all contributed in stimulating them to their incessant and daring expeditions. They became almost irresistible. In one century, the ninth, they attacked London, burnt Rouen, plundered Paris, and took Seville, overrunning something of France, Scotland, England, Spain, and Portugal. The only decided check they received during this time was from a people equally with themselves fired by fanaticism, and inured to danger, and who had not yet learned defeat — the Moors of Spain. Hitherto the local causes which had originated the piracies from Norway had been the uncertainty of the harvests and the superabundance of the population, almost compelling the young men to seek their fortunes abroad.

To these was added now a political cause. Harold Haarfager, the first king, who sought to make a united Stat of the numerous petty kingdoms of Norway, and who first attempted to put down piracy, had fought, in 885, one of the great battles of Norwegian history in the Hardanger Fiord. His opponents, the petty chiftains from Norway, assisted by the King of Sweden, were utterly defeated and scattered abroad, and the Royal Power was henceforth established.-

The refugees, many of them the bravest warriors and sea-kings of Norway, fled to distant islands, and formed new bands of pirates and freebooters.

Some took refuge in Iceland, and founded a democratic Republic, where literature and law flourished as they did nowhere else in Northern Europe in that degenerate age. Among the countries that suffered most from these defeated Vikings, were England, Ireland, and Scotland, and the small islands which lie adjacent.

The power of the Norwegian King, however, reached them here. In the Shetlands and Orkneys he extirpated utterly their bands, and gave the Orkneys as a fief to Rognvald, the father of Rollo and the great line of Norman kings.

Hollo is the first of the Vikings who turned his successes to solid use, and who can, therefore, really claim a position in history. His life, too varied and filled with incidents to be told here, was most characteristic of the times. Banished by his old friend and chief, Harold Haarfager, from Norway, for acts of lawless violence, he spent years in piracy and bloody adventure, until he obtained a foothold in the beginning of the tenth century in Neustria, or, as it was afterwards called, Normandy. There, at Rouen, the old freebooter and pirate married a Franc woman, and became nominally Christianized, established a government which became known as the most settled and strong government in France, and whose only traces, transmitted to posterity, are the most severe laws against rapine and crime. While he was founding the line of English kings in Normandy, his brother Rholland went to Iceland, and established a family, who are said to be still known as intelligent and industrious farmers in that little island,

The Northmen now held possession of Neustria or Normandy for several centuries, as a ruling and distinct people, gradually becoming humanized, and feeling the softening influences of Christian civilization.

“With the efforts in Norway and Denmark to extinguish piracy, and the success of the Northmen in France, the Viking expeditions were coming to a close.

In the middle of the tenth century, one of the last bands of these pirates was formed — the Jombourg-Vikings; and in 1015 the last eminent Viking leader, Olaf Haraldson, appeared, and ran through with his bloody course. The expedition in the eleventh century of the Guiscards, the descendants of the Northmen, which conquered Southern Italy, had more the character of a conquest than a piracy. In the Scotch isles the Northern pirates still had their haunts till the thirteenth century, and in the Orkneys, Norse was spoken till the sixteenth century.

At the close of the tenth century, and near the beginning of the eleventh, were those peaceful expeditions of the Northmen which resulted in the discovery of America; but which produced so little fruit that both they and the extensive colonizing of Greenland, from which they rose, had become one of the fables and sagas of the people, and, till a late century, utterly lost to history.

One of the most surprising things to the student, with regard to the settlement made in France by the Norwegian and Danish Vikings, is the little trace left afterwards of their occupation. Though holding an important French province for several centuries, they left behind them no language, no literature, no mythology or architecture. Beyond almost any other people of Europe, the Northmen had a technical and elaborate system of law. Only one or two traces of this appear in French institutions. So completely amalgamated and mingled with the French population had the Vikings become, that, within a few centuries, not even their origin was known by their descendants in Normandy. Even the Runes, which follow their course in other countries, are not found here. A few names of places and towns, a few words in the popular language, and occasional features in the peasantry, are the only direct traces which they have left in Normandy. The only substantial popular benefit which history records, as the fruit of the Northman conquest in France, are the vigorous life inspired into a superstitious peasantry, and the establishment of the French fisheries and marine.

In England, on the other hand, with a race more kindred in blood, they seem to have united more naturally — the two races filling out, in some degree, each other's deficiencies and wants. The Northmen had already gained foothold in many provinces of England, before the invasion of 1066, under William the Conqueror. The English Saxons, even as the other Christian peoples on the Continent, had felt the depressing and unmanly influence of monkish superstitions. They had become a weak, almost effete race. Industrious on the soil, patient with mechanical labour, they had no taste for seafaring life, or the dangers and toils of warfare. They fell an easy prey to the vigorous, relentless, hardy Northmen. Henceforth England had stamped on her national character the traits of the Norwegian sea-kings; and the American progeny yet bears them even more distinctly. The boundless spirit of individual enterprise — the love of the perils of the sea (which the Saxons never showed) — the recklessness of life — the shrewdness and skill in technical law — the fondness for wassail and wine — the respect for woman, and, above all, the tendency to associated self-government.

In Britain, everywhere have the Danish and Norwegian Northmen left enduring traces — in the most familiar words of the language; in the names of towns and villages, of hills, and bays, and rivers; in customs, and games, and popular superstitions; in laws and institutions.*

History, in recording the vices, and cruelty, and lawlessness of the Northmen, will admit that they were a natural product of the time; and that only such vigorous and unsparing hands could have cut off the superstitions and corrected the unmanly wickedness into which Europe had fallen. They had that which must be the basis of character in nations as in individuals — physical, animal vigour. On that, Christianity and civilization have built up what of good is at this day to be seen in England and America.

* Even the trial by jury may fairly derive itself from the similar institution in Norway.

CHAPTER XI

BERGEN.

THIS is a much more picturesque town than is commonly represented, built on different hill-sides of a bay, with many heights and varied surfaces, and broken in upon in part by an island. We found here some very cultivated and interesting people, and enjoyed our short stay. The inns are wretched beyond description. Everything was in ferment, in view of the visit of three Princes — the Crown Prince, who is making a summer tour in the beautiful scenery of this Province; Prince Napoleon, who is *en route* for the North Cape, and some Italian Prince. Whatever we wanted to see — Church, Museum, Library, or boarding-house, was being prepared for the prince! Posts were being painted, walks cleared, streets cleaned in a manner most unusual for this steady and dirty city. Bergen is the great commercial city of Norway. Of its trade, I have given statistics in the Appendix.

It is perhaps, also, the most conspicuous town in Norway for its institutions of charity. With a population of 28,000, it appropriates about *D.*30,000 per annum to the poor and sick, besides the means for public institutions. These are, the Old Sailors' Asylum, 100 — 120 inmates; the Widows', with 31; the old Wardens', with 30; the old Citizens', 60; Leprous Hospitals, 500 — 600; Hospital, 120; Insane Asylum, 50.

The mode of disposing of the vagrant and criminal children is similar to that adopted by private organizations in America — the sending them to individual homes in the country, where responsible parties are bound to support and educate them. There seems to be a very regular and exact visiting of the poor by public inspectors, who are bound to serve without pay for four years. These report if children do not attend school, or are vagrant, or falling into criminal habits; they also dispense assistance, and give permits for the different asylums and institutions.

Of its institutions of education, beside the *Real schools*,

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and the Drawing Schools for workmen, there are sixteen People's Schools in Bergen, with 1,700 scholars, supported at an expense of D.6,000. The boys are taught in the morning, and the girls in the afternoon. Each school is only held three hours a-day. Salary of upper teacher, D.200; of under teacher, D.100 per annum.

No stranger should leave this city without visiting the old "German Church." The curious gilt carving, the mingling of pictures of Catholic saints and Lutheran divines, the odd representations of Scripture scenes in German costume, make a most droll and quaint picture for the memory. We spent a long time examining its curious details.

LEPROUS HOSPITALS.

July—. — My friend Dr. —, took me to-day to various institutions of Bergen, and, among others, to his Leprous Hospitals. It was a hideous sight — the first I had ever had of that singular disease, except in the cases we had seen occasionally in the streets of Bergen. We passed by each patient, the Doctor sometimes taking the hand, or looking more minutely at him. Some of them showed faces drawn down and distorted, with broad deep marks, as of a burn; others had huge scaly patches crumbling off from their features; others, red rings and white spots around their eyes, and the eye itself evidently half bleared; some were lame, some blind; some bore the white scales on the arms and hands and every part of the face; others were bleeding from the red broken seams of the sores. They seemed generally quiet, as if not suffering intensely, but hideous and disgusting beyond description. One breathed more freely again when in the open air.

Dr. — says that the difficulty with the peasants is, that they will not confess their disease until it has gone too far for remedy. It frequently follows the law of syphilis, and passes over one generation, attacking the third. He attributes it mainly to the excessive eating of salt fish, and to the filthiness of the peasantry. There are two hospitals in the city, one

for incurable cases, containing 130 patients; the other, a new building, for the usual cases, having 300 to 400 patients. So far as I know, it is the only hospital for leprosy in Europe, except, possibly, one in Italy.

Bergen sustained its character, as one of the wettest places in the world, while I was there. The days were very much like summer days in Liverpool — sunshine, clouds, showers or fog, continually succeeding each other. The difference of climate between this place and Christiania is striking, as showing the effect of a seaboard position, compared with a continental. With Bergen, the flow of the Gulf-stream, the warm return trade-winds from the Atlantic, and the peculiar amphitheatre of hills, at once sheltering and condensing the vapours, produce an average temperature of $46^{\circ}48$ (Fahr.), while at Christiania it is only $41^{\circ}5$, and a fall of rain and snow of 73 inches, while at Christiania it is 21·2 inches, and at Upsala, in the same latitude, only about 41·5 inches.*

The winters at Christiania have a mean temperature 13° lower* than at Bergen.

This latter is not considered a healthy or agreeable place in Norway.

A stranger is always impressed with the German character of the town, the old Hanseatic warehouses, the faces of the common people, and the language.

It is the first Norwegian town I have found where German was more spoken than English. Whether it be in the climate, or the dirty habits, or the food — consisting so much of fish and oil — it is certain that nowhere do you see among peasants and poor people so many distorted sickly faces and diseased bodies. I watched for an hour on a market-day the current of peasants pour in. It was rare to see a tall, strong, well-made man unflecked with sickness, and without some kind of deformity. This is not at all the common observation in Norway. Here syphilis and leprosy — the fearful scourges for the two great sins of the Norwegian peasantry, licentiousness and filth have left indelible scars.

* Forbes.

CHAPTER XII.

POSTING TO CHRISTIANIA.

WE are again off in our little carriages which we had left in Trondhjem during our Arctic excursion, and then brought on to Bergen as freight. (Item. The freight for a carriage is the same as for a lady in Norway, *i. e.*, half the full fare. Also, let travellers be warned not to leave their harnesses behind them, from too much confidence in hotel servants, as we did in the Hotel de Belle Vue, Trondhjem!) The scenery on the post road beyond Bergen is very much like the scenery in a New England valley — the Housatonic, for instance — dark hill-sides, reaches of streams in the valleys, woods and sudden perspectives up a long opening in the hills.

Houge. — Small station with stone and grass roofs among the bare hills; peasants making hay on the intervale, the rows of drying-frames looking like battalions.

