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# NORWAY AND ITS SCENERY.

COMPRISING

THE JOURNAL OF A TOUR BY EDWARD PRICE, ESQ.

WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS

AND

A ROAD-BOOK FOR TOURISTS,

WITH HINTS TO ANGLERS AND SPORTSMEN

EDITED AND COMPILED

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## THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

ONE of our most enterprising travellers, who published many years since, a "Personal Narrative" of his journey through some of the most picturesque and interesting districts of Norway, concluded his narrative by passing in review the leading features of all that he had seen and enjoyed during the excursion. He tells us that his "was a busy and charming reverie ; of the external aspects of Norway,—its mountains, its forests, its lakes, its secluded valleys,—he had seen much ;" and the feeling with which Mr. Inglis describes the diversified scenes among which his course had lain leads us to believe that they had not failed of making a vivid impression on his memory. "One thing, however," he says, "I did regret,—that I possessed no pictorial representations of the scenes I had passed through. Of all the countries I have seen, Norway would best reward the painter who should visit it from the love of his art. A Claude, a Poussin, and a Rosa, might find subjects for the pencil : and I am sure that the humblest disciple of these great men, who should pass a summer in Norway, would confess when he returned that this had been the most delightful summer he had ever spent."

It might have been supposed that we are indebted to this suggestion regarding a country at that time but very little known, for the work which is made to form the staple and the ornament of the present volume, did it not appear that the author's excursion in Norway preceded Mr. Inglis's, though only by a single year. Possessing in a high degree the knowledge of that art, the want of which Mr. Inglis lamented, and with a spirit kindled into enthusiasm by the promise held forth, from whatever source his information was derived, Mr. Edward Price devoted a summer to exploring the wild and magnificent scenery of a country which offered such abundant materials for his pencil.

The result of the enterprise was presented to the public in a quarto volume of plates from Mr. Price's drawings, accompanied by his Journal. It was dedicated, by express permission, to the present Duke of Sutherland, to whom, as well as the late duke, better known as a patron of art by his title of Marquis of Stafford, it appears that Mr. Price had been previously known through some of his earlier efforts. The work being very costly, only a small impression was taken from the plates. They have since become the property of the present publisher, who feels gratified at having an opportunity of placing in the series of his "*Illustrated Library*," a work containing specimens of such artistic skill and exquisite finish as the plates which are employed in illustrating the present volume. They depict some of the most striking scenes which occur to the tourist in his progress through the routes generally selected by travellers in Norway for the beauty and

#### THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

grandeur of the scenery they offer. They are, therefore, admirably subservient to the main object of a work like the present, intended to furnish materials from which the general reader may form some idea of the great features of a country possessing so much interest, and also to afford information which may direct the course and assist the progress of those who are induced by its attractions to turn their steps towards its shores.

In addition to his success as an artist, Mr. Price is entitled to claim the merit of having been among the first, and one of the few, travellers whose love of nature in her wildest and most solitary aspects has led them to undergo the fatigue and privations attending excursions which allow the liberty of wandering freely through unfrequented districts and pausing, as taste or fancy dictates, on scenes which might have been otherwise inaccessible, or passed with only a transient notice. Mr. Price's Journal is reprinted from the former edition, with the omission of some trivial passages not possessing any general interest. His observations have sometimes peculiar value from the artistic light in which the landscapes presented themselves to his view. A faithful transcript, indeed, of a journal simply recording first impressions, has great advantages. Gray says in one of his letters, that "a word or two written on 'the spot is worth a cart-load of letters.'" But Mr. Price's principal scope being different from that of ordinary travellers, he often passes by interesting sections of his route with only a cursory notice. Such

deficiencies in the Journal it is endeavoured to supply from other sources of information.

In one part of his Journal, Mr. Price gives an account of what he calls "An Excursion into the Hardanger Fjeld," one of the most magnificent of the mountain ranges of Norway. But our Artist was probably deceived by his guides, as it appears from his narrative that he penetrated no further than one flank of the Fjeld, at a comparatively low elevation. Few travellers have succeeded in surmounting the difficulties attendant on the passage of its vast and inhospitable plateau. But as the Hardanger-Fjeld presents scenes of sterile grandeur of no ordinary character, Mr. Price's failure is compensated by the addition of a chapter to his Journal, sketching some of its principal features, tracing the steps of travellers who have accomplished the passage, and describing, for the benefit of future tourists, the most practicable passages across the range to the western districts.

Some introductory chapters are prefixed to the Journal. One contains notices of such works of modern travellers in Norway as may be consulted with advantage by persons desirous of obtaining a more intimate acquaintance with the external aspect and social character of a country even now imperfectly known; together with some account of works more particularly devoted to pictorial representations of its unrivalled scenery. Another chapter is intended to furnish the intending Tourist with information and suggestions of a practical nature which may serve to facilitate his undertaking.

Such was the original plan of the present work ; but while the volume was passing through the press, it was suggested by a Correspondent who has good opportunities of knowing the wants of travellers in Norway, that a short and compendious Road Book, confined exclusively to that part of Scandinavia, was still a desideratum. It appeared also that the chapter just referred to, containing practical directions to tourists, and information regarding the course to be taken for arriving in Norway, required a sequel which should offer a choice of tours, embracing its most interesting objects and supplying sufficient details of routes.

With this feeling the accompanying Road Book has been compiled from every available source of information. The facilities for reaching Norway by the present arrangements of the steam-boats, both English and Foreign, have been pointed out, as well as those offered to the Tourist by a new Norwegian railway, and by the steam-boats on the inland waters. The times of their departure and the places at which they call, as well as those of the steam-boats round the coast, are inserted from the latest tables. The stations on the several routes have also been thus corrected, and the alterations recently made in the regulations for travelling post, and in the rates of payment for posting, are also mentioned. A short vocabulary of Norsk words is added, and contains, it is believed, all the phrases the ordinary traveller may require. A section is also devoted to the sports which attract many of our countrymen to the rivers and lakes, the Fjelds, and Fjords of Norway.



When the present work was first planned, the Editor did not contemplate affixing his name to his own slight contributions to it; but the volume having grown under his hands, he has readily complied with a request that he should do so. This matter, in itself wholly unimportant, is only mentioned for the purpose of explaining the use in the following pages of the phrases usually adopted by auonymous editors and reviewers. He ought, perhaps, also to apologise for the frequent introduction of his own name and work while in the latter capacity he was making a rapid sketch of travels in Norway; but the favour with which his "Rambles" have been received, as he desires gratefully to acknowledge, emboldens him to hope for similar indulgence on the present occasion.

T. F.

*April 4, 1853.*

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# NORWAY, AND ITS SCENERY.

## CHAPTER I.

### ENGLISH TRAVELLERS IN NORWAY.—PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY.

A REVIEW of English travels in Norway during the last thirty years is, in some sort, a history of the progress of discovery in a country, the interior of which was before that time very little known, and some of the wilder districts of which have, even now, been only partially explored. The Norwegians, enthusiastically attached as they are to the traditions and the soil of *Gamle Norge*,\* are little disposed to travel in their own country. The population, for the most part attached to the farms, has no migratory habits; and, of the educated classes, the professors of the university, and officers of the scientific branch of the service, travel for improvement in Germany, France, and England. Few persons of independent circumstances seek, from the impulse of curiosity, or from higher motives, those

\* Old Norway.

scenes which annually attract an influx of strangers. With the occasional exception of a solitary naturalist, like Professor Esmark, and his accomplished son, the present M. Esmark, who have devoted their lives to pursuits demanding an extended and patient investigation of natural phenomena, and of small bands of intelligent students from the university, whom we find wandering on foot, with scrip and staff, during the summer vacations, in remote districts of the country,—like their fellows the collegians of Germany,—few Norwegian travellers are met with on their own roads, but those whose business calls them from one town to another. These hurry along the great post-roads, their only object to reach the end of a long and weary journey as soon as possible. The resting-places are at wide intervals, and their accommodations offer no temptation to linger by the way.

Such is the general feeling, that we have found it difficult to convince the unsophisticated inhabitants of different parts of the country that even an Englishman would travel for any other purpose than that of traffic. If we inquired into the abundance of *fisk* (fish) in a river, a lake, or a fjord on the western coast, visions were conjured up of demands for the supply of salmon, or lobster, or cod for a foreign market. If we calculated the scantlings of choice specimens of noble trees in the pine forests of the interior, a contract for deals for the London market must be in contemplation, and saw-mills and water-carriage by the nearest streams became the subjects of speculation. The idea of any one undergoing the difficulties of penetrating into such

districts from curiosity, or for recreation, could scarcely be comprehended.

Under these circumstances it has very much fallen to the lot of English travellers to open out the way to some of the most interesting points in Norwegian scenery, before unknown and unvisited. In some cases these have been as much objects of discovery as if they had lain in the heart of Africa, or the wilds of New Zealand, instead of, at farthest, a few days' sail from the shores of England. For instance, Norway boasts two of the finest waterfalls in Europe; but they are situated in the heart of a mountainous country, at one time supposed to be almost inaccessible. One of the most enterprising of our English travellers in Norway, who had heard rumours of their existence, sought for them in vain; and although he penetrated within twenty miles of the nearest and most accessible, all he could learn from the peasants in the neighbourhood amounted to reports that they had heard such things were somewhere among the mountains; and he was obliged to abandon his enterprise in despair. At present the "Rjukan-Foss," one of these Falls, attracts yearly many English visitors; and the other, the "Voring-Foss," may be reached through well-known paths by any tourist who can undergo moderate exertion.

Again, till a recent period Sneehættan was supposed to be the highest mountain in Norway, and the scenery of the Dovre-Fjeld was expatiated on as the most sublime and magnificent feature of Norwegian scenery. It has been found, however, that the elevation of Sneehættan yields considerably to that of Skagstol-Tind



in the western districts, and that there is nothing in Norway surpassing the stern and grand character of the surrounding country. At present, we believe, there is only one English traveller who has spent any time—if any one before him ever penetrated—among the lofty Fields of the Horungerne, where Skagstol-Tind, and other snowy peaks, lift themselves in rugged and fantastic shapes from a wilderness of mountains and untrodden forests, rivalling, if not surpassing, most Alpine scenes.

At the time when Mr. Price, the artist, travelled in Norway, it was thought that the journey from Christiania to Bergen, through the passes of the Fille-Fjeld, was a most hazardous undertaking. It appears in his Journal, that many dissuasives were made use of to prevent his taking that course. "An habitual and hereditary dread," he tells us, "pervaded those with whom I conversed. The mountainous region between Christiania and Bergen was described as a land of savage heights and unfathomable depths, where wild beasts were ravenous, and starvation would assuredly meet the traveller." Mr. Price's enthusiasm was only increased by these representations, and he became the pioneer in a route which is not considered at present to offer any very extraordinary difficulties.

But further, after visiting the districts west of Christiania, which contain objects of great attraction to travellers, particularly since the discovery of the Rjukan-Foss, it is often desirable to pass into the Bergen-stift, on the way to the western capital and Fjords, without retracing the steps, and gaining, by an

extremely circuitous route, the pass of the Fille-Fjeld already mentioned. A distance of two hundred miles may thus be saved; but the stupendous barrier of the Hardanger-Fjeld is, in this direction, interposed between the eastern and western districts. Several English travellers who proposed to attempt the passage of this Fjeld, recoiled from the enterprise, which was represented to be surrounded with insurmountable difficulties. We have accounts, however, in two or three instances, of travellers more resolute or adventurous than the rest, who have succeeded in traversing the Hardanger-Fjeld by tracks only known to the hunters and highland farmers, who have their solitary and scattered habitations along its vast base. It is not an undertaking to be generally recommended; but having been proved to be practicable under favourable circumstances, the discovery may be of service to travellers pressed for time, and who do not shrink from enterprises requiring much bodily hardihood and mental resolution, prepared to grapple with the difficulties and dangers of paths through which only nature can be viewed under the stern but majestic aspect of her elevated and boundless solitudes, where she reigns in utter but sublime desolation, almost beyond the verge of animal, or even of vegetable life.

By such steps as these, successive travellers have gradually enlarged our knowledge of Norway. Before their time, the little that was known of it was, in truth, merely sufficient to whet curiosity; so that Von Buch, in the Preface to his Travels, calls it a *terra incognita*, and "a new discovery." Our present design is to trace

its progress in a series of short notices of the works of those English travellers who have chiefly contributed to add to our information.

During the long war which, commencing with the French Revolution, was only brought to a final close by the victory of Waterloo, the greatest part of the continent of Europe was, as every one knows, sealed to British travellers. Norway cannot be considered to have formed an exception. It was at that time a dependency on Denmark, which was, eventually, in alliance with Napoleon, and its capital twice exposed to severe attacks by British forces, when a large number of Norwegian sailors served in the Danish fleet. Norway, therefore, can hardly be said to have been at peace with Great Britain, though, except a blockade of her coasts, she was subjected to no actual hostilities, and the feeling of her people, always friendly to the English, still continued to be favourable towards them. But the adverse state of affairs generally on the Continent, notwithstanding some occasional modifications in the politics of the north of Europe, seems to have had the effect of discouraging English travellers from visiting a country in which, probably, they would never have been subjected to any molestation.\*

\* Early in the revolutionary war, in 1795, the enthusiastic Mary Wollstonecraft, afterwards Mrs. Godwin, encountered without protection the hardships of a voyage to Norway on some strange errand. Her "Letters written during a short Residence in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark" were the first English publications which gave any account of Norwegian scenery. The visit was mainly confined to some sea-port towns on the south coast and the neighbourhood; and her business brought her into contact with some of the worst and coarsest specimens

Early, however, in the wars of the French Revolution, Dr. Clarke accomplished his extensive tour through the northern kingdoms, the account of which he some time afterwards published in his well-known "Travels." It was in 1799 that Dr. Clarke and his companions from the University of Cambridge, visited the Scandinavian kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway; where, as men of peace engaged in scientific pursuits, they were well received, notwithstanding the unsettled state of the times. In Norway, Dr. Clarke's travels were very limited; his account of them only occupying a small portion of his work, at the end of the fifth and the beginning of the sixth volume. Entering Norway by the mountain range which divides it from Sweden, his first object was the town of Røraas, famous for its copper-mines, visiting by the way a family of Lapps, which had then, as they still have, a summer encampment, with a herd of tame reindeer, on the fjelds between Røraas and the Swedish frontier. From this town it was a short journey to Drontheim,\* the ancient capital of Norway, situated on one of the western fjords. Returning by the high road over the Dovre-Fjeld, Dr. Clarke visited Christiania, the modern capital, and having made an excursion to the silver mines at Kongsberg, soon afterwards quitted Norway.

of the population of such places. She therefore formed a very unfavourable opinion of the Norwegian people: but her descriptions of the romantic scenery of that coast are among the most beautiful specimens of descriptive writing in the English language. Her letters, however, are tinged with the black melancholy which hovered round her steps, and exhibit the ravings of a distempered imagination brooding over her hapless fate.

\* Written Trondhjem, pronounced Tronyem.

Mr. Malthus, one of Dr. Clarke's fellow-travellers, with another of the party, parted from him at the Wener Lake in Sweden, for an independent tour in Norway, during which Mr. Malthus made a collection of facts, with which the social system of Norway is pregnant, tending to assist him in forming the basis of his celebrated work "On Population."

The volumes of Dr. Clarke's Travels comprising his notices of Norway, were not published till 1819, ten years after the journey was completed. We have no account of any English traveller having visited Norway during this interval, except Mr. Edy, an artist who, it appears, was employed by Boydell to make drawings for his splendid work, containing a collection of plates descriptive of Norwegian scenery, which will be further mentioned when we come to notice works of that description connected with Norway. Mr. Edy travelled, it should seem, some time before 1815, making a large collection of drawings at various points, but especially along the southern coast.

In 1820, Captain, afterwards Sir A. De Capell Brooke, undertook the journey to the North Cape, of which an interesting description is contained in a quarto volume, which he published two years afterwards. It was followed by another, the sequel to the former work, which gives an account of a winter spent in Lapland and Sweden. Captain De Capell Brooke was, we believe, the first Englishman, at least in modern times, who accomplished the journey to the northern extremity of the European continent. Dr. Clarke had contemplated it while he was in Norway in 1799; but

illness, occasioned by excessive fatigue, compelled him reluctantly to abandon the enterprise. The same year, however, Signor Acerbi, an Italian gentleman, accompanied by Colonel Skiöldebrand, in the service of Sweden, explored his way through Lapland to the North Cape, and they met Dr. Clarke on their return.\*

De Capell Brooke's Travels in Norway commenced at Kongsvinger, a frontier fortress on the borders of Sweden, of great importance before the union of the two kingdoms. From thence he descended the valley of the Glommen to Christiania. On leaving that city for the north, Captain Brooke followed the great post-road over the Dovre-Fjeld to Drontheim, the same route which Dr. Clarke had taken in travelling southward between those cities. At Drontheim, a short time was spent in preparations for the arduous journey to the North Cape, the main object of De Capell Brooke's expedition. The reader is probably aware of the immense length of the coast of Norway, extending from the promontory of the Naze, or Lindesnæs, at its southern extremity, to the North Cape, through thirteen degrees of latitude; while it is remarkable that, for nearly two-thirds of this extraordinary length, the

\* Signor Acerbi published an account of his travels, which has been translated into English.—“Travels through Sweden, Finland, and Lapland to the North Cape, in the years 1798 and 1799; by Joseph Acerbi.” 2 vols. 4to. London, 1802. They are interesting and attractive: but the author has been accused of misrepresenting the Swedes, as well as of borrowing largely, without acknowledgment, from Leem, who published a work, “De Lapponibus,” at Copenhagen, in 1767 (translated in Pinkerton's Collection). Colonel Skiöldebrand also, Acerbi's fellow-traveller, who likewise published an account of the journey, with a splendid collection of plates which we shall presently mention, charges him with pirating his sketches.

Norwegian territory, confined by the range of mountains which divide it from Swedish Lapland, is a mere strip of country not exceeding on the average seventy miles in breadth. From Drontheim, Captain Brooke had still to make his way northward for eight degrees of latitude, through a desolate and almost impracticable country. He travelled partly by land and partly in channels of the sea along the rocky coast, within the barriers formed by innumerable islands and islets against the tempests of the Northern Ocean. Halting for refreshment at Bodoe in the province of Nordland, within the Arctic circle, and at Tromsøe and Hammerfest in Finmark, the latter being the most northerly town in Europe\* within fifty miles of the North Cape,

\* Speaking accurately, the North Cape is not the most northern point of the island of Kragerö and of Europe, Professor Keilhau having found by observation that Knivskjærødden, an arrow rugged ridge to the west of the Cape, bears north-west from it. De Capell Brooke had anticipated the observation, for he says that this point, which he calls Knivskjær-næs, being, as its name denotes, a long neck of land running out into the sea, low at the extremity and coming to a point, when seen from the North Cape, from which it is divided by a broad fjord, appears to stretch as much to the northward as the Cape itself. "I believe," he adds, "that such is in reality the case, but the difference between them seemed to be so trifling as not to exceed more than a few yards. Three French travellers made a curious mistake with respect to the locality of the North Cape, fancying pleasantly enough that they had reached it at a point on the Tornea Träsk, a very extensive lake in Swedish Lapland, though if they had extended their journey five hundred miles farther, it would hardly have brought them to the North Cape. Having, as they imagined, performed this exploit, in the pride of their hearts, they ascended a high mountain, and there left the following memorial of it: "*France gave us birth; Africa has beheld us; we have explored the Ganges, and travelled over the whole of Europe. Having been exposed to various accidents both by sea and land, here at length have we arrived at the farthest boundary of the world. De Fercourt.—De Corberon.—Regnard.*" The latter, who afterwards presented to the world an account of this memorable expedition, informs us, some

De Capell Brooke reached the crowning point of his long journey in forty days after his departure from Drontheim.\* On his return he spent great part of an

days previous to their thus reaching its end, "We were employed during the remainder of the day and all the morning of Tuesday in cutting on a stone lasting memorials, which should inform posterity that three Frenchmen had continued to travel till they could go no farther; and that notwithstanding the difficulties which they had encountered, and which had frightened many others, they had come to erect a trophy at the *end of the world*; materials having been wanting for their farther toil, rather than courage to endure it."

\* It may be pleasant to refer to Captain De Capell Brooke's account of the termination of his enterprise. "We now got sight of the ocean on the opposite side of Magcö, upon which we inclined more to the north; and after descending a short slope, at the bottom of which was another lake, we saw the dark barren surface of the Cape, rising before us like the back of a giant, at the distance of about two miles. At six in the evening we at last reached it; and, advancing to the edge of the precipice, contemplated the fearful steep between us and the ocean. Let the reader imagine a cliff\* exceeding in height that of Dover, and with Shakespeare's celebrated description of the latter, he may form a good idea of the North Cape, black from the polar storms, and proudly frowning upon the foaming element at his feet.

"The eye vainly endeavoured to catch the fleeting sails of some vessel steering its way through these desert seas: all was one wide waste of waters. On the verge of the horizon black mists hovered, driving on from the arctic regions of Spitzbergen. To the eastward, at the distance of thirteen leagues, the North Kyn protruded boldly into the waves, and seemed to vie with its gigantic rival, being separated from it by the mouths of the great Porsanger and Laxe fiords. Looking to the west, the lofty rocks of Stappen seemed still close to us; and beyond them Maasöe and Jelmöe presented their mountains, the rugged surfaces of which were softened by the distance.

"Evening was now fast approaching; and the wind, which was strong and chill, warned us to prepare our tent for the night. This was a task of no small difficulty, as the bleak exposed surface of the Cape, and the hardness of the rock, which prevented our driving in the pegs, gave us

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"\* Von Buch, who viewed the rocks of the North Cape from the mountains east of Kielvig, says: 'They are higher than those of Kielvig: perhaps they may be 1200 feet, Paris measure; and they consist of a long row of pyramidal points, such as we might expect on a cape exposed to the fury of the whole ocean.'"



### Arctic winter at Hammerfest, making it the point of

good reason to fear, that not our little tent only, but all it contained, might be swept away by the blast. Having at length found a projecting part of the cliff, which screened us in some measure, we pitched it within a few yards of this, securing it as well as we could by fragments of the rock, which we rolled on the edge of the canvas, to supply the place of pegs. As we had eaten nothing since an early hour in the morning, and had walked some miles across the mountains against the keen air of Mageröe, we had by this time a pretty good appetite. Our provision was accordingly produced; and, having lighted a blazing fire with the wood we had taken care to bring, snug within our tent we enjoyed our repast with a greater relish than the most luxurious feast could have afforded in a palace at home.

"The hour was late before we reclined ourselves to rest, grateful for the shelter afforded us. Sleep soon overpowered all but myself; and the deep snorings of the Norwegian boatmen, and the Laplander who was our guide, proved that they had speedily lost all sense of the fatigues of the day. Feeling no disposition to sleep, I arose softly, and, stealing out of the tent, strolled round the Cape. It was already midnight. The sun had sunk beneath the horizon about an hour, but a reddish, angry tint still marked its progress below it. A feeble twilight diffused itself around, just sufficient to mark the gigantic outlines of the cliffs. Toward the north, black masses of clouds with threatening looks announced an approaching storm; and the billowy ocean, that dashed against the rocks, loudly bellowed its fury. I now returned to my slumbering companions; crept into the tent, every object of which was wrapped in gloom; and was soon lulled to sleep by the murmurings of the surge below.

"Our small tent stood well the rude attacks of the north wind, which blew furiously in the night; and in the morning we commenced exploring the neighbourhood of the Cape, anxious to lose no time, as our stay would necessarily depend upon the supply of wood and provision that remained. The North Cape, which is in lat.  $71^{\circ} 10' 15''$ , is a long extended headland, or tongue of rock, narrowest near its root, and enlarging itself towards its other extremity, where it becomes of a circular shape, and is indented by several chasms, that form small creeks. Its surface is flat, being what sailors call table land, rising gradually from the part adjoining the land till about a quarter of a mile from its other extremity, when it declines with a gentle slope toward the sea. In this part is its greatest breadth; being, as I conjecture, nearly three-quarters of a mile across. The whole of it is almost destitute of any vegetation, and thickly strewed with small broken fragments of rock.

"The cold on the island of Mageröe, though very severe, cannot be compared to that at Alten and the interior parts at Finmark, being greatly tempered by the influence of the sea. It is greatest, as

his departure for his journey during the ensuing year through Swedish Lapland.

Mr. Kielsberg informed me, when the wind is at N. E. It may seem singular that the sea on the coasts of Norwegian Lapland, even at the North Cape itself, is invariably open, while many degrees to the southward the navigation is invariably stopped by the ice. At Mageröe, when the wind is north or north-west, it sometimes brings drift ice from Spitzbergen, which is seen at a distance from the land, but it seldom or never approaches the coast. The violence of this element at the North Cape and the rest of Mageröe doubtless greatly exceeds what is felt in other parts of the North. More than two-thirds of the year are boisterous; and in autumn (if any season can be called by this name) and winter, the storms are incessant, raging with such fury that but a faint idea can be formed of them by those who have not been in Finmark at these periods of the year.

"The sun disappears to the inhabitants for more than two months in the year;\* but, in return for this privation, it is for the same period above the horizon constantly day and night, and for the space of about three months there is an uninterrupted continuance of daylight. During the long winter-night the aurora borealis, which shines with uncommon brilliancy at the North Cape, compensates for the loss of the sun; and its light is so great, that the fishermen are enabled to carry on their ordinary occupations as well as by the usual daylight.

"No part of the North certainly conveys to the traveller so perfect an idea of desolation† as Mageröe, or Lean Island; a name highly appropriate, destitute as it is of everything but rocks, piled one upon the other

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"\* The sun in the latitude of the North Cape is constantly above the horizon from the 15th of May to the 29th of July; and below it from the 17th of November to the 26th of January, or two months and ten days."

"† With this idea Von Buch seems to have been equally impressed. 'Huge blocks,' he says, 'are towered up one above another to the size of rocks and entire mountains, and their number is endless. They hardly seem to hang together. Their forms are most singular, and they almost always environ small lakes in the bottom, which only find an outlet towards the Eid through narrow crevices. There are nearly a hundred of these caldronlike cavities, resembling a row of small craters. The whole is finally closed by a black, perpendicular, and inaccessible wall of rocks. It is hardly possible to imagine a stronger picture of horror and devastation, even in a country that bears no trace of the living powers of nature: it seems as if the whole of the mountains had been tumbled over one another, and the fragments had fallen down in wild confusion towards the isthmus.'"

The travels of Dr. Clarke and Sir A. De Capell Brooke\* prepared the way for another class of travellers,

in an extraordinary manner. The circumference of Mageröe, I was informed, is about seventy miles. It is very narrow, being intersected by long and extensive fiords, which run very deep into the land between the mountains, and nearly approach each other from the opposite sides of the island. On the mountains there are about two hundred rein-deer, belonging to some *Field* Laplanders, who remain with them the whole of the year, the Mageröe sound being too broad and turbulent to allow of their crossing it to the continent. On some parts of Mageröe, where there is a little brushwood, hares, we were told, are found in sufficient plenty. These, with the ermine and lemming, constitute the quadrupeds of the island. To them perhaps foxes may be added, as I observed the impression of the foot of what I conceived to be one among some snow, which yet remained on the cape in a cavity adjoining the spot where we had pitched our tent. From the size of it, I should almost have been led to imagine it that of a wolf, if I had not been assured that there were none. Indeed, of the existence of foxes the persons I met with seemed to be ignorant; but I am inclined still to think that they are to be found there.

“Dr. Henderson, in his work on Iceland, mentions, in a short digression, so curious a circumstance respecting the foxes at the North Cape, that I shall be excused for introducing it here, in the hope of convincing the natives of Mageröe, that there really are not only foxes, but those of a very singular nature. ‘In the vicinity of the North Cape,’ says the Doctor, ‘where the precipices are almost covered with various species of sea-fowl, the foxes proceed on their predatory expeditions in company; and, previous to the commencement of their operations, they hold a kind of mock fight upon the rocks, in order to determine their relative strength. When this has been fairly ascertained, they advance to the brink of the precipice, and, taking each other by the tail, the weakest descends first, while the strongest, forming the last in the row, suspends the whole number, till the foremost has reached their prey. A signal is then given, on which the uppermost fox pulls with all his might, and the rest assist him as well as they can with their feet against the rocks; in this manner they proceed from rock to rock, until they have provided themselves with a sufficient supply.’ Nothing, I confess, would have better repaid me for a long journey to the North Cape, than to have witnessed these curious proceedings, and to have beheld this very extraordinary link of foxes, suspended from the tremendous cliffs, and dangling midway between the ocean and their summits.”—*De Capell Brooke's Travels*, pp. 380, &c.