No Norwegian summer scene is true without these little frames for drying hay. The object is to dry rapidly, for fear of rain in the changeable summer-climate. They often seemed like little ranks of soldiers.

Garnoes. — Stop for breakfast — nothing but dry oat-cake in the house: we make our own tea: no bed-room or any other accommodation, if one were detained there.

Our carriages are taken apart and put into a large eighty oared boat, and we are pulled up a beautiful lake.

It is a six hours' pull for four men. The views at the other end are grand; immense hills rising abruptly for thousands of feet. I never was so impressed at once with the poverty and the industry of the Norwegians. In a number of places we saw men, so high above us that they seemed mere specks, making hay on little ledges of the mountains, which could not be thirty feet broad, and rolling the bundles down to boats at the foot, where the only access was by water, and where a false step would have cast them down a thousand feet.

Others were gathering in the same perilous way the green brushwood for the cattle. Every place that could be laboured, even a small bit of grass by the shore, showed its hay-frames or labourers.

It is a poor, hard country; that is the strong impression left by a Norwegian journey. One does not wonder that the people leave it, and yet it is such soils that grow *men*. It has begotten the Northmen, and all that has sprung from them.

Dale. — "We landed here. No house or hut in sight; but a few skillings set one of the men running to the post-station, a mile or two distant. I settled the boat-account exactly according to our book of prices; gave the gratuity: no objections were made, or questions asked. They put the carriages nicely together, and after a little waiting, we were driving off again. When one reflects how completely he is in the hands of these boatmen and postmen, in such solitary places, he is ready to give full thanks to Norwegian laws and Norwegian honesty, which make mountain-travel so easy.

The drive to *Dalseidet* was grand — right under mighty precipices. We had the fastest little horses, and I, a post-girl to drive, if I wished. They brought us wonderfully quick to another lake, with the most impressive and grand aspects we have yet seen. Here, as usual, most provoking waiting for the people, before the carriages could be taken apart and put into boats. At length we were started. Every fresh scene now makes us say, "This is the finest yet!" On the Dovre Field, despite the most agreeable novelty, there was a slight, almost unconscious feeling of disappointment. Here there is none. One is overwhelmed — crowded with the scenes of power and beauty. I never felt Swiss scenery so deeply. Yet, in enjoyment of Nature, how much depends on your mood, on your company, on the weather, and the nameless power of shadow and light!

This was an evening never to be forgotten by those who enjoyed it. The magnificent sun-set, the solemn, massive

hills overhanging and the fissures in deep shadow; the still waters; the gloom and the glory which lit it up — all are on the memory, but cannot be put on paper. In several places I saw a beautiful phenomenon. The rocks on this lake, or rather fiord, are strangely stratified and contorted — how, I was not near enough to determine. At a distance, the effect is as of the most gigantic strokes on the mountain-side by a great artist, as if, in deep feeling of beauty, he had drawn curved lines of shadow or different lights over the bare rock. It is only when you are near, that you see that this *tone* is given by the material, and not by colouring or shadow. Would that some artist or photographer could preserve these gigantic rock-studies!

Bolstadbren. — Beautifully situated at the end of a lake. This is a favourite spot for English sportsmen. The English have fairly occupied Norway for sporting. Almost any stream of any value for salmon-fishing is hired by them. Some have even bought properties, for the sake of the fishing — a profitable thing for the country-people, as, of course, the sportsmen do not want the fish, and bring in besides many gains to the peasants.

We had here a delicious supper of salmon and coffee. However poor a Norwegian inn is, one may nearly always be sure of fish and eggs, and good coffee.

We had again another water-journey in little boats; and, as the wheels would not come off from one of the carriages, it was put into the stern, bodily, with the wheels over the side in the water, which created great amusement among the peasants, and brought after us the shout of *Dampbaad* (Steamboat!)

It was full night when we reached Evanger, but we were determined to post all night, in order to be at our station fixed upon for sleep. We set off under the moon, in most uncertain and romantic light. Between twelve and one there began to be a glimmer of day; and at two, when, thoroughly tired and sleepy, we reached "Vossevangen, it was almost broad daylight. The people were easily roused up, and accommodations found.

Sunday. — Vossevangen is in one of the most retired valleys of Norway. It is built on the edge of a little lake, and steeply-sloping hills, covered with green fields, and rich verdure of trees come right down to it on either side. On the west, the lake opens out in a wide reach of sparkling water. The little brown clusters of houses — which make the *gaard*e or farms — are sprinkled over the beautiful hill-sides. There are some thirty or forty houses in the village, clustering about an old whitewashed church with black spire, of an indescribable shape, but evidently intended once to be a cone. There are no fences about the houses, and everything seems open. It is an exquisitely beautiful summer day, and the whole village and church and scene have left on me such an impression of peace and beauty as scarcely any ever has done. Early in the day, the Bonders of the neighbourhood, the famed men of Voss, and their families, began to pour in for the Sunday's service. I watched them from the hill. Little ponies brought some from the hills, even from near where the snow now lies; others came in small carts, in the independent little sulkies or carriages, or on foot. Then, again, a party in a boat crossed the lake, picturesque in red, and white, and blue colours. The village was soon filled with sturdy-looking men in blue caps, jackets, and breeches, and with women in most singular costume. I went early to the church. Before the preaching service, the communion is partaken of, and I found some hundred women and men gathered about the altar. There was on almost every face a very earnest and devout expression; and though our costume must have been even more singular to them than theirs to us, scarce any woman turned her head as we entered. The clergyman, dressed in black cassock with a stiff white ruff, such as appears in the portrait of Martin Luther, or any priest of his time, with his back to the audience, was repeating or chanting a passage of Scripture. He then turned, and made a short address, which was very intently listened to; and then, as the communicants kneeled at the altar, he placed his hands on their heads and repeated, as he passed from one to another, "Let thy sins be forgiven

thee in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit!" This is the Lutheran absolution.

Of all the quaint things about this village, the church is the quaintest. To describe its interior would be impossible — so broken up by odd unaccountable galleries, and columns, and recesses. It is one of the first Christian churches, built some time in the beginning of 1200. The walls are of stone, and the wood-work usually unpainted, with curious imitation of gilding upon it.

The prominent object in entering is an ugly wooden statue of Christ crucified, placed over the entrance to the chancel, with two little wooden boys holding a real hammer and whip, and other instruments in their hands, intended to represent the Jews and their instruments of torture. The flat, unpainted board-ceiling is decorated with most singular cherubic heads; and in one corner is a picture of some Bible scene, in which Jerusalem bore a strong resemblance to Bergen. The chancel was filled with old rude paintings.

At half-past eleven the other service began. The crowd of women who had been sitting on the grass outside began to enter and take their places — the young girls on little raised forms, in the aisles, of the height of a footstool, and the older women in the high-backed wooden seats. Each, as she entered her seat, kneeled to pray, and then shook hands with all near her, even the strangers. It struck me as a beautiful token of their simple faith, and of this, the festival of their religion — - worship first, and then social feeling.

The body of the church was speedily crowded with gaily-dressed women, and I certainly never saw a prettier and more healthy collection of women's faces. All ruddy, round, with genuine good expressions, and some with the most finely-cut features. What might be called the Norman type was the prominent — slightly aquiline nose, well-cut nostril, clear blue eye and light hair, the forehead generally not high, but well formed. There were some very common faces, but richly sun-browned and healthy. As I stood by one of the curiously twisted columns of a gallery, and looked through the entrance

into the space before the altar, it seemed for a moment like some scene on the stage — the clergyman behind, in his long black gown and stiff ruff, and before him, continually passing, without our seeing where they went or whence they came, a succession of the most picturesque figures — first, an old woman, in a white triangular head-tire, reaching a foot each side, with blue dress; then one in black, with red bodice, and white scarf; then a maiden, with her own hair in two plaits, tied around her head, and a red band over, and in velvet and embroidered bodice, with red back; and so on, in the most singular variety.

The galleries were filled with men, and many could find no place. The audience throughout was exceedingly attentive, and solemnly interested; and the whole gave one a most cheering impression of at least the religious feeling of the country.

The exercises began by the clergyman's intoning a passage of Scripture, and uttering a short exhortation, after which he made the sign of the cross over the audience. Then a hymn was given out, the number of which had been already placed in large metallic letters on the walls. The singing was entirely congregational, and of the most *screechy order*, continuing through some thirty verses. After this the clergyman ascended the pulpit, and uttered a fervent prayer, apparently extempore, which was devoutly listened to; then a collect, the sermon, prayer and singing, and the people dispersed through the village — some to eat their meals on the grass; others to visit their friends, and the most to join in little groups, where they were discussing the public events of the time, or arranging bargains for the week.

By a singular chance there were two other persons from America in our inn — two Norwegians, who had been some fifteen or sixteen years in our Western country, had made their fortunes, and were returned, partly for a visit, an perhaps partly for a speculation to bring a profitable immigration to their own “claims,” or town-lots. They were said to have left the village poor boys, and now they came back

grandeers. Through all Sunday there was a levee of their friends in their room, smoking, drinking coffee, and occasionally taking a bottle of wine. The contrast between the Americanized Norwegians and their countrymen was instructive. These two were complete "Westerners of the middle class — "hail-fellow" with every one, sharp, alert, self-asserting, almost nervous in busy activity, with swarthy faces, blue coats, and gorgeous velvet waistcoats, and very expensive dress and outfit — using the worst American drawl, and smoking and chewing incessantly. Their friends and companions from whom they came were stately, moderate people, dressed in national jackets and breeches, or coats trailing to the feet, with blonde faces and long light hair parted in the middle. The women in red bodices, and with brilliant head-tire. They moved, one after another, with slow, dignified pace to the inn, and in the rooms they seemed like judges or princes, before these restless poppinjays of men. Their faces had an austere impenetrable cast as they watched the vulgar activity, or listened to the loud stories about the American Eden. There was a wonderful revelation in the contrasts. Only once the national reserve broke down, and their pride in their successful countrymen burst forth — when they heard the Norwegians talking English with us they laughed in exultation, and crowded near. I found my two countrymen very good fellows. They said their journey was costing them frightfully, as every one imagined an American must have his pockets lined with gold, and they objected to no bills. "We had often encountered the same impression about ourselves, and had pretty effectually corrected it for future American travellers.

They found Norway horribly dull — everything so much behind hand — fanning fifty years behind the age. They were home-sick already. Yet this valley they thought one of the finest districts in the whole country; wheat ripened here very early, just below the snow, and all the other grains: the orchards were good, farms were worth from *D.*2,000 to *D.*5,000, but the people were slow. They *would not* attempt any improvement

Then they could not stand this dress of the women — waists way up under the arm, and short petticoats! They had been to church that morning, for the sake of old times, but this absolution by the priest was too much for them! "It is behind the age, sir!"

I said I liked the services, and the earnest, devout appearance of the people.

"Oh, yes: but that humbug of a minister! He won't come near us, because he thinks we are carrying off his people to America! Old Norway don't do beside the West, sir! — Take a cigar? — We'd show 'em a thing or two if they'd come oute to Wisconsin! Git back to Elecksion, sir?"

"Yes. How do you vote?"

"For FREMONT — to be *sure*, sir"

We afterwards visited the clergyman to whom we had previously sent my letters. He was just hurrying off by post (on Sunday afternoon) for Bergen, so that we did not even see him. The parsonage was a roomy, comfortable house — and we spent an hour with the family.

Norway has had a great reputation for hospitality, but it deserves it now no more than France or America, or any country with hotels and steamboats. There is too much travel for people to be able to entertain strangers; and they have become so used to them, that a foreigner is of little more interest to a Norwegian than to a New Yorker or Londoner. Sweden, in my experience, far surpasses Norway in genuine hospitality.

CHAPTER XIII.

EXCURSION TO VÖRING FOSS.

THE most famous waterfall in Norway lies in the neighbourhood of this village, and we had determined to visit it. We left our nice inn accordingly in our carriages, at an early hour, encumbering ourselves with no luggage, for Graven. The

way was a by-road, yet here, as in the main routes, I was surprised how well the road-building was done. It is a marked instance of the success of individual effort under governmental oversight. Each landholder's property is designated by little stakes, and that portion of the public way he is obliged to keep. We have no roads in America equal to the Norwegian. The farms which we passed on this route were uncommonly good, the best I have yet seen, especially those around the little lake by Graven.

The scenery was interesting; in some places, really imposing. Among the reminders which we constantly have that we are among our forefathers, was the use on the farms of the long well-pole, with a weight at the end — a quaint contrivance which, though common in New England, has almost gone out of date in Great Britain. The post-boy, too, spoke in Norwegian of "*baiting (bid)*" his horses at the inn, and of "*plying (plei)*" between certain points — good old English words. At Graven, instead of rowing across the lake, and then taking a horse over the mountain to a station, where were boats, we were persuaded to boat the whole way to Vik. Our carriages were left in charge of the station-master. We were pulled up the little lake, passing again large farms with people busy on the hay-fields. In one spot we noticed a remarkable *bautastone*, or solitary burial-stone of the old Northmen. These monuments, passed occasionally in all parts of Norway, give a peculiar association to the lonely lakes and hills. At the end of the lake, our boatman took our wallets and shawls on his shoulder, and led us on for a full mile to a boat-station — Eide — on the Hardanger Fiord. The day was warm and beautiful, and the sight of the neat little inn, with the rich wooded heights and orchards, was most refreshing after our long Northern experience of barren rocks and arctic vegetation. Our boatman here gave us almost the only instance of an illegal charge (as we discovered afterwards) which we met with in Norway; still, it was only a few shillings' difference, and the charge seemed cheap enough.

We took our breakfast, procured two very athletic-looking

boatmen, and a good boat; these filled the bottom with branches and piled our cloaks and shawls on, and we were soon having the most delicious gondola-like voyage through grand mountain scenery I ever imagined.

The weather was splendid; the Fiord sparkled under cheery sunshine, and the wooded hills were sprinkled with those rich dark shadows which one sees in our American summer-scenery.

Such journeys are the very acme of luxurious pleasant travelling. You have the wildness of savage Nature with something of the conveniences of civilization, and the satisfaction of seeing new and characteristic features of a country, while you are getting an invigorating and healthful exercise. It might seem rather trying for our American women to venture on such a trip as this has thus far been; but it is wonderful how the body recovers tone from this clear mountain air and continued movement.

The Hardanger is certainly the most beautiful Fiord I have yet seen. The perspectives at some points were exquisite. At one opening, the Folgefond glaciers appeared shining coldly among the green hills. The general character of the scenery is like that on our Maine lakes, only the mountains here are far bolder; wooded points, leafy islets, narrow openings between green hills, long reaches up sparkling bays with snowy mountains for back-ground, are the features of the pictures.

We reached *Vik* in the afternoon. Here is one of those desperately poor inns, of which all travellers should be forewarned — dirty, with no food, not even milk for coffee, and a pack of the most rowdy drunken fellows hanging about. It was the first instance I had had of the Norwegian intemperance, of which so much is related.

The landlady and her family were in singular contrast with their surroundings, and seemed very decent, respectable people. Some of her children were in America.

We met here two agreeable German travellers, were walking, or posting by chance vehicles over the mountains.

The book at the inn was filled with bitter complaints, in all European languages, at the fare and lodgings.

This point is one of the favourite resorts of the English yachts, which explore the Norwegian coast. We saw a number of titled names on the post-book.

From this station we *walked a* half-mile to a little mountain-lake, and there took boat for Soebö, the nearest station to the waterfall. It was dusk when we reached the little inn. The people had evidently never had strange travellers, especially ladies, there before, and were a good deal confused. There was no sitting-room, but we were lighted to a little separate log-cabin, where was an attic-room, reserved for the furs, linen, &c, of the family. This produced a rather droll consternation with the lady; but as we had made up our minds to "rough it," for the sake of the trip next day, there was no grumbling, except when an unfortunate beam crushed out the only bonnet. They did all they could for us, but the appointments were unique. The man brought up water in a little milk-howl, and a piece of linen for a towel, while the woman got out her best damask table-cloths for sheets, and the curious coloured and worked cloths which one sees in all the cottages, for coverlids. Dried oatcake and milk were set out for supper. They told us that generally the strangers stopped at Vik for the night, and therefore they were not prepared. But we wanted to begin fresh on the next morning for the mountain-climb, and had thus done in one day what the guide-books give at least two days for. As a last attention, the peasant brought us a whiskey-bottle, and a little lump of rock-candy, locking the door of the house as he went out.

Next morning, coffee and flat-bread (dry rye-cakes), and goats'-cheese were brought us, but no milk or cream, as the cows were all away on the saetter.

A nice little Norwegian pony had been already engaged for my wife, and myself being on foot, with a guide, we started. The pony's equipment was original — a saddle-cloth surmounted by a side-frame of wood, and a wooden stirrup for both feet. The morning was very fresh and

beautiful, and our path for a long distance wound In an easy way along a dashing torrent, crossing it, at length, on a dangerous-looking bridge. After this point, the road was by no means so easy, frequently creeping just on the edge of a fearful chasm, or clambering over smooth, steep rocks, where a stumble of the little animal would have had disagreeable consequences. Here the guide led, and the pony never failed. At length the path crossed a little mountain-farm and passed over a well-constructed bridge, recently refitted for the visit of the Crown-prince, who had just been here. The hills rose abruptly to a great height on every side of us, and the only escape seemed the chasm through which the torrent broke. "We were at a loss to see how the Great Fall was to be reached. Suddenly the path turned, and we saw that it wound by zig-zags directly up the steep hill in front. The girths were tightened, the guide took the bridle, and we set ourselves to the steepest climb I ever saw a horse make. It was slow, hard work; and when at length, on a sudden bend, the girth broke and the lady disappeared down the slope, we concluded it was time to try the feet. Luckily, a little grass plat among the rocks saved her any bad consequences, and the pony proved perfectly immoveable. The guide too, for our comfort, pointed us out a rock, which he called the "leg-breaking rock," where an unfortunate traveler had fallen from his horse and broken both his legs. At length, after a long pull, we reached the summit — 2,500 *feet in height* — giving us a grand view down the great chasm, as it now appeared. The path now led along a plateau of wet, springy ground, for a mile or more, until we began to see a little cloud of ascending spray, which showed the neighbourhood of the cataract. After passing a little beyond it, we stopped at a solitary cottage, with outhouses and cattle — generally white cows — around it — the *saetter-cabin* or cottage for the mountain pasture. Taking a few moments' rest and a taste of the delicious milk, we started for the waterfall. We were almost upon it before seeing anything of it, except the hurrying torrent above, though the distant roar

was long audible. The guide brought us suddenly to a projecting point: we lay down and looked below into the tremendous chasm. The water comes silent, swift, with hardly a foam, to the ledge, and then makes its quick leap of 850 feet into the abyss below: but though a stream of fifty feet in breadth when it starts, it seems never to reach the bottom; first it is foam, then spray, then beautiful descending wreaths of silvery mist, whose intertwining and changing shapes, quick appearing and vanishing in a thousand fantastic figures, one can watch by the hour, and fancy all manner of witching Norse *Nöke*, and water-sprites. The grandeur is more given by the great depth and the worn walls of mighty rock below than by the Fall itself. Yet even the depth you do not appreciate till you throw a stone into the chasm, and count by your watch its time of descent. The guide was in great terror of our falling in, but at length we got rid of him, and placed ourselves in good positions to silently enjoy awhile. The impression — as at Niagara — is first of fear, but soon becomes one more of absorption in the beauty of the scene. One of the most wonderful features in it were the colourings of the rock-walls — caused by the very quality of the stone — varying from the most delicate peach to the darkest brown. As I lay on a little ledge of rock, a ray of the morning sun found entrance into the cavity, lighting up beautifully the dark, seething caldron below, and throwing an exquisite little rainbow over the angry boiling of waters. The effect was wonderful. One can understand, in such places, the Norsk superstitions of the *Nöke* — the water-sprites, who fascinate and tempt in the beholder. The continuous rush of the waters, the roar below, the dancing, fantastic mist-wreaths put you into a dream, so that you can hardly force yourself to rise. You get a sense of the continuousness of Nature, and you understand that strange influence which so many idolatries have recognised, of absorption in the great displays of natural power, as if one would gladly be swallowed up in and become part of such grandeur and loveliness.

With the Vöring Foss, the effect is very much improved by seeing the fall from above. A few persons have been at its base; there the scene must be one of the grandest in the world. Its height is variously reckoned from eight hundred and fifty to one thousand feet.

At the cottage, we found a book with the names of visitors. I had thought that our party would have the first ladies names but I found that an English nobleman's family, ladies and all, had made the climb during this season.

No American's name was in the book. After some refreshment, which we had brought with us, we started for the descent under a hot summer's sun, and blessed our prudence in having made the ascent at so early an hour. The little station was reached, and finally Vik; a dinner of salmon was ready for us, and at five o'clock we were off again for a twenty miles row in the night with the same vigorous boatmen who had brought us. The wind was high and against us, so that it was two o'clock in the morning before we reached the neat little station at Eide.

The next morning we continued the return-journey, but from ordering horses at too late an hour at Graven, we were compelled to wait two hours, and did not reach Vossevangen till three o'clock of the third day of our excursion. In general, the trip would take four or five days from this village.

The Falls are considered a great curiosity by travellers, and therefore I have described our route somewhat minutely; still it is doubtful whether, with all the time and labor required, the excursion will repay most parties. The rows on the Lakes and Fjords were the best part of it. For the most impressive scenery, I do not believe the traveler in Norway need leave much the beaten path. The best scenes in Nature are always those which you do not expect, and which come on you incidentally, while you are doing something else than hunt for them.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOWARDS GUDVANGEN AND THE FILLE FIELD.

"WE wished to reach Gudvangen that night, if possible, and we posted on at the fastest speed we could command. The little ponies trotted like racers; the country was a succession of green, peaceful landscapes, with pretty lakes and rolling hills, while a soft evening sunlight filled the valleys. As a sensation, I have had few pleasures like these from our Norwegian drives. As we had not ordered horses, we were everywhere delayed at the stations, though paying the most liberal drink-moneys. One enjoyment in waiting was picking the delicious wild strawberries. The people seemed greatly interested in us, as Americans, and asked every sort of questions. There has been a large emigration from all these valleys to our West.

At first in our journeys we were much interested by the fact, that all our postmen and the small farmers whom we met, were "going to America next Spring;" but we at length discovered that "going to America" in Norway, was like "going to be good," or any other good resolution in other countries — always belonging to the next year.