\* The accounts of foreign travellers do not come within the plan of

who had less extensive, and generally less scientific, objects in view in the journeys they undertook. But while the travels of the former in Norway were almost limited to a single line of road, except the expeditions to the North Cape, beyond the range of ordinary tourists, the excursions of the latter have contributed largely, as well as most agreeably and satisfactorily, to increase our stock of information regarding the natural aspect, the interior life, and the social and political condition of Norway and its interesting people.

The Continent was now open to English travellers, and among the crowds successively attracted by splendid cities, the choicest specimens of ancient and modern art,—the bold and magnificent scenery of some countries, or the softer landscapes and genial climate of others,—some few turned aside from these allurements, and from frequented routes, to bend their steps to a land whose rugged paths had yet to be trodden out, and whose only charm was to be found “in her dim mountains, her silent forests, and her lonely lakes.” To the solitary wanderings of some of these travellers, we are indebted for fresh discoveries, which guides and hand-books had not yet heralded.

Among the first of these adventurous pioneers in regions before almost unknown, was Mr. Edward Price, a young artist, who performed great part of his journey

these notices; but we may as well mention the best of them, Leopold Von Buch, who travelled through Norway and Lapland, to the North Cape, in the years 1806-7-8. His travels which, in the south of Norway, were almost confined to the road between Christiania and Drontheim, were published in London, in 1813.

on foot. We propose to sketch roughly, from his Journal, the outlines of his route, and to point out the additions which he made to the geographical knowledge of Norway afforded by the Travels of Dr. Clarke and Sir A. De Capell Brooke.

Mr. Price's excursion took place in 1826. Landing at Gothenburgh, in Sweden, and visiting, as most travellers do who take that route, the Falls of Trollhætten—of which he has presented us with two beautiful drawings,—a short course through the southwest of Norway brought him to Christiania. There he resolved on what was then considered the bold enterprise of crossing the country to Bergen, a journey of 350 miles, in the course of which he would have to pass the mountain range of the Fille-Fjeld, by roads which were represented as dangerous and almost impracticable. Having accomplished this journey by toilsome stages, halting by the way to sketch some of the most attractive features of the scenery through which he passed, Mr. Price, after a very short respite from his fatigues, made an excursion from Bergen into the country bordering the great Hardanger-Fjord, one of the noblest of those great western inlets of the ocean, and to the foot of the stupendous mountain-fjeld of the same name. This excursion was also made on foot. Returning to Bergen, after suffering great hardships and privations, Mr. Price then made what he calls "a coasting voyage" to Drontheim, landing at Christiansund and other places on the coast. Returning south from Drontheim, he followed the high road over the Dovre-Fjeld to Christiania—the same travelled

by Dr. Clarke and De Capell Brooke — taking post-horses for this part of his journey. The Journal concludes with short notices of his passage by Drammen and Moss to Laurvig, on the south coast, where he embarked in a packet-boat for Jutland. Mr. Price's additions, therefore, to the stock of knowledge respecting the interior of Norway already possessed by the public in England, consisted chiefly in his account of the journey from Christiania to Bergen, during which he had explored the rough passes of the Fille-Fjeld, and in his excursion into the Hardanger district, where he was the first to draw attention to its magnificent fjord, its lofty Fjeld, and the stupendous glacier of the Folgefond. Mr. Price's coasting voyage from Bergen to Dronthelm, of which his Journal preserves slight notices, did not enable him to furnish much information regarding the country between the two western cities; and it was left to succeeding travellers to supply the deficiency.

In 1827, the year after Mr. Price's tour, Mr. H. D. Inglis, author of "Solitary Walks in many Lands," of "Travels in Spain," and of "Travels in Ireland," with other esteemed works, — made an excursion through districts in Norway, unexplored before by any English traveller.\* Into these wilds Mr. Inglis struck boldly and fearlessly, animated by the same enthusiastic feel-

\* Mr. Inglis first published an account of this excursion in a number of "Constable's Miscellany" for 1829, under the assumed *nom de voyage* of "Derwent Conway." It was afterwards reprinted under the title of "A Personal Narrative of a Journey through Norway, part of Sweden," &c. Several editions of the work have been subsequently printed, and the last may still be procured at H. G. Bohn's, York Street, Covent Garden.

ing, and spirit of enterprise, which had actuated our artist, Mr. Price, just before. "Chalking out," he tells us, "only the general line of his course, through a country in which there were scarcely any roads, and being willing to ride, drive, walk, sail, and even, upon a pinch, to swim,—the deviations which circumstances might compel him to make were not likely to be either frequent or great."

With Mr. Inglis's independent plan of action, it was quite immaterial to him from what part of the coast he commenced his journey. He, therefore, gladly embraced an opportunity of being put ashore at the little town of Mandal, a short distance from the "Naze of Norway," the bold headland, crowned with a lighthouse, which is the first object visible on approaching the coast. A few hours' sail within the rocky islands which cluster the shore, landed him at the large and busy sea-port of Christiansand. Even there our traveller could obtain but very little information respecting his future route. The only road to Christiania lay along the sea-coast; but as it was the interior of the country through which he was desirous of travelling, it was necessary to chalk out another route. He knew that almost the only part of the interior of which there was any late and accurate account, is that which lay between Christiania and Drontheim; and that the country to the north and north-east of Christiansand had scarcely been visited by the traveller; and from the report of those mercantile men who had gone from Christiansand to Bergen, he understood that nothing could surpass the romantic beauties of the country in

that direction. He determined, therefore, upon proceeding due north as far as the mountains, and then striking to the east, to make the best of his way across the country to Christiania.

There is a road, part of the road to Bergen, as far as Bykle, in the direction which Mr. Inglis wished to pursue. Bykle is upwards of a hundred miles from Christiansand; the road to it lies, for the most part, along the banks of the Torres Elv and the Odderer Elv, and the narrow lakes formed by these two rivers. Thus far, therefore, he was able to travel at his ease, in one of the carriages of the country. Bykle, the furthest part of the journey due north, is a village, lying in a wide valley between two ranges of lofty mountains. Three roads branch off from it; one continuing due north, leading to the Hardanger-Fjord, by which the traveller may reach Bergen; another nearly due east, leading to Kongsberg and Christiania; and a third, in a westerly direction, to the various small fishing stations and villages on the west coast, north of Stavanger. But Mr. Inglis's intention was to leave the road, in order to make his way across the country in a direction north-east from Bykle. Here, then, he had just the opportunity he wished of penetrating an unknown district, of much promised interest, in reliance on his own personal resources and energy to carry him through the enterprise. Norway, although thinly inhabited, and covered with forests, and intersected by lakes and mountains, is not like the wilds of the New World, where one may travel in the same direction for days together without finding a habitation. In a



country such as Norway, where in the summer season there is nothing to apprehend from wild beasts, and there is constantly light enough to see one's way, it is a delightful change, and causes a pleasing excitement, to wander through untrodden tracts without a guide, without any other object than present enjoyment, and with no other spur than the mind's buoyancy.

Even at Bykle, Mr. Inglis was unable to obtain much information respecting his intended route. He could find no one who appeared to know anything of the country to the north-east. All that he could learn in answer to his interrogatories was, that the direction to which he pointed led to the mountains; and this he knew before. But he had an excellent map, and with a pocket compass, which had been a constant companion in all his mountain rambles, and without which no one ought to travel in such tracts, he knew that he had nothing to fear. Mr. Inglis prepared for his adventure by disposing of the surplus contents of his portmanteau, reserving only such articles as were indispensable to a pedestrian; in addition to which he carried a small stock of provisions. Having completed his equipment, he "entered upon his unknown and almost untrodden path, with a light step and a buoyant mind," and, after leaving Bykle, "obeying implicitly the direction of his compass," he turned into the first valley which led to the north-east. Our limits will not permit our following him in detail through the successive passages of his most interesting ramble. They are probably well known to many of our readers, and those who, on our recommendation, consult the few chapters of Mr.

Inglis's "Personal Narrative," in which they are contained, will gain from them a better idea of Norwegian scenery, and the *vie intérieure* of the Norwegian peasants, than, with scarcely a single exception, can be obtained from all the "Travels in Norway," whatever their merits, which it is our present business to notice. It must suffice for us to give, according to our plan, a general outline of Mr. Inglis's course, as illustrating what we have ventured to call the progress of discovery in Norway by English travellers, and exemplifying, in a particular instance, the difficulties with which advances were made to familiarity with some of its most striking scenes.

A somewhat circuitous route,—for in so broken country the bearing of the compass in the desired line cannot be very exactly followed,—brought our pedestrian in about three days to the river Nid, which ran deep and strong, though the point at which he waded it was at least 130 miles above its embouchure into the Skaggerack at the sea-port of Arendal. Crossing the river, and a small lake which runs parallel with it at two miles' distance, Mr. Inglis entered the province of Tellemarken, the natives of which preserve, with their ancient costume, their ancient manners and hospitality. Skirting this district, and still trending to the north-east, our enterprising traveller reached in the course of two days more the shores of the Miös-Vand, perhaps in some respects the most interesting of Norwegian lakes. Its own level is of great elevation, and it is surrounded by mountains 4000 or 5000 feet high, some of them crowned with perpetual snow, which shelve down ab-

ruptly to the water's edge. The country round being wholly uninhabited, the Miös Vand presents "the *ideal* of seclusion and repose." Mr. Inglis struck it near its northern extremity, where it runs up into the mountains which separate Tellemarken from Bergenhuus.

"I had a great desire," he says, "to penetrate still further into this range, both because of a tradition (at present, I believe, I can call it nothing better) of a waterfall 900 feet high somewhere in the Hardanger-Fjeld, and because the range comprising the Fille-Fjeld, the Sogne-Fjeld, and the Lang-Fjeld, I had always understood to be more characterized by sublime scenery than the better-known and more travelled Dovre-Fjeld. But my kind entertainer" (a Tellemark farmer of the better class) "told me I had no occasion to go beyond the head of the Miös Vand, which would abundantly satisfy my curiosity. Of the waterfall he had never heard." Mr. Inglis rounded the head of the lake until at length he reached the gorge of the mountains from which the stream that formed it issued. It occurred to him that by following the stream upwards, he might possibly discover the cataract of which he was in search, but after walking up the valley a little way and hearing no roar of waters, he retraced his steps. And yet at the place at which he abandoned the search he was not above twenty miles from the Rjukan-Foss, which, everything considered, is perhaps the most magnificent waterfall in Europe. At other points on his approach to the Miös Vand he must have been still nearer, and he made inquiries at every opportunity for the stupendous object which he was desirous to reach, relinquish-

ing the pursuit only when further perseverance seemed fruitless; so little previous information could be obtained by the earlier English travellers respecting the features of the country they designed to explore, and so much was their progress one of discovery.

Amply, however, compensated for his disappointment in the grand and solitary scenes through which his search had led him, Mr. Inglis now made his way from the head of the Miös Vand to that of the Tind-Soe, another of those magnificent lakes. On this, however, he did not embark, but crossing the country to the Lougen-Elv, and from thence to Drammen, he there fell in with the high road to Christiania, at which place his present journey terminated. Mr. Inglis, in the course of the same summer, made an excursion into Østerdalen, one of the eastern districts of Norway, remarkable for its fertility and the comfort and abundance which surround the substantial and independent proprietors of the land. The excursion was in every respect a contrast to his preceding ramble among the mountainous solitudes of the western district of the Bradsberg. Our traveller took the high road to Minde, at the foot of the Miösen Vand, pursuing its western shore on horseback, the only mode of travelling by that road then practicable. Crossing the lake to Vang on its eastern shore, he shortly reached the Glommen, along the valley of which runs one of the great roads from Christiania to Drontheim, by way of Røraas. Travelling by post, Mr. Inglis easily accomplished the rest of his journey, a distance of sixty miles, in a single day. His place of destination was the residence of a wealthy

Norwegian landowner, in whose family he became domiciled for several weeks. Such a residence enabled him to make large additions to the stock of information respecting the domestic life of persons of that class in Norway, as well as the general habits, character, and superstitions of the people; and he has made us acquainted with the softer, but picturesque beauties of the cultivated districts on the Miösen and the Glommen, by descriptions only inferior to those in which he introduced us to the wild and secluded scenery of the Torris-Elv and the Miös-Vand. Mr. Inglis returned to Christiania by nearly the same route, and there his short but most interesting excursions in Norway may be considered to have ended.

In the years 1827 and 1828, the Rev. Robert Everest, of University College, Oxford, accomplished the most extensive journey in Norway yet performed by any English traveller, Sir A. De Capell Brooke not excepted.\* After a short excursion to Arendal on the south coast, and the iron mines in its neighbourhood, principally for the purpose of geological investigations, which it would appear were the leading object of the entire journey, Mr. Everest proceeded into the interior by Brevig and Porsgrund, availing himself of the navigation of the Nord-Soc, and then continuing a wearisome journey, as he describes it, though the country has many points of interest, to the foot of the Tind-Soc. Embarking on this long and magnificent sheet of water, the course of

\* "A Journey through Norway, Lapland, and part of Sweden; with some remarks on the Geology of the country, its Climate and Scenery," &c.; "by the Rev. Robert Everest, A.M., F.G.S. 1829."

which for seventy miles is nearly due north, Mr. Everest was landed near the head of the lake, not far from the point where Mr. Inglis struck it the same summer on his return from his unsuccessful attempt to discover the Rjukan-Foss. Mr. Everest approached it from a quarter in which it is more accessible; for after entering the valley of the Maan-Elv, at the mouth of which he was put on shore, it is impossible to diverge from the track, shut in as the valley is by perpendicular cliffs and mountains which are not intersected by any lateral valleys. After visiting the Foss, Mr. Everest re-embarked on the Tind-Soe, and returned by Kongsberg and Drammen to Christiania.

This excursion was the prelude to a long journey to Drontheim and the North Cape; in which Mr. Everest followed the steps of Sir A. De Capell Brooke, returning during the winter on sledges from Alten and Torneo to Drontheim. The country along the western coast between Drontheim and Bergen, of which we believe Mr. Everest was the first English traveller who published any account, is very difficult to traverse, on account of the impracticable character of the ridges over which the road is conducted, and the numerous fjords, or broad arms of the sea, which it is necessary to cross. The distance is sixty Norsk, or about 420 English, miles. The difficulties of the road are avoided by making the passage between the two cities by sea. Our artist, Mr. Price, took this course, and several of his most beautiful drawings were taken from points on which he landed during the passage. Mr. Everest accomplished his journey in the month of February, when the weather

was very tempestuous; and the snow beginning to melt in districts tempered by the influence of the sea, the roads were still more impassable.

Mr. Everest left Bergen early in March, during the continuance of the thaw, and took the same route to the Hardanger-Fjord, which is described in Mr. Price's Journal. They both landed at Utne, at the extremity of the southern branch of the fjord at the foot of the Folgefond glacier. Here Mr. Everest had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Prost (Archdeacon) Hertzberg, to whose kindness of heart and scientific attainments all English travellers of that day bear testimony. Mr. Everest afterwards sailed up the Hardanger-Fjord, landing at Eidfjord, from whence he reached the Voring-Foss, the highest waterfall in Norway, by what was at that period of the year a very difficult and dangerous passage. It is now understood to be of tolerably easy access in a day's journey up the valley from Eidfjord through the mountain gorges to the summit, through a chasm of which it precipitates itself 900 feet in a single fall of great volume. Mr. Everest had the advantage of seeing it inclosed within a case of ice, and surrounded with a framework of icicles reaching from the top to the bottom. Our first acquaintance with this magnificent cataract, and its brother, the Rjukan-Foss, were the fruits of Mr. Everest's travels. After leaving the foss, he crossed the elevated and dreary tableland, which he compares to Lapland, till he descended into the valley in which Vossevangen stands. Here he fell in with the high road from Bergen to Christiania through the passes of the Fille-Fjeld, the same which Mr. Price had traversed

two years before, and where he had enriched his portfolio with several striking sketches. Mr. Everest left Norway by way of Konsvinger, on his road to Stockholm.

In 1830, Mr. C. B. Elliot, B.C.E., included Norway in a tour through the north of Europe, of which he afterwards published an account.\* Arriving at Christiania by way of Gothenburg, after visiting the Falls of Trolhættan, like Mr. Price, the artist, his route into the interior was by Drammen, through Tellemarken, and up the Tind-Soe to the Rjukan-Foss,—names with which the reader is now familiar. His further object being to reach Bergen, and unwilling to retrace his steps, and take the circuitous route through the passes of the Fille-Fjeld, Mr. Elliott formed the bold design of crossing the Hardanger-Fjeld; an enterprise which he accomplished after experiencing great hardships and no little peril. Descending the western side of the Fjeld at Ullensvang, he soon afterwards fell in with the high-road from Christiania to Bergen, which has already been described. On his return he pursued the usual route between the two cities.

Three years afterwards, in 1833, Mr. John Barrow,† who had previously made a short excursion through Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, devoted a summer's vacation to a tour in Norway. It appears that the time allowed for this excursion was very limited; and it is worthy of remark how much may be accomplished in a

\* "Letters from the North of Europe; by C. B. Elliott, Esq., B.C.E. 1832."

† "Excursions in the North of Europe; by John Barrow, junr." London, 1834.



small space of time, in a country where it would be least expected. Mr. Barrow was only one month in travelling upwards of a thousand miles by land and by water. Of course he travelled by post,—of the service of which we shall hereafter speak; and he did not linger by the way. With so much speed, however, Mr. Barrow neglected nothing that was worthy of observation in the course of his route, and was able to collect materials for a most agreeable, instructive, and interesting book. It may be serviceable to add that the entire excursion,—including the voyage by steamer to Hamburgh, by Lubeck to Copenhagen, where he again embarked for Christiania, and the return by the same route,—occupied exactly two months.

Mr. Barrow travelled the now well-known road from Christiania to Bergen. “Previous to our arrival at this place,” he tells us, “we had made no settled plan as to our future proceedings, not having been able to gain much information that could be depended on at Christiania. Indeed, we were there given to understand that if we reached Bergen and back again within the month, to which we had limited our time in Norway, we should have accomplished a great feat. That feat, however, as far as Bergen, we had successfully accomplished in less than a fourth of the time, and without injury or accident to ourselves or to our little useful carriages. The first thought that struck us, after reaching Bergen, was to dispose of these vehicles, and to return to Christiania across the *Hardanger-Fjeld* on foot or on horseback; but we were dissuaded by every one from undertaking so perilous a journey.” Mr. Elliott’s account of

his passage of this fjeld would not have afforded him much encouragement to engage in the adventure.

"Our thoughts were next turned," he continues, "towards Tronyem, which we were told might be easily accomplished by returning along the road we had just come, almost as far as the point we had started from in turning off to Bergen. To this we decidedly objected, not being desirous of encountering the dull and uninteresting fatigue of retracing our steps. We, therefore, resolved to undertake the journey to Tronyem by a route hitherto little frequented, and one indeed which might be said to be all but unexplored. It was described to be across high and rocky promontories, islands, and Fjords, whose ramifications ran up close to the great central chain of mountains; and that by crossing, in succession, land and water, we should reach a town called *Molde*, from thence striking off by a beaten track, which would carry us to Tronyem."

This was the route which, as we have now learnt, but of which Mr. Barrow does not appear to have been aware, was taken by Mr. Everest, in his winter journey to Bergen in the beginning of the year 1828. It afforded Mr. Barrow, travelling in a better season, materials for some interesting sketches. He accomplished the journey to Drontheim, and from thence to Christiania, by the usual route across the Dovre-Fjeld, in exactly three weeks. "All who had heard of our exploit," he says, "professed to be quite astonished. We had traversed nearly 400 miles, through a part of the country hitherto untravelled by any of our countrymen, and scarcely travelled at all; had visited Bergen and Tronyem, and had not retraced a single step,—a jour-

ney, in fact, which has never, as far as I have been able to ascertain, been attempted by any stranger. Those few who have gone from Bergen towards Tronjem by this route were Norwegians. Few imagined on starting that we should have gone further than Bergen and back in the time we had prescribed, and yet we did not average more than forty or fifty miles in the day, and remained a sufficient time in each of the two towns to satisfy our curiosity; but it must be observed, that we were seldom in bed for more than five hours out of the four-and-twenty, which enabled us to perform much more than a greater indulgence would have allowed."

In 1834, we believe, Lieutenant Breton, R.N.,\* accomplished an extensive tour in Norway, the lines of which were sketched with a bold hand; but the greater part of his route lay in the course of the regular post-roads, conducting us over but little new ground, and he borrows from Sir A. De Capell Brooke the account of his expedition to the North Cape, and from Mr. Barrow part of his journey from Bergen to Drontheim. Lieutenant Breton's first excursion was from Christiania by Røraas to Drontheim and back. He then travelled over the Fille-Fjeld to Bergen. From thence he again turned his face northward as far as Molde, a town on the Romsdal-Fjord. Here the interest of his journey, in our present view, begins; for, we believe, that he is the first Englishman who published any account of the striking scenery of the Roms-dal. He approached it by the Fanne- and the Lange-Fjords, from which superb views are obtained of the neighbouring chain of moun-

\* "Scandinavian Sketches, by W. H. Breton, R.N." London, 1835.

ains. "Between Alfarnæs and Torvig," says Lieut. Breton, "there are likewise many noble views of the Romsdal's Horn and other mountains, especially from a spot where the Fjord forms a bason of small dimensions; and hence to Veblungsnæs, by water, the scenery is truly grand. Romsdal's Horn," he continues, "is a most remarkable mountain, and seemingly inaccessible; but two years since, a couple of peasants contrived to reach the apex by alternately pulling and pushing each other up. To commemorate their achievement they erected a triumphal column, which is not liable to be misplaced, the difficulty and even peril of the ascent being such, that one of the men declared he would not attempt another for any consideration whatever. This column or pile is distinctly visible from a long distance, and I would have tried to reach it, but was unable to procure a guide. The Horn is 4000 feet above the valley, here so encompassed by this and other elevations on the one side, particularly one resembling a congeries of miniature mountains, and highly curious, and the Vinges-Tindene upon the other, that it is extremely contracted."

From Veblungsnæs, Lieut. Breton was able to travel with post-horses for fifty miles along the Rauma-Elv, which he accomplished in a day's journey, as far as Lessoe, on the lake of that name. The road continues in a south-easterly course as far as Lid, at the foot of the Dovre-Fjeld; but Lieut. Breton turned southward from Lessoe, and crossed the Fjelds by a most dreary track to Skiaker, near Lomb, on the Otta-Soe, being fourteen hours on horseback or on foot, in accomplish-

ing the passage of thirty-five miles, during which he saw neither houses, sæters, trees, nor even a bush, till he approached Skiaker. Still journeying south, Lieut. Breton "passed through a narrow valley, which became here a deep ravine with a rapid stream flowing through it, there a bason amidst mountains and huge precipices; at one part cultivated and pretty, at another barren and savage." He says, "We got a view of snows and glaciers, and latterly the scenery had about it a barbaric grandeur, very fine and very interesting." His object was to cross a branch of the Sogne-Fjeld to Fortun, on the Lyster-Fjord. "Following up from Quandersvolden," he continues, "the same ravine, and constantly ascending, we soon saw the last of the sæters, crossed a hill into another dell, and then, to my surprise, I found myself, after a considerable ascent, amidst snows, glaciers, lakes, and streams, which constituted, with the bold and bare rocks, a scene of wild desolation that would astonish a tourist even in Switzerland. The first glacier was of large extent, with several peaks rising from it, which of themselves may be considered remarkable from their being so seldom seen;—just as Cader Idris and Snowdon are distinguished from Plinlimmon in Welsh scenery,—the common character of the mountains in Norway being that of lumpy, round-headed masses. "Another glacier, much more extensive, was on the summit and side of a lofty mountain, only a short distance from the route. What height we attained I know not, but as the Lombs-Fjeld is 6763 feet above the level of the sea, and we were above a part of the glacier, I assume our elevation at

little short of 5500 feet. Snow lay far beneath us, frequently 30 or 40 feet deep, and we had to ride over masses of it so steep, that I should have been very unwilling to see a false step on the part of my horse. Once, when a few yards from the extremity of a mass, beneath which flowed a stream, it suddenly broke in, and I do not recollect having ever experienced so disagreeable a shake as that caused by the violent spring made by my horse when he felt himself sinking; luckily the breadth did not exceed three feet, and we scrambled through without detriment to either party. Upon several occasions we had to ascend places where the snow was so hard, that the guides were compelled to diverge and climb over rocks, although the horses did so, and apparently without difficulty, excepting that caused by the steepness of the ascent. Of this path I may with truth assert," Lieut. Breton concludes, "that a landscape more strikingly wild or savage, and, in short, every way extraordinary, I never saw elsewhere. We were nearly twelve hours before we came to a habitation (except an uninhabited house of refuge for benighted travellers); it was greatly elevated, belonged to a farmer, and did not even afford me a little milk."

At Skiolden, Lieutenant Breton embarked on the Lyster-Fjord for Lierdals-Øren, a voyage of about twenty-eight miles, and on the following day continued his voyage on the Lierdals and Aardals Fjords,—all these being branches of the great Sogne-Fjord, an inlet of the ocean through this mountainous country, of the great length of 150 miles,—landing at Tretton near Flaam. From hence our intrepid tourist crossed

the Fjeld of the Vosse-Scavellen, at a vast elevation, to Ose, on one of the upper branches of the Hardanger-Fjord. The passage is extremely difficult, but it presents points commanding magnificent and extensive views, and the valleys on both sides of the fjeld are extremely beautiful. Ose is near Eidfjord, already mentioned as the place from whence tourists make their ascent to the Voring-Foss. The distance from Lessoe to Ose is about 200 miles, of which Lieutenant Breton rode or walked 130 miles, and went sixty miles in boats, having been fifty-four hours on horseback or on foot, the only mode of computing the space that is traversed over such a country as the Fjelds of Norway. We have entered into some detail on this part of Lieutenant Breton's journey, though such an undertaking cannot be generally recommended, as it presents to us some points of new and great interest, and includes much fresh ground. The track over the Vosse-Scavellen is rarely travelled by any one, and Lieutenant Breton was informed that no one had been over this range, nor any respectable Norwegian, with the exception of a botanical clergyman, during thirty years, as it is so entirely inaccessible in winter and spring, and so rarely required as a medium of communication in summer that nothing but curiosity would induce any one to use it. It was so little known that it was by mere chance he procured a guide at the sæter at which he rested midway, the men who accompanied him from Flaam knowing nothing whatever of the country beyond. "But with a guide on such occasions, the only difficulties are simply those which occur upon all Alpine

excursions, and merely serve to enhance the pleasure of the walk or ride; for where a Norwegian can go, an Englishman can of course follow."

Lieutenant Breton was now in the regular track of tourists in the western districts. From Ose he descended the Hardanger-Fjord to Ullensvang and Odde at its southern extremity. The passage of the southern range of the Hardanger chain of mountains between Odde and Houglic, was a bold and new feature in this part of the tour. We shall have to recur to it when we come to mention the several routes by which it is practicable to cross the Hardanger-Fjeld. The passage of the Fjeld brought Lieutenant Breton into the province of Tellemarken, a generally well cultivated district, and traversing some pleasing *dals* near the foot of the mountain, and the wider valleys of Hjerdal and Hitterdal, he reached Drammen by way of Kongsberg. His sketches conclude with a short notice of places on the south coast; but it does not appear that he personally visited them, and the towns on that coast were of all others in Norway the places best known from early times.

An interval now occurred of fourteen years, during which little or no addition was made, by the reports of travellers in Norway, to our previous knowledge of the country.\* The visits of tourists, at no period very numerous, became for some reason or other even less

\* A vast collection of valuable information on the manners, the constitutional history, and the literature of the Norwegians, is communicated by the works of Mr. Laing and Mr. Latham; but, properly speaking, they were not "Travels." "Journal of a residence in Norway, by Samuel Laing, Esq., 1834 to 1836;" and, "Norway and the Norwegians, by R. G. Latham, Esq., 1840."



frequent than they had been in earlier years; as will have appeared to any one who has examined the registers of the *Dagbog* kept at the post stations. The most striking points of Norwegian scenery were well known, and travellers, for the most part, stuck to the beaten tracks.