It was nine o'clock before we reached the last station, Stalheim, about seven miles from our stopping-place. We waited till half-past ten for the horses, walking on a little way and letting the post-boys overtake us. It was twilight still, and the view before us was one of the most extraordinary I ever beheld. We were on a mountain plateau, in a desolate barren country: a little distance beyond the road seemed to plunge down a precipice. There was nothing visible but a dark yawning chasm, of unknown depth; no gradual descent, or any objects at the bottom were visible. The shades of night added to the fearfulness of the view.

Our carriages overtook us, and we trotted briskly towards the brink. There we could look down into a deep, black mountain valley, and distinguished faintly a few objects far

below at the bottom. The road which was to take us down could be plainly seen even in the darkness, in white zig-zags of the sharpest angles, so steep that we seemed right over the lowest turn, as it led off into the valley. The scene was frightful, and I felt, at the time, the grandest we had yet seen; still, with all that, and though I drove myself, almost hanging over the horse's neck, with this awful chasm below, where a mis-step would have plunged me down thousands of feet, — I could not keep awake! It was most pitiable. I seemed to myself like an unfortunate gentleman under a sleepy sermon. I struggled, cried to the horse, looked behind, pictured the danger, impressed myself with the grandeur, but it was all useless — my head fell forward, and I was waked from a dream at every new angle.

Luckily the sure Norwegian horse saved me any bad effects. The road in the valley below lay through a pass of perpendicular cliffs, nearly 6,000 feet high. We reached Gudvangen about midnight found almost every room occupied with travellers, but at length secured a dirty sitting room and doubtful little bed-room.

The next morning a hard rain was pouring, still we both concluded it was better to take it in the boat than in these miserable quarters; so we had our carriages and baggage put aboard a large eight-oared boat, and set off on a branch of the Sogne Fiord, for Leirdals-ören, a distance of thirty-one miles. There were only four oarsmen, and we prepared ourselves for a long day.

Our equipment was thoroughly tested on this day's journey. We sat for eleven mortal hours under almost incessant rain and did not get wet or suffer any inconvenience from the dampness. My wife's *aquascutum*, and my india-rubber *poncha*, with coats and umbrellas, fully protected us. But to say that the sight, at length, of a large modern hotel, in Leirdals-ören, with comfortable beds and a good warm supper, was refreshing, is, as the reporters say, "a feeble expression."

This Fiord which we have just passed in such a wretched manner has many interesting relations connected with it. On one part the scene of Frithiofs Saga is laid — a tale so beautifully rendered by Tegner. The upper portions contain some of the most inaccessible valleys of Norway. It is related of one village on it, that the people are so shut in by continuous winter, that the dead are preserved *frozen* till spring, and are then taken to the distant church for burial!

From Leirdals-ören the road continually ascends towards another of the great plateaux of Norway — the Fille Field. Along the stream which flows through the valley, we saw numerous salmon-fishers. Some were English gentlemen, with their guides. The most interesting object on the route was one of the ancient Norwegian churches at Borgund. A similar one near Leirdals-ören was bought by the King of Prussia, and carried to Silesia, for a curiosity.

This church at Borgund is one of the few surviving buildings in Norway, and indeed in Europe, of an original architecture — the architecture in wood by the early Northmen. It bears marks of Byzantine influence, as do some of the oldest cottages in the country — an influence caught from the early expeditions of the Vikings to Constantinople, but it is still a style affected by Northern climate and by the material used. It is almost impossible to describe, and I must trust mainly to the reader's imagination for an impression of it. The first sensation, on coming in view of it, in the solitary mountain valley, is as if suddenly seeing a huge, mailed animal, with many necks and heads, resting on the earth — of something fantastic and living. You cannot in the least understand its structure or shape as a church: on approaching, you discover that it is primarily a little building of Norwegian pine, with cloisters or galleries built out on it in double rows, the first making part of the interior, and the second being really open galleries or arcades in Byzantine style. The whole is covered with small pointed

shingles," fitting closely, and smeared with pitch, giving an appearance of scales, or of a coat of mail. The spire has an Oriental aspect, and the gables and summits are surmounted by all sorts of quaint, tasteless heads and angular ornaments — these last probably being the first-fruits of the Renaissance transplanted here. The doorway has some curious carving in wood of the ancient mythological subjects — the Midgaard serpent, perhaps, swallowing the works of man before the final destruction.

The nave is only thirty-nine feet long and the circular apse fifteen by fifty-four. I mounted a ladder into its singular little galleries, and saw, over the organ, a full-sized stuffed figure of a reindeer.

The church was built probably within a hundred years after the introduction of Christianity, in the eleventh century. It owes its remarkable preservation to the dry cold climate, and to the preserving effects of the pitch on the well-seasoned wood.

In driving over the highest part of the plateau at night, we passed a solitary saetter-cottage. I stopped, waded through the mud, and rapped at the door. There were two pretty young girls in it, without light except from the fire. They said they spent three mouths there, making butter and cheese, and scarce ever saw a human being. In the autumn, they drove the cows down the mountain again. They had eighty cows in this pasture, beside goats and horses. Despite the lonely life, they looked very merry and blooming "Wer'n't they afraid?" "Oh no: there were no bears there except in winter."

Our post-boy says, that these mountain-pastures are excellent, and that if they did not use them in this way, they should not be able to get the hay down.

We stopped at a very good station, in a lonely place, 3,170 feet above the sea Nystuen with only the poorest vegetation surrounding it, and high poles, like telegraph-poles, on all the roads, to mark the path in the deep snow.

110 HOME-LIFE IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

The triangular wooden snow-plough, seen at every little distance, on the side of the road, shows the wintry situation.

A PARSONAGE.

I had a card of introduction to Pastor S—, at X—, but from my experience thus far of Norwegian pastors was doubtful whether to stop, even to make inquiries. I concluded at length, however, to do so, for a few moments. A stout, hearty gentleman, with a pipe, came to the door. He glanced over the card — “Velkomen! welcome!” he said, with a most cordial shake. A lady of sweet countenance was introduced as his wife, and they went out to take my wife from her vehicle and bring her to the house. They almost insisted we should spend some days with them, but we alleged our haste, and said we would merely pass an afternoon; and a pleasant afternoon it was. We chatted with the pastor, enjoyed a social family dinner, and walked over the grounds of the parsonage.

I was asking of the number of people in the parish. “It is about 2,900,” the pastor said, “and we have five churches. Ach! Herr B.,” he continued, in German, “this is easy work to what I have had in my life. Once I used to have to journey five miles (thirty-five English miles) on every holy Sabbath-day — two (fourteen English) on the water, and two over mountains, where snow was two or three feet deep, and then I would find 300 poor people waiting to receive the sacraments. Here it is pleasant, if our parish were only out of debt.”

I told him of our interest in the old church at Borgund. “Ach yes! — and to think,” he said, “that we should have lost that other beautiful one. You know that Frederick William bought it for fifty-five species (dollars). I fear this will go too some day, we are so poor!”

His schools seemed flourishing. There was one established school, and four circulating schools, passing from house to house, with 300 children, in all, attending them.

His salary was *D.500*, with the parsonage — (a very neat building of two stories.) I asked of the *morale* of the parish. He said there used to be from fifty to one hundred illegitimate children every year, but now, since he had come, there were not more than five or six.

He showed me his stables: the cattle were at the *saetter's*. He had twenty-five cows, and seven or eight horses.

“Do you see that stone, Herr B., under the stalls? That is a *bauta stein*, with runes. I will read them.” He translated a burial inscription, as usual, of little importance. I asked whether many old Norse relics were found still. He said that the most had been gathered and sent to the museums, but still, occasionally, they were discovered, and the peasants had much reverence for them.

“Do you find, Herr Pastor, many superstitions among the peasants?”

“Not as many as formerly,” he replied, “but still a few now and then. You see that mountain over the valley there — with snow some way towards the foot. There is a cavern in it, from which sometimes the air escapes with a loud noise. The peasants still believe that it is the demons, or mountain-spirits bursting out!

“I knew a cross in a certain burying-ground once, where the peasants used to go to be healed from rheumatism, and certain other disorders. It was a great trouble to break up the superstition.”

We had then a very interesting conversation together, about the Norwegian superstitions. That multitude of little sprites, fairies, elves, red-capped dwarfs, giants, Nisser, Thusser, and Vaetter, who haunted their forefathers, still pursue, for good or evil, the Norwegian peasants. They are supposed usually to be the fallen angels, who had not sinned so deeply as to deserve hell, but who were scattered over the earth in the mountains and waters.

One very common belief is in the *Huldra*. She looks like a beautiful woman, but has, concealed, a cow's udder and tail. Sometimes when she appears among the dancers at a

peasant's wedding, this tail betrays her, and if it be noticed, she is terribly offended. She is pictured as a sad being, though wonderfully lovely, and her song has a melancholy tone when heard among the hills. This belief is very ancient, and has a deep moral meaning. The inseparable union of the animal nature with the higher being viewed as the fitting punishment for sin.

THE WILD RIDERS.

One of the most fearful phantoms to the peasant is the *Aasgaardsreia* — “the Wild Hunt.” These are the spirits of drunkards, and ale-house fighters and perjurers, who have not been condemned to hell. They are compelled to ride over the world till doomsday. They are mounted on coal-black steeds, with eyes of fire, and governed with red-hot iron bridles and bits; and their clanking and rush as they sweep over mountain and lake are heard for miles.

They ride most at Christmas time, and especially love the place of drunken fightings and carousals, or where murder is breeding. Where they drop a saddle on the roof, there will be death. Whoever meets them should throw himself flat on his face, till the clanking, cursing crew have passed.

This is probably one of the oldest beliefs in Norway — dating before Christianity.

One hears frequently in Norway of the “Gertrud's Bird.” The story, as the peasants believe it, is thus told by Thorpe —

GERTRUD'S BIRD.

“In Norway, the red-crested, black woodpecker is known under the name of Gertrud's Bird. Its origin is as follows: ” When our Lord, accompanied by St. Peter, was wandering on earth, they came to a woman who was occupied in baking: her name was Gertrud, and on her head she wore a red hood. Weary and hungry from their long journeying, our Lord begged for a cake. She took a little dough and set it n to bake, and it grew so large that it filled the whole pan. Thinking it too much f r alms, she took a smaller quantity of dough, and again began t bake, but this cake also swelled up to the same size as the first; she then t k still less dough, and when the cake had become as large as the preceding ones Gertrud said, “You must go

without alms, for all my bakings are too large for you! Then was our Lord wroth, and said: Be cause thou gavest me nothing, thou shalt for punishment become a little bird, shalt seek thy dry food between the wood and the bark, and drink only when it rains. Hardly were these words spoken when the woman was transformed to the Gertrud bird, and flew away through the kitchen chimney; and at this day she is seen with a red hood and black body, because she was blackened by the soot of the chimney. She constantly pecks the bark of trees for sustenance, and whistles against rain; for she always thirsts and hopes to drink."

Throughout my journey I have been surprised at the extent of these superstitions among the peasantry. If a child is sick, two eggs must be deposited in an ant-hill; if an older person, the witch-doctors will advise the peasant to seek for the fat of a white worm, found at the meeting of two cross-roads.

Decoctions are still made with magical formulæ in the lonely cabins. For rheumatism, I heard in one piece of binding the limbs with nine withes of the branches of certain trees. When the cattle are diseased, a snake will be buried near the threshold. One gentleman told me that he saw a soldier shoot with a silver bullet over a paralytic woman to cure her. Steel is a great remedy, and a constant amulet against the evil spirits: a key put in the cradle will keep off the black dwarfs from the infant.

The workman will frequently, while at his labour, hear the derisive laugh of the little elves behind, and sometimes he is called up in the night to find a whole stable disturbed by the invisible intruders. The peasant is so far influenced by modern habits of thought, that he is ashamed to confess these superstitions, except to those whom he knows well; but if he is watched, he will be seen frequently to raise his hat or bow his head, where these spirits and elves are supposed most often to be present.

After a long agreeable talk at the pastor's, we rode away, very much pleased with the conversation, and the simple, hearty people.

Our ride was at first through very grand and impressive

scenery; in some places, the road winding just on the edge of frightful precipices, so that our postman insisted on our walking. As we drew on into the valley of the Little Miösen Lake, it became a most sweet, pastoral country, with rich farms, orchards, luxuriant grain-fields and gently rounded hills. There had been a rain, and everything was fresh and sparkling under the sun of a spring-like afternoon. It was a delicious drive. We noticed that every farm-house had its own little grist-mill, turned by a running stream. The number of streams and waterfalls is one characteristic of this country. I do not believe I spent two nights in Norway (out of the cities), where I was not lulled to sleep by the murmur of waterfalls.

We stopped for a day in this valley at an excellent inn. Our two large rooms looked out over a wide reach of vale and wood, far away to snowy mountains. The landlady was very neat in her housekeeping, and obliging, and we had acquaintances in the neighbourhood, so that the rest and intercourse were very pleasant. One gentleman, to whom we had letters, was a wealthy pastor, living in a large handsome house of two stories. His family seemed educated and refined persons, not peculiarly different from people of this class in every country. The father, I think, besides being a clergyman, is also a member of Parliament.

CHAPTER XV.

A COUNTRY PASTOR.

AMONG the others in this neighbourhood to whom I had letters, was a clergyman, living at a little distance off the main routes. I started to visit him. The road to his house lay right over the mountain on one side of the valley of the *Little Miösen*. It was a tremendously steep ascent; sometimes a grass-track through stones and rocks; and finally descending into a beautiful retired valley on the other side.

Nothing but a sure-footed Norwegian horse, with a carriage, is fitted for the road. The little animal walked rapidly up, and then plunged down the mountain, without a check or hold from the driver — never making a false step or a stumble — doing the six miles, up mountain and down, within the hour. The parsonage was a neat, cream-coloured, wood house, long, with French casements and of two stories, looking like the houses in a small German or French town.

As is usual, there was no village, but little groups of brown log-houses (the *gaard* or farms) were scattered about on the hill-sides. A pleasant green bank, with roses, was in front of the house, and the foreground was made by a quiet lake, which stretched away as far as the eye could reach among the mountains. A most sweet, peaceful scene.

I was shown into a moderately large room, without carpets, but with pretty furniture, mostly of birch-wood, and the unfailing ornament of Norwegian houses of all classes — flowers. There were also some good paintings and sketches of Norwegian scenery on the walls.

The pastor was not at home, but the lady soon came in — speaking German or French as I preferred, and a little English. She said they had a very quiet life there — seldom seeing an educated person, and they welcomed a stranger gladly. I was equally glad to meet intelligent people, who understood the country — so we were soon in conversation.

I asked about her husband's duties. She said they were lighter than is usual; the parish was small, only I having 2,000 souls, with three churches. He preached in one every Sunday, once a-day, going some three or four miles: he sometimes wrote his sermons, but often spoke merely from an abstract.

Did he also have charge of the schools? I asked. "Yes," she answered; "he catechises all the children, and at the end of a term examines them in their other lessons. There are five "circulating schools" and one established school in the parish. Mr. Z. has always taken a great interest in educational matters, and he is trying now to do away with the

“circulating schools ” — those, you know, which go from house to house — and have them all “established.” He is obliged beside to make a return of the attendance, and the character of the scholars.’

I said that the country clergymen in Norway seemed the general fathers and directors of the peasants.

Yes, she said, it was so. They came to Mr. Z. for all possible aid and advice — and as the only magistrate or lawyer was fourteen miles off, he had often to settle their legal squabbles. Besides, the government made him take the census of the parish — and he must return the number of cows, the produce, the population, and all that. Still, she said, the labour was not burdensome, if one could only see more of the moral fruits sometimes.

I inquired as to the general morality of the *Bonders* of the province. She thought that there had been a great improvement. Intoxication was certainly very much diminished. When they first came to the parish, seven years ago, every *Bonder* brought his brandy-bottle and knife with him to the church, and perhaps to the communion altar; then, after service, they would take their meals on the grass by the church, drink, quarrel, and sometimes have very disagreeable scenes. Mr. Z. had finally put a stop to that, and government had made it so difficult to get brandy, that, altogether, there was a great progress. In respect to licentiousness, though there was much improvement, there were still considerable numbers of illegitimate children every year in the parish. Marriages were scarcely ever known to be broken. She could only think of one, even disagreement, for many years, between married couples — but this evil prevailed everywhere in Norway. She thought the great cause was an old custom, which is still followed throughout the country — of lovers being allowed to visit the servant maids or peasant girls Saturday night.

It is a strange thing to an American ear — but everywhere in Norway this crime is attributed to this old custom, which began innocently, and is still, in some districts, innocently

observed, but which is now mostly clear licentiousness. The estimate of those who have investigated, is, that *every tenth* child in Norway is illegitimate.*

In this lady's judgment — and she had a clear, sharp sense — a great deal of the religion of the farmers and peasants was merely *religiosity* — a strong feeling of reverence, and a susceptibility to ceremonials. It seemed to her that their consciences had something of the toughness and hardness of their bodies. They were able to endure anything physically, and sufferings or trials or thoughts of death did not affect them as they do others. They came in crowds to church and communion, but she could not say that religion, in her observation, had a strong hold over their practical life: still there were exceptions, very beautiful ones, and the evil might be no greater there than it is everywhere.

We spoke next of some of the Lutheran doctrines, and I asked for the passage in the Lutheran service where the clergyman says, "*I forgive you your sins*, in the name of the Father, the Son, and Holy Ghost" After some little search, the church-book was found in which the service was contained (a book used only by the clergymen), and the context was even stronger than I suspected. It read "by authority of God and my office" — and as Christ has given us full power to remit sins, &c., "*I forgive*," &c.

She admitted it was hard to defend, and said that many objections were now raised against it, and that Pastor Lommers had taken the position that there could be no absolution without full confession.

While we were talking, the pastor came in — a thoughtful, earnest-looking man. His views of the low state of morality and religion among the farmers were stronger even than his wife's. They were still suffering, he said, from the long period under the Danish rule, when everything had been put under the will of absolute power. "There was one king, sir, who considered himself to own all our churches, and who *sold*

* See Appendix.

a large number to obtain money! The farmers have never recovered from the evil effects of that time."

He agreed to my explanation that the Reformation had not taken so deep a hold of the Norwegian and Swedish peoples as of other nations, and had been more forced by the rulers on the people for pecuniary objects. "The worst is," said he, "the State-Church! We can do nothing — we are fettered."

His wife suggested that the government was very liberal. "Yes," he said, "but in a Lutheran direction. The moment we leave that, we are exposed to censure. There is no genuine liberty in our arrangements. I believe in liberty as the best atmosphere for a church. Here, now, in our parish, the people have not the least share in calling the pastor, or in managing the church. I have studied your American system — especially among the Independents — and I much prefer it."

Like most thoughtful persons, he is expecting, before a long time, a disturbance in the church of Norway. "Ideas," he says, "work slowly among his countrymen, but with great power."

He informs me that Pastor Lommers has entirely seceded from the State Church, but that the government has acted with very good sense, and offers to pay him a pension, so that there may be no disturbance. So far as I can understand, the position of Lommers is rather technical than founded on any deep principle. He objects to absolution, for instance, not because no man has the right to forgive sin, but from some quibble that forgiveness cannot be declared without statement of the particular guilt.

The *Hougianer*, a kind of Methodist sect, still exist, though Hougier, their founder, died in 1824. Pastor Z. says that their views do not materially differ from those we meet with at the North — being founded especially on a belief in the inner inspiration of each man, and in the doctrine of regeneration alone by grace.

"We have not yet had the dissent, Herr B.," said the Pastor, "which has shown itself in other lands, but it must come."

“We have spoken hardly of our people,” said the lady, “but you must remember these are the Valdres-people — the *Jews* of Norway! Have you not experienced how very avaricious they are in their charges?”

I replied that I had not: on the contrary, I had found them very honest, and I related an instance which had just occurred in our inn. My wife had left a valuable ring in her valise, and in drying this in the kitchen it had rolled out, and was found by a servant, and returned, as a matter of course.

“Good!! that is not common,” she said; “the fact is, the mode in which they were converted to Christianity seems to have affected them always. You have surely read it in Snorro Sturleson’s Sagas?”*

* We subjoin the account in Laing’s translation: “The King proceeded to Valdres, where the people were still heathen. He hastened on to the lake in Valdres, came unexpectedly on the Bonders, seized their vessels, and went on board of them with all his men. He sent out message-tokens, and appointed a Thing so near the lake, that he could use the vessels if he found he required them. The Bonders resorted to the Thing in a great and well-armed host; and when he commanded them to accept Christianity, the Bonders shouted against him; told him to be silent, and made a great uproar and clashing of weapons. But when the king saw that they would not listen to what he would teach them, and also that they had too great a force to contend with, he turned his discourse, and asked if there were people at the Thing who had disputes with each other that they wished him to settle. It was soon found by the conversation of the Bonders that they had many quarrels among themselves, although they had all joined in speaking against Christianity. When the Bonders began to set forth their own cases, each endeavoured to get some upon his side to support him; and this lasted the whole day long until evening, when the Thing was concluded. When the Bonders had heard that the king had travelled to Valdres, and was come into their neighbourhood, they had sent out message-tokens summoning the free and the unfree to meet in arms, and with this force they advanced against the king, so that the neighbourhood all around was left without people. When the Thing was concluded the Bonders still remained assembled; and when the king observed this he went on board his ships, rowed in the night right across the water, landed in the country there, and began to plunder and burn. The day after the king’s men rowed from one point of land to another, and over all the king ordered the habitations to be set on fire.[”Now

A very social meal was now enjoyed, well served, and after coffee the lady played and sang for us some national music on the piano. This music is not, in my judgment, equal to the Scotch or Hungarian national music; but it contains some very pleasing airs, both lively and plaintive — some named from, and perhaps springing from the popular superstitions, and others associated with the peculiar peasant life.

After this pleasant amusement, the pastor produced some cigars, and we went out for a walk. Beside other places, he took me to a Bonder's farm, near by. I found here the usual division of houses for each separate department — one for a carpenter's shop, one for a grist-mill, store-house, machine-house, smithery, &c., &c. — every trade being carried on upon the farm. They were building one new house, and, on inquiring, I learned that it was for the father. He was about, as is customary, to give up the farm to his son, and be supported henceforth by him, though still himself in full strength. I talked with the old man about his farm. He said they would be very glad of some of the new American machines: he had heard of the horse-rake. The reaper would not do well here, owing to their hilly and stony ground. He had one machine, which he had invented himself for sifting, which he showed me. They had the usual threshing-machine, turned by cattle or horses.