In 1847, however, Mr. Forester and Lieutenant (now Captain) Biddulph, of the Royal Artillery, planned a series of excursions through unfrequented parts of Norway, very much in the spirit of some of the earlier travellers, of whose progress we have sketched the outlines. Like Mr. Inglis and Mr. Price they decided on making their intended expeditions, as far as possible, a pedestrian tour; availing themselves of the facilities of the high roads only when it should be necessary for arriving expeditiously at distant points. Having the advantage of those who had preceded them in this independent mode of travelling, their equipments were suited to it, being limited to the most indispensable articles, and including a small stock of highly concentrated and most portable food. They were thus not only prepared to encounter all the difficulties of such a journey, but to lessen and alleviate them, as far as it could be done.

In this "light marching order" they put themselves aboard a Norwegian schooner at Gravesend, and, instead of beating up the Skaggerack, stepped ashore at Arendal, on the south coast of Norway, ready at once to start into the interior of the country. The travellers followed the course of the river Nid, ascending its bank till they reached the point at which its stream is fed by

the waters of one of the finest lakes in Norway. This lake, the Nisser-Vand, extends for thirty miles in a northerly direction, but averages only two or three miles in width, being inclosed within escarped cliffs of great elevation. The travellers ascended it to its northern extremity, and then, diverging to the westward through part of the Tellemarken district, arrived at the foot of the Tind-Soe, already made the point of departure by tourists on their way to the Rjukan-Foss. This lake also our travellers navigated to its northern extremity, and then resuming their pedestrian course, made their way up the valley of the Maan, the *West-fjord* of the Norwegian maps, till they reached the Foss. Their ultimate destination, for the present, being Bergen, they seem to have been as unwilling as Mr. Elliott had been, some years before, to retrace their steps and take a circuitous route of several hundred miles to accomplish their object. They too, therefore determined on penetrating the mighty barrier which lay between them and the Bergen-Stift; and they accomplished the enterprise under more favourable circumstances than Mr. Elliott had done, perhaps from their having been better prepared to encounter its difficulties, though they also experienced great fatigue and privations.

The track which Mr. Forester and his companion Captain Biddulph followed across the Fjeld was different from that pursued by Mr. Elliott; and in order to gain the nearest point at the foot of the mountain, from which the ascent might be advantageously made, they traced for thirty miles along the eastern shore of

the Miös-Vand, the magnificent lake which had struck Mr. Inglis with so much admiration of its stern and secluded scenery, when, many years before, he approached it on the opposite side. After passing the fjeld the travellers descended through its western gorges to Eidfjord, from whence a visit was made to the Voring-Foss. Embarking on the Hardanger-Fjord, they ran down its main branch to Ullensvang, lying opposite the Folgefonden glacier. Thence sailing down another branch of the fjord, the travellers landed near Strandebarm, noticed both in Mr. Price's journal and Everest's travels; and after a severe march across an unknown and difficult country in a direct line for Bergen, they reached that city on the second evening after they left Ullensvang.

From Bergen Mr. Forester and his companion took the high-road to Christiania as far as Lierdals-Øren, on the Sogne-Fjord. There the travellers parted for a season:—Mr. Forester to pursue the usual route to Christiania, diverging only at the Rands-Fjord to cross the hills to the Miösen-Vand, which he ascended as far as Lille-hammer, at its northern extremity; returning the whole length of the lake to Minde;—from thence he travelled post to Christiania. In the meantime, Captain Biddulph carried out an important part of the plans designed in the tour, by ascending the Sogne-Fjord to its extreme point, near Fortun, at the base of Skagstol-Tind, the highest peak of the Horungerne-Fjeld, and then tracking across the country to the north-east, in the direction of the Dovre-Fjeld, to Røraas, on the Swedish frontier. This route, which

crossed the whole breadth of the kingdom, a distance of 300 miles, over high Fjelds, and in great part by roads and paths little frequented and almost unknown, presented serious difficulties, while it offered many points of the greatest interest. From Röraas, the journey to Christiania by the post-road, descending the valley of the Glommen, was comparatively easy.

The following summer (1849), Captain Biddulph, wishing to complete the survey of some objects which stress of weather had prevented before, returned to the valley of the Maan by a different track, through Tellemarken and over Gousta-Fjeld, the peak of which, 5,540 feet above the sea level, he ascended. After again visiting the Rjukan-Foss, he struck across the country to the southern forks of the Miös-Vand, and from thence to the Totak-Vand. From the neighbourhood of the latter lake, he a second time made the passage of the Hardanger-Fjeld, by a different track, which brought him to Odde, at the foot of the Sör-Fjord. From thence he ascended the great Folgefonde glacier; and, embarking for Eidfjord, crossed the fjelds to Lierdals-Øren, on the Sogne-Fjord. This was made the point of departure for the main object of the excursion, which had been frustrated by the state of the weather the preceding year. Until a few years before, Sneehættan—which Professor Esmark calculated to be 7,940 feet, whilst Forsell's Swedish map reduces it to 7,513 feet, of English measure, above the level of the sea—was supposed to be the highest point in Scandinavia. The elevated mountain range of the Horungerne was then little known. Since that time, Professor

Keilau and his companions had measured some of the peaks. They calculated the elevation of Skagtols-tind at about 8,000 feet. Forsell's map reduced it to 7,673 English feet, but upon what authority we do not learn. Still, Skagtols-tind is considered to be the highest mountain in Norway. Mr. Everest had mentioned the Hörungurne mountains in his account of his travels in 1827, but no Englishman had yet penetrated into that wild region. On his second attempt, Captain Biddulph was more fortunate than he had been the preceding year, being able to remain for some days on the Fjelds at and above the level of perpetual snow. Having explored the district, he returned to Lierdal-sören by way of the Sogne-Fjord, and thence followed the high-road over the Fille-Fjeld to Christiania. These several excursions, extending, in Norway alone, upwards of 3,000 miles—a very large proportion of the distance being performed by rough journeys on foot, by boats, or on the ponies of the country, in new and unfrequented paths—have left little wanting to complete our knowledge of the central and mid-northern districts.\*

It would have exceeded all reasonable limits, and led us beyond the scope of this general sketch of the suc-

\* The Editor has apologized in another place for the frequency of the references to his "Travels in Norway," and of the introduction of his own name in these pages. He may add that he felt less scruple in making these quotations, as he is largely indebted to his fellow-traveller's energy and intelligence, not only for the success of the expedition, but for some of the most interesting portions of the narrative. While he has endeavoured to do justice to others, their joint undertaking, the latest he believes of the kind, could hardly be passed over in silence in the present review.

cessive advances made by English travellers in Norway in clearing the way to the knowledge of its secluded scenery, if it had embraced accounts of yacht-excursions to the Western Fjords, or works principally devoted to the field sports for which Norway offers so many temptations; such as Mr. Belton's "Two Summers in Norway," in which salmon-fishing is cleverly treated, and the book of Mr. Lloyd, who, as far as bear-killing goes, is the Gordon Cumming of the Norwegian wilds. But the catalogue of works which have thrown strong lights on Norwegian scenery would be incomplete without some notice of those which have contributed to it, in an eminent degree, by the aid of the pencil. It was to be expected, that a country which supplies, at almost every step, incentives to the highest development of artistic skill—whose mountains and *dals*, woods and waters, in perpetually varying outlines, supply abundant and diversified materials for composition, and in which atmospheric effects are so singular and changeable—the mysterious veil shrouding the mountain peaks, the exceeding rich purple of the forest-covered hill and the blue depths of the valleys as seen from great elevations,—with these sources of inspiration, it was to be expected that Norwegian scenery would be a powerful attraction to English artists, as soon as the country was open to their excursions. Danby was in the field before our friend, Mr. Price; and they have been followed by others—among whom we may particularly mention, West, of Bristol—some of whose finest pictures were transferred to the easel from their sketch-books in Norway. No less than six of Mr. West's landscapes are

the most distinguished ornaments of the gallery of "The Society of British Artists" in the present year [1852].

But our present business is with published collections of plates from drawings of Norwegian scenery. The first we have met with, though a foreign work, demands a passing notice. It is a series of sixty plates, on a large scale, from drawings made by Colonel Skiöldebrand, an officer in the Swedish service, during the journey he made in 1799, accompanied by Signor Acerbi, through Lapland to the North Cape.\* Von Buch tells us, that "the state of art was at that time so little advanced in Sweden, that the Colonel found it difficult to meet with artists, and he was obliged to become the engraver of his own drawings; a task," he adds, "which he executed with surprising skill and merit." Colonel Skiöldebrand's drawings, though in a hard style, are, so far as we are judges, in many instances, very successful compositions, as well as bold and accurate representations of the desolate scenery of the extreme north of Europe. We observe in them, particularly, the striking effect of the sun, at a low angle at midnight, upon the dreary landscape. Such effects are well worth an artist's journey beyond the Arctic Circle to qualify him for transferring them to his drawings.

In 1820, Mr. Boydell published a magnificent work, containing a collection of eighty copperplate engravings of Norwegian scenery, on an extensive scale, from drawings by Mr. John William Edy, principally taken in the neighbourhood of the south coast, from the Naze

\* "Voyage Pittoresque au Cap Nord." fol. Stockholm, 1810.

to the Christiania-Fjord.\* It is a work of great interest, for though the artist displays little of imagination, and we feel the want of the mysterious ideality in which we are accustomed to clothe our impressions of Norwegian scenery, Mr. Edy's drawings are, in general, beautiful as well, we are satisfied, as faithful landscapes. Details are introduced of towns, villages, shipping, animate life, and costumes; and, altogether, the plates being delicately and carefully tinted, the Collection will convey to a stranger's eye a more perfect idea of Norwegian scenery and life than any other with which we are acquainted. The plates were accompanied by Remarks and Observations made during Mr. Edy's tour, which have been already referred to.

Then followed, in 1834, the publication of Mr. Price's work, containing the fruits of his excursions in Norway, specimens, as we have elsewhere had occasion to remark, of great artistic skill and exquisite finish.

We ought not perhaps to omit some reference to the Viscount Albert de Beaumont's splendid portfolio of tinted lithographs from drawings made in the northern kingdoms, published at Paris and London in 1840;† eleven of which are representations of Norwegian scenery, &c. He presents us with a drawing of one of the curious old timber churches of Norway—that of Borgund—which is in the same style as Hittedal church, given in other collections here noticed; as well as a

\* "Boydell's Picturesque Scenery of Norway, from original drawings made on the spot by, and engraved by, John William Edy," &c. London, 1820.

† "Sketches in Denmark, Sweden, Lapland, and Norway, by Le Viscount Adalbert de Beaumont." McLean, 1840.



very beautiful interior of the ancient cathedral of Drontheim, in which the quaint style of the carved wood-work in the choir, as well as the character of its early pointed architecture, is well preserved. Among the landscapes we have a faithful and clever drawing of the Urland's-Fjord. The city of Bergen is represented under the effect of a brilliant aurora borealis; but the most striking plate in the collection is a view of the North Cape at the winter solstice, the colouring of which, however, we cannot help thinking, owes some of its gorgeousness to the vivid imagination of the French Viscount. He calls it "*un de ces effets boréaux, qu'on ne voit ordinairement que sous le ciel polaire.*"

In 1847, the Rev. Alfred Smith published a portfolio of lithographic plates, from his drawings during a tour in Norway.\* Several of them are on a large scale, and are creditable to Mr. Smith's talent as an amateur artist. His representation of the Hardanger-Fjord, in one of those sudden squalls which frequently sweep those inland waters from the superincumbent mountains, reminds us of one of the plates from Mr. Price's drawings; and the "Romsdal-Horn," as it is in itself a fine subject, strikes us as very beautifully represented.

Several of the "Travels" and "Excursions" which have passed under our notice in this chapter are illustrated by plates of Norwegian scenery, but few of them possess any particular merit, except Captain Biddulph's most spirited and characteristic sketches in "Forester's Norway."

\* "Sketches in Norway, by the Rev. Alfred Smith, B.A." fol. London, 1847. Maclean.

## CHAPTER II.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS TO TRAVELLERS INTENDING A TOUR IN  
NORWAY.

TIMES are changed since the traveller, bent on a summer's excursion in Norway, had to take the chance of a passage by some homeward-bound timber-ship, redolent of salt-fish and tobacco-smoke, and encountering the risk of delay from the easterly winds, generally prevalent at that season of the year, with the chance of a gale in the North Sea, might think himself fortunate if he sighted the wished-for coast, half starved and almost sickened of his project, in the course of seven or eight days after he left the Thames. But this mode of transit has been sometimes adventured, and has its advantages for travellers wishing to land on the southern or western coast, without being carried some hundreds of miles beyond their mark, and being set down at Christiania to retrace their steps westward; but they must be prepared to rough it during the uncertainties and inconveniences of such a voyage.

The only other alternative, in former times, was the land-journey through Germany to the coast of the Baltic at Copenhagen, or to Gothenburgh in Sweden; after which the narrow sea was crossed to Fredericks-

værn, or if Gothenburgh was the point of arrival from the south, the route from thence to the frontier of Norway, leading by the celebrated Falls of Trollhættan, was short and easily accomplished. It has been followed by many travellers, and among others by the artist, Mr. Price. An intermediate course was at one time in fashion,—that of taking the steam-boat to Hamburg, and making Kiel or Lubeck the point of departure for Christiania; but this also involved a long and not very pleasant voyage through the North Sea. Within the last two years, however, arrangements, long in contemplation, for facilitating the intercourse between England and Norway, have been completed, and a steamer direct to Christiania performs the voyage regularly during the season in about sixty hours. We understand that it is also in contemplation, that the steamer shall call at one of the ports on the southern coast, by which means the uncertainties of the sea-voyage encountered by some former travellers will be obviated.

Further particulars will be given hereafter respecting this mode of proceeding to Norway, as well as in respect of that which we may call the “overland journey,” it being the object of this chapter to convey practical and useful information to intending tourists in Norway.

Let us commence *ab ovo*. We will suppose our reader to have conceived the idea of such an excursion. Considerations of health; curiosity, or amusement, induce him to go abroad for a season, perhaps he is not very particular where. A trip to Norway offers something new, and out of the common track. He broods

upon the idea until it has grown into something like life and consistency. He wishes to realize it, but wants the means of shaping it to his own views and circumstances. There are minds, indeed, so constituted that the peculiar attractions of Norway leave no room for hesitation; but even these may benefit by the first piece of advice which we shall offer, which is one of caution. Travellers, even on the great post-roads, in Norway, must not expect to meet with the comfort and accommodation which are now to be found on frequented routes in other parts of the Continent of Europe. In travelling post the service is admirably performed, as we shall have occasion to mention more particularly in a subsequent part of this chapter; but as the light carriages of the country are all open, and the ways are impracticable for any other description of vehicle, while even the great roads are carried over elevated passes of the mountains, where tempests of wind and rain are frequent at all seasons, and in some, more or less rain falls every day throughout the country, the traveller will be very fortunate if he escapes extreme inconvenience and suffering from cold and wet. Then again, the houses of entertainment are few and far between, not very tempting in their general arrangements, and as to the larder, the traveller may think himself lucky if it supplies a small dish of fish, swimming in butter, and some sodden potatoes; indeed, he will often find nothing to appease the cravings of his hunger except black and sour rye bread, or husky *flad bröd*, made of oatmeal, with butter, cheese, sour cream, and perhaps a glass of a high-flavoured spirit, called

corn-brandy, to wash it down. Gentlemen of the silver-fork school are not recommended to travel in Norway. Even if they combine with fastidious habits a taste for the grand and picturesque in natural scenery, it may be gratified, as every one knows, at far less sacrifice of personal comfort, by an excursion in Switzerland or Savoy. The traveller can roll over the Simplon or the Mont Cenis in a well-closed carriage. If he covets excitement, and his enthusiasm prompts him to climb an *alp* or a glacier, he is almost sure of finding a well-spread *table d'hôte*, with agreeable society, at the end of his day's expedition. The pure mountain air, slight fatigue, and fresh impressions of diversified scenery, give zest to the entertainment, and so the traveller passes from day to day through the stereotyped stages of an Alpine tour.

Nothing resembling this will be found in an excursion through Norway. Between Christiania and Bergen, or Drontheim, distances of between three and four hundred English miles, he will scarcely meet any English, and not above half a dozen native, travellers; and, as a natural consequence, there are not, even on these high roads, above two or three halting places, at which he will find either fare or accommodation beyond what has been already mentioned. However, the most fastidious in these matters may now be landed at Christiania, after a short and pleasant voyage, without fatigue or hardship. They will find at the hotels there all that they can reasonably desire. Christiania is a dull place, particularly during the summer months, but short and most agreeable excursions may be made on

its lovely Fjord, and in its beautiful neighbourhood. A railway is now in process of construction from Christiania, for a distance of forty miles, to Minde, at the foot of the Miösen, the scenery of which is charming, though it does not rise to the stern and magnificent character of that of other inland lakes. It can be ascended through its whole length of seventy miles by steamers, which ply daily upon it to the town of Lillehammer, and are fitted out with much elegance, supplying a good table and every other comfort. Thus, when the railway is completed, an excursion of some extent may be accomplished with great facility. As it will also materially shorten the distance by *road* to Bergen and to Drontheim, even scrupulous travellers may be induced to screw up their courage to undergo the inconveniences attending these longer journeys. Those cities are well worthy of a visit, and in his long line of route the tourist will pass through many grand and many beautiful scenes. But the true character of the scenery of Norway, and of its simple and well conditioned people, can only be learnt by scaling its snowy Fjelds, penetrating its secluded valleys, and following the windings of its Fjords into the depths of the mountain ranges, by cross-roads and paths sometimes all but inaccessible even to the pedestrian traveller. Those, however, who are disposed to embark in such enterprises, should well count before hand the cost of the undertaking. It will try the mettle of the most hardy, resolute, and enthusiastic lovers of nature in her wildest aspects. We are confident that such as these will have no reason to regret the toils and privations

they may undergo in their lonely wanderings, while we warn from such enterprises all who would consider their pleasure dearly purchased by weary marches, a meagre diet, and very questionable lodgings.

#### MAPS AND BOOKS.

But our main object is to clear the way for the general traveller, and to tell him how much of, and how best, he may achieve, under ordinary circumstances, the objects he has in view when he contemplates a tour in Norway. First, then, he should procure a good map. "Munch's Kart over Norge" is the best, and is indispensable to all travellers who propose to make their way by chart and compass, by Fjeld and Fjord, over the untrodden paths of its remote districts. The "Veikart over Norge" of Galigorski and Wergeland, is, perhaps, preferable for the ordinary traveller, as a useful map of the post-roads. There is also a valuable map, "Geognostischen Karte von Norwegen, von B. M. Keilhau," geologically coloured, and containing contour lines of equal altitude. But these maps are constructed on a large scale, and the details are apt to confuse those who do not possess a tolerably distinct knowledge of the geography of Norway. A smaller and more comprehensive map is better suited for general purposes. Arrowsmith's map is clear, not overcrowded with names of places, and, as we have found, generally accurate.\*

\* The foreign maps, which are decidedly the best, can be procured at Mr. Trelawny Saunders's, No. 6, Charing Cross, who will have them mounted to suit the tourist's particular plans and convenience. For rough

With some such map before him, we would recommend the intending tourist to look to our former chapter for the notices it contains of the various routes taken by former travellers in Norway. It forms a sort of index, not only to their works, but to the principal objects which are likely to attract the tourist's attention. With these aids he will be able to chalk out for himself the rough outlines of an excursion fitted to his time and inclinations; and if he wishes for further information, he will do well to consult such of the works, or that particular one, which may appear most likely to suit his purpose, regard being had to his own plans. As a general rule, we strongly recommend some settled scheme for the tour being formed in the first instance. All the necessary information for the tourist's guidance can be obtained much better in this country than after he has commenced his journey; and if he expects to procure it on the spot, he will probably be only perplexed by contradictory, and perhaps interested, advice.

#### THE OUTFIT—GENERAL EQUIPMENT.

The intending tourist having thus formed and defined his plans, it will be time to think of preparing his outfit. In so doing the leading objects are to secure, as far as may be, protection against rough weather, combined with the smallest possible weight and bulk of baggage. This, of course, is still more essential when any part of the tour

work, that is to say, where exposure to bad weather is contemplated, we recommend that the map be glazed and mounted on a roller, with a water-proof case; in which shape it is very portable.



is to be performed on horseback, or on foot. Indeed, in such a case, we recommend all wrappings of cloth, whether coats or cloaks, to be dispensed with, substituting for them a light waterproof overcoat fitting closely about the neck, and with roomy sleeves to pull down over the wrists. It need not have a cape; but we have found an apron, of the same material, of inestimable value when sitting for hours in a carriage, or the stern of an open boat, while the rain was pouring down in torrents. When not wanted, it will fold into a small compass. In such weather, the scanty skirts of the overcoat offer little protection to the thighs and knees. The carriages, indeed, are fitted with aprons, but the rain beats in above them; the portable apron should, therefore, be long enough to be bound tightly round the loins above the hips. There should be a travelling cap of some light, but waterproof, material; but not of seal-skin or other fur. The peak should be rather larger than usual, and if we were to travel again under liability of exposure to foul weather, in such a country as Norway, we would have a curtain of the same material at the back of the cap, like that of a woman's bonnet, or more in the style of the shovel part of a *sou'-wester*, to be buttoned on, or fixed by strap or tie as occasion required, in order to shoot off the rain from behind; for the sensation of water trickling down the nape of the neck is, perhaps, of all others, most uncomfortable. Thus equipped, with his cap pulled down about his ears, the apron tucked closely round the nether-man, and encased in his waterproof overcoat, which will throw off the pelting storm like arrows from

a coat of mail, the traveller may defy even the hurricanes of a Norwegian mountain-pass.

The reader will by this time have learnt that, according to the experience of former travellers, an excursion in Norway may probably turn out no fair-weather undertaking. We do not say that the tourist may not be fortunate enough to happen upon a month or six weeks, in the best part of the summer, when these precautions may appear to have been unnecessary. But in such a climate,—in a country where there are no close carriages, where road-side shelter is hardly to be found, and, in case of continued bad weather, there is no port of refuge under his lee,—woe be to the tourist who, having neglected our suggestions, lights upon an unfavourable season, or even a single day's hard rain while he is on the move.

The changes of climate in Norway are so sudden and great, that one main difficulty in arranging a traveller's equipment, lies in adapting it to them. In the morning he may be crossing a Fjeld above the level of perpetual snow; before noon he may have descended into a valley where his thermometer stands at eighty degrees. He requires a double outfit; but the limited amount of his baggage forbids the indulgence. English travellers are too much disposed, wherever they go, to encumber themselves with a superfluity of unnecessary articles. In Norway all such luxury should be dispensed with. The little carriages of the country are lightly built, and have no sort of conveniences for the stowage of luggage. They are so narrow as only just to contain the traveller's person, and a foot-board behind, on which the conductor

stands or sits, is the only place of stowage. He is very tenacious of the vehicle being overloaded, the horse is of an undersize, and the roads are often very steep. The foot-board will only hold a portmanteau of moderate dimensions,—for securing which, by the bye, a good strap should be provided,—and to the contents of this the traveller's outfit must be confined. We should prefer a leather valise, in the old fashion, as it could, on occasion, be carried on horseback. A covering of oil-cloth for it, very stout and waterproof, is desirable.

With his limited allowance of clothing, the tourist has the choice of two evils; he is sure, some time or other, to find it too hot, and that oppressively, or too cold, perhaps piercingly. Some of our friends, of a warm temperament, have preferred to travel in jacket and trowsers of some light manufacture; they have been "all right" in the close valleys, but their plight was a pitiable one when shivering on mountains from 3000 to 5000 feet above the level of the sea. We ourselves, though often suffering from heat, have preferred woollen. The intending tourist must decide for himself; but, on the whole, we are disposed to recommend the jacket and trowsers to be of stout cloth. "Shepherd's plaid" is a good style. One suit must carry the tourist through his journey. Of course he will not want a dress suit, unless he means to make any stay in the towns, and go into society. Hats and hat-boxes must also be discarded. Especial care must be taken to procure well-seasoned extra-stout walking-shoes, without nails or metal plates, and a lighter pair should be included in the list of indispensables. Socks

of homespun woollen yarn are recommended. For the rest, the intending tourist must consult his own habits, with a firm determination, however, to exclude every superfluity. The pedestrian will, of course, provide himself with a light knapsack, and his outfit will necessarily be still more limited in bulk and weight.

OUTFIT, CONTINUED—PROVISION FOR TRAVELLING IN THE INTERIOR.

While making provision for exterior comforts, some sort of supply for the cravings of the inner man must not be forgotten. Butcher's meat is rarely met with out of the towns in Norway during the summer. The best substitute will be found in the concentrated essence of beef which is sold in the London shops which deal in preserved meats. It is very portable, being made into sausage-like rolls, and a few slices of it will make a rich, excellent, and nutritious soup, which an Englishman will infinitely prefer to the preparations of oatmeal which are the staple of Norwegian diet in the country.\* Two or three pounds of it will be a good supply for a short tour.† To the pedestrian traveller it is invaluable, but he will have to learn to be, on occasion, his own cook. Some tea, in quarter-pound leaden packets, will be also useful, though coffee, admirably prepared, is to be met with everywhere. It is generally sweetened with sugar-candy, and sugar is rather a scarce commo-

\* A lamb or a kid may sometimes be procured at the farms. The price will be two or three orts. It will be well to *bag* what is not consumed on the spot, as such a chance may not occur on the morrow.

† It may be procured, of excellent quality, at Mr. Wilmott's, corner of Fenchurch-street.

dity in remote districts of Norway. It is a bulky article, but a small quantity may be carried for special occasions. Cakes of chocolate are more portable. The scarcity, indeed the total absence, of wheaten bread in country districts, is perhaps the greatest privation to which the English traveller is exposed in Norway, and it is one the want of which cannot be well supplied. The tourist may, perhaps, find room for a tin case of rusks or biscuits, reserving them frugally for occasional use. If his tastes be Epicurean, he will not forget a bottle of ketchup and some cayenne pepper, to season an otherwise insipid dish of fish, when he happens to be lucky enough to meet with it. But he must not encumber himself with more than a very moderate supply of these delicacies. They should all be got into the compass of the one portmanteau. A flask of French brandy will be found serviceable in case of extreme exposure to wet or cold, the corn-brandy of the country being very unpalatable.

#### MONEY, AND LETTERS OF CREDIT.

Next to the *viaticum*, of which, after all, little can be provided in advance, comes, as the time for departure draws on, the question of making provision for the current expenses of the journey,—in what shape the tourist's resources are to be made most conveniently available for paying his way. The circular notes of the London bankers have no currency in Norway; but there are merchants in the city trading with Norway who will give letters of credit on their corres-

pondents in five or six of the principal towns, in exchange for sums which intending tourists deposit with them. Messrs. Sewell and Co., of Adelaide Chambers, Gracechurch-street, are well known and in high credit in most of the commercial towns of Norway; and Mr. Tottie, the Swedish and Norwegian Consul, whose offices are at No. 2, Crosby-square, Bishopsgate-street, will readily give references to other mercantile houses who are ready to render this accommodation; he will also with his accustomed kindness furnish any other information which the wants of the English traveller may suggest. The current Norwegian coins are not to be obtained in England, and sovereigns and English bank-notes are not easily exchanged in Norway. The traveller had, therefore, better invest the whole capital he devotes to his undertaking in one of these letters of credit, reserving only in English money what he thinks will be necessary for his immediate expenses before or after leaving Norway. At the first town he reaches in that country, the London merchant's correspondents will supply him with the currency required for his further progress. Of that we may have to speak hereafter. Intending tourists may possibly desire to have some clue to the probable demand on their purse for an excursion in Norway. But so much depends upon a man's habits, the length of his journey, and the time of his stay, that it is obviously impossible to furnish such an estimate. Some details will be given in their proper place of the expense of posting and the general charges at inns and hotels. All that we can say at present on this subject

is, that we have found travelling in Norway cheaper than in any other country of Europe of which we are acquainted or informed, and that we are inclined to think that a traveller who is tolerably discreet, and whose wishes are moderate, may travel to Norway and back, and go a long way into the interior of the country, allowing him a couple of months to accomplish the whole, for a sum certainly not exceeding fifty pounds.

#### PASSPORTS.

One travels through Norway, as through Great Britain, without the annoyance to which travellers are subject in every other part of Europe, of having to produce their passports, and getting them *viséd* at every stage of their journey. We believe they are sometimes required on re-embarking at Christiania for the passage homeward, though we have done so without any such demand. However, it is usual and most advisable to be furnished with a passport, which may be procured by leaving your name and description with the Secretary of the Swedish and Norwegian Legation at No. 14, Halkin-street, Belgrave-square, when it will be ready by the following day. Two or more independent names may be inserted in one passport, and we believe no charge is made at present, though at one time there was a small contribution devoted to charitable purposes. If it is intended to take what we have called the overland route, by the north of Germany, it may be advisable to have the passport *visé* by the Belgian and Prussian ambassadors.