“Now when the Bonders, who were assembled, saw what the king was doing, namely, plundering and burning, and saw the smoke and flame of their houses, they dispersed, and each hastened to his own home to see if he could find those he had left. As soon as there came a dispersion among the crowd, the one slipped away from the other, until the whole multitude was dissolved. Then the king rowed across the lake again, burning also on that side of the country. Now came the Bonders to him begging for mercy, and offering to submit to him. He gave every man who came to him peace if he desired it, and restored to him his goods; and nobody refused to adopt Christianity. The king then had the people christened, and took hostages from the Bonders. He ordered churches to be built and consecrated, and placed teachers in them.”



A MOUNTAIN GALE.

THE PHOTOGRAPH

He said that they had sent twenty-five men from his *gaard* alone to America, who were doing well.

“Would you go? said my friend.

“Not to be king,” said he, ” if they had one.”

We went into his house, a log-cabin of two stories. It was kept with perfect neatness. There were no carpets, but bare boards throughout, yet it had some articles of furniture quite rich and handsome. The sprinkling of the juniper twigs on the floor instead of sand struck me at once. It is an old Norse custom, appearing in the earliest sagas. The peasant woman showed us the bed-rooms, and her own bridal gifts of dresses, with much pride. In one room was a complete fit-out for a soldier. This *gaard* is obliged to send at least one soldier to the national forces. The gun, I observed, was a species of Minié-rifle, loading at the breech.

The manner of the peasant through our visit was extremely dignified and self-possessed. The only contrast to American habits was in his bearing towards the clergyman, and the clergyman's to him, indicating a much greater difference or separation of classes than we know in similar circumstances. I inquired about wages; they are much higher than they were formerly; at present sixteen cents a-day usually, except in harvesting, when they might be sixty-three cents. A servant maid had sixteen dollars a-year, double the wages of a few years ago.

CHAPTER XVI.

RETURN JOURNEY TO CHRISTIANIA.

THE scenery through our whole route, till we approached the Miösen Lake again, was very interesting; in some places bold and mountainous, but generally more peaceful and luxuriant than we had previously seen.

In the village of M—, we stopped to visit the *Soren-skriver*, or Justice of the Peace. A family of intelligent

ladies were in the house, who made us welcome, and though we had only an hour or two to spend, it was a very agreeable visit. Delicious mountain strawberries, with the national dish of solidified sour-cream, were brought in, and afterwards excellent coffee. The ladies plucked some beautiful flowers for my wife. They had a tutor in the house, and all spoke English or German.

In the course of the conversation, I asked the judge about the effect on the peasants of this system of posting — whether it did not tend to make them idle, and to injure their regular business?

He said it did not: that it was certainly hard, now and then, to take a peasant's horses just in the midst of harvesting, but the wages paid were so high, that generally they liked the duty, and made money by it.

We spoke of this class of *Fante*, or gipsies. "An abominable set," said he; "we can't get rid of them. We are losing all sorts of good capable Bonders, who are emigrating to your country; but these never go! We shut them up, and it does no good!"

I asked about his duties and appointment.

He is placed, it appears, by government, and cannot be removed, except by impeachment; and is required to have taken a degree in law in the university. He has a court in every parish under his control, and holds a session there at least once in the three months.

His duties seem to correspond to those of a justice of the peace with us, except that property is registered in his court, and all cases affecting titles are brought before him. The peculiar Norwegian characteristic of this officer is, that in company with the sheriff and the governor (*amtmand*), he must appoint a standing jury of eight tax-payers, to act with him for the year. He judges alone in trifling cases; but in all important cases the justice and the jury make one body, each person with only one voice, and frequently thus the jury-men outvote the judge, and decide against him. There is an appeal from his court to the provincial court, and all his deci-

sions are to be revised there; and if on criminal causes they cannot be executed till there sanctioned.

There are sixty-four of these courts in Norway. As of all the officials in Norway, my impression of this justice was most favourable. In some way, the Norwegians have hit much better than either we or the English on the essential requisite of government — putting the right man in the right place.

The fact that the great mass of the people are property-holders, with a permanent interest in the country, and without the great wealth which would lead to indifference of public affairs, is probably the explanation of this intelligent and practical administration in this country.

COMPROMISE COURTS.

One of the most characteristic institutions of Norway is the Court of Compromise. It is of Danish origin.

The arbiter or judge, who may be of any profession but the law, is elected in every parish by the resident property-owners, once in three years. In the larger parishes he is allowed assistants. He serves for a merely nominal salary. Every case whatsoever must be brought before him, but always by the parties personally. No lawyer's aid is allowed. The statement of each of the litigants is entered on the minutes of the Court, and the arbiter decides between them. If they accept his opinion as final, it is brought to the Justice Court, and, if approved, entered, and becomes a legal decision. If one or the other objects to his arbitration, the party objecting appeals to the Justice Court, but he will be obliged to pay the whole expenses of both litigants, if the proposal of arbitration is found just and reasonable. In this Court, and henceforth in all the courts to which the case may go, the parties can employ counsel, but through them all, the only evidence or statement of facts received are the minutes of the first Compromise Court.

In another point of legal institution, Norway stands almost

alone — in the *Responsibility of Judges*. I quote from Christian V.'s code, as given by Laing:

“Should any judge deliver a wrong decision, and that happen either because he has not rightly instructed himself in the case, or that the case has been -wrongly represented to him, or that he has done it from want of judgment, he shall make good to the party whom he has wronged by such decision, his proven loss, expense, and damage sustained; and can it be proved that the judge has been influenced by favour, friendship, or gifts, or if the case be so clear that it cannot be imputed to -want of judgment, or to wrong instruction upon it, then he shall be displaced, and declared incapable of ever sitting as a judge again, and shall forfeit to the injured party what he has suffered, should it be to the extent of fortune, life, or honour.”

It is also provided, says Laing, that if a judge die during the course of an appeal from his decision, his heirs are responsible for the damages. The inferior justices, where there are no damages to pay, are fined for wrong decisions; and if these are reversed three times, they are displaced. The law provides, too, against long delay on the part of the judges, before giving their decisions.

There is much difference of opinion on both these peculiarities of Norwegian law — the establishment of the Compromise Courts, and the rendering the Judges responsible. The Norwegian lawyers do not seem to hold them in high estimation, though travellers and foreigners have generally found them worthy of much commendation. To me, they both seem reasonable, calculated to lessen litigation and further the ends of justice.

R. L— d. — We stopped here at a large parsonage. The yard was filled with children, who were present for instruction, previous to Confirmation. This teaching is not only in religious matters, but in all common school branches, and must be a very heavy burden to the clergymen. The ladies within were sitting in different parts of the large saloon, sewing and embroidering, and the pastor, with pipe and smoking-cap, had been studying. He informed me that his parish contained 10,000 people, with five churches and two pastors; there were in it eleven circulating schools, and one

established school, with fourteen teachers in all, and about 1,200 scholars.

“With respect to the moral habits of the peasantry, he gives for his parish the usual average of illegitimacy — one in eleven.

S—. — An excellent hotel, with large, neat rooms, and modern conveniences. The charge for service, beds, and breakfasts, was thirty cents for both I

We turned off from the main road, in order to catch the steambot on the Miösen Lake at *Hun*. The last station is at *Mustaed*, where I had a letter to the innkeeper, who is one of the best farmers on the Miösen. He took us all over his farm. There was nothing in it materially different from what I had already seen, except that everything seemed under very careful management. His stables were on the best modern principles for drainage and light; the granaries were very large and neat; we saw in one part great piles of the *fladbröd* — dried pea cakes, a foot and a half in diameter kept for the winter's food. He had the usual clumsy threshing machine, but ploughs of modern construction I think American. Most of the products seemed to be consumed on the farm.

The most interesting thing about this estate is its history. The landlord showed me a new barn, built where, a few years before, was one of the most interesting relics in Norway, visited, he said, by people from every country. This is the story, well authenticated, though I did not get the dates accurately.

Some hundred years ago, a hunter was following his game through the woods near Lake Miösen. Suddenly, in the midst of a dense thicket, he came upon some walls overgrown with weeds and bushes; surprised at this, he worked his way among them, and at length found himself at a moss-covered door of an ancient house. From its firmly-supported roof, a young grove had sprung up, with all the flowers and rank weeds of the wilderness. Everything outside was dank and gloomy; the casements had fallen in, and glossy vines had crept out from within. He touched the door, and the worm-

eaten wood fell away from the hinges; he entered, awe-struck, the damp lonely rooms, and rats and mice ran over the floors, and night-birds flew out of the windows. The remains of furniture were about, and, as his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, he plainly distinguished, in one corner, on the ruins of a bed, the bare skeleton of a man. Shocked, he left the room and entered another — there again was a skeleton, and another! Some were sitting, others lying on the floor; there was no noise, except the rattling of the rats through the empty rooms. The ghastly company lay scattered about, as if they had been stricken with fearful disease, and had died helpless and deserted. Overcome with the fearful sight, the hunter rushed from the house of death, and stumbled among the ruins of other houses, and fled to the nearest village. He told his terrible tale there, and finally the oldest men remembered that there were traditions that before the devastation of Norway by the "Black Death," there had been a settlement near the lake — though exactly where it was, no one had known. The ruined houses were now investigated, and it was found that this was probably the place. The dead were decently buried, and the hunter took possession of the property, calling the place *Mustaed*. The forest was cleared, new houses were built, and, till within a few years, the old ruined house was still to be seen.

Such stories are not uncommon about different parts of Norway. In Valdres, where I lately had so pleasant a visit, I was told of a church still called the "Bear-Church." from the following incident: —

A hunter had wounded a bear, and it took refuge in the midst of a dense thicket. The man forced his way in, and discovered the ruins of a church, inside of which he at length shot the bear.

The discovery was made known, and people flocked to see the ruin, and it was at length remembered that there had been a thriving parish here before the Plague had desolated it. The most intelligent persons in Norway believe that this part of the country was once much more thickly peopled than it is

now, and that one of the causes of the diminution of the population was this attack of the Plague.*

As we drove away from Mustaed, a man, who looked like a workman, asked me in very good English if he could ride behind me. On inquiry I found he was a labouring man who had been in America, and had returned to see his friends for a short time. We drove on together towards the lake, holding a great deal of talk about the comparative condition of a labourer in the two countries.

"I cannot bear it here, sir," said he, "in no way. I had a kind o' expected to have stayed till fall — but it's too lonesome. "There isn't nothing going on."

"I suppose you are very well off now in America?" said I.

"Oh yes; I have one of these farms of mine own in Wisconsin, and I let it out for the summer. When I was here, I used to have a terribly hard time. I tell you, sir, I've worked from four o'clock till eight, month in and month out, and only got seven cents a day and found! They say now it's about sixteen cents."

I asked about machines.

"They don't know nothing about machine-work. Look at 'em — there they'd keep six men for a week to mow twelve acres, and I'd just take one of our mowing-machines and dew it all in one day. They never seed a reaper, nor even a horse-rake, nor any of 'em!"

I asked about food. He replied, that they had pretty good fare in Norway, though not so much meat as in America. At four o'clock he said, coffee and "flat bread" used to be sent out; then they would rest at seven o'clock and have breakfast, consisting of bread and butter, cheese, smoked salmon, and a glass of whiskey. Then they rested again at half-past ten, and took a nap till twelve o'clock, when they ate dinner, usually of herrings, potatoes, and barley-soup. They stopped once more at three, and then worked till eight; having four meals in the day, and resting four and a half hours.