## CHOICE OF ROUTES FROM ENGLAND—THE DIRECT PASSAGE BY SEA.

And now, maps and books of information having been obtained, the personal outfit and viaticum collected, and armed with letters of credit and passport, the intending tourist will be fully prepared to start on his excursion. If he has not done so before, it will be time that he shall decide on the route he proposes to take to reach the place in Norway where his travels proper commence. Two courses, as we have already said, are open to him,—either to take his passage by steam-boat direct to Christiania, which is the readiest and cheapest way,—the other, which he may adopt if he has a decided objection to a long sea voyage, or wishes to combine with his trip to Norway the transit through some not uninteresting parts of Europe, will conduct him to the shore of the Baltic, from whence he will have a shorter passage to Christiania. Of both these courses we propose to give some details.

The direct passage to Christiania is performed by a steam-boat from Hull, with very satisfactory accommodation, every alternate week during the season from April to November. This boat, the “*Courier*,” returns on the intermediate weeks, calling at Christiansand both on the outward and homeward voyage. The fare is 4*l.* 10*s.* for the first, and 3*l.* 10*s.* for the second cabin, to Christiania, and the voyage is performed, on an average, in about sixty hours.\* Messrs. Wilson, Sons,

\* Messrs. Wilson & Co. have just [1852] launched a splendid new steam-ship, “*The Scandinavian*,” which has commenced to make voyages between Hull and Gothenburg in alternate weeks with the “*Courier*’s” trips to Christiania.



and Co., of Hull, will give information as to the precise days and hours of sailing, and are most obliging in contributing by every means in their power to the comfort and satisfaction of travellers desirous of proceeding to Norway by their steam-boats.

CHOICE OF ROUTES FROM ENGLAND—THE “OVERLAND ROUTE.”

For the other course, it is best to take the steam-boat from Dover to Ostend, which starts, we believe, soon after the arrival of the London mail at Dover early every morning, and reaches Ostend the same evening. It is then a day's journey by the railway from Ostend to Cologne, and another from Cologne to Hanover; the traveller being detained for the night at each of the places indicated. The last day's journey, also by rail, is from Hanover to Hamburgh. The journey should be so timed that he may reach Hamburgh not later than Friday in any week. From thence, or Altona, it is a short run by the railway to Kiel, from whence a Norwegian steamer starts every Saturday morning during the season for Christiania, performing the voyage in a couple of days, including a call at Nyborg in Denmark. The expense of the whole journey by this route from London to Christiania may be estimated at about ten pounds, and the time occupied is about a week. Some tourists may like, for variety, to take one of these courses in going to Norway and the other in returning. In that case we should rather recommend the continental journey for the return homewards. The scale of stages

would be the same, reversing the order in which they have here been given.

TRAVELLING IN NORWAY—HOTELS IN CHRISTIANIA ; MONEY IN  
NORWEGIAN CURRENCY.

We will now suppose our tourist landed, by one or other of these routes, at Christiania, the modern capital of Norway. He will find very respectable accommodation at either of the principal hotels. The "Hôtel du Nord" is considered the best, as well as the dearest. The "Hôtel de Scandinavie" has very good accommodations, but is not so much the resort of English travellers.\* The reader will find in the sequel some account of what Christiania presents which is worthy of notice. Our tourist will probably reserve the examination till his return from the excursion on which he will be naturally anxious to proceed without loss of time. One of his first visits will be paid to the counting-house of the merchant on whom his letter of credit is drawn. There he will be initiated into the mysteries of the Norwegian currency. The traveller abroad always finds some difficulty at first in his dealings with foreign coins. This is particularly the case in Norway, where he has daily, while *en route*, to make a number of small payments in coins of very trifling value, and of a great variety of descriptions. Till he becomes familiar with them, it is a very puzzling affair, and a few lines will be well employed in assisting

\* The expence of living at hotels in the towns of Norway can hardly exceed a sp. dollar and a half per day ; in the country, a sp. dollar will generally cover it.

him to solve the difficulties in which, without some clear apprehension of the monetary system, he will find himself perpetually involved. Our Englishman will have his order on the Norwegian merchant cashed at the current rate of exchange, which is generally about four specie-dollars and a half for a pound sterling. The specie-dollar, therefore, is worth a fraction more than 4s. 6d. English money. The word specie is apt to mislead a stranger. A very small part of the currency consists of silver coinage; it includes, indeed, dollars and half dollars, but they are not in general use in any considerable proportion. The tourist will receive the greatest part of the change for his draft in paper money of the value of from half a specie dollar,—a specie dollar,—two specie dollars each,—to notes of larger amount,—fives, tens, and so on; and these notes, being government paper, are current everywhere; and being less cumbersome than silver, are very convenient. Being kept long in circulation, they are often very ragged affairs, but they are called, in the representative sense it is presumed, *specie-dollars*. Thus far all is plain enough. But the smaller payments are paid in “*marks*” or “*orts*,” of which there are five to the dollar, and “*skillings*,” of which there 120; so that the mark is worth about tenpence halfpenny, and the skilling somewhat less than a halfpenny, English money. There is a well-executed silver coinage of marks or orts and half marks and orts; but the general currency consists of a variety of very small coins of the old Danish kings, representing a certain number of skillings and orts. It is this small coinage which at first occasions perplexity to the

traveller, as some of them are depreciated, and will not pass for the value stamped upon them;\* and their varieties are so great, that it is some time before he becomes familiar with their use. But it is necessary to be provided with a good supply of these coins, as the scarcity of money is so great in the interior of the country that it is frequently impossible to obtain change even for a single dollar-note; and so trifling are the payments, that the reckoning in travelling post seldom amounts to even half a dollar. Fortunately, the coins are very light, as well as diminutive, being of copper silvered over. A handful of them will not amount to a pound sterling of English money. The best way of carrying them is in a small leather bag slung to the side, and thus ready at hand for the demands of the road.

TRAVELLING IN NORWAY, CONTINUED—THE SERVICE BY POST.

Posting in Norway is regulated by law, there being a fixed tariff for every part of the service. There are stations for changing horses on all the great roads, and many of the cross roads, at the distance of about a Norsk mile, a little more or less—equal to rather more than seven English—from each other. The horses are supplied, on the summons of the station-master, by the farmers in the neighbourhood in a certain order or turn.

\* Thus, in most parts of Norway, the coins which are stamped with the value of 4 sk. only pass current for 3.

The fixed rate of payment at the country stations is 24 skillings per Norsk mile. To this is added the fee to the station-master for procuring the horses called *tilsigelse*, which is 4 skillings for the stage. If a carriage is hired with the horse, it is charged 6 skillings extra, including harness,—if a cart, 3 skillings. The first stage at starting from great towns, which are called “fast stations,” is charged at the rate of 72 skillings per Norsk mile. There are some few “fast stations” also in the country at which the charge is 36 skillings, but from the ordinary towns it is 48 skillings. The *skyds-gut*, the boy or man who accompanies the horse, sometimes expects a small gratuity called *drikke penge* (drink-money), which is optional, but he is perfectly satisfied if he gets 3 or 4 skillings for the stage. The inconvenience attending the horses being supplied by the farmers is, that their farms being generally at a distance from the stations, the traveller is kept waiting a considerable time—one, two, sometimes three or more hours, before the change of horses is procured, unless he has made previous arrangements for prosecuting his journey with dispatch.

#### TRAVELLING BY POST—THE FORBUD.

This is provided for by the regulation of the *forbud*, a messenger dispatched in advance from station to station to bespeak the horses. For this service the regulated charge is equal to that for one horse; that is, on the ordinary stages, 24 skillings per Norsk mile. A

considerable saving may be effected on long journeys by sending the forbud tickets by the courier who has charge of the mails. In this way the cost is only 4 skillings for each station. "Altogether," says an experienced traveller in Norway, "the charges thus enumerated amount to about two pence-halfpenny per English mile for a single traveller, or three pence if the forbud is not sent by post, a very low rate according to English ideas of expenditure."

The *forbud* secures extreme punctuality; and all the other regulations of the service of travelling by post are equally precise, and calculated to prevent disputes. If the horses are not forthcoming at the time appointed, the owner or the station-master is fined one specie-dollar for each horse in default. If the traveller does not arrive within an hour of the time stipulated and keeps the horses waiting, he has to pay 6 skillings, and if he exceed three hours, 12 skillings, for the delay. After that time the owner of the horses is not bound to wait longer. But if the delay be occasioned by accident or stress of weather, the traveller is excused from any penalty. A book called the "Dag-bog" (day-book), is kept at every station, in which the traveller is required to enter his name and route, with the number of horses he takes. It also contains a column in which he can make an entry of any complaint he may have against the station-master, or the owner or conductor of the horses. The book is periodically examined by a government officer, who investigates the charges, and imposes a fine where it appears to have been fairly incurred by misbehaviour.

## TRAVELLING IN NORWAY—TARIFF FOR BOATS.

Norway is so intersected by lakes and fjords, that scarcely a journey of any length can be taken without some considerable part of it being performed by water. The posting regulations extend to this part of the journey. There are regular stations at the place of embarking, where the station-master provides boats, and they may be ordered in advance by the forbud, in the same manner as horses. The payment for each boatman is 20 skillings for a Norsk mile; besides which there is a charge for the boat: if four-oared, 8 skillings; six-oared, 12 skillings, and so on. The station-master's *tilsigelse* is 2 skillings for each boatman, and the same for the boat.

## TRAVELLING IN NORWAY, CONTINUED—THE CARRIOLE.

The carriage almost invariably used for long journeys in Norway is called a carriole. It is a long, narrow carriage, something like a canoe on wheels, but the stern is raised high and padded to support the traveller's back. These vehicles are drawn by a single horse, and will only hold one person. The seat is very low, so that he sits, or rather reclines, with his legs extended; and it being very narrow, he is not easily thrown out. The carriages have no springs, but the body of the carriage is fixed to light elastic shafts, on which, behind, is fitted a foot-board. To this the traveller's baggage is attached, mounted on which the postboy sits or stands.

These vehicles are so light that they are easily transferred to a boat, when a change in the mode of travelling is necessary, the wheels being sometimes taken off when the boat is small. Carriages are very seldom to be procured at the country stations, where light carts of the rudest description are substituted for them. They are simply square boxes of deal boards, roughly nailed together, of a size barely sufficing to hold two persons sitting upright, and fixed on low wheels. Having no springs, the jolting is insufferable. Of course such a vehicle is very inconvenient, even for a few stages; to perform a long journey by them is out of the question. It is therefore usual for travellers to purchase a carriage—of which there are stores in all the towns—at the place at which he commences his journey, selling it again on his return or his arrival at the place of destination. Such a vehicle may be purchased at from 20 to 30 dollars, and the loss on re-sale may be somewhere from 25 to 50 per cent., depending upon the condition of the carriage, the state of demand in the market, &c.

This arrangement answers very well for long, regular journeys, as from Christiania to Bergen, or to Drontheim, and *vice versa*; but there is considerable difficulty when the line of route diverges from the post-road, and lies through tracks impracticable for a carriage, as must be the case when the tourist desires to visit scenes of interest in wild and mountainous parts of the country. In such cases a carriage is very desirable as far as the road is passable towards his object, but the traveller soon reaches a point at which it be-



comes an incumbrance. It cannot be transported further, and he will certainly find no purchaser for it on the spot. If he return by the same road, it may, of course, be left till his arrival; but this is not often desirable. The tourist, therefore, in these sorts of excursions, must make up his mind from the first to get on how he can, and dispense with the purchase of a carriage. He may perhaps hire one for a couple of stages out of the town from which he starts, and afterwards, on cross roads, and as he proceeds further, must submit to the jolting of the light country carts, which are to be met with wherever there is any road practicable for wheel carriages. Saddle-horses can generally be procured, with a little delay, in the most remote districts; the charge for them being at about the same rate per Norsk mile as for post-horses on the high roads. It is better, however, in such excursions to agree by the job for the service required.

#### TRAVELLING IN NORWAY, CONTINUED—DISPATCHING THE *FORBUD*.

Supposing our tourist to be bent on a journey of some extent along a highroad—to have purchased a carriage, and supplied himself with a bag of small coins for defraying his current expenses,—perhaps made some addition to his slender stores of provender, for containing which a leather pouch may be conveniently attached to the splashboard of his carriage—the only thing remaining to be done will be to make timely arrangements for the *forbud*. The mail leaves the great towns,

we believe, twice a week, and, as before observed, it will save expense to forward the tickets by the post. The traveller's departure, therefore, should be so timed as to follow the courier at some little interval. If a forbud is dispatched from the stations, a greater interval must be allowed before the traveller commences the journey. It will be desirable, in the first instance, to get some one acquainted with the road to fill up the forbud tickets. Printed forms are to be obtained in the principal towns, of which he should procure a supply. In filling them up, one for each station along the road, it is necessary to state the number of horses required, whether with or without harness, and the day of the week and month, with as nearly as possible the hour of the day, which will suit the traveller's arrival at the particular station for which the ticket is destined; and each of the tickets must be signed by him. He will therefore have to make a calculation of the number of days it will take him to perform the journey, the places at which he will stop at night, and the hours at which he may hope to arrive at the intermediate stations. An order is generally added to the forbud ticket, addressed to the station-master where the traveller intends to rest for the night, directing a supper and bed to be prepared. The rate of travelling on which these calculations are to be made is from one to one and a quarter Norsk mile per hour. The day's journey may be just as much or as little as the traveller pleases. There is no inducement to linger on the highroads, and an English traveller is generally disposed to push on. If the forbud be previously well arranged, there is no

difficulty in accomplishing seventy miles a day. Indeed, in a country where there is scarcely any night, the only limit to his progress is the traveller's power of endurance. One thing, however, it is desirable to attend to in arranging the scheme of the journey, and that is, to select, for the night's lodgings, places at which there is at least some decent accommodation and promise of fare. The post-houses in general are not to be depended on for this.

#### TRAVELLING IN NORWAY, CONTINUED—COURIERS OR GUIDES.

On the eve of the English tourist's departure for the interior of Norway, the question will press upon his mind and require a decision, if it has not occurred to him before,—whether, ignorant as we presume him to be of the language of the country, he can venture to embark on the journey before him without being accompanied by a courier or servant who can supply his deficiency. There will be hangers-on about his hotel, who will be eager to offer their services; and he will probably meet with persons who will be ready to assure him that such services are indispensable. For ourselves we decidedly recommend him to have nothing to do with such persons, if he is willing to exert himself, and to make the best of things as he finds them. A traveller in a country, the language of which he cannot speak, who puts himself in the hands of a foreign servant, consults his ease at the expense of his independence. Once placed in his power, he cannot help himself; he is not

only tongue-tied, but must permit himself to be bound hand and foot, and controlled in all his designs. There is a lion in the path when anything is to be done which does not suit the purposes or inclination of his trusty follower. Through such a medium of communication and interpretation the tourist will learn but little of the true character of the people among whom he travels. There are, indeed, countries and circumstances in which such services are indispensable; but that is not the case in Norway. Several of the travellers whose works have been noticed, who performed extensive tours in remote parts of the country, and have introduced us to the *vie intérieure* of Norwegian existence among all classes of society, had no previous knowledge of the language. "I hardly know anything," says one of them, "that sharpens one's wits more than travelling where one has little or no knowledge of the language. It is wonderful how soon the mind becomes familiar with the language of signs, and to how narrow a vocabulary the necessities of mankind are limited."

## TRAVELLING IN NORWAY—THE LANGUAGE.

It is an English tourist's own fault, with the aid that is offered him, if he does not, at this day at least, set out on his journey with a sufficient knowledge of where he is going, how he is to go, and what he has to pay; and he must be very dull if he does not quickly learn words and expressions which will make known his wants. The Norwegian language is very much the same

as the Danish, and bears a nearer affinity to the English than any other continental language, the old Norsk and the Anglo-Saxon having been cognate branches of one original tongue. This language was probably once spoken among the people of one-third of England during the Norwegio-Danish ascendancy in this country, and, according to some writers, it has left indelible traces in the vulgar tongue of some parts of the island. Be this as it may, it is certain that a north-country man, or a Scotch lowlander finds very little difficulty in making himself understood among the Norwegians. There are vocabularies for assisting the traveller in his intercourse with them; but the mere knowledge of the words, without the power of pronouncing them so that they may be understood by a native, is obviously of little value. The method we took was this. Folding a sheet of paper into a small compass—a small-sized memorandum-book would be better, but we had none at hand—so as to go into a side pocket, and be always accessible, we procured from time to time lists of words, names of things, and useful expressions, from some intelligent native, which we repeated after him till we had got the proper tone and expression, and then wrote them down exactly as they were pronounced and met the ear, with a magnanimous disregard of the correct mode of spelling. Sometimes we got our informant to write them for us in the same manner. An intelligible pronunciation was thus secured; the words thus acquired with some effort were impressed on the memory; and when that failed, our own “phonetic” vocabulary was at hand to refresh it. Our list of words and

phrases continually increased, but we soon came to do without it.

TRAVELLING IN NORWAY—CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY PEOPLE.

The Norwegians are an intelligent and kind-hearted people, extremely well-affected towards English travellers, and being intensely patriotic and independent, are proud to see him exploring their country. The more he trusts to his own resources and throws himself on their good-will, the more he will be esteemed and the better he will be treated. There are no privileged classes in the social and political system of Norway; all exclusiveness is held in abhorrence by its free and sturdy population; but a frank and manly bearing, kindly manners, and a spirit of enterprise will receive from them the meed of a better homage than that which is paid to the *milordo* by the slavish sycophants who wait upon his progress through softer and sunnier regions. The peasantry are, perhaps, greedy of small gains, except in cases of sheer hospitality, which is never wanting; but they are easily satisfied, and it is best not to attempt to drive too hard a bargain with them.\* The English traveller, for the credit of his

\* It is but fair to say that accounts somewhat differ as to the greed of the Norwegians. Our own experience, confirmed by that of most of the travellers whom we are disposed to regard as possessed of the best tone of feeling, is favourable to the Norwegian character in this respect; while we have in our eye the narrative of a long journey by a tourist of some experience, whom it would be invidious to name, which is full of accounts of the impositions practised on him. Instances of exactions will doubt-

country, should not imagine that a well-filled purse ought to purchase for him a right to a haughty and supercilious demeanour, such as no native Norwegian, whatever be his official rank or his pretensions, exhibits to his countrymen; nor should he scatter his money with a lavish hand, corrupting the tone of those who are brought into intercourse with strangers, and raising expectations which travellers who follow him may not be disposed to gratify. At present the English name stands as high throughout Norway as once it did from Calais to Naples, from Ostend to Vienna. We trust the time is distant when things will be changed in this respect; and, from the class of travellers principally attracted to the rugged shores of Norway, we have every reason to hope that it is.

#### TRAVELLING BY CARRIOLE—LESSONS FOR THE ROAD.

Everything being now ready, before the tourist takes his seat in his carriage, we will venture to give him a few hints on Norwegian jockeyship, which he may possibly find not without their use. He should understand then, that he may either drive the carriage himself, or permit the postboy, who is mounted behind, like

less occur, especially on the post-roads that are most frequented, and where the better feeling has become vitiated by the temptations to which the people connected with the stations are exposed. But as there is a *tariff* for every item of a traveller's expenses—and it even regulates the charges for his fare, which are entered in the *dag-bog* of every station, according to law, such extortions cannot be practised with impunity. They will be seldom attempted, if it is perceived that the traveller knows what he is about.

the conductor of a Hansom's cab, to handle the long reins and drive it for him. Most English, as well as native, travellers prefer the former, even if they have not before been accustomed to driving; and if the tourist will attend to one simple piece of advice, which we will presently offer him, there is no reason why he should not do so in full assurance of safety. Mr. Barrow gives an amusing account of his sensations on his first attempt at driving in Norway. "On this occasion," he says, "I confess I felt myself rather awkward, it being, strange to say, the first time I had held the reins in my hand! And I was now on the point of setting out on a long and perilous journey, and to drive myself over the worst of all possible roads, and along some of the most frightful precipices that are probably to be found in any part of the civilized world. Of this we were fully apprized, and I had collected from De Capell Brooke's travels that he considered four things were essentially necessary for such an undertaking in Norway,—a skilful driver, a strong vehicle, good nerves, and harness in perfect order; and that on these the safety of the traveller, in a great measure, depends. Add to all which, it was stated that a great degree of expertness in driving was absolutely necessary, particularly in guiding a carriage down the side of a mountain nearly perpendicular, over a road barely the width of the carriage, and the sides opening upon a yawning precipice. All this had made a strong impression on my mind, as I was contemplating to make the same kind of journey; and now that I was actually on the eve of mounting, I began to



hesitate. I was conscious that I was not a skilful driver, distrusted the strength of my vehicle, and thought that the harness was as likely to break on ascending the first hill as not. I had therefore nothing but my 'good nerves' to trust to, and happily they carried me through."

The nerves have need, indeed, to be well strung for travelling on Norwegian roads; but the best pitch to which they can be braced is, a determination to let things take their course, be the apparent danger what it may. The carriages are slightly built, the harness at country stations is often old and in bad repair, and yet it is astonishing how small a number of accidents happen. We attribute this, notwithstanding great authority to the contrary, neither to strength of nerve or expertness in the drivers, except so far as the former is entirely passive, but to the great sagacity and sure-footedness of the little Norwegian horses. Though undersized, they are generally strong and full of spirit. The rapidity with which they descend the steepest hills, and the agility with which they keep their footing, and turn the sharp angles of a precipitous descent, are wonderful. When the tourist first mounts a steep ascent, walking up it, as is the usual practice, to spare the horse, he probably finds on topping the crest of the hill that the declivity on the other side is steeper than the ridge he has just ascended. He looks down the road, which presents an angle of perhaps forty or fifty degrees, "a yawning gulf," on one side, as Mr. Barrow says, terminating in a foaming torrent beneath. The tourist walks on to spare both his nerves and his horse;

he has no idea how a loaded vehicle is to get to the bottom of such a precipice. But in this way he would never reach the end of his journey. His conductor knows better. The startled tourist is recalled by unmistakable signs, and made to resume his seat in the carriage. Scarcely has he done so, than he finds himself flying along the edge of the abyss, jolting over loose stones, and whirled down the precipice with a rapidity that leaves him absolutely breathless, and may well shake the firmest nerves. The loss of a linch-pin, or the fracture of a strap in the harness, might be fatal; but the Norwegian horse never stumbles; it knows and is equal to its work. It is not, then, to his dexterity in driving that the traveller owes his safety. The only accident to which Mr. Forester was exposed during a long journey arose, he tells us, from his checking his horse when, on descending just such a declivity as has been here described, he apprehended it was approaching too near the edge of a precipice, and thus causing it to swerve, threw it over the bank. The advice, therefore, which we offer to the inexperienced traveller in Norway is to interfere as little as possible with the horse he drives, particularly at critical junctures. An experienced "whip" is too apt to think that he can assist the animal, by "holding him up" while descending a steep hill, as he has been accustomed to do at home; but the Norwegian bridle has no sharp curb, the horse is free to exercise the agility with which nature has endowed him, the reins are probably an old rope which snaps like packthread with a strong pull, and the driver's seat is too low to give him any power

over the horse. Here the most unpractised charioteer is on a level with the most expert. His safety and comfort depend upon his placing the most implicit confidence in the faithful animal which is rapidly whirling him down the dangerous pass.

But even in circumstances where he might exercise it without any danger, the traveller has less control over the movements of his horse than he might at first suppose. He will quickly learn the rule of the road, which is that he is to keep to the right, and he will avoid a passing vehicle, if he should chance to meet one. But he can do little to accelerate the pace, however he may be inclined to do so. A whip is an abomination to a Norwegian peasant; the spirited little horses seldom require the lash, and we never carried one in any of our journeys. The conductor, who sits behind you, is not an impassive observer of your proceedings. He is very careful of his horse, and if you attempt to urge it to what he thinks is an unreasonable speed, he can moderate the pace by a peculiar whistle, despite of all your efforts; while, when he pleases, the well-known sound of a certain chirrup excites the animal to greater exertion. In general, however, the post-boys are very good-tempered, and will permit you to have your own way; to which the optional *drikke-penge* at the end of the stage no doubt contributes. If they are obstinately surly or phlegmatic, persisting in checking what you think a reasonable speed, the only way to deal with them is to hand them the reins and desire them to drive themselves, at the same time taking out your watch and pointing to the hour at which you are due

at the next station. Their liability to a fine for needless delay will suffice to enforce greater diligence. On the whole, we believe, that all tourists are agreed that travelling post with a carriage in Norway, in fair weather, is the most exciting and delightful way of traversing a country they have ever experienced.

#### HOW FAR IS IT PRACTICABLE FOR LADIES TO TRAVEL IN NORWAY?

It is a very natural question, and it may perhaps occur to some of a class of our readers to whose gratification we should greatly wish to contribute, whether ladies can be advised to travel in Norway. We meet our fair countrywomen crossing Alp and Appenine, braving the terrors of malaria in the Pontine Marshes, and of banditti in the defiles and plains of Campania. We see them climbing the passes of the St. Bernard and the St. Gothard, and scaling the slippery steepes of the Montanvert; the Lago di Como finds them gliding over its treacherous waters, and the Lake Lemman sketching on its picturesque shores. Why are they precluded from the pleasure of exploring the romantic scenery of Norway? What is to prevent their embarking on the Miösen or the Tind-Soe, penetrating to the valley of the Maan, gravelling the forest-clad base of Gousta-Fjeld, and listening to the mysterious throbbings of the mighty Rjukan-Foss, or threading the mountain passes of the Dovre-Fjeld and the Fille-Fjeld? There is often in our fair countrywomen no lack of a spirit of enterprise equal to our own, and of a curiosity at least

equally keen ; while, in cheerful submission to hardship and patience under privation, many of the softer sex would more than rival those who are better framed for stern endurance. How is it to be accounted for that we meet so few, none, we believe, of our countrywomen travelling in the interior of Norway ; and are there sufficient reasons for their being excluded from the gratification of such a tour ?

Let us see what experienced travellers have said on this subject. The Rev. Mr. Smith, in the Introduction to his beautiful Plates of Norwegian Scenery, remarks : “ I am not ignorant of the indomitable spirit, energy, and courage with which English ladies will surmount the greatest difficulties, and brave the utmost peril. I can easily believe many would scamper with fearless intrepidity on Norwegian ponies down the almost perpendicular cliffs of a fjord, and through trackless rocks and dismal forests ; but I doubt if they will be so easily persuaded to entrust themselves to the rough arms of a Norwegian boatman, redolent with finkel, repose their delicate limbs on a shaggy bearskin in some Norwegian barn, or wrap their cloaks around them, and spend the night in a dreary forest, with a stone for a pillow and heather for a bed.”

In Mr. Forester’s “ Rambles among the Fjelds and Fjords of Norway,” there are some practical remarks on this subject. He says, “ If I were asked whether English ladies could be recommended to undertake a tour in Norway, I should be disposed to reply, that much of its most interesting scenery may be visited, not only with perfect safety, but without any

particular privations or grounds of apprehension, by such as are not very fastidious on the score of accommodations,—have a reasonable share of courage and enterprise,—and are prepared to place implicit confidence in their conductors. Suitable carriages may be procured in the great towns; and on the post-roads there would be little difficulty in so arranging the day's journey as to secure proper resting-places for the night. The more enterprising might even reach the Rjukan-Foss, and other points diverging from the main lines of road, if provision could be made previously for securing saddle-horses from some of the nearest farms. In such case English side-saddles should, if possible, form part of the equipments for the adventure."

For ourselves, we agree with Mr. Smith that the want of suitable accommodations is the main obstacle to females undertaking a tour of any extent in the remoter districts of Norway, where all the finest scenery is to be found. No one who has not been an eye-witness and personal sufferer can form any idea of the disgusting annoyances to which travellers are exposed who have to seek their *gîte* where they can find it on unfrequented roads. The time is not come when even the great highways to Bergen and Drontheim are open to female tourists. The resting-places where decent accommodations can be obtained, are still of rare occurrence. For a lady to undertake such a journey—of three or four hundred miles—in a carriage, a vehicle which carries only one passenger, and is not much more roomy than a park chaise, with equal exposure to the weather, would be preposterous. We have often met

Norwegian proprietors travelling with their wives and families in a sort of two-horse phaeton, a roomy and commodious carriage; but that was only on good roads, and in comparatively level districts, and we very much doubt whether it would be practicable by any exertions to get such vehicles over the mountain-passes of the Dovre-Fjeld and the Fille-Fjeld, not to mention others almost as difficult on the same roads. But these carriages, which may no doubt be obtained at Christiania, can be used in short and very pleasing excursions.

The completion of the railway, now constructing between Christiania and Minde, at the foot of the Miösen, will open an easy way of access to the steamers which ply on that large and beautiful lake. Another railway is projected between the Skienfjord and the foot of the Nordsoe, and late accounts from Norway inform us that steamers are to be placed on the Nordsoe and the Flaa-Vand, which will open out the communications with the picturesque district of Tellemarken, and materially lessen the difficulty of reaching the valley of the Maan and the Rjukan-Foss. Of course various points round the coast are accessible by the steamers already mentioned, which ply between Christiania and Hammerfest;\* but, for ourselves, we

\* The Norwegian coast-steamers may, however, sometimes be used with advantage to reach distant points, from which it is proposed to make excursions into the interior of the country. One of these steam-boats leaves Christiania for Christiansand, on the south coast, twice a week. From thence there is a similar weekly communication with Bergen; and from Bergen, once a fortnight, there is a steam-boat to Drontheim. It proceeds northward as far as Hammerfest, touching at the principal intermediate places on the coast. The whole passage from Bergen to Hammerfest is usually accomplished in eleven days.

consider it only tantalizing to catch, from the crowded deck of a steamer, passing glimpses of distant mountain-ranges and opening valleys, among which one longs to roam in all the seclusion and freedom of action, which contribute to give them their greatest charms. On the whole, we agree with the experienced traveller we have just quoted, with a distinct recognition of the importance of his reservations, that much may even now be accomplished by ladies whose enthusiasm is kindled from what they see and read in portfolios and books of travel, into a strong desire to know something for themselves of Norwegian scenery. But we can on no account recommend them to undertake the journey unless they are accompanied by a gentleman already experienced in Norwegian travel, and in some degree acquainted with the language; or unless the party is attended by a courier who has been well recommended, and who speaks both languages, English and Danish.

It has been our design in the present chapter to associate ourselves with the intending tourist, from the first germ of thought which leads him to contemplate an excursion through the far-famed scenery of romantic Norway. We have endeavoured to forward his project by assisting him in his preparations for the tour, and pointing out the means by which it may be most satisfactorily accomplished. We have accompanied him in the preliminary journey, whether by sea or land, which has introduced him to the shores of Norway. We have prepared him for his further progress by some details of the mode of travelling in that country, and suggestions



for his own guidance. And now that, having conducted him to his carriage, he is ready to step into it and set forward on his road, we bid him good speed, trusting that he will derive advantage from the aid we have been able to offer him, and nothing doubting that his tour in Norway will fully realize the expectations he may have formed, and that, like all other travellers in that country, he will leave it with regret. In our next chapter we propose to collect from the accounts of tourists, whose works have already passed under our review, short notices of some of the most striking points of Norwegian scenery, and other objects of interest, which not having presented themselves to Mr. Price in the route he followed, are unnoticed in his journal.

## CHAPTER III.

NOTICES OF SOME OBJECTS OF SPECIAL INTEREST IN NORWAY WHICH ARE NOT DESCRIBED IN THE FOLLOWING JOURNAL OF MR. EDWARD PRICE, OR IN THE ADDITIONAL INFORMATION APPENDED TO IT.

## THE NAZE OF NORWAY.

"THE Naze," or, more properly, Cape Lindesnæs, a promontory which forms the south-western extremity of the Norwegian territory, is the first land which is generally *sighted* by the tourist who approaches the coast by a voyage from England. The rocks in this neighbourhood are dreadfully shattered by the impetuous billows of the great Northern Ocean, which here rolls its vast watery mountains on the craggy shores, dashing and foaming over the skerries and desolate rocky islands, until it meets a proud defiance from the frowning and majestic bulwarks of granite, which form the barrier of the country. The *skiærs* [skerries] are stupendous natural columns of stone, which, by thousands, encompass the coast; and though varying in their extent, form, and distance, all rise perpendicularly through water from one to three hundred fathoms deep. Of

these, in numerous instances, the summits are only marked by the spray dashing over their heads, or seen occasionally in the hollow of an immense wave, presenting to the view a black and shapeless mass. It has been calculated that there are a million of these gigantic forms round the coast of Norway.

The North Sea, which washes it for 300 leagues, forms, by many narrow channels, a multitude of larger and smaller islands, some of them being from three to six or nine leagues in length, and not destitute of vegetation; but most of them are so small, that they are inhabited only by some fishermen and pilots, who keep a few head of cattle, which they send for pasture to the neighbouring little islands, rocks, and skerries. By such a rocky rampart, which possibly may consist of myriads of those stone columns, founded in the bottom of the sea, the capitals of which scarcely ever rise higher than a few fathoms above the waves, almost the whole western coast of Norway is defended. It affords security against attack by any naval force of an enemy, whose ships would not dare, without the aid of pilots from the country itself, to venture within the skerries. Were they even to succeed thus far, they would still be in danger from the least storms, which here give no warning; and unless they had the good fortune to gain a safe harbour, they would be dashed to pieces on the creeks, which are all inclosed with steep enormous rocks.

The bold promontory of the Naze, surmounted by a lighthouse, forms the southern extremity of this singular coast, and marks the entrance to the Skaggerack,

the broad channel between Denmark and Norway. Its shore has a similar character with the western coast, being rocky and precipitous, and studded with small islands, though it is not so deeply indented by creeks and fjords, and the islets are not by any means so numerous. Mr. Inglis, in his "Journey through Norway," landed at Mandal, the town lying nearest the Naze, and from thence made an interesting excursion to this cape.

"The greater part of Norway," he says, "may be said to have two coasts, an inner and outer coast,—the former being the shore of the mainland, and the other a succession of rocky islands, of all dimensions, from a mere point to a mile or more in length, and lying, for the most part, within an English mile of the mainland. All boats and small vessels make their coasting-voyages within the rocks; for even when the sea without is strongly agitated, one may sail many miles through the channel in water as smooth as a mill-pond: sometimes, indeed, if the wind be high, and blow from the sea, violent gusts come through the openings between one rock and another, and in passing these, it is necessary to be cautious in lowering the sails. A voyage within the rocks, however, is not an unpleasant kind of excursion.

"Mandal, the chief town (though little better than a village) of a district of the same name, is situated at the bottom of a very small bay, flanked on each side by ledges of high rocks, and backed by a rugged rocky country, partly covered with fir, and partly intersected by creeks and rivers. It has a small export trade in

fish and timber, and there is in it a workshop, from which beautiful specimens of turners'-work, made from the root of the birch-tree, find their way into most of the northern towns. I had very great pleasure in examining these, and have no hesitation in saying, that the beauty of the boxes which were shown to me, much exceeded that of any I have ever seen made of either mahogany or rose-wood.

“ In the afternoon, I walked to the end of the rocks which jut into the sea to the west of the town. Seen from this point, the *Naze*, although twelve miles distant, seems close at hand. Every one has heard of the Naze of Norway; we read of it when children in our first treatises upon geography, and when I now saw it so near to me, I felt some inclination to visit it. I had no reason to expect anything else than a high point of land washed by the sea; but as the inclination was easily gratified, I resolved to indulge it, and two horses were accordingly ordered to be ready early next morning, one for myself, and the other for one of those nondescript persons generally found in every village, whose services are at the command of any body who requires them. The depth of the sea on the shores of Norway is remarkable; there is rarely any of that gradual shelving which distinguishes the shores of most other countries. From the ridge upon which I walked, I could see projections of the rock to a very great depth, owing to the extreme clearness of the water; but I could see no bottom even close to the shore. I was informed, that the depth is, in many places, 100 fathoms and upwards, under the rocks.

“Next morning, betimes, after a substantial breakfast, we mounted our horses, which, like all the horses in the southern parts of Norway, were cream-coloured, with black manes and tails, small and strongly made; and having taken care to fill a bag with provisions, which was slung across my companion’s shoulder, we set off at a round trot. Our road of course lay along the sea-coast; but in order to pursue anything approaching to a straight line, it was necessary to keep about two miles inland, owing to the number of small creeks and indentures for which the Norwegian shore is so remarkable. On the west coast of Norway, from Stavanger all the way to the North Cape, these are found in constant succession, some of them reaching as far as ninety miles inland; and, in many instances, it would be necessary to journey 100 miles by land, between two places not more than two or three miles distant from each other in a straight line.

“On leaving Mandal, the country through which we passed was very uninteresting; some cattle and sheep were feeding on the coarse pasture which lay between us and the sea, and here and there there were patches of potatoe land, and some small inclosures of oats, which were about a foot above ground. They had been sown only about a month before. Upon agriculture in Norway, I shall afterwards have occasion to make some observations.

“Our horses carried us admirably well, and in less than two hours we had passed the bay of which the Naze forms the west headland; and we now turned towards the sea, up an inclined plane, to gain the

highest and most southerly point, and soon reached the spot which I had so often seen on the map, marked 'The Naze of Norway.' There was, of course, nothing to see but a grim rock frowning over the toiling ocean, and the two lighthouses erected upon it; yet I felt pleased that I stood upon the Naze, though I should be puzzled to give any good reason for being so. I am not quite sure, however, that any much better cause could be assigned by the few travellers who have journeyed to the North Cape, for the satisfaction they have felt when they reached it. The North Cape is only the most northerly point in Norway, not the most northerly land of Europe, for the island of Spitzbergen lies far beyond it; and the mainland of Samojedi in Asia, as well as a part of Russia in Europe, opposite to Nova Zembla, stretch several degrees—the former at least five—farther to the north. The Naze is considerably higher above the sea than any part of the English coast:—I should think, at least a third higher than Trouphead in Banffshire, which has always seemed to me more elevated than Dover Cliff or Beachy Head. Nor will any of these bear the least comparison with the Naze and the adjoining steeps, in the number of sea-fowl which cover them. Their numbers are absolutely incredible; the sea is covered with them, the rocks are covered with them, and the air is filled with them; and the noise which they make, not only puts any attempt at conversation out of the question, but, I believe, would drown the loudest discharge of musketry. My journey from Mandal was sufficiently repaid by the sight and sound of these feathered screamers.

I attempted to find some fissure down which I might reach the sea: but, after descending with much difficulty, and some danger, a rent by which I hoped to gain my purpose, I found it terminate in a precipice, from which I was glad to creep up, as fast as the roughness of the path would permit; the infernal screaming, indeed, of the fowl, which was much increased by my attempt to invade their territories, was almost of itself sufficient to damp the courage of an adventurer.

“I had left my little horse at some distance, in charge of my Mandal companion; and having now sufficiently satisfied my curiosity about the natural objects around me, I beckoned to my companion to come and interpret between me and the keeper of the lighthouse, to whom I wished to pay a visit. I found an old and a young man, uncle and nephew as I afterwards learned, seated at a dinner of broiled mutton. The one might be about sixty-five, the other about thirty-five, and both clothed in a manner that seemed to me better adapted for winter than for a day on which I am sure the thermometer stood at 70 or upwards. But probably their wardrobes were not very extensive. The old man told me he had been twenty-seven years an inhabitant of this place, and he expressed no discontent at the monotony of the life which he led; he said he had daily bread, and that was more than every one could say. His pipe and his spyglass were his amusements; and they seemed sufficient for his wishes. The former might more properly be called an occupation; for he said his pipe was never out of his mouth, unless to give place to something better. The nephew also smoked,



and looked through the spyglass, like his uncle ; but to my question, whether he was contented to remain in his present situation all his life, he said nothing, but looked as if he would have said, that when his uncle died he would take the matter into his consideration. Probably the old man was worth some money. His salary was indeed small, amounting to about 32*l.* English per annum ; but in twenty-seven years his savings might have been considerable, as living is so cheap in Norway, and as, during the winter, abundance of game was killed by the younger man. The only two books were a Danish Bible, one of the British and Foreign Bible Society's, and a song-book, the latter of which seemed to have been the more fingered. The house (if it deserves that name) in which these two *solitaires* lived, was as comfortable as any dwelling could be in that exposed situation ; it was underneath the west lighthouse, built of stone, and cased with mud. The entrance faced the east, which they stated to be the direction from which the wind blows the seldomest, and with the least violence.

“ It was a very natural inquiry to make of the old man, whether he had been the witness of any disastrous shipwrecks ; but upon this he did not appear willing to be communicative. I guessed the reason of this to be, that the proverb “ it is an ill wind that blows nobody good,” had been literally proved in his own case. He admitted, however, that he had seen as much in his day as most men. In taking leave, he presented me with a glass of *brändeivin*, or corn brandy, the common spirit of the country, from a large earthen bottle, and I, in

my turn, filled a glass of Cogniac for him and his companion, from my flask; and so we parted excellent friends. Our horses, which had been left at liberty to browse, had taken advantage of their freedom, and had strayed to a considerable distance, and it was not much less than an hour before they would suffer themselves to be caught; but no sooner were we mounted, and their heads turned in the direction of Mandal, than they made ample amends for their obstinacy, and carried us in double-quick time to our destination."

## RJUKAN-FOSS.

This waterfall, one of the finest in Europe, is approached by the valley of the Maan-Elv,\* and is about ten Norwegian miles, or seventy English, from the town of Kongsberg. In the preceding chapters will be found particulars of the route generally adopted in reaching it, with references to the works of travellers who have visited it. From amongst these we select the description given of the fall by Mr. Forester in his "Rambles in 1848 and 1849." Proceeding up the valley of the Maan, he says: "I sauntered on, while my friend was sketching, till, turning another point, my eye caught a faint cloud floating on the horizon where the line of dark cliffs closed in the head of the valley, five or six miles distance. It was so slight and evanescent that, whether it were of earth or of heaven, would have

\* There are now very comfortable accommodations at Dal, about half-way up the valley.

appeared doubtful to any one less eagerly on the watch for the first indications of our approach to the cataract. Unwilling to forestall the enjoyment of a scene from which we anticipated so much gratification, I retraced my steps, and joyously announced my discovery. Then, as we proceeded onward, and step by step the features of that glorious scene were more and more distinctly unfolded, our enthusiasm was raised to the highest pitch. As yet, but for that small pillar of cloud, we should have been uncertain from what point the cataract, of which we began to catch the distant roar, would burst upon the eye.

“ But independently of the fall, the scenery towards the head of the valley was of extreme interest. The hills swept round in a wide semicircle, the chord of which was an isthmus of vivid green, which struck out from one of the lower slopes and stretched almost across the level of the valley. Right over, but beyond this, appeared the barrier-ridge of precipitous cliffs, through a chasm in which the river finds its way. Far above, on one side, were reared prodigious masses of naked rock, in bluff points of bold outline, from the basis of which fell away green slopes, which lost themselves in the valley in gentle undulations. Some bristled with the zigzag outline of firs, and others were feathered with pendulous birch, forming, with the long isthmus of the meadow, the foreground of the picture. On the other side the folds of the hills were clothed to their summits with pine forests. In the background towered above all the rounded mass of one of the fjelds, far away to the south-west, in the direction of the Miös-Vand.

On our right the top of the pass by which the upland country is gained from the valley of the Maan, was just perceptible as it rounded one of the bold summits through a chasm in the encircling outline of hills. Such was the picture the details of which gradually unfolded themselves, as we threaded the banks of the ravine, with ever-varying effects of colour, and light and shade, and amidst the increasing roar of the cataract. The peculiar character of the whole, as it struck me, was graceful and harmonious; not without a certain air of majesty, but not reaching that higher point of magnificent grandeur which rendered other and more wild and savage scenes truly sublime.

“After about two miles from our first point of view, the picture which I have endeavoured to sketch was completed by the insertion of the central object—the fall itself; in front of which the course of the road then brought us. Among its most striking features were two masses of perpendicular rock, each at least 500 feet high, which, springing from opposite sides, stood out in bold relief, the outworks of the escarped cliff, through a chasm in which the cataract pours. These massive columns formed the entrance—the gigantic portals—of a vast chamber which receives the flood of waters. Their sharp angular outline contrasted strongly with the slopes and swells of the surrounding heights, and the clouds of vapour that curled round their summits. But who shall penetrate the depths of that dim cavern, and tell all the wonders of one of Nature’s most mysterious shrines? What pen or pencil can adequately depict the ever-varying play of those clouds of spray

which filled the chamber,—eddyng, whirling, drifted to and fro by the slightest breeze, and which floated light as air over the boiling cauldron that foamed beneath?

“Equally impossible is it to convey more than a faint idea of the body of the cataract as it was precipitated in one vast column into the depths below. Talk of body,—it was water spiritualized. Its nature seemed to have been changed in its passage down the rapids and along the tortuous channel, the course of which was marked by jets of steam, and in which it chafed above the Fall. Thus elaborated and charged with air, it broke over the precipice, not so much in a continuous sheet as in successive wreaths of white vapour, which seemed to drop from the summit, fold after fold, so light and buoyant, that the element seemed to have lost its specific gravity, and rebounding from the dark caverns beneath, rolled up again in those fantastic shapes I have just mentioned. The discharge of each successive wave of the mighty torrent was accompanied by a hissing sound, from which the Fall derives its name of Rjukan, the steaming or *reeking* foss—the hoarse breathings of the mysterious spirit which, with unwearied energy, has worked since time was, in that marvellous laboratory, and with ceaseless throbs will yet discharge those mingled volumes of steam and water, until that final catastrophe when some mightier power of nature shall dissolve even the solid framework of the granite cliffs.

“It may have been a fanciful idea, but I imagined that the depth of the Fall might be calculated from the intervals of its mighty pulsations. It has been variously estimated at from 450 to 900 feet, the latter being pro-

bably the most correct account.\* Its volume of water is very great. The usual point for a near view of the foss is from a little grassy platform which juts out from the right bank at about two-thirds of its height. We reached this, diverging from the horse-road we had hitherto pursued, by clambering for a mile or two over a succession of woody ridges. The ascent was steep and difficult, and the heat excessive; and I was glad to throw myself on the grass, hanging over the precipice, where the eye could embrace all the details of the matchless scene; while my younger and more adventurous companion plunged into the thicket and scrambled down to the base of the cliffs. We had been told of a track by which it was possible to gain the upper country, without returning to the road which leads by a circuitous route to the pass I have before mentioned. We pursued this track along the inclined plane of slippery rock which shelved into the bason at the foot of the fall, by fissures and ledges which barely afforded a footing; climbing from shelf to shelf, and holding on by the stunted bushes and projecting points of the cliffs, where either offered a precarious aid. Overhanging rocks rising precipitously above, and the thundering torrent a thousand feet below,—it required all our nerve, agility and perseverance. A false step would have been fatal. Midway there stood a single pine, which, planted in a crevice of the bare rock, stretched its scathed and shattered limbs towards the yawning gulf, over which

\* “Professor Esmark calculated the height of the fall to be near 900 feet, from his barometrical observations, but it has been stated at half that height by some later measurements; this, however, must be a considerable understatement.”—*Everest's Journey through Norway*, p. 33.

it leant—blasted, tempest-torn, yet firmly rooted in the fissure. Leaning in security against its massive trunk, we rested for some instants; and then resuming the struggle, followed the perilous track, which, after about a mile of ascent, landed us on the level of the country above the Foss.”\*

#### GOUSTA-FJELD.

This mountain rises above the valley of the Maan-Elv to the height of 5540 feet. Its ascent may be effected without any very great difficulty during an excursion to the Rjukan-Foss: and as, from its snowy peak being more insulated than most of the Norwegian mountains of greater elevation, it commands a most extensive view, the ascent will repay the fatigue attending it. “Captain Biddulph, with the two companions of his second journey, accomplished it in the summer of 1849. They crossed the fjeld in approaching Dal by a different route from that which he pursued in the preceding year. After leaving Sauland, instead of crossing the forest to the foot of the Tind-Soe, they took at once a northerly course to the little mountain lake of the Tudal-vand, by the shore of which they passed the night in a log-cabin. On the following morning they continued up the glen for about four miles, passing another lake. They then struck up the side of the mountain, a tremendous ascent of two thousand feet, to the level of the fjeld. There

\* There are good views of the Rjukan-Foss, by Captain Biddulph, R.A., in “Forester’s Rambles,” and by the Rev. A. Smith, among his “Sketches in Norway.”

was a wild lake at the foot of the cone of Gousta, on the bank of which was an untenanted sæter (chalet), where they left their knapsacks. Continuing the ascent, they soon reached the first snow. It lay in large patches, which they crossed to the borders of a half-frozen lake, surrounded by lofty precipices; one of the wildest scenes imaginable. The ascent of the cone was difficult and fatiguing. For about a thousand feet they slowly toiled up a deep hollow filled with snow, at the top of which there was a zone of bare and rugged rocks. Surmounting this, they at last gained the summit; a long ridge covered with new and unsullied snow, the edge of which was so narrow that "one might sit astride the top, each leg hanging over a descent of upwards of five thousand feet." During the whole of the ascent the party had been involved in a dense fog, and the cold on the summit was intense. They were, however, compelled to rest awhile after their fatigue. In descending, the downward leaps from crag to crag over the zone of rocks were tedious and difficult; but in a few minutes they slid down the slope of snow, which it had cost them an hour to ascend, and they ultimately debouched into the valley of the Maan at Dal, through the noble forest which clothes the base of the mountain.

## THE VORING-FOSS.

The best approach to this magnificent waterfall, as will have appeared from the accounts of travellers noticed in a preceding chapter, is from Eid-Fjord on an



upper branch of the Hardanger-Fjord, to which there is easy access from Vossevangen on the great post-road between Christiania and Bergen. There is decent accommodation for tourists at Simedal or Sæbo, in the little valley above Eid-Fjord, in the way to the Foss. We quote Mr. Everest's account of his visit to the Fall in winter.

“After a pleasant sail, we reached the bottom of the Eid-Fjord, and landed on the small flat meadow there, on each side of which runs a wall of black and smooth precipice, reaching nearly to the summit of the table-land above. There is another dale, even narrower and darker than this we had now entered, and which branches off to the north, called Simedal. About a mile from the sea, a lake takes place of the meadow, and on reaching it we found the ice too weak to bear, and yet so firm that we could not attempt to make our way through it in a boat. One other way of advancing remained. The mountain on the southern side, retreats from the perpendicular towards the middle of the lake, and again resumes the same threatening aspect at the further end, forming by this a slope in the shape of a bay, half-way up which stands a cottage. Its inhabitants had made themselves a way down the cliff by fixing a line of fir-poles on the smooth side of the rock, where there were no natural ledges, and supplying the want in other parts by ladders. By these we safely made our way up to the cottage, and ascended the slope above it, till we reached the summit of the eastern arm. We had now a fearful look-down upon the lake and valley beyond it, which

had expanded into a large amphitheatre, in which a cluster of farm-houses was situated. Our way down to these was not pleasant for one apt to lose his nerves at great heights. We were nearly at the fir limit, and below us was a slope precipitous, and at this time of year particularly bad for walking, as the snow that melted during the day was frozen by night, and gave the whole rock a coating of ice. However, by means of our staves pointed with iron, and a stout rope, which occasionally assisted us all down the most difficult places, we descended unhurt. I then took a horse to the Voring Foss, the highest in Norway, which lies at the end of the narrow Maabe-dal, about seven miles distant. This valley runs to the east from the amphitheatre, and another similar to it, called Hjelmedal, to the south. I could not have conceived anything short of an actual cavern to be so dark an opening. There is something more than sublime—something absolutely savage about it. In the valley of the Maan-Elv there was a clothing of fir, but here all was perpendicular, abrupt, and naked stone. The bottom was strewn with blocks of a size that I had never before seen, many of them being larger than the cottages of the peasants, and among them we wound our awful way. Of one piece I am inclined to believe that it was rather a portion of the mass which had been detached from the rest at the original formation, than that it had fallen down since. The valley makes such short and sudden turns, that we think every instant that we have arrived at the end. At last we came to a spot where the ruins were of a fresh gray colour. One

mass, full twenty feet in length, lay across our path, and the old man who was with us said that it had come down only a few hours before, and pointed with his staff to the place from which it had been detached. As we looked and wondered at the blow which it had struck the soft earth, and saw ourselves yet within the line of the beetling brow, it was enough to make one inquire, whether these accidents were of frequent occurrence, which at this time of year I was assured they were. The valley was so blocked up with ice and snow, that we could go no further in it, and ascended by the only accessible path, steep and icy. Once on the table-land above, we found the scenery of Lapland, ranges of low hills with scattered birch bushes on them, and deep in the snow. Far in the east, one solitary summit was hid in the clouds, but I could only get the answer that it was Jokulen (the glacier). We glided rapidly on snow-shoes for about a mile to the fall. Some years since, Professor Hansteen calculated its height to be near nine hundred feet, by the time that bodies took in descending. It has probably in spring full as large a stream of water, and shakes the earth, as its brother the Rjukan does. It was now falling within a case of ice. Opposite the spot where I was standing, extended a broad framework of icicles, reaching from the top to the bottom. It could not be less than one thousand feet high, green, and glittering. Evening was now setting in, and the chasm formed a deep contrast to the snowy plain on which I was standing. We hastened to descend while yet the light would assist us over the worst of the way. Two pea-

sants now met us, who were going on snow-shoes across the table-land into Nummedal. The distance is about seventy miles, with only one hut situated about half-way over, and in good weather they are said to accomplish this journey in one day.

## FOLGEFOND GLACIER.

This glacier is accessible from Odde, at the foot of the southern branch of the great Hardanger-Fjord, which is called the Sör-Fjord. "Nearly opposite the parsonage of Ullensvang," says Mr. Everest, "a glacier descends to within 2000 feet of the sea from the Folgefond. This huge promontory, which is thirty-five miles long and from fifteen to twenty broad, was ascended by Professor Esmark, in company with his friend the Provst [Hertzberg of Ullensvang]. Their observations gave a height of 5500 feet for its rounded summit. On every side it rises a precipice, or steep slope, from the water; and along the middle ranges an extent of perpetual snow, twenty miles long and about ten across, from which descend glaciers. To these, some years back, my enterprising countrymen applied themselves. It was no love of science that sent them. They raised a large party of peasants, and attacked the frozen sea; hewed its green waters into large blocks, and carried off their booty in triumph to the London cellars."

Captain Biddulph, of the Royal Artillery, ascended this glacier in 1849. "The Folgefond," says the

minute made of this excursion, "is a vast accumulation of hardened snow and ice, supported on a huge mountain which fills the space between the south arm of the Hardanger-Fjord, and the western branch near its junction with the sea, and rising in its greatest elevation to the height of 5440 feet. This immense *bank* of snow extends for forty miles, in a direction north and south, and is in the widest part about fourteen miles across. Seen from the ridge we crossed yesterday (south-east of Odde) it had a most noble appearance. But the views of it on the western side, over the mouth of the Fjord, from the heights of some of the islands lying off the coast, are, I understand, still more magnificent.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The depth of snow and ice on the Folgefond is supposed to be many hundred feet. The mountain rising abruptly from the Fjord in irregular cliffs and buttresses, at once attains a height of 3500 feet. From the crests of these commences a sweep of snow, which extends in a beautiful curve fourteen miles across, and is scarcely less than forty miles in unbroken length. The effect of such a scene is marvellous. It is more impressive than the terrible ruggedness of the wild peaks of the Horungerne. There the eye takes in the whole at once, clearly defined. Here it fails in following a line which it is unable to measure; and while it dwells with pleasure on the graceful sweep, the mind is lost in conjecture at the immensity of its extent.

"This frozen mass, augmenting from year to year, would add indefinitely to the height of the mountain,

were it not disencumbered, by its descent far below the average snow line into the valleys beneath. These 'rivers of ice,' as glaciers are well named by Lyell, consolidated from the snow by pressure, and by the freezing of water which is continually percolating through the mass when it is partially liquefied by the heats and rains of summer, are properly the glaciers of the Folgefond; for though the whole extent of the *back*, thirty-five miles long, is one frozen mass, superficially covered with, comparatively speaking, merely a few feet of snow, it only becomes apparent as a glacier when it *pours* itself down into the deep intersecting valley, far below the level of perpetual snow. This will be better understood as I proceed with the details of the excursion."

Our limits restrict us from giving more than another extract from this interesting account; but we recommend the whole narrative as an admirable specimen of the result of bold enterprise combined with scientific observation.

"Six miles brought us," continues Captain Biddulph, "to the last farm in the valley, about a mile from the glacier. From its green corn-patches and grassy slopes the path changed to a succession of rugged ascents, over some new and bare detritus, apparently only brought down during the early part of this summer, and over others grass-grown, of older date, until we reached the muddy mixed mass of moraine at the foot of the glacier. This point I ascertained by my aneroid barometer to be about 1000 feet only, above the level of the sea. As we approached from the farm, we had

begun to perceive the upper part of the glacier breaking out of the snow in a succession of ledges or low cliffs of ice. These in some parts, when they had reached the edge of a precipice, and fragments were fresh broken off, exhibited the most wonderful shades of colour of transparent green and blue, while the smoother surface of the glacier appeared, in contrast with the snow-drifts on its face, of a paler green.