* One of these occurred in 1372, A.D.

His reports of the change in drinking-habits corresponded with all I had heard. They used formerly to have a little, still for whiskey on every *gaard*, but now the duties were so heavy on distilling, that it was manufactured only in a few places, and was difficult to procure. Among the farmers, he found coffee to be much drunk in place of alcoholic liquors.

We had a great deal of this sort of chat, till we reached Hun, with its pretty little inn.

I had made a wrong calculation, and found myself just out of Norwegian money, with nothing but some English pound notes, which could not be exchanged, of course, in such a place.

I told this man my situation, and there was something truly "Western" in the way in which he pulled out a bag of specie-dollars, handing me twenty or thirty — refusing to take any receipt or note, and telling me I could pay it back in Christiania, or New York, as I chose.

The next morning we were moving in a steam-boat slowly down Lake Mjösen, and by evening we were in our old rooms in the Hôtel du Nord, Christiania, and soon among the cheerful, social people who make that city so pleasant in memory.

Christiania, July— . — A friend took me to-day to see the hall where the Storthing, or National Assembly, is held. It is a simple room, with seats radiating from the desk of the presiding officer, capable of holding 150 or 200 people comfortably.

When we hear of Norway as under a monarchical government, we are liable to form an erroneous idea of her constitution. The truth is, that in all essential respects, she is as thoroughly self-governed as the United States. Her Congress, or National Assembly, is chosen through "electors" by the people — the only restriction being that every voter must be a land-owner, paying taxes, or a citizen of a town, or a possessor of real estate in such town, to the value of *D.150*. The

Assembly has almost sole authority, and over the same class of subjects with our Congress. Even the power of veto, which rests with the king, is null, if a bill passes three successive sessions of this body.

This was illustrated in the passage of the act in 1815, which abolished hereditary nobility in Norway. It passed the house in 1815, and was vetoed by the king; it passed again in 1818, and was again vetoed; but in 1821, though the Court used every means of intimidation and corruption, it became a law. By a wise provision, also, no change affecting the constitution proposed in one session can be passed till another, three years later — thus preventing important measures, as is so often the case in our Congress, being passed through before the people have understood them, or before they have elected representatives with reference to them. The Assembly of Norway does not even allow, as does the English Parliament, a member of the Government to propose measures (except by writing), or to vote on any question. It receives the oaths of the king on coming of age, and in case of the royal line becoming extinct, it could, in conjunction with Sweden, elect a new sovereign. It meets by its own right every three years, and does not require the summons from the throne. In its internal structure, it divides itself into two houses, the whole Assembly choosing one-fourth of its members to form the Senate, or *Lagthing*, which has judicial rights like our Senate. The remainder form the House of Representatives, or *Odels-thing*.

Every part of the government administration comes under the control of this body, and its authority in the country is quite as great as that of our Congress. It can impeach and try before its Senate even the ministers of the crown and the supreme judges of the country.

Its number of members cannot be over a hundred, representing both towns and country, in definite proportions.

This constitution, framed by representatives of the people, in 1814, has been a wonderful blessing to the nation, and with a free able press has made Norway one of the most free and

well-governed countries in the world. The people hold to it against the attacks of the Swedish government with a peculiar jealousy, and even dread all improvements proposed, for fear that a change once made, may draw after changes more vital.

THE SCHOOLS OF NORWAY.*

Norway, with respect to education, labours exceedingly under the difficulty of a scattered population.

Out of her 1,400,000 inhabitants, only about 180,000 dwell in towns, the remaining 1,220,000 being sprinkled here and there over an area of 5,750 square miles. As a consequence, stationary village-schools are hardly possible in any great number. The law, from which the present school system of Norway dates its origin, which was passed in 1739, did not require, very wisely, an education in any particular place; it simply demanded that the parents or guardians should instruct every child, or cause it to be instructed, in the branches usually taught in the district schools — the test of such instruction being the catechetical examinations by the clergyman, and the examination, previous to the confirmation, which last, the American reader must remember, is a necessary condition for all civil rights in Norway and Sweden.

Circulating Schools. — To meet the difficulty of the separation of the population, the law also required circulating schools in every parish, as well as stationary. The parish is divided into a certain number of districts, and the teacher travels from one district to another, the children of each forming for the time his school. As an average, the term of each school is only eight weeks during the year. The lessons are given in the farm-houses, in the rooms where the peasants have been sleeping and eating — often uncomfortable and ill-ventilated apartments. The branches required to be taught by law are religion, reading, writing, singing, and arithmetic; in point of

* The facts in this article are principally derived from the conversations and reports of one of the great leaders of educational improvement in Norway, Conncillor Nisson, of Christiania.

fact they limit themselves to reading and "religion" (*i. e.* very dry theology), with a little of writing and arithmetic. The teacher's salary is from *D.*12 to *D.*40 for thirty weeks' teaching, with his board. The whole number of these itinerating teachers is about 2,000, and of the schools about 7,000.

Stationary Schools. — These stand somewhat higher than the class of schools first mentioned in the quality of their instruction. The teachers also are better paid, the salary being about *D.*90 per annum, with board and a piece of land for free use. They number about 380, with 24,000 pupils in attendance, and their terms are from sixteen to forty weeks in the year. The whole number of children attending both the circulating and stationary schools is estimated at about 213,000.

Upper District Schools, — These are a small class of pay-schools, corresponding somewhat to our high schools in America. The branches taught are those already mentioned as taught in the other schools, together with history, mensuration, natural history, and a foreign language — generally English.

These schools require a slight payment from the pupils, but are supported by the parishes and by occasional grants from the Storting or National Assembly.

All the schools established by law are managed by the town or parish council and the clergyman. No tax can be laid for their support except by a grant of the council. The head management in each province is in the hands of the high sheriff and the bishop of the diocese, who report again to the "Governmental Department of Church and Education."

The total expenses of all these schools in the towns and country, together with that of five normal schools for teachers, and including the expenses of boarding teachers, are estimated by Councillor Nisson at about *D.*195,000 per annum.

Citizens' Schools. — These are a higher class of schools,

both public and private, belonging to the towns. The pupils are taught in common branches, in drawing, natural history, and German, French and English. The number of these is more than twenty; the pupils about 3,000; expenses about D.30,000 per annum.

A still higher rank of these schools is called *Real Schools*. These have been established by the Government in eleven towns, and are associated with the "Latin Schools." The latter prepare for the University with a five years' course; the other, after their pupils are fourteen or fifteen years of age, send them out to practical life, or to the technical and military schools.

In the Latin Schools, Greek and Hebrew are taught; in the Real Schools, beside the usual instruction of the best schools, bookkeeping, commercial correspondence, the properties of goods, &c, are sometimes among the branches.

There are also three Latin Schools, not connected with Real Schools, at Christiania, Trondhjem, and Bergen, where the usual order is reversed, and Latin is studied before any foreign language. These three schools are supported by their own funds. Number of pupils in the eleven united schools, 700; in the three Latin Schools, 300; total, 1,000. Annual expenses of both, D. 64,000.

No one can be a rector in these schools unless he has passed two public examinations. The conditions for the under teachers are equally strict.

Beside these, there are Charity Schools in many towns for the children of poor labouring people, where the children remain the whole day, while the parents are at work. These are supported by both public and private contributions. Amount expended, about D.6,000.

There are four asylums in Norway for the instruction of the deaf and dumb. Another class of schools whose introduction would be highly advantageous to America, are the *Agricultural* and *Drawing Schools* for working men and mechanics. There are fourteen Agricultural Schools where young men from eighteen to twenty are taught thoroughly in practical

and scientific farming, in the application of manures; the construction of farming machines, the management of dairies, and the like.

Throughout Norway there are eight Drawing Schools. To these of an evening the mechanics and labourers come together and receive instruction in modelling, drawing, mathematics, and natural philosophy. By the law, any person who would be a tinman, gun-maker, copper-worker, turner, brazier, goldsmith, wheelwright, instrument-maker, jeweller, painter, saddler, smith, stone-cutter, chair-maker, or clock-maker, must produce a testimonial from the managers of this school. The effect of the instruction is found to be excellent on the taste of this class in their various trades. The Drawing School at Christiania is the most distinguished, and costs nearly D.3,000 per annum. The other seven are supported together at about the same rate.

From what has been said of the condition of schools in the Norwegian towns, it is apparent that education is in a favourable state of progress, even compared with America. The working classes have better opportunities than they enjoy here.

Of the country schools one can draw by no means so favourable a conclusion. Schools circulating from cabin to cabin, with teachers receiving *D.*12 per annum as salary, and instructing each circle of scholars only eight weeks in the year, could not be of much value to the mental improvement of the nation.

Still the country people of this kingdom are by no means inferior in natural intelligence or in information. The same causes which in that latitude, on a wintry island, gave birth to a literature whose vigour and originality and high imagination have not been surpassed in the early literature of any modern race, still work upon the descendants of the Northmen.

Now, even as ten centuries ago in Iceland, the people enjoy a kind of democratic kingdom, where one man nominally is chief or king, but where the real power is in the hands of the Bonders or peasant-farmers. They have the

free communal life — the right to govern themselves in small matters as well as great. They are continually trained in oratory, the arts of an assembly, and the management of public affairs. This, of all schools, is the best, and can overbalance the advantages from books and teachers.

The climate and the vast solitudes drive men within their own homes during the long winter evenings, and give occasion still, as of old, for a Saga literature — a literature of tales and history, and almost stern poetry, which is transmitted year by year around the roaring fire, from one generation to another. Such people, though not drilled in mathematics and physics, cannot be called ignorant. They have unwritten histories and poems not in books; and thoughts, nurtured by their grand solitary scenery, which are not given by religious writers, and yet which touch on the greatest mysteries of existence and immortality.

The strong, weather-beaten features of the Norwegian peasant give you no impression of ignorance. The expression is shrewd, reserved, and often sad or solemn, as of men much with great thoughts, which they could not or would not express. The questions you are asked show everywhere quick, active minds.

When, at length, the defective system of “Circulating Schools” is improved, we may believe that Norway, in an intelligent and educated population, will stand equal with any country in the world.

APPENDIX.

I. — STATISTICS OF NORWAY.

(From Mr. Sundt's Notes.)

Province.	Number of Preachers.		Population to every Preacher.		
	1815	1855	1815	1845	1855
Year . . .					
Christiania . . .	164	168	2263	3376	—
Christiansand . . .	64	74	2283	2978	—
Bergen . . .	68	69	2348	3248	—
Trondhjem . . .	62	67	2260	3080	—
Tromsøe . . .	47	51	1627	2166	—
Total . . .	407	429	2190	3097	(3473)

Year.	Marriages.	Legitimate Children.	Illegitimate Children.	Percentage of Illegitimate Births to Legitimate.	Percentage of Illegitimate Births to Marriages.
1801-5	33,917	118,496	7,452	6·3	21·9
1806-10	31,389	115,905	8,072	7·0	25·7
1811-15	37,129	116,369	8,308	7·1	22·4
1816-20	41,583	142,371	12,136	8·5	29·2
1821-25	44,081	157,984	12,670	8·0	28·7
1826-30	42,558	167,284	12,614	7·5	29·6
1831-35	42,233	169,252	12,111	7·2	28·7
1836-40	40,681	159,606	12,017	7·5	29·5
1841-45	50,590	179,670	15,731	8·8	31·1
1846-50	52,506	193,408	17,479	9·0	33·3
1851-55	56,499	213,004	21,590	10·1	

POPULATION IN NORWAY.		TO EVERY 10,000 PERSONS BETWEEN 20 AND 30 YEARS.		
Between 20 & 30 Years of Age.		Years.	Marriages.	Illegitimate Children Living.
Year 1801 . . .	136,959	1801-1810	477	113
" 1815 . . .	160,090	1811-1820	492	128
" 1825 . . .	175,482	1821-1830	494	144
" 1835 . . .	172,348	1831-1840	481	140
" 1845 . . .	239,266	1841-1850	431	139

COMPARISON OF PUBLIC AND PRIVATE STATISTICS.