"The glacier in its descent towards the valley winds for the last 1000 feet more than once, adapting itself to the form of the ground, not unlike a large stream of molten metal suddenly congealed. Like other glaciers, it appears to have advanced at times lower into the valley; and we noticed its fresh moraine some distance laterally from its present course. It is essentially a *stream* of ice; for, unlike the glaciers of the Alps, there is no room here for an extended *mer de glace*. Had there been a higher basin projected horizontally at the height of 1000 feet above the foot of the glacier, something of the kind would have been formed, as, indeed, was partially the case; but the ice coming to the edge of a precipice, is pushed over by the mass above. Some such fragments fell during our stay, and warned us of the danger of our position.

"We attempted to ascend over the ice, and so far succeeded, by dint of crawling and careful scrambling, as to reach the centre of the lower stream, which was as far as we could venture to go; for on the further side stones were constantly being set free, and bounding downward, precipitated to the mass of moraine below. We would have ascended had it been prac-

ticable, for the weather was now clear ; but unprovided with spiked shoes, a pointed staff, and a small axe, we found it impossible to proceed. After crawling up a great slope or wave of ice, we slid back hopelessly, and were in some danger of proceeding downwards at a pace that would have been far from pleasant, or of being lodged in one of the deep fissures which intersect the glacier. Innumerable streams of the purest sparkling water course down in tiny rills, pouring themselves in cascades into the deep blue clefts, and thence, by arched channels leading together, form quite a river at the base of the glacier.

“ Baffled in our attempts to gain the highest part of the glacier over the ice, we turned to the sides of the valley ; and, crossing some dangerous snow-drifts, we reached a point about 1000 feet higher, when we were stopped by a chasm through which a snow torrent was rushing. Here we rested a while, in view of the splendid profile of the glacier, seen from the side. A herd of cows was grazing at its foot, the tinkle of whose bells rose during the pauses of the roar of the waters. Again we made an attempt to continue the ascent. I succeeded in crossing the chasm over a bridge of snow ; and, gaining the other side, I found it just possible to proceed. I went on alone. Rock and heather soon gave place to a long sweep of snow, so steep that I was obliged to creep on all-fours, sticking my hands and driving my feet at each step into the snow, to prevent a retrograde movement.

“ On gaining the top of the first snow-drift I was somewhat startled at finding that it had, not long ago,



parted several feet from the mass above, and might even now be ready to rush over the precipice up which I had climbed. Woe betide me if it had! Nor even were my comrades, who were resting in false security below, safe. I succeeded in reaching yet another fold; but by this time I began to be really sensible of the danger of the adventure. I was alone, the evening was closing in, and I considered that time would scarcely allow me to ascend any higher. But on consulting my aneroid, I resolved to push on till I had gained what I thought would be 4000 feet above the level of the sea. Above me lay the long slope of snow, in the midst of which I was standing. No living thing was to be seen, and from this height there was scarcely a sound of the waters below. Turning, I saw the valley lying underneath, and the river winding along to the lake. I could look over the ridges of the valley, and the furthest shore of the lake, far on to the plateau of the Hardanger-Fjeld. To the left was the course of the glacier, now quite beneath me. It was a scene of much grandeur, and I turned from it with regret.

“To descend required great caution. In accomplishing it, I made my first attempt at a new mode of progression; for, stooping low and steadying myself with my hands on each side, I allowed myself to slide down on my feet. I had the satisfaction of finding that, although I was proceeding with desperate velocity, I could, by ploughing deeper into the snow, retard my progress. Soon, however, I was able to raise myself upright, and continue sliding in that position. A few seconds brought me to the bottom of a slope which it

had taken a good twenty minutes to get up; and crossing the crevasse which parted the drifts, I thought but little of the chances of an avalanche in the rapidity with which I rushed down the mountain-side. I had fortunately taken the precaution to trace my upward track over the rocks and precipice by strips of torn paper, without which I should have found it dangerous to descend.”\*

## THE MIÖSEN.

An excursion from Christiania to this extensive and beautiful lake, which must not be confounded with the Miös-Vand, to the west of the Tellemarken district, has long had, and is now receiving in addition, greater facilities than are offered by any other that can be undertaken by the tourist in Norway.† It may also be visited in the course of the journey from Christiania to Bergen, or to Drontheim. Indeed, one of the high roads to the latter city winds along its shores for eighty miles. Dr. Clarke says in his *Travels*: “We were delighted with the superb views which the Miösen exhibited. It reminded us of the Lake Windermere; because the cultivated fields rising gradually from the water’s edge, distinguish it from the generality of the Norwegian lakes; and these constituting one of its principal beauties, give it a resemblance to Windermere.

\* “Forester’s Norway in 1848 and 1849,” pp. 187 to 196; and see “Postscript,” p. 470.

† See Chapter II., p. 82.

"Coasting its *western* bank," he says: "we passed over the top of a mountain, where snow covered the ground. The view hence of the Miösen, with all its bays and promontories, its richly garnished shores, its woods and villages, and villas and churches, was extremely pleasing."

To Mr. Forester, who traversed its whole length and breadth, the outlines seemed tame, and the heat was oppressive, after the bold and rugged scenery, and the pure mountain air to which he had lately been accustomed. "The shores of the Miösen," he remarks, "doubtless present charming landscapes; but to my apprehension they should be seen before the traveller proceeds further into the interior. Then the Nisser-Vand, the Tind-Soe, and the Miös-Vand would present a succession of scenes continually increasing in the scale of grandeur, and the fjords on the western coast would complete the climax."\*

Sir A. De Capell Brooke gives the following description of this lake, and his journey along its *eastern* shore:

"At Minde the great Miösen lake commences; and out of it flows the wide Vormen *el*/v, across which we were ferried with some difficulty, from the wind blowing strong, and causing a considerable swell, so that its agitated waves broke over our little bark; but by the care of the boatmen we landed safely on the other side.

"From this point all the way to Drontheim, there is a constant change of scenery, so new and striking, that the traveller finds himself in another world. Norway

\* "Forester's Norway," p. 288.

here bursts forth in all her wildness and glory, and the eye may be bewildered, but not satiated.

“The Miösen lake, the waters of which, for many miles, were to console us for the loss of the Glommen, and along the banks of which we were now slowly travelling, is one of the interior seas that abound in Norway. Its direction, like that of the rivers and waters in general in Norway, is from north-west to south-east. From Minde to Lillehammer, a distance of near eighty miles, the road winds along its banks. At the latter place, which is the northern extremity of the Miösen *vand*, it forms a communication with Lake Losnæs, or Losnæs-*søe*, by the Lossen-*elv*,\* which derives its name from the lake; though it might, with greater propriety, retain that of the Louven-*elv*, of which river it is only a continuation, after its passage through the Losnæs. The Louven issues from the Lessøe-*vand*, taking its rise in the mountains mentioned before, under the name of Dovrefield.

“As we proceeded along the Miösen, the road went sometimes so near it, that its little waves washed our carriage-wheels. At other times, we mounted high above its steep and rocky banks; and the road was so narrow, that we were obliged to proceed with caution, as one false step would have tumbled us into its waters. Above us, lofty mountains rose almost perpendicularly; while the eye, following the extended openings of the lake, caught a view of others of still greater magnitude at a vast distance, forming a magnificent background.

“Owing to our delays on the road, and the slowness

\* *Vand* or *Søe* both signify a lake. *Elv* is river.

with which we had travelled, since crossing the Vormen *elv*, it was late before we arrived at the little post-house of Mostuen, where we took up our first night's quarters, and not only found everything clean and comfortable, but were again enchanted with the views it commanded of the Miösen. The appearance of competency, and even of opulence, in the houses of the peasants, was sufficiently striking; and I could not help observing the great change a few miles had made in the extreme fertility and cultivation of the soil, the population appearing to increase as we advanced. Indeed, through the whole of Hedemarken, and Guldbrandsdalen, the stranger will be perfectly astonished, no less at the magnificence of the scenery, than at the rich aspect of the country on all sides. If he have previously figured to himself Norway, as consisting only of an assemblage of barren rocks and mountains, how surprised will he be to meet with abundant signs of labour, industry, and plenty! In every direction, the small farms of the peasants catch the eye, showing a degree of comfort rarely to be met with in other countries. If their mountains be deemed barren, Providence has amply made them amends in the great fertility of the valleys; arising as well from the shelter afforded them, as from the depth of soil, which, washed down from the higher parts by the torrents on the melting of the snow, settles in them, and enriches them. Even the mountains, however, cannot be called barren, since they are generally covered with the finest timber; though the immense chains, as before observed, are nearly destitute of wood, their height being fatal to the growth of trees.

“On the banks of the Miösen, near Vang Strand, stood, in former times, the large and opulent city of Stor Hammer; which, according to former historians, is said to have extended half a Norsk mile (more than three miles English) in length; and to have contained the residence of the bishop, a magnificent cathedral, and the king’s palace, which was alone so large as to be able to accommodate 1000 persons. There were, besides, several churches, monasteries, and nunneries; and it is said to have had twenty-four catholic and eleven evangelical bishops. Stor Hammer flourished most in 1300, when it contained 1800 citizens capable of bearing arms. In the year 1348, however, the black death (*sorte död*) ravaged it; from which time it began to decline, and in 1566 was set on fire by an army of Swedes, and totally destroyed. At this day hardly a vestige remains of this city, once so celebrated in the north.”\*

## COPPER-MINES OF RÖRAAS.

The town of Röraas, situated in a dreary country, in 62° 30′ north latitude, and 3000 feet above the level of the sea, would hardly attract the attention of the tourist, but that it lies on one of the great roads into the interior, and is remarkable for its copper mines, and for a singular encampment of Lapps, or Finns, as they are improperly called, in its neighbourhood. Dr. Clarke, in his “Travels,” devotes several pages to an

\* “De Capell Brooke’s Travels in Norway,” pp. 101, &c.

account of the copper mines, from which we make an extract which may be interesting.

“The mines are distant east of Røraas, about five English miles towards the Oresund lake. The road leading to them lies through a dreary stony heath, with a chain of small lakes in a bottom to the right, which form one of the small rivers that fall into the Glommen. The cottages are like the little huts of the south of Scotland, being built with similar materials, and in the same manner. The first thing that we were shown, upon our arrival at the mines, was the dormitory of the workmen, who sleep upon boards, before an enormous fire, with rein-deer skins for their pillows. We were struck by the unhealthy appearance of the workmen; almost all the miners being asthmatic. Perhaps the real cause of the prevalence of this disorder may be found in the sulphureous exhalations from the works, which are so powerful in the neighbourhood of Røraas as to affect the inhabitants. The great mine, into which we descended, like all the others here, is as easy of access as the interior of a cathedral church. Instead of a descent vertically, the entrance is by a level road into a cavern, whence the declivity is so gradual, that carts, drawn by horses, are conducted into all parts of it; the different chambers being lofty, spacious, and airy; so as to render it more convenient for investigation than perhaps any other mine in Europe. The guides, who accompanied us, carried with them deal splinters, bound into faggots, each bundle being about as thick as a man’s arm. These splinters they used as torches; and they answer the purpose of lighting such dark pas-

sages much better than the candles used for the same purpose in our Cornish mines. The lower chambers of all the Cornish mines are very hot; but these of Röraas are so cold that ice appears everywhere in large masses, or in icicles hanging from the roof, and from the ladders fixed in the shafts, the steps of which are covered by ice, in such a manner as to become thereby slippery and dangerous. But hitherto it had been so practicable to remove the ore by means of carts and horses, that they had scarcely introduced a shaft into the mine. A short time, however, before our coming they began to find the necessity of opening shafts, and already found the advantage of using them in a few places.

“We descended for a considerable time; the arch of the cavern being high, low, broad, or contracted, according to the extent of the vein when it was worked. When we were at the depth of about fifty Norway yards perpendicular, we halted to hear three reports from the blasting of the ore by gunpowder, which sounded tremendously, and this subterraneous thunder continued to vibrate for a long time upon the ear. We afterwards examined the places where the rocks had been riven for the ore that they were then working. To the eye it appeared very rich, like the pyritous copper of the Paris Mountain mine in the Isle of Anglesea; but this kind of ore is by no means to be compared, in richness, with the grey sulphuret; seldom yielding more than twenty or thirty per cent. of copper. The most extraordinary thing is the direction of the ore, which occurs here, and in the other mines, stratified in horizontal beds, traversing mica slate; or, as the miners upon the spot call



it, *Glimmer Shifver*. This explains the facility with which, for so a long a time, the ore has been carted and carried out of the mine. It is considered one of the richest deposits of copper-ore known. It was discovered, in 1644, by Laurence Lossius, a refiner at a neighbouring mine. Upon the 9th of October, 1744, a Jubilee was celebrated by the inhabitants of Røraas, in gratitude for the uninterrupted prosperity of their mine during the course of a hundred years. The vast importance of the discovery and its consequences, as affecting the happiness and welfare of the people, were simply but pointedly shown, in a short passage cited from the Sermon preached by Peter Abildgaard, at the Jubilee before mentioned. 'It is not much above a hundred years,' said the preacher, 'since the only inhabitants of these parts consisted of seven or eight families, making about thirty or forty persons; and these led a savage life, and derived all their support from hunting; whereas now the number of this congregation exceeds two thousand, exclusive of the neighbouring villages, which contain many more; and all subsist by the working of the mine.' At a place called Tolgen, near Røraas, there were three foundries for smelting the ore, which, in Pontoppidan's time, consumed annually between 12,000 and 15,000 lasts of coal, and 500 or 600 fathoms of wood. In the course of eleven years, the copper ore smelted at those foundries had yielded 12,875 ship pounds of pure copper; each ship pound being equal to 320 pounds of Norway.\* At the time

\* At present, it rarely exceeds 1,500 *skippunds*, about 250 tons, annually.

of our arrival the quantity of copper raised amounted, upon an average annually, to above double what it had been. In the last three years they had raised 7408 ship pounds. The sum total of the workmen in the Röraas works amounted to 650 persons; of whom 430 were employed in the mines, and 220 in the smelting-houses.

“We afterwards descended lower, and walked about among different excavations, lighted by the torches of deal splinters, held by men black as the eternal night of these caverns. Among the miners, who were at work in making holes for the powder, we observed some athletic figures, of stature and appearance fitted to call to mind the poetical descriptions of Vulcan’s associates, the Cyclops. While we remained in the mines, explosions were continually going off; and those at a distance rolled so exactly like thunder, that they were not to be distinguished from it. There are generally 150 explosions during the hours of blasting. The ore is carried in small carts with horses, in the lower parts of the mines, and brought to shafts to be raised. The shaft we saw was only fifty Norway yards (100 feet English) deep; but there was another about 100 yards perpendicular from the surface. These shafts, as in all mines, serve to give air to the lower chambers; and up these the water is pumped by engines. The greatest depth of any part of this mine is 150 Norway yards. We were never lower than sixty. The excavations extend in a straight line about 1500 yards; but they are of considerable extent in other directions.

“The prospect of the Norwegian Alps towards Sweden,

over which we had passed, was very fine. We had here our last view of them; they were now quite covered with snow. The situation too of Røraas, which we observed in returning, we had not before remarked, owing to the lateness of the hour when we arrived. The town covers the side of a hill, in the midst of mountains; it stands close to the junction of two small rivers with the Glommen, immediately after it issues from the Oresund lake. Close to the town are the smelting-houses; above it appear heaps of roasting ore, which yields a great quantity of the finest sulphur, but the proprietors of the works are not careful to collect it: the sulphur is seen covering all the smoking heaps, and its vapours, frequently descending, fill all the streets of the town, so as often to affect the respiration of the inhabitants. As we rode by some of those heaps, the suffocating fumes from them were almost as powerful as those which fill the crater of Vesuvius after an eruption."

#### ENCAMPMENT OF LAPLANDERS NEAR RØRAAS.

On the mountains in the neighbourhood of Røraas, towards the Swedish frontier, there is, at least in the summer season, an encampment of Lapps possessing a herd of tame reindeer, which is well worth a visit, it being the only place, we believe, where any of these singular people are met with so far to the south. Dr. Clarke visited them during his journey from Sweden into

Norway. The following account of their physiognomy and habits is extracted from his "Travels."

"Upon a mountain, opposite the hovel in which we slept, was an encampment of Laplanders, with above a thousand reindeer, and we resolved to make our breakfast with them. They had fixed their camp literally in the clouds, in a most ethereal situation between the two kingdoms. They came towards us with their usual characteristic countenance and manner, all dwarfs, with long, lank, black hair, braided in straight locks, on either side, behind the head, and with bleary eyes, rheumy and sore; the pupil of each eye distorted inwards toward the bridge of the nose, and their hands held up to their foreheads to cast a shade over their eyes, the light being painful to them upon coming from their tents. A whole colony, consisting of several families, had settled upon this spot. They had just finished their winter tents, which, having a conical form, differ only from their summer habitations in being covered with turf instead of cloth. Upon this green turf many Alpine plants were yet growing, as if left there to adorn their little dwellings. The height of each tent would allow nobody but a Laplander to stand upright. Several of the men and women allowed us to measure their height; the average stature of the former was four feet, that of the latter did not exceed three and a half. Their little ferret eyes, and want of eyebrows, added to their high cheek-bones, gave them, as usual, a Javanese look; that is to say, such a resemblance to the people of Japan, as might be deemed a strong family likeness. The Swedes, inhabiting the

same country, are quite a different race, with large features, gigantic limbs and stature. The Laplander is truly a pigmy; his voice, feeble and effeminate, accords with the softness of his language. When taken from his tent he rolls his weak eyes about, like a bird or beast of darkness suddenly exposed to the sun. The Lapps are said to be more cunning than the Swedes, who consider them as a crafty set of knaves, just as the gipsies are regarded everywhere. Perhaps their cunning may be principally due to the necessity they are under of being constantly upon their guard, lest they be maltreated, the people considering them as an inferior order of beings in the creation, and thinking it lawful to make them the objects of contempt and ridicule, using their very name, Lapp, as a term of degradation. We have seen a Lapp, when surrounded by Swedes, deny himself to be a Laplander, as if ashamed and fearful of scorn. But they live better than the Swedish peasantry, and in their dealings demand specie, refusing the paper currency of the country whenever it is offered. It is, nevertheless, impossible for human beings to wear an aspect more hideous than some of their old women; and hence it is that the credulous fear them, and suppose them gifted with the powers of witchcraft. A person unaccustomed to their appearance, meeting one of these creatures suddenly in the midst of a forest, would, as we have said before, start from the revolting spectacle; the diminutive stature, the unusual tone of voice, the extraordinary dress, the leering unsightly eyes, the wide mouth, nasty hair, and sallow shrivelled skin, 'the vellum of the pedigree they claim,' all

appear, at first sight, out of the order of Nature, and dispose a stranger to turn out of their way. The men whom we saw upon this mountain, notwithstanding the keenness of the morning air (Fahrenheit's thermometer being at 45°), made their appearance with their necks and bosoms bare, exposed to the chilling blast. Upon the dwarf birch-trees round their tents, the limbs and carcasses of reindeer were drying in the wind. These articles of food are offered for sale to the peasants, together with the fermented milk of the same animals, contained in the paunches of reindeer, and hung up with the flesh. Sour milk thus prepared may be kept all the winter; it is in great request among the inhabitants, who buy it of the Lapps. Many of the Lapp women crowded around us as soon as we arrived; their necks and fingers were covered with trinkets and rings. We prevailed upon some of the younger females to sing. Their tone of voice did not differ from the sort of howl we had heard in Tornea Lapmark; but they accompanied their voices with a continued beckoning motion of their right hands, standing at the same time opposite to each other while they sung, which were gestures we had not before observed.

“Near the tents there was a large enclosure constructed of trees, thrown together so as to form a tall fence like a *cheval-de-frise*. This enclosure contained about six or seven hundred reindeer, and many of the female Lapps were employed milking them. Other reindeer were roaming about the mountain; and, at a distance, we saw several Lapps dragging more of these

animals towards the enclosure. They are thus folded every night for milking, the fence serving to confine them, and to protect them from the wolves, some persons being constantly appointed to watch them in their enclosure, which has only one narrow gate or place of entrance. We breakfasted by taking draughts of the reindeer milk, which was as rich and luscious as cream, tasting deliciously sweet; but we had afterwards reason to repent of our rashness in having so done, as this milk is very difficult of digestion, and we were grievously troubled with head-ache in consequence. Afterwards we entered into the tents, and sat down in some of them. The Laplanders themselves have a peculiar mode of sitting in their tents, which may be considered as one of the marks of their Asiatic origin; they first kneel, like a Turk or Arab preparing for his devotion, then leaning back, they sit in this posture upon their feet. Everything respecting the economy and arrangement of a Laplander's tent, and of their manners and customs, has been represented by plates, and accurately described in the curious work of the missionary Leem; but this work is so rare, that we shall briefly describe the ground-plan of one of them, according to the notes made upon the spot. The hearth, or fire-place, is in the centre, between two parallel rows of stones, and a large oblong stone is placed at the entrance; smoke, always filling the tent, escapes through a hole in the top. Pots, kettles, &c., hang from the sides. In the small space between the parallel rows of stones is the only area for cooking. The floor is

covered with bushes of the *Betula nana*, upon which are laid rein deerskins for the beds, all round the hearth.

“We took this opportunity to buy one of their finest and fattest reindeer, upon condition that a Lapp would conduct it to Bracken, upon the Norwegian side of these mountains, and there kill it. This fine animal was five years old: we paid for it seven rix-dollars in silver; and would gladly have sent it to England from Trönnjem, but without a Laplander to attend it, we knew that it would not live. It is also necessary that a Laplander should kill the reindeer, in order to taste their venison in perfection. Their mode of doing this is the same used by the butchers in the south of Italy; the most ancient and best method of slaying cattle, because it is attended with the least pain to the animal, and the greatest profit to its possessor. They thrust a sharp-pointed knife into the back part of the head, between the horns, so as to divide the spinal-marrow from the brain. The beast instantly drops, and expires without a groan or struggle, as if it fainted. The blood is not suffered to flow, but is collected afterwards into a pail from the stomach, yielding about two gallons: it is then used for food. In this respect the method differs from that of the Italian butchers, who open the throat after the beast has fallen, and suffer the blood to flow. The Laplander, as soon as the reindeer falls and appears to be dead, plunges the knife dexterously behind the off-shoulder into the heart; then, opening the animal, its blood is found in the stomach. The skin which is taken from the legs and feet they prize highly, because



they make their shoes of it. The Laplander who attended our reindeer begged for this part of the skin, and was very thankful for it when we allowed him to take it.”\*

Since Dr. Clarke’s time, we have accounts of similar excursions by Lieut. Breton and Capt. Biddulph, both of which are very entertaining and characteristic. We recommend them to those who are curious in such matters.†

#### SILVER MINES OF KONGSBERG.

A man must be indifferent indeed to natural history, who does not feel some degree of curiosity respecting Kongsberg, in whose mines a mass of native silver was found, in one entire piece, weighing nearly six hundred pounds. But, independently of its mineral celebrity, Kongsberg, as a handsome town, is a place of considerable distinction in Norway. The streets are wide, and many of the houses are neat and well-built. Its very existence, however, is owing to the excavations carried on here in search of precious ore; for when this was first discovered, there was hardly a cottage near the spot. This event took place in the year 1623,‡ by

\* “Clarke’s Travels,” vol. v. ch. xvi.

† Herds of reindeer, partially reclaimed, though suffered to wander at large on the higher fjelds, are found in most of the mountain districts of Norway. They belong to the farmers in the neighbouring valleys, who occasionally visit them. Captain Biddulph gives an interesting account of his adventures when in search of such a herd, as also in stalking the wild deer at a great elevation among the snow-drifts above the level of perpetual snow. See “Forester’s Norway,” pp. 355 and 375.

‡ Pontoppidan is agreed as to the date of the discovery, but differs as to the manner of its being made. He relates a somewhat improbable

means of a boy, whose foot, in pursuing some cattle, was arrested and caught by a hook or thread of native silver projecting above the surface of the rock. Very different accounts are given respecting the profits which the Danish Government derived from the Kongsberg mines: the general opinion, however, seems to be, that the undertaking was attended with loss. It has been stated, that the annual loss to Government amounted to 240,000 rix-dollars: and when it was inquired, why, under such circumstances, the excavations were continued, it was said that the employment given to a great number of inhabitants, who would otherwise be without the means of subsistence, induced the Danish Government to persevere. The very nature of the mine must have given rise to extraordinary vicissitudes of hope and disappointment; because, as the search is carried on in pursuit of embedded masses of native metal, dispersed for the most part in capillary forms and unconnected laminae, rather than in any regular veins, it must happen that the labour will frequently prove abortive for a considerable length of time, and, at intervals, be perhaps attended with sudden and unexpected success. Pontoppidan, whose account of the works here was written in 1751, calls it, "the present flourishing mine at Kongsberg."\*

story of the herdsmen pelting each other with the ore. (See "Nat. Hist. of Norway," vol. i. p. 183. Lond. 1755.) And the story of the boy, whose foot was caught by a thread of native silver, is too much of a piece with the circumstance related as to the origin of the famous Peruvian mine, not to suppose that the two narratives had, at least, a common origin. The discovery of the rich mine of Potosi is said to have happened on the 24th of April, 1545.

\* "Nat. Hist. of Norway," vol. i. p. 183. Lond. 1755.

best of his knowledge, it is "the most considerable, and of the greatest profit of any mine in Europe; and in respect of pure massy silver veins, quite inexhaustible." The first inhabitants of the new-built town of Kongsberg, when the works commenced under the auspices of Christian IV, were miners from Germany; and they were the ancestors of the many thousands now living there. In process of time, the German settlers mixed with the other inhabitants; and now all of them are under the direction and government of the College of Miners. The silver, as it was before stated, occurs in lumps of native metal: but so unusual is this circumstance, that when the mine was first discovered, many refused to give credit to the fact of such masses being actually brought to light. We shall mention some of the most considerable. The first, is that preserved in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen; its weight being five hundred and sixty Danish pounds, and its value five thousand rix-dollars. It is a mass of native silver nearly six feet in length, and in one part above eighteen inches in diameter. Similar masses were discovered in the year 1630, and in 1719; and in 1727, which severally weighed from two hundred and fifty, to two hundred and eighty, and three hundred pounds, each. In the shaft called St. Andrew, a picce of pure silver was found, in 1727, weighing two hundred and seventy-nine pounds; and, in the same year, another, weighing three hundred and four pounds, was found in God's-Blessing shaft. These occasional masses, occurring casually in the rock, and being soon interrupted in their passage through it, or dwindling gradually to

nothing, the miner must continue to dig through the barren stone until he has the good fortune to meet with more of the same nature, which in one day may reward the fruitless labour of months, and perhaps of years. Pontoppidan says, that 'after the discouragements of a long and fruitless toil through the barren interstices of the mine, "it suddenly exhibits several thousand pounds weight of silver, and thus discharges all arrears and embarrassments, and animates to further prosecution." Such was the statement made by a writer in the middle of the eighteenth century. According to the account given to us by Dr. Clarke at the beginning of the present century, 130,000 dollars were coined annually from the produce of three mines. In general, 2300 men were employed, who earned each about a shilling a-day of our money. This seems very little; but, in addition, the king always supplies the miners with corn at a fixed price, much below the average value. The principal bed of this mineral treasure is a mountain between two small rivers, the Kongsberg and the Jordal, which fall from the westward Blee-Field Alps into the Louven. But the silver is not limited to this mountain; it extends its deposits for some miles throughout all the adjacent districts: this is proved by the new mines which from time to time have been undertaken in several places. The mine, or shaft, called "Old God's Blessing," one of the most ancient and most rich, has sometimes within a week yielded some hundreds of pounds of pure native metal. It is nearly two hundred fathoms in depth, and the circumference at the bottom forms a clear space of several

hundred fathoms. When Pontoppidan drew up his account of the Kongsberg mines, the annual produce amounted in value to "a ton of gold and a half, and sometimes three-quarters."\*

The mountain on which the mines nearest to the town are situate is about 1295 French feet (1498 Danish feet) above Kongsberg, which itself lies 926 feet above the level of the sea. Many of the neighbouring mountains are much higher. The base of those, in general, in which the silver is found, is chiefly hornblende and mica, but the veins of ore are contained in red transition granite. The deepest of the Kongsberg mines measures 375 fathoms perpendicular from the surface. The richest of them all now affords very little ore: its appellation is nevertheless curious—"God's help, in time of need;" and it will become "a time of need" in reality to these poor people, if the mines should altogether fail.