Report of Percentage of Illegitimate Births to Marriages, 1851-52.

District.	Official Report.	Private Report.
Group 1.—District around Christiania	39·4 per cent.	37·4 per cent.
" 2.—Upper Romerike, Osterdal, Hedemark & Gudbrandsdal	66·3 "	65·3 "
" 3.—Valders, Hadeland, Kongsberg	36·0 "	33·5 "
" 4.—Drammen, Jarlsberg, Lauvik, Lower Thelemark	25·7 "	25·4 "
" 5.—Upper Thelemark and District near Christiansand	42·2 "	39·7 "
" 6.—Mandal, Lister, and Dalecarlia	16·3 "	14·1 "
" 7.—Stavanger and region near by	11·6 "	11·4 "
	20·2 "	17·4 "

Report of Proportion of Illegal Connections producing Children, to Legal Marriages, 1851-52.*

Districts.	MALES.		FEMALES.	
	Class 1. Freeholders.	Class 2. Labourers.	Class 1. Freeholders.	Class 2. Labourers.
Group 1	21	45	9	52
" 2	26	85	12	92 (1)
" 3	19	42	12	46
" 4	12	32	4	35
" 5	10	17	4	21
" 6	6	20	4	23
" 7	11	23	5	28

* This is, more strictly, *births*—but the proportion is made in order to show the relation of illegal to legal connections.

The Schools and Morals.

Districts.	Number of School-Children* for each Teacher in the County School.		Proportion of Children from 7 to 15 who have entirely neglected the School. Average both Years.	Proportion to Marriages of Illegitimate Births.—City and County.
	1837	1840		
Year . .			1837-1840	
Group† 1 . .	95	89	5·5	39·4
„ 2 . .	109	103	9·5	66·3
„ 3 . .	98	91	7·8	36·0
„ 4 . .	79	80	6·3	25·7
„ 5 . .	61	59	5·4	16·3
„ 6 . .	65	63	1·8	11·6
„ 7 . .	77	77	3·6	20·2

Expenses for Schools (except board of teachers) to each person in Christiania Province.

	Skillings.
Group 1	7·4
„ 2	7·1
„ 3	7·5
„ 4	9·2
<i>Christiansand Province.</i>	
Group 5	10·2
„ 6	7·0
„ 7	5·6

Percentage of Illegal Connections to Marriages.

Men.	Women.
45	52
85	92
42	46
32	35
<i>Christiansand Province.</i>	
17	21
20	23
23	28

It will be observed in these statistics that Norway, in respect of sexual morality, has been steadily retrograding since the beginning of this century. In the four years preceding 1855, *every tenth child* born in the whole country was illegitimate! and in the four years preceding 1850, the number of unlawful connections between the sexes amounted to *one-third* of the whole number of marriages.

It will also be observed in the succeeding statistics that the immorality keeps very even pace with the want of religious opportunities, and that the most vice prevails where are the fewest preachers to the population. The singular custom of the *Fria* is observed in many districts of Norway; and I am informed by the statistician, Mr. SUNDT, from whom these facts are obtained, that the proportion of unlawful births is

* The most of these children do not attend school over eight weeks in the year.

† The names in the Groups have already been given.

in almost precise relation to the extent of this custom, as is certainly to be expected.

It is also to be noted, that -where the least money is expended for schools, in proportion to the population, there is the lowest state of sexual morality.

In the counties of Upper Romerike, Osterdal, Hedemark, and Gudbrandsdal, the number of school-children to each teacher, in 1840, was 103; the proportion of non-attendants on schools was more than nine per cent. The expenses of schools in these districts are about seven cents for each person. The population in the whole province to each preacher is larger than in any other province.

In the same counties, to every 100 marriages there are 92 illegal *liaisons*, bearing children, among the women, and 85 among the men of the labouring class. Among the freeholders, the proportion with the men is only 26 per cent., and with the women 12 per cent.

It is doubtful whether any district in Europe will show among the labouring class an equal immorality.

The two great causes, which can be reached by effort, we believe to be the want of thorough popular education, and the formalism of church, which has lost its practical hold of the morals of the peasants.

II—POPULATION AND FURTHER STATISTICS OF

NORWAY.

In the year 1845, the population amounted to 1,328,471; to this must be added 1,145, who ramble about without having a fixed abode in any place, so that the whole population amounts to 1,329,616. The whole kingdom has 5,752 (Norsk) square miles, consequently about 220 to each square mile. In Norrland there are only about 81, and Finnmark only 33 to each square mile.

The first register of the inhabitants of the country was made in 1769, and then the population was only 723,141 in the whole kingdom.

ARMY.

A standing army was formed first in the year 1628, consisting of 6,243 soldiers. The Norwegian army now amounts to 23,484 soldiers. The artillery makes up one-tenth of the whole army, and the horsemen one-twelfth. The fortresses of the kingdom are 13, besides some few sconces. The expenses were, in the year 1848, 747,000 dollars.

THE FLEET.

Frigates	3
Corvettes	5
Brigs.....	1
Schooners.....	5
Small Steamers.....	5
Gun-Boats	123

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All seafaring Norwegians, from sixteen to thirty years of age, and, with certain exceptions, all men in maritime districts, are bound to serve five years on national vessels, if called upon. The number thus bound at the present time is 47,000.

Budget for 1851 — *D.*407,464. The system is very enlightened and progressive. One proof is the readiness with which Mr. Maury's proposition for the keeping accurate logs of winds, currents, &c, on the high seas was accepted; and his invitation to a Meteorological Conference at once complied with.

INCOME OF THE KINGDOM.

In 1848, 4,696,600 specie dollars; for this they are chiefly indebted to the great revenues of Kongsberg's silver-works.

EXPENSES.

In 1848, 2,523,700 sp., of which 105,050 sp. are paid annually to the royal family in Sweden, and to the maintenance of the royal palace in Christiania. The surplus in the public treasury, at the close of 1847, was 2,172,900 sp.

EXPORTS.

In respect to exports, the city of Bergen surpasses the other Norwegian cities, its export being estimated at about 1,700,000 sp., yearly; Drammen's 650,000 sp.; Trondhjem's not fully 500,000 sp.; and Christiania's only 350,000 sp. Next to those cities come Sarpsborg, Christiansand, and Tromsøe. The articles of export are principally fishes, pickled herrings, train-oil, iron, copper, iron in bars, timber, anchovies, and window-glass.

IMPORTS.

In the year 1844, the import of provisions, of corn to Christiania, was 195,000 tons; to Drammen, 115,000 tons; to Christiansand, 50,000 tons; to Stavanger, 79,000; and to Trondhjem, 88,000 tons. The articles of import are: corn, coffee, sugar, brandy, wine, tobacco, salt, butter, hemp, sole-leather, sail-cloth, cotton, &c.

MINES.

The most important branch of mining is the production of iron, Norway having nineteen iron-works; and the whole production for the years 1841 — 45 was: iron in bars, 24,753 skippund. Next are the copper-works, of which there are nine. The production for the years 1841-45 was 3,894 sk., yearly. The most important copper-works are: Røraas, opened 1644, and Alten, opened 1826. Kongsberg's silver mine is an important work. It was discovered in 1623. For a very long series of years, there was only loss in working it; but since 1832,

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it has been very profitable, giving, in the year 1846, 16,079 3/4 marks of massive and solid silver. About one million species is the annual income of the Norwegian mines.

MANUFACTURES.

For want of native manufactories, Norway imports manufactures. In the year 1846, there were imported of cotton, 888,638 pounds; of stuffs of cotton, 826,414 pounds; of silk wares, 12,560 pounds. The glass-making is nearly a failure; only three glass-works are now in operation. Of paper-mills there are only seven, so that paper must be imported; soap-houses are increasing, and the making of salt is considerable. — Valid salt mine alone produces yearly 25,000 tons of salt. Of sugar refineries, the whole kingdom has only one in Trondhjem.

AGRICULTURE.

Every farm has an average of 5 1/2 acres of land, and the number of farms is about 112,930.

HEALTH.

In 1845, 1,123 persons were infected with leprosy, mostly on the western coast, from Stavanger to Finnmarken. Lazarettos in Bergen, and one in Molde, have been erected.

III. — AN ABSTRACT OF THE REPORT IN REGARD TO THE WORKING OF THE COPPER MINE AT ALTEN, IN THE FIVE YEARS FROM 1850 to 1855 INCLUSIVELY.

A TABULAR SURVEY OF EXPENSES AND PRODUCTION.

Years.	DISBURSEMENTS.						PRODUCTION.	
	Salaries.		Materials.		Total Amount.		Ore.	Copper.
	Species.	Skip.	Species.	Skip.	Species.	Skip.	Pounds.	Pounds.
1851	32,030	70	14,430	49	46,460	119	4,307,724	253,502
1852	32,345	23	12,480	12	44,825	35	5,107,168	243,238
1853	33,743	118	14,472	32	48,216	30	5,188,128	276,030
1854	33,302	104	16,544	101	54,847	85	5,422,560	285,889
1855	36,902	87	20,850	108	57,753	75	4,370,320	231,974
Total	173,325	42	78,778	62	252,103	104	24,393,600	1,292,915

A Norwegian species (sp.) is about the same as an American dollar. The Norwegian or Danish weight, called a skippond (skd.), amounts to 352 pounds.

The works consist of twelve larger or less mines and a few pits, driven at intermediate times. No new discovery of any importance has been made in the last five years.

In the year 1855, the copper-works supported the following population: —

WORKMEN IN THE MINES AND FOUNDRY (FURNACE): — Men, 218; Women, 145; Children, 124; Administrator, 1; Bookkeepers, 2; Physician, 1; Victuallers and assistants, 3; Controller of the foundry, 1; People for ascending and descending, 6; Keeper of storehouses, 1; Teachers, 3; Blacksmiths, 8; Bricklayers, 2; Carpenters, 2; Baker and Brewer, 1; Shoemakers, 4; Tailors, 2; Sailors, 3; Grooms and Drivers, 14; Persons settled at the work and by it nourished, but not in certain employment, 47; Children not capable of working, 266; Old and sickly persons, 5.

Of the above-named, there were in the year 1855, 439 Quanes, 273 Norwegians, 94 Swedes, 25 Englishmen, 17 Finns (Laplanders), 5 Russians, and 1 German, adults and children inclusive.

IV. — TERRACED BEACHES.

It is an interesting fact, in connection with the ancient terraced beaches on the coast of Norway, that Dr. Kane discovered similar traces of a secular elevation of the American continent, as far north as 81°;

He supposes the elevation to have commenced at some point north of 76°. In one place, the elevation reached the height of 480 feet.

He speaks also of a depression of Southern Greenland, corresponding to the depression of Southern Scandinavia.