The approach to the works is by a continued ascent the whole way: and were it only for the striking view afforded in this ascent of the town of Kongsberg, the mountains, and the beautiful valley of the Louven, the journey would be well repaid.

\* A tönner (barrel) of gold is 100,000 dollars, the revenue which the present Government of Norway derives annually from the silver mines at Kongsberg.

† "Clarke's Travels," vol. vi. c. 2.

## CHAPTER IV.

## JOURNAL OF EDWARD PRICE, Esq.

A JOURNEY FROM GOTHENBORG, IN SWEDEN, BY WAY OF TROLHETTAN,  
TO CHRISTIANIA, IN NORWAY.

FREQUENT rambles among the finest scenery of Great Britain, and converse with striking effects, enkindled in me an enthusiasm, which was fanned by kindred spirits among my friends, into a desire to visit Norway; to behold a verification of the ardent descriptions of travellers in that country, and to explore the mysteries of the western Fjords.

On the ninth fine evening after I left England, the sun went down red into the ocean, and arose the next morning out of the mist which skirted the horizon; as the morning advanced, the mist melted by degrees on the sunny hills; and a continuous line of high land, from west to east, characterized the coast of Norway. With the aid of the telescope, I could distinguish the abrupt sides of mountains, and had already in imagination surmounted the elevated barrier, when the distance gradually increased between the land and the vessel, till the coast was no longer visible.

My vision of Norway continued until the morning

dawned upon the Scaw light-house, on the Danish coast, about eight miles distant ; not a breath of air moved the surface of the water, and the light-house and two intervening, becalmed, sloops were the only objects which varied the sandy shore of Jutland.

About five o'clock, a Swedish boat came alongside, laden with fish, and having disposed of part of its cargo, was soon lost among the numbers of boats which studded the expanse of water. We now met a current from the east, and the captain said, we might possibly stand out to sea for some days ; my desire to land, however, was irresistible, and I hailed a fishing-boat, and agreed with the man to row me to Gothenborg.

When the sun set, nothing was visible on the waters but the distant vessel : and the splendour of the evening had scarcely faded into twilight, ere the early dawn streaked the sky with golden lines ; a perfect stillness reigned, and we sunk into sleep under as pure an ether as canopies an eastern clime ; nor was there aught of breath of air or cry of bird to disturb our repose, which continued until the sun arose with "a fair face and a full light."

The islands on the Swedish coast, among which we boated, vary in length from a few yards to a mile, and are generally smooth and rounded rocks, nearly destitute of vegetation. Fishermen's houses cluster on some of them, a windmill occasionally crowns a rounded eminence, and little indentations are harbours for fishing-boats. About five o'clock in the afternoon, my boatman informed me that the distance to Gothenborg by water was about fifteen miles, but only ten over the

island of Hysingen ; I therefore determined to walk, and was put ashore where some salting-houses, painted red and yellow, and roofed with red tile, were clearly reflected in the water ; near to them a sloop was at anchor, and there were figures enough for a gala-day. So soon as I had dismissed my boatman, I threaded the motley group at the landing-place, and climbed a hill above the salting-houses.

I felt light as a hart to bound over the country, and all things concurred to make me the happiest of mortals ; I was in joyous health, and the evening was glorious ; I had reached the goal of my desires,—a foreign land ; and was released from a ten days' captivity on board ship, to realize my imagination, which meanwhile had roved over the anticipated regions ; all objects appeared under a new aspect, and there was the promise of a superabundance of material for my pencil.

My sketch-book, which was nearly filled with drawings of several parts of the ship during the voyage, and the various outlines and combinations of islands from the boat, was again in requisition, and my first sketch on the island was a general view towards Gothenborg ; my next was a windmill, similarly situated with those I had seen among the islands, on a smooth rock destitute of vegetation ; my third was a cluster of houses, agreeably sheltered by trees, and surrounded with well cultivated land.

I never recollect to have seen, in a walk of two or three hours, so many varieties of animals, birds, fruits, and flowers, as I did in this over Hysingen. The



Swedish horse, well designated as "coffee-coloured," I first saw; of birds, the raven, gull, goose, crow, fowl, duck, magpie, lark, starling, cuckoo, corncrake, winchat, and several more; the crow is similar to the Royston, with black wings and head, and grey body; and the magpie is domesticated, and builds sometimes in the cottages. I saw a magpie's nest by a cottage door, in a small bush, within reach of the children, and the magpies chattering among them unheeded and unheeding. Flowers overspread the island in great profusion; strawberries and bilberries were growing on the sides of the road, and three orchards were laden with ripe cherries; butterflies of various dyes were sporting in the sunshine, and grasshoppers were chirruping on either hand: I do not remember to have been at all annoyed by the gnat or midge; indeed, every recollection of Hysingen is pleasure without alloy.

The road, which had meandered for eight miles, now reached the top of the hill which commands a view of Gothenborg, the broad river Gotha intervening; I descended to the water, and had no difficulty in procuring a boat to take me across. I was anxious to obtain some information from my boatman, and asked several questions, but "just saa" were the only words I could understand. A similarity of sound and supposed meaning on another occasion led me into a misunderstanding with the man when he landed me in Gothenborg; he asked "tolf skillings" for taking me across, which I, naturally mistaking for twelve shillings, refused to give; and it was some time before I learned

that skilling was not the word for shilling, but the name of a small coin, and that twelve skillings were only equal to about four-pence. I was indebted to a Swede of very pleasant manners and address, who, arriving at the moment, unravelled the misunderstanding: he led me to a house where my shilling was exchanged for skillings, and thus the thing was explained to the mutual satisfaction of both parties.

The Swede's attentions did not terminate here, for having put several questions to ascertain my wants, he offered me a welcome and a dormitory at his house; this I accepted, and supped with him upon eggs and mackerel. In the thirty-five previous hours I had partaken of no refreshment, except a mackerel which I boiled in the boat, and some berries I gathered on Hysingen. After supper, I was shown up a ladder, and through a hole of the floor above, into a room containing a sofa-bed, insufferably hot, immediately under the red tiles, upon which the sun of a long day had shone.

Early in the morning a thunder-storm burst over Gothenborg, and immediately in front of my window a dense column of smoke rose to the heavens; the silence which succeeded was broken by a discharge of cannon, and pealing of the bells of the several churches. This I believe is the customary way of giving the alarm in case of fire. I hastened to the spot, where many hundreds had assembled to witness the conflagration. The buildings which were destroyed were connected with a principal street, which was almost entirely of wood, by two houses, one of which was deluged by the water of

three engines which played upon it the whole time, and the other was overturned *en masse*, by the united efforts of a great body of men, and thus the progress of the flames was arrested.

The next day the ship "Andreas," in which I sailed from England, arrived, and it was only by a manœuvre of the captain's that my wardrobe and sketch-books escaped seizure by the police. I had also landed without my passport, which might have caused me much inconvenience; this I learnt from Mr. Wise, the British consul, when taking wine with him on Hysingen before the ship arrived; immediately on receiving it, therefore, I hastened to the police office, and obtained a fresh one for Norway. The weather was excessively hot.

The morning of the 10th of July was ushered in by a heavy thunder-storm, but a cloudless sky succeeded, and volumes of mist steamed over the country, till, passing away in fleecy exhalations, they cast their thin shadows on the hills, and melted in the broad expanse of sunshine. On the noon of this day, which was one the most enervating I remember, I set my face northward, and walked to Kongelf. The days previous to this had been so hot, that reclining figures were appendages of every scene in Gothenborg; but on this day the loungers were driven within doors, and the whole country was athirst.

The vale of Gotha is agreeably varied with gentlemen's seats, and little dingles of beautiful foliage. Bohuus Castle, the first object which particularly engages the attention, is a large building situate on a projecting eminence, where the Gotha has a lateral





branch, which forms the northern boundary of Hy-singen. The views from the castle are fine; on the one hand the Gotha extends its long reach through the wide valley: and on the other the neat town of Kongelf nestles among the gentle foliage of a little bay.

The next day I had a very wet walk through a fertile country to Holm, where I exchanged my clothes for a woollen rug, and regaled upon some excellent coffee; the floor of the room was strewn with the tops of young firs, the aroma of which was very agreeable: the stove, which thoroughly warmed the apartment, was curiously ornamented, and an oblong box contained the bed in which I was to sleep.

July 12.—I had been colouring from nature early in the morning, and had left my colour-case on a plot of ground near the house. After breakfast I took my leave, and had proceeded two miles, when my attention was arrested by a striking effect of sunlight on extensive buildings and mills, which contrasted finely with a dark fir forest beyond; it was an effect which I wished to imprint on my recollection, and for this purpose had recourse to my sketch-book; but so soon as the light and shade required my colours, I recollected where I had left the case, and was preparing to retrace my steps, when the mistress of the station at Holm arrived in breathless haste, and appeared not a little delighted to restore it to me.

Passing through Sollum, which has a very commanding situation, the church attracted my notice; the body of the church resembled a barn; a low octagon tower, surmounted by a cupola and minaret, is

scarcely attached to one end, while at some distance from the whole an open frame-work of wood contains the bell. I believe this method of building is peculiar to Sweden, and that the tower is the superstructure of a vault.

I passed over an extent of country varied with rock and forest, until I reached the Gotha, immediately below the falls, where I crossed, and walked by the Locks to Trolhættan. On my way thither, I had another rencontre with a female, which I mention 'as an instance of politeness, as the former was of honesty, which are characteristics of the Swedes.

I called at a house to inquire the way to Trolhættan, and was asked to walk in, by a young lady of very pleasant manners and address; she led me to her boudoir, where I spent half an hour very pleasantly, for there was a reciprocity of desire to impart and obtain information. "Engeland, fra Engeland?" it was a word of occult power, and brightened her countenance into an ardent desire for information. But Norway had no charms for her; and she wondered that an Englishman should think of visiting so wild a country. I requested to try a harpsichord, which was part of the furniture of the apartment, and then resumed my walk. Ere I reached Trolhættan, and whilst I was musing on the sunshine of the late occurrences, I met a Scotchman; he led me to the inn, and introduced two other of our countrymen, who superintended the extensive saw-mills which were very picturesquely situated on the verge of the upper fall. Mr. Müller, a Swede, who had resided at Blair







Athol, in Scotland, was another of the fraternity of the evening; he spoke English, and gave me much useful information.

The next morning I made several sketches of the Falls of the Gotha, and was surprised at the variety of combinations and effects which the different points of view presented. From these I choose the view which is the most comprehensive, and which gives the general aspect of the fall and adjoining scenery, rather than confine myself to any one of its particular expressions. Trolhættan is said to be the highest fall in Europe of the same body of water.\* In the evening I walked over a

\* "As I approached, the roar of waters was greater than that of any fall I had before visited; and now that several years have elapsed, during which I have travelled in other countries, I may say, greater than that of any waterfall I have ever since seen. Trolhættan is the highest fall in Europe of the same body of water; and there can be no doubt that the sublimity of a cataract is in proportion to the quantity of water which falls, rather than to the height of the fall. Cataracts of even some hundreds of feet in height, produce an effect much inferior to that of a greater body of water falling from a height comparatively trifling. Little streams tumbling down the ravines of lofty mountains, leaping from rock to rock, or glistening like plates of polished silver, as they glide over smooth stones, are beautiful and picturesque, and add greatly to the fascination of mountain scenery; but they do not even border upon the sublime.

"The quantity of water that falls at Trolhættan, within any given time, I have no means of stating; but some judgment may be formed from the fact, that the river Gotha is the only outlet of a lake one hundred miles in length, and fifty in breadth, which receives no fewer than twenty-four rivers, and which is at least one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the Cattegat.

"Secondary only to the stormy ocean, a great waterfall is the most sublime spectacle offered by the natural world to the contemplation of man. Ever rushing on, and never exhausted, it presents a striking image of eternity, and is to me the personification of resistless power. It is a thing to be seen, not to be described; all description at least must be unsatisfactory to him who has contemplated it. Above the Fall of Trolhættan, the water glides smoothly on, increasing in rapidity, but still

waste to a Druidical circle, accompanied part of the way by Mr. Müller; forests of fir darkened the horizon, and the general appearance of the country led me to ask whether wolves or other wild animals were frequently seen. Mr. Müller said that the forests were infested by wolves, which in a severe winter were to be seen here in large droves, crossing to the forests, or in search of prey; he particularly mentioned the glutton as destructive to cattle. We then parted, and he returned to Trolhættan.

The shades of evening were deepening over the waste, several miles of which I had traversed, when I arrived at the Druidical stones under the perpendicular boundary of the forest of Halleberg: the last ray reddened the stems of the firs far above, and at inter-

unruffled, until it reaches the verge of the precipice; it then darts over, falling in one broad sheet, until, about forty feet below, it is broken by some jutting rocks. Then begins the grandeur of the spectacle. It seems like a solid moving mass, tossed from rock to rock, now heaving itself up in yellow foam, now boiling and tossing in huge eddies, growing whiter and whiter in its descent, till at last it is fretted into one beautiful sea of snowy froth. Sometimes the spray, rising in dense clouds, hides the abyss beneath; but at times it clears away for a moment, and reveals a dreadful gulf, which the eye dares not fathom. There is a rock that protrudes about twenty feet over the middle of the upper fall, and which may be reached in safety. I sat upon it for a few minutes; but feeling myself grow giddy and nervous, I left it. While seated here, a log of wood was sent down the fall, by persons who expect a trifle for the exhibition. It is scarcely, however, worth even a trifle; for nothing can add to the magnificence of the spectacle. It displays, however, the resistless power of the element; for the log, which is of gigantic dimensions, is tossed like a feather upon the surface of the water, and is borne to the foot almost in an instant. The scenery around is wild, not rising to the sublime, but which I should have remarked as interesting, even were it without such an accompaniment as the *Gotha Elv*. The height of the falls I should estimate at about a hundred and thirty feet.”  
—*Ingli's Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.*

vals the bleached heads of mighty oaks relieved the gloom of the lofty barrier. At some distance another forest extended its inaccessible boundary, and a death-like stillness reigned; my imagination was working itself into fearful imagery, when a road invited me to proceed, and I rested for the night at a house on the banks of Lake Wenern.

Next morning early I sketched the scenery of the preceding evening, and walked to Wenersborg, where all was flat and uninteresting, and I returned to Trolhættan.

Trolhættan at this time was a large village, but it has since been entirely consumed by fire. The following account of the accident is an extract from Mr. Lloyd's Field Sports of the North of Europe.

“On the 29th of August, 1830, Trolhættan, together with all the saw-mills, was entirely destroyed by an accidental conflagration. But visitations of this kind are of too common occurrence in Sweden to excite much attention. The loss of property was considerable, though this was a trifling evil, in comparison with a sad sacrifice of lives which took place on the occasion. The circumstances were these:—A detachment of soldiers, who were quartered on the opposite side of the Gotha to Edet, for the purpose of assisting in the construction of a new lock about to be formed there, were, at the first breaking out of the fire, which was at an early hour in the morning, ordered over the river, that they might assist in its suppression. They remained in that place, in consequence, during the day, and in the evening, when their services were no longer required, they were

about returning home ; but instead of crossing the river below the falls, as had been the case in the morning, they were ordered by their commander, a non-commissioned officer, I believe, to go on board a ferry-boat which plied a little above the descent. The party was large, and the boat not only old and defective, but evidently too small to contain so many people at once. Some of them, therefore, remonstrated against their lives being thus unnecessarily perilled ; but the officer was peremptory, and forty-nine poor fellows, together with a female, embarked. They had not, however, proceeded very far, before the boat began to fill with water, and instant destruction stared them in the face. The scene was now horrid ; the cries of distress uttered, as well by those on board as by the bystanders on shore, among whom were many of the soldiers' wives and children, beggared description. But no help could be afforded to them, and in a few seconds, whilst the boat was in the act of being engulfed in the stream, she was hurried down the falls, where, with the exception of three individuals, who, by some fortunate circumstance, managed to keep above water, all met a watery grave in the abyss below."

July 15.—Mr. Müller accompanied me to Uddevalla ; the first twenty miles the road wound through forests of fir ; here and there a lake appeared through an opening, and the ravages of a fire were manifest. We at length emerged from the forest, and entered upon a country beautifully varied with rock and hills, among which Uddevalla is situated. The town was destroyed by fire in 1806, but it is rebuilt, and at

present contains upwards of 3000 inhabitants. Little inlets of the Cattegat add much to the interest of the country.

About two miles from the town is a summer resort, where commodious bathing-houses project into a little bay, which is sheltered by hills clothed with very luxuriant beech.

Late in the evening I was leaning over the side of the bridge in Uddevalla, when an inhabitant of the town, perceiving I was an Englishman, very politely tendered his services; we entered into conversation, and on my telling him that I was travelling to Norway, he offered me letters of introduction, and gave me the names and distances of the several stations between Uddevalla and Christiania next morning. I had a pleasant walk along a hilly road to Quistrom. This little village is in a valley, where the birch and mountain-ash beautifully intermingle; a stream from a neighbouring cascade runs through it; and it is sheltered by hills of considerable elevation. The scenery accorded well with the effect of the closing day; I stood by the river, while the glow of a rich evening twilight warmed every delicate hue: and the water, ere it glided over the declivity, seemed waiting to reflect a golden moon, which rose "calm and broad" among the feathery foliage. Below, where the valley widens, a bridge of three arches crosses the river.

July 18.—I had a pleasant drive in a carriage to Swarteborg, thence to Rabalshede, over a waste which continues to Hede. The drive is agreeable to Skälared, and the country pleasant to Vik; part of the

way the road winds very prettily. I remained at Vik for the night; the evening cold and gloomy.

July 19.—Walked to Eist, over a level country for some distance, when the road winds through forest, and the latter part of the way is through a fertile valley. There is an agreeable diversity of scenery between Eist and Högdal, the road good; but there are short and precipitous steeps upon it, which an English horse would scarcely travel. At Högdal I paid 2-24 skillings banco for having my passport signed. The scenery from Högdal, and down the long and precipitous descent to the Swinesund, is very striking. I passed three places where the forest had been destroyed by fire; nothing was left but the stumps of firs, with their long blanched roots, spreading over the white rocks, from which the moss and herbage had been burned; deep ravines of fir and oak were athwart the descent; large rocks of striking feature protruded, with firs of every degree of picturesque wildness, living and dead, healthy and rooted up, growing horizontally and perpendicularly, and in every way suiting themselves to their respective situations, whether plain or precipice; here firmly grappling the rock, there with such slender tenure that you are sure the next storm will number them among the dead. Far below, the Fjord Swinesund extends its reach to Frederickshald, and the Norwegian frontier rises high above the wild and rocky barrier.

From Frederickstadt, a few miles may be saved by avoiding Frederickshald, keeping to the left, and crossing the creek nearer to the sea than that part of it upon

which the frontier town is situated; but no amateur traveller, I should think, will be inclined to take advantage of this short cut to Sweden. When about half-way between Frederickstadt and Frederickshald, I alighted, and sent the carriage forward, preferring a few miles' walk on so delightful an evening.

As I walked leisurely onward, the views on every side were beautiful and striking. On the left, precipitous heights rose, crowned with tall firs, their branchless trunks tinged with the slanting rays of the declining sun. On the right, the narrow creek lay hushed in the repose of evening. Some fishing boats were tremblingly mirrored on its placid breast, which was occasionally dimpled by the tip of the sea-fowl's wing, or the fish's sudden leap. Before me stood Frederickshald, the impregnable rock and castle rising beyond it; and, as I journeyed slowly onward, the lower cliffs gradually sunk into shade, until only the highest battlements stood in the golden light of the sinking sun.

Frederickshald possesses only that attraction which is derived from him—

Who left a name, at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

It is, however, a strange-looking little town, in which houses, and rocks, and water, are curiously mingled. One street is terminated by a perpendicular rock; another, by a deep creek; and as there are only three or four little streets in the town, it has at least the praise of being singularly picturesque.



Anxious to proceed next morning, I found but little difficulty in prevailing upon the sentinel at the outer gate of the castle to carry a request from me to the commanding officer, that I might be permitted the same night to see the death-place of Charles XII; and my request was immediately granted. Upon the spot where Charles XII fell, an obelisk has been raised to his memory, by the command of Bernadotte. It is surrounded by a double row of cypress trees; and an avenue, bordered by the same funereal shrub, leads from the obelisk to the battery from whence the cannon-ball that terminated his career is supposed to have come. Upon the pillar itself, there is inscribed no name; only these words, "In the fight against Frederickshald." Bernadotte has judged well in leaving the pillar nameless.

That little pillar bears no name;  
It needeth none where he did fall;  
It only points the spot, where fame  
Linked with his mem'ry Frederickshall.

His name! Oh, it is written there,  
Eternal, on that rocky wall;  
No more this obelisk need bear,  
Than "In the fight of Frederickshall."

It is a matter of dispute to this day, whether Charles XII was killed by a shot from one of the enemy's batteries, or from some outwork of which his own troops had possession; the latter opinion I found to be the more common tradition here. If, however, the spot pointed out as that where Charles fell, be really that identical spot, it is impossible that he could have

been killed from any battery in possession of his own troops, unless through treachery or intention; because there is no part of the fortification from which a ball could, by any law of projectiles, reach the spot where he is said to have fallen. It is possible, however, that some outwork, or besieging battery, might have been raised by the Swedes, which is now destroyed; and if so, the tradition may be true.

Whatever may have been the merits of Charles XII as a captain, or however much "the Swede" deserves to be coupled with "Macedonia's madman," there is something so romantic in the character and the career of Charles, that we are more apt to regard him in the light of a hero of romance than as a mere warrior; and when I stood within the shade of the cypress-trees that wave over the simple record of his fall, I could not help catching a portion of that enthusiasm that once so kindled within him, and which is so irresistibly associated with the spot where it was quenched for ever.

From Frederickshald to Uddevalla one may either travel on the west or east side of the Swinesund, a continuation of the narrow bay upon which Frederickshald stands, which stretches more than fifteen miles south. I chose the east side, as being farthest from the sea; and left Frederickshald as I entered it, in my carriage and pair.

The views upon the Swinesund are very remarkable. The bay is like a broad river, without any vegetation upon its banks, which consist of high naked rocks; but the heights on both sides are covered with pine.

After about two hours' drive, I arrived at the separation between the two kingdoms, a narrow part of the same bay, about as broad as the Thames at Westminster. The scenery strongly reminded me of the Straits of Menai at Bangor, only that the Swedish frontier was more elevated than the Isle of Anglesea. On each side there is a custom-house; and on the Swedish side a little inn, the owner of which had made a good fortune, owing to the extreme beauty of his daughter, by which travellers were induced to stop and take refreshment at his house, rather than at any other place between Uddevalla and Frederickshald.

On the Norway side of the Swinesund I met with an English gentleman, from whom I received many kind attentions. In the evening I walked to Vestgaard; the sun set splendidly in the stormy west, while on the east the moon shone in all her beauty. I walked till nearly midnight, when I arrived at a house, the door of which was open; I hesitated for a moment what to do; but when I found the inmates sleeping soundly, I ventured to a bed on the ground-floor, which the brilliant night enabled me to see clearly, and immediately a man crawled out, took me by the hand, and shewed me to a comfortable bed in an adjoining room, in which I passed the night.

On the morrow, after breakfast, I rode to Haraldstad, through a flat and cultivated country. Between Haraldstad and Carlshuus I crossed the Glommen, the largest river of Scandinavia, thence to Dillingen and Moss, through a country gently undulating, and abounding in extensive woods of fir.

The town of Moss,\* environed by woods of pine, is situate on a little bay, where a torrent hurries its waters down a precipitous descent to the Christiania Fjord. The situation has been well chosen for saw-mills, as the woods in the immediate neighbourhood are vast; and the bay affords a ready communication with the Fjord.

I would remark that mills are picturesque appendages wherever they occur; and their situations are as various as those of the firs which they so rapidly saw into deals. The charm of a mill was first instilled into me at a very early age, and acquired an additional zest in my frequent rambles through North Wales. The retrospect leads me to remark, that a parallel cannot be drawn between the mills of Wales and those of Norway, yet they are both wonderfully attractive. Welsh mills, used solely for the purpose of grinding corn, are picturesque in themselves and their immediate appendages, and are generally in very retired situations; but the Norway saw-mill associates with the angry river, and discloses the depths of the forest upon which it feeds.

\* "Moss, the most noisy little town I ever entered, but clean, and prettily situated, was formerly of more importance than it is now, like every other town whose prosperity depends mainly upon the export of timber. Some of the saw-mills were, however, still at work; and their power, and the rapidity with which they saw a tree into deals, are indeed surprising. The stream which turns the wheels has a long and rapid fall through the upper part of the town; and the mills are placed from the top to the bottom of it, at little intervals. In the immediate neighbourhood of Moss, are some of the finest fir-woods I had yet seen in Norway. Among the trees, several might have furnished Milton with his comparison of Satan's spear, to

————— The tallest pine  
Hewn on Norwegian hills.

If, therefore, the export trade shall ever revive in Norway, Moss will be in readiness to take an immediate advantage of the change."—*Ingles.*

I will picture a Welsh mill, with which many of my readers are familiar, and contrast it with some that are truly Norwegian.

Penmachno mill is situate where a stream has furrowed a deep channel, and velveteed the rocks with the richest mosses, where the oak has lost its rigidity, and is pendent, and tints of emerald green are ever softened with the spray of numerous outgushings of the water among the wood-work of the mill; a very luxuriant foliage mantles over the scene, and precludes the possibility of an extensive view. A like description will suit Dolgelly Mill, and very many others. Far different, however, is the situation of the Norway mill; the roar of a cataract frequently proclaims it; and it stands a Upas to the country of Fir—isolated among birch and smaller trees; the forests frowning afar off, but often transmitting the deluge of a neighbouring Fjeld, which takes summary vengeance on the usurper. The mills of Folgefond answer to this description.

I would particularize it as the most skeleton-like of buildings, consisting of whole trees, peeled, and standing at pretty even intervals, roofed with boards, and substantially propped. In connexion with its aqueducts, which are equally rude in their construction, it forms a stage for the most exquisite play of water; while the parent stream roars along, unmindful, to the Fjord.

From Moss to Soner the road is hilly and through forest. I was sketching near the station, when a Swedish gentleman presented me with a silver pencil-case. At my request, the landlord of the inn accom-

panied me to the church. The graves in the churchyard are planted with flowers, and it was particularly neat in its arrangement. The interior of the church is very pretty, with a handsome altar-piece. The font is close to the door, and was covered with a clean white cloth, and underneath was a brass basin richly embossed.

July 21.—I walked to Prinsdal, through Sundby and Korsegaard, the distance twenty-two miles; the last nine through forests of fir, impervious to the rays of the sun, and not allowing a glimpse of the country on either side. The high ground between Prinsdal and Christiania, over which the road passes, discovers tracts of forest spreading over a great extent of uneven country.

## CHAPTER V.

### CONTINUATION OF MR. PRICE'S JOURNAL.

I ENDEAVOURED whilst in Christiania to obtain information respecting the country, and many were the dissuasives to prevent me from going to Bergen; very figurative language prevailed respecting the mountainous region between Christiania and Bergen; an habitual and hereditary dread pervaded those with whom I conversed. It was described as a land of savage heights and unfathomable depths, where wild beasts were ravenous, and starvation would assuredly meet the traveller, while the country south was described as smiling and cheerful, and the journey north, it was said, might be undertaken without much hazard. I listened with unqualified satisfaction to the respective narrations, and my pulse beat quicker, and enthusiasm rose to its highest point, when full evidence was before me, that Norway in its mountainous region bore the impress of sublimity.

I left Christiania on the 23rd of July, and walked five miles by the fjord, towards Drammen, when a diverging road to the right led me up a long hill, from







the summit of which, on either hand, are two glorious views, the fjord and Christiania, and a valley of exquisite foliage and intermingling cultivation. I descended the hill, and passed through a variety of scenery which surpassed in beauty anything I had yet seen. A small deep lake repeated faithfully the stillness around, and evening spread her dusky wing over a dell of beautiful combinations; the hills were mantled with the richest foliage; there were mills at intervals, and their rivulets murmured each along its little ravine, till they poured their tribute into the river, which far below brawled over its rocky bed. Two miles further I rested for the night, at the station of Jonsrud.

In the morning I walked through forests of spruce-fir, till I arrived at the brow of a precipitous descent, which commands a view of the Tyri-Fjord and a great spread of country; this place is the "lion" of Christiania. While I was sketching from some rustic seats which were placed for the accommodation of visitors, an elderly lady came to me, attended by a little girl; we exchanged civilities as well as the difference of language permitted, and she remained till I was ready to depart. I was very hungry, and as there was something in the lady indicative of good cheer, I made known my wants, and she led me to a cottage, where, by her desire, bread, cheese, and pancakes, exceedingly wafery, were placed before me. It was an enigma which I did not solve until a carriage arrived, and the lady shook me by the hand, and drove away to Christiania.

I then descended to Sundvold, through a magnificent pass. In the evening an accident nearly cost me the

greater part of my sketches. I had wandered along the bed of a stream deep among foliage, and had gained a height above a little fall of perhaps twenty feet, when I dropped my sketch-book; its back was dislocated ere it reached the water, and the drowning scenes of the last 200 miles disappeared over the verge of the fall. When I saw my book again, it scarcely floated in the middle of the deep basin into which the fall precipitates itself, becoming there the sport of an eddy, till the stream hurried it away, and I secured it as it struggled on the next shallow. Every sketch, however, more or less injured, came safe to England. I remained at Sundvold the next day.

July 26.—While I was breakfasting with two Norwegian gentlemen, the Englishman arrived who called upon me in Christiania, and we agreed to travel together to Bergen; but our tastes being entirely dissimilar, we were not very companionable. I walked to Klækken through Norderhoug, and he drove. The road is high, and the views extensive; and the whole country is covered with wood to the distant mountains. Between Klækken and Vang the forests extend over sand-banks, which in some places are destitute of vegetation.\* The

\* "The scenery, which had been beautiful as the road winded along a well-cultivated valley, began now to assume the character of grandeur. From the summit of a steep hill, which in England we should call a mountain, we had an enchanting view of the lake we had passed [the Tyri-Fjord], whose surface appeared from this elevation as smooth as a mirror, its waters being undisturbed by the smallest ripple. From the post station called Klækken, there is also a lovely prospect of mountain, wood, and water; and at the *præste-gaard*, or parsonage, of Houg, we came upon the Viuls-Elv, which flows out of the Tyri-Fjord and into the Rands-Fjord. Along this picturesque river, and its high and wooded banks, we proceeded till we reached the village of Vang, situate on the

road from Vang to Granvold commands extensive views, and on this glowing evening, beautiful pools clearly reflected the firs and underwood and hills. About ten o'clock we reached Granvold, where was an excellent inn; the room into which we were shown was twenty-five feet square, with six windows and four beds. Nearly opposite the station is the church, and near to it, the ruins of one which a few years since was destroyed by lightning. While I was sketching, two voices of *Æolian* softness breathed over the stillness of the evening the English tune, "In my cottage near a wood." Whence the sound proceeded I could not discover, but it awakened reminiscences of home; and the most sunny passages of my life crowding upon my recollection, I yearned for my native land. Methinks I hear the breathing still, whenever I think on this lovely evening.

July 27.—Early in the morning we left Granvold. Below, on the left, was the Rands-Fjord.\* We passed over several eminences, and followed the curvatures of the lake to Smedshammer, through several pretty villages. From Smedshammer we continued our journey by the

borders of the Rands-Fjord."—*Barrow's Excursions in the North of Europe.*

\* The Rands-Fjord is a sheet of water of great extent, winding many miles among the defiles of the mountains. The water of this great lake, after falling into the Tyri, flows past Drammen, and from thence into the great gulf of Christiania. We drove along the shore of this lovely lake, and kept in sight of it for upwards of fifty miles, occasionally losing it, and then coming upon it suddenly again. The whole valley through which it flows, along its margin, and on the sloping sides of the mountains, is scattered over with farm-houses and cultivated patches of ground, amidst vast forests of fir-trees mingled with birch. Sheep, goats, and cattle, were seen browsing high up on the hills, and among the rocky summits of the mountains."—*Barrow.*

lake for four miles, when the road ascends a steep hill. The station of Sand is near the water. There is little diversity of feature till you approach the station Hof.\* The road is high above the lake, almost a repetition of the scenery between Granvold and Smeds-hammer; near Hof the hills are more varied, and an abrupt steep, shaggy with firs, is the first indication of a change of scenery. We travelled from this to Steensund in forty minutes, along a bowling road close to the water. The scenery is delightful between Steensund and Thonvold, the hilly road continually affording fresh combinations of objects.†

The lake which had been on our left for fifty miles had been narrowing, till near Thonvold it appeared like a pool, in which hills, crags, and a church were beautifully reflected. Leaving Thonvold, the road passes into a gorge of the mountains, through a forest

\* "Between Sand and Hof, both on the borders of the lake, we passed a grand waterfall from a mountain-torrent which rushed into the lake from the eastward; and being the first that we had arrived at in Norway, it was hailed with no uncommon degree of delight, though we had witnessed the falls of Trollhättan, to which the one in question was not worthy to be compared: but it was the forerunner of those more magnificent ones in prospect, as the road over the mountains which lay before us should become more elevated and rugged. From the time of our leaving Christiania the weather had not been very favourable, and we had encountered some heavy showers of rain, but it was now become clear and serene: the views of the country were extensive and beautiful, but the sun was burning hot, and incommoded us not a little."—*Barrow*.

† "Here the Rands-Søe became narrower, and was occasionally lost sight of from the road. At this place we had a proof of the ascent of the country by the appearance of ploughs for clearing off the early snow from the roads in the winter, which were here collected by the road-side; and as we proceeded, we found them placed at short distances from one another, as in Sweden."—*Barrow*.

of Scotch firs, exceedingly tall, and perfectly straight; without branch from the ground to the top; where, at double the height of any firs I ever saw before, their umbrella shape contributes to impure the valley in continual gloom. On the right the hill rises almost perpendicularly, and is covered with fine tall firs. The road passes over several steep acclivities; and a bridge crosses the rocky bed of the river.\* On the right are

\* “We were now at the upper extremity of the Rands Lake, in sight of which we had so long pursued our journey, and were now travelling upon the ridges of a deep ravine of rocks, which displayed some of the wild and romantic scenery of Norway we had often heard of. The river was flowing over its rocky bed far beneath us; not a turn of the road but brought some magnificent prospect with it, either immediately before us, or through the chasms in the lofty ridges of the ravines. Mountain streams, gurgling down their pebbly beds, in haste, as it were, to add their tribute to the clear waters of the larger river beneath, were of frequent occurrence; the clattering noise of ‘the brooks that brawled along the wood’—the roaring of a cascade, sometimes dashing down the rocks close to the roadside, and of others heard only at a distance,—produce an effect on the mind, of which no description can convey an adequate idea; while the eye is reposing on the side of the towering mountain, displaying its varied tints of the dark green pine-trees, the more lively verdure of the grassy banks, and the blackened rocks among which they are intermixed. We may now, in fact, be said to commence only the ascent, through winding rocky defiles, of that part of the great central chain of mountains which is called the *Fille-Fjeld*.

“The cottages or single houses, which lie scattered over the sides of these mountains, are all of wood—often painted of a red colour, sometimes whitened, and frequently left the natural colour of the wood. They are constructed of logs rudely squared, but closely fitted together, and the seams filled up or caulked with moss; sometimes an exterior plank-ing covers the logs, and generally the interior is wainscoted, that is to say, has a lining of plank, but not always; and the floors, as in Sweden, are generally strewed with cuttings of the juniper bushes, which grow abundantly in all the mountains of Norway. These cottages are rarely seen in the narrow parts of the gloomy ravines, but are perched on the sides, and frequently on the summits of their rocky inclosures, in order to enjoy as much of the enlivening beams of the sun as the mountainous nature of the country will permit. In these rocky defiles, and their steep sides, the horses and cattle find excellent pasturage, and it is quite

the ashes of a large village, only a tall chimney remaining, a sad memento of the catastrophe.

July 28.—An angry river crosses the valley between Tomlevold and Brufladt, and the scenery is exquisitely beautiful all the way; I thought it somewhat resembled the drive from Cerniog to Capel Cerig, in North Wales. The village of Brufladt, with its tapering spire, is in a fertile little valley, surrounded by high hills, covered with foliage. The climb is very severe from the village to the top of the hill,\* where the country assumes a

surprising to see them clambering to the very apex of a rugged cliff, or verge of some precipice, to get at their food.

"We had now taken our leave of the Rands Lake, which had so much contributed to the pleasure of our journey, by affording us a constant succession of the finest lake scenery that probably is to be met with in any part of the world, not even Switzerland excepted. It had gradually narrowed till it became reduced to its feeding stream, which we had to cross at a village called Thonvold, over a wooden bridge of a singular and simple construction, thrown across a foaming cataract. It consisted of a single arch, if it could be so called, formed by logs of wood crossing each other at right angles.

"This short stream was formed of the united waters of the Etnedal and the Dokke, on the former of which we had to proceed as far as the village of Etnedal, where we again crossed, and had to pass over a mountain ridge of 4,043 feet high, to the banks of the Reina Elv, a rapid stream bursting out of the Strand Lake, which is stated to be at an elevation of 1,137 feet: it is a long and tortuous sheet of water, encompassed by mountains from 4,000 to 4,200 feet in height.

"Waterfalls and cascades now began to meet the eye in rapid succession, some attracting more attention than others, according to their greater altitude and mass of water, but each of them affording delight to the wondering gaze of the traveller."—*Barrow*.

\* Mr. Forester, in his "Rambles," describes the ascent of this pass as very severe. His route was the reverse of Mr. Price's and Mr. Barrow's, crossing the mountain from north to south. He says: "The passage of the mountain from Frydenlund to Brufladt was a more severe trial than any thing I had met with in crossing the Fille-Fjeld. The ascent is long, and desperately steep, the inclination of the road being often at an angle of 60 degrees. It was with extreme difficulty that the empty carriage was dragged up some of the heights. I walked the whole way







miserable aspect; a black and unhealthy forest of very tall firs extends over a morass, an evidence that "pestilential fogs brood over the stagnant waters." The descent of the hill introduces a valley of much fertility; on a little eminence is the village of Boe, with its thin spire, and the snow of Hens-Fjeld appears at the distance of thirty-five miles, out-topping the mountains, which, in a fine variety of sweeping line, environ this retired spot.\* At the post-house, which is some distance from the village, and in a very dilapidated state, we had to complain of the behaviour of the post-master, and the entire want of accommodation; only one window was glazed of three in front; we could not get anything to eat, and there was a delay of several hours in procuring a horse; we therefore wrote a complaint in the day-book.

I would inform my reader that "at every station in Sweden and Norway a register, called a day-book (*dag-*

in a deluge of rain, contending with a baffling wind. The summit is 4,043 feet above the level of the sea. In about four or five miles we mounted upwards of 2,000 feet, and were nearly three hours in accomplishing it. From this the severity of the ascent may be calculated. I observed little of the scenery, for the greater part of the way we were enveloped in a thick fog; but what I did see was on a scale of fearful grandeur. In fine weather, the toil of the ascent may be compensated by the magnificent view of the Strand-Fjord underneath, backed by snowy summits far away in the northward. After crossing the plateau of the mountain, when I again found myself among drifts of snow, the descent on the other side to Brufladt was equally rapid. It stands at the head of a long valley watered by the Etne-Elv, which we descended along the course of the river by an excellent road, through woods of spruce fir, and among good farms, with rich meadows on the water's side, till we struck the head of the Rands-Fjord."

\* Mr. Price presents us with a charming view from this spot; but we have no recollection of the mountain he calls the "Hens-Fjeld." It must be a branch of the Fille-Fjeld range.—EDITOR.

book), is kept, as well for the purpose of the traveller's inserting his name, rank, and profession, for the information of the authorities; as for the mutual protection of himself, the post-master, and the owner or driver of the post-horses. In this book, which contains many regulations regarding the rights and privileges of the several parties interested, the traveller is enabled to make complaints, should there be cause, in regard to bad horses, extortion, or incivility on the part of the post-master, the driver, or the ostler; and as the book is forwarded once a month to the governors of the several provinces, such complaints are promptly investigated; and if they prove to be well founded, the parties trespassing are fined, or otherwise punished, as the law may happen to prescribe. The traveller should always refer to the first page of the day-book, as the distances between the several stages are accurately specified, as well as the sum to be paid for a single horse.

From Boe the road is on one side under a perpendicular cliff of great elevation, frowning with firs, and deeply grooved by torrents; on the other hand, a lake reflects a variety of beautiful feature, and near Strand,\* a fine bridge crosses a river, on which are several picturesque mills. There is nothing of particular interest in the nine miles by the lake to Regen. Between Regen and Haavi† the lake increased in beauty, till it lay still and broad under the Hens-Fjeld, which swelled

\* Mr. Forester was particularly struck with the scenery of the Strand-Fjord. He says, "I think I saw nothing in Norway more exquisite."—*Rambles*, p. 275.

† *Rein* and *Hurum*?





majestically on the cloudless sky. After the wretched accommodation at the three last stations, we were glad to find a capital resting-house at Haavi. The road is excellent, beside a beautiful river to Oglan,\* through a country of increasing interest. Hens-Fjeld, the great feature of the last thirty miles, now entirely monopolises the scene, and presents, in succession, a variety of objects of characteristic detail. Between Oglan and Tune the scenery is still more striking; the road, high along the steep acclivity of a mountain, discovers a range of almost every degree of wildness. The road descends to Tune, a miserable station near a lake.† Perpendicular

\* *Oylo?*

† Mr. Barrow says of this part of the road: "Starting early the next day, we entered upon what I should have been apt to consider as the sublimest scenery that Norway, or even Nature, could exhibit, had our excursion ended here. Indeed, it appeared difficult for the imagination to conceive any thing more magnificently wild and awfully grand than the castellated forms of the mountain peaks, blackened by time and the weather, and rent into pinnacles and turrets, rising out of their wall-shaped sides, between which and us was a yawning gulf, choked with masses of rock and rubble,—and yet we found it much surpassed in the course of our travels. In this gulf or ravine flows a large body of water, rapidly meandering its serpentine course, but constantly interrupted in its progress by the huge fragments that, by impeding, swelled its volume.\*

"In the course pursued by this mass of water a constant succession of grand falls present themselves to the eye and ear, one of which was particularly fine: in its rush from the upper ravines of the mountains, it was divided into two cascades, across each of which was thrown a wooden bridge of primitive construction. In this part of the road the traveller is surrounded on all sides by rocks of enormous height, rising almost perpendicularly from their base, while the sides of the mountains are covered with forests of dark-green fir-trees, which rear their lofty heads above each other, vying in height with the steep rocks among which they are

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\* The Reina-Elv, mentioned afterwards. Mr. Price's view, Plate v, well illustrates this description.

rocks, rising to a tremendous height, and well furrowed by torrents, are on either side the road to Skogstad.

blended. The precipices both above and below the narrow road are most frightful to look at: no precaution whatever is taken to prevent carriages from slipping off into the abyss below. In many places these precipices were perpendicular, and sometimes even inclined inwards, or overhung their base. The road too was so narrow as to be little more than barely sufficient to admit of the wheels of the carriages between the edge and the side of the mountain; had we happened indeed to meet any other travellers here (which was, fortunately not very probable), we should have been under the necessity of taking the horses out, and of lifting the carriages over each other. The chances, however, are against such a meeting, for not a single human being had hitherto appeared to us on this route. Oftentimes the road before us seemed to terminate altogether at the very brink of a precipice, when, on reaching the spot, it was found to turn sharply round; and these sharp turns, with the yawning gulf beneath, would lead to almost inevitable destruction, should the animal become restive, or an overturn unfortunately take place.

"On attaining the summit of the very high mountain, up the side of which we were now clambering, and the ascent to which was the steepest road that I ever remember to have witnessed in any part of the world, Switzerland not excepted, we were agreeably surprised to find it to be level, or nearly so, for some little distance, and covered with a forest of fine fir-trees. Many of these were marked for felling, and others were already cut down. The fir in this part of Norway appear to grow vigorously to the height of considerably more than 2,000 feet above the sea; they are of two species, the Scotch fir which produces the red deals, and the spruce fir which yields the white ones. The spruce ceases to grow at a lower elevation by 200 or 300 feet than where the Scotch will thrive; but where the mountains exceed the height at which the pine forests will grow, the birch creeps still higher, until it becomes a mere shrub. In many places, up the steep sides of the mountains, may be seen large masses of rock protruding through these forests, and adding to the picturesque effect of the scenery.

"If the ascent of this mountain was found to be difficult and somewhat dangerous, the descent was perfectly terrific; it was so steep that the horses were literally obliged to scramble down on their haunches. We looked along a valley many hundred feet below us, shut in on all sides by steep, rugged, and lofty mountains. Those at the extreme part of the view were capped with snow, upon which the sun shone brilliantly, forming a great contrast to the general gloomy appearance of the deep ravines. Cascades were observed pouring down their waters in every direction, sparkling in their passage down the sides of the mountain, and occasionally lost amidst the dark thick forests of fir.







Here we could not get anything to eat, and slept under a bear skin.

"We had no sooner reached the bottom than we had to toil up another steep ascent, from the summit of which the eye was relieved by a beautiful lake suddenly breaking upon the view, its finely-fringed banks meandering along a verdant valley far beneath us, beyond which the mountains appeared to be less precipitous, and partially cultivated: a few cottages, also, were seen scattered along their skirts, and on the borders of the lake. In this part of our route we left our carriages, to examine a cascade at a short distance from the road. It had some resemblance to the falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, but fell from a much higher ascent, and was fully equal to them in the mass of water tumbling over, notwithstanding the state of the river was said to be at this time comparatively low. On the breaking up of winter, when the snow first begins to melt freely, and to discharge itself down the mountains, the falls of water must be everywhere grand in the extreme.

"We now approached the high range of mountains, whose tops we had seen from a distance covered with snow. The fir-trees had, during our ascent, gradually diminished in size, and at last wholly disappeared, leaving only a few birches of slender growth, mixed with juniper-bushes; and even these vanished before we reached the summit, and with them every appearance of even a shrubby plant: the only symptom of any living thing in the vegetable creation were some mosses and lichens, with a few small Alpine plants, three species of which have been found even at a much higher elevation: these were the *Ranunculus gracilis*, the *Gentiana nivalis*, and the *Ranunculus glacialis*, the last of which I am informed by Sir Thomas Acland, he found in full flower close to the curve of perpetual snow on the peak of Sneehätten. The most remarkable of the lichens was the *Islandicus*, made use of by the peasantry as a vegetable, equally, if not more, nutritious than the *dulse* of the Scotch or the *laver* of the Welsh, and well known to us as a medicinal drug. Here, too, was growing in patches the *Lichen rangiferinus*, the favourite food of the reindeer, conspicuous by its white leaves, as if covered with a hoar frost, and glittering in the sun; but though the animals themselves are said to be common in the Fille-Fjeld mountains, we saw no traces of any. The sides of the mountains on our right, which were composed of naked masses of rock, rose perpendicularly to an enormous height, and cascades were seen streaming down the rents or ravines into a lake far below the level of the road, appearing dark as Erebus, from the deep shadow thrown upon it by the gigantic mountains, which descend abruptly to its very shores.

"This lake is called the *Lille Miös-Vand*, being the largest of a

With daylight we commenced the ascent of the

of mountain lakes which give rise to the Reina river ; whose waters, after many a foaming torrent, become again tranquil in the Strand Söe, and thence spreading out into the broad Tyri Lake, fall into the Drammen river. The *Lille Miös-Vand* has an elevation of 1,576 feet above the sea. It lies midway between two very lofty peaked mountains or tinds, that of Skudshorn, on the north, being 4,700 feet, and Hugakollen, on the south, 4,230 feet ; while the road itself, the river and the lake, are in a deep ravine. In the midst of this wild, romantic scenery stands the post-house, and near it a very curious old wooden church, richly ornamented with carving. Most of the churches we have hitherto seen on this journey are wooden structures, humble in their size, simple in their form, and plain in their architecture ; and the wood being covered over with a coating of some composition resembling tar, to preserve it from the weather, they have generally a sombre appearance. From this great elevation it was curious to observe how very diminutive the houses appeared, when seen at a little distance along the feet of these mountains—they were literally mere specks.

“It was a matter of some speculation with us how the horses would manage to scramble up the side of the mountain we had now to ascend, which we imagined it would be next to impossible for them to effect. They contrived, however, to overcome all difficulty, by making a great effort every now and then, and gaining about twelve or fifteen yards each time, when they suddenly stopped of their own accord, to recover their wind and rest themselves ; at which times I used at first to be somewhat apprehensive that the carriage would fall backwards and draw the horse after it, but soon discovered that there was no real danger of this. The horses, by throwing themselves forward and standing with their fore-legs completely under them, place themselves in such a position as to enable them to resist the weight of it, without any apparent difficulty ; but it was distressing to see how the poor creatures panted for breath whenever they stopped. Being fed upon nothing but grass, they have not the same strength nor wind as our grain-fed cattle possess. It is not less extraordinary to observe, as I have already mentioned, with what perfect safety they trot rapidly down the hills ; those we had were but small ponies, in bad condition, and had never felt the teeth of a currycomb.

“As we were travelling in a country where, at this season of the year, there is perpetual day, we were often deceived as to the hours, and in crossing these mountains, about the very centre of the Fille-Fjeld, the attention became so rivetted to the sublime scenery, that I found it, to my surprise, to be eleven o'clock at night, when I imagined it to be about seven or eight. We pushed on till about one o'clock, when we

Fille-Fjeld, and at seven were at Nyestuen.\* I have only to remark, that the part of the mountain over which the road passes was patched with snow, and that a

arrived at Nyestuen, where we found but poor accommodation for hungry and weary travellers.”—*Barrow*.

\* “In this high situation stood a small wooden church, and near it was the highest of the chain of lakes I have just mentioned, and whose waters find their way into the Gulf of Christiania: a second lake a little further on gives rise to a river, which flows in an opposite direction; this, therefore, is the point of the separation of the eastern and western waters. Nyestuen lies between two mountainous ranges, the highest point of that to the northward being 3,170 feet, and that on the south 4,200 feet. But the highest point of the road is between Nyestuen and the next stage, Maristuen. Snow was lying in many places both on the road and in all the recesses of the sides of the mountains. We may therefore consider this part of our journey to be nearly at the curve of perpetual congelation, which, in the parallel of  $61^{\circ}$ , would give an elevation of about 3,500 feet above the level of the sea; but as the south and the west sides of the contiguous mountain, exposed to the sun, were but partially covered with snow for 500 feet above us, I should estimate the road at about 3,000 feet. Mosses, lichens, and the snowy gentian, were the only plants that appeared in this part of the road.\*

“Having now attained the summit level, from whence, as already stated, the waters descend in opposite directions, I may here notice a peculiarity in the Norwegian rivers, which seems to be common to all of them. These rivers almost invariably have their sources in mountain *vands*, out of which they roll their impetuous streams over their rugged beds, forming generally a succession of cataracts. On reaching a plain or narrow valley, nearly level, their waters meeting with an obstruction from some rocky ridge, are retarded, and expand into a *søe*, or lake, whence, flowing over the obstructing ridge in the form of a cascade or cataract, they resume their course; and thus, after a series of lakes and their connecting streams, are finally deposited in the ocean, the grand reservoir of all.”—*Barrow*.

\* ‘Von Buch, I perceive, says that this road, at the marble pillar which marks the boundary between the districts of Bergen and Christiania, and which is at the highest point, rises to the height of 3,973 English feet; but he does not say how this was obtained. The Swedish map does not mark the elevation of the road; but the Peak of Suletind, on the south side of it, and along the base of which the boundary line of the two districts passes, is stated to be 5,840.’

field of snow, interminable to the eye, was on our right. The resting-house is about a mile and a half from Hæg, in a deep narrow valley, where a river precipitates itself over a fine rocky bed.\*

\* "Many parts of the ravine along which we were now proceeding reminded me strongly of the Italian side of the Simplon. The mountains were equally bold, the road winding along the side of them very similar, and the overhanging precipices, which one almost shuddered to look at, were such as make the traveller ready to exclaim—

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How fearful  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eye so low !'

"A spot was pointed out to us where a carriage, with two horses, had fallen over about a year before into the tremendous torrent below, and been dashed to atoms; and yet, strange to say, or rather it is perhaps not strange at all to say, that no precaution whatever has been taken to prevent so serious an accident in future; for who, it may be asked, in this poor, remote, and almost untravelled region, is to bear the expense of such a work? Not the peasantry, certainly; and the public at large is very little interested in incurring such an expense.

"At Hæg, about ten miles beyond Nyestuen, we observed the sides of the mountains once more to be thickly covered with stunted birch, hazel, and other kinds of brushwood, but not a fir-tree was yet visible. The upper parts of the mountains were still quite barren of trees or shrubbery; juniper, and a species of heath, but not in flower, were the highest inhabitants among the shrubby plants that we observed; but after a long and continued descent, down which we advanced with great rapidity, a thorough change of scenery gradually took place. At a spot called Borgund, the woods had resumed their former vigour; and at Lysne the road became level, or nearly so, and was carried along the bottom of the valley in which the river flowed, until it emptied itself in the Sogne-Fjord, at the extremity of one of its numerous branches, which stretched into the very heart of the mountains, at least eighty miles from the sea. At this termination of the river Lierdal is situated the hamlet of Lierdalsören, a small fishing village. Thus did the distance of about twenty miles from the highest summit of the Fille-Fjeld bring us from an elevation of 3,000 feet, at the very lowest estimation, to the level of the sea, being at the rate of one hundred and fifty feet in a mile, which will fully account for the rapidity of the Lierdal river in places where the ravine is steep and rocky.

"This village, small as it was, appeared to us as one of the largest we had seen since we left Christiania, and was, therefore, hailed as one where we might repose ourselves comfortably for a day; but we soon discovered that

The road is so fearfully steep between Hæg\* and Lysne, that it cannot be travelled without danger. I doubt not but that the mountains rise perpendicularly several thousand feet.

its chief characteristic was that of a total want of all comfort and cleanliness, being externally incumbered with a general accumulation of all manner of filth, but mostly arising from the offal of fish, which evidently formed an essential part of the subsistence of the inhabitants. The smell of this offal, which assailed us as we walked in the heat of the sun, between two rows of small cottages, in our way down towards the fiord, was quite intolerable. Fortunately, however, the post-house was removed to some little distance from this dirty spot, and here we passed the night, with a greater degree of comfort than the first appearance of the village had promised."—*Barrow*.

There are now very excellent accommodations at Lierdalsören. It is a good resting-place for travellers, as well as a convenient point of departure for excursions on the Sogne-Fjord, to the Voring-Foss, and the Hardanger, and to the still wilder and less frequented districts of the Justedal, the Höringerne, &c.—*Editor*.

\* Mr. Forester says of the road between Husum and Hæg: "I was afterwards sorry to find that, between Husum and Hæg, I had hurried by, without being aware of it, the church of Borgund, one of those curious relics of the old timber buildings of Norway, of which I have already spoken. If it had occurred during our 'rambles' on foot, it could scarcely have escaped observation."—*Forester's Rambles*, p. 269.

The following remarks are made by the same traveller on the pass of the Fille-Fjeld, from Hæg to Nyestuen. "From this station there was to be no relay until I had crossed the plateau of the Fjeld, a distance of thirty miles. The road still kept along the banks of Lierdals-Elv, the same stream whose course, receiving the waters of numberless falls and cascades by the way, I had traced upwards from Lierdalsören. The scenery of the pass became savagely wild; huge masses of rock were scattered at the base of the cliffs, at first intermingled with patches of stunted birch, but before I reached Maristuen almost all signs of vegetation had ceased. There is here a large and roomy, but dreary, post-house, at which I unharnessed for half an hour to bait the horse, and I got once more a bowl of mountain milk. Immediately afterwards I gained the summit of the pass. People are in raptures at its magnificent scenery, and it is certainly very picturesque; but I confess I was disappointed. Had I not crossed the Hardanger, I should have had very little idea of the true character of a Fjeld: I saw no snow-drifts, nor any of those vast platforms of bare rock, occasionally carpeted by mosses and lichens—no distant views of snowy peaks; and that breadth of outline, and the feeling of utter solitude,

In a high latitude, where continuous chains of mountains rise near together to such an elevation that

which gave a mysterious grandeur to the vast ranges of the Hardanger-Fjeld, were wanting. No doubt, the plateau of the Fille-Fjeld would present many of the same features to any one who should explore its broad ranges, but the post-road destroys the charm; and it is of course traced over the least-elevated part of the mountain.

"Soon after leaving Maristuen, we entered a birch-wood; and in about half a Norsk mile I found the waters running eastward. There was no interval between those which discharge themselves ultimately into the Christiania-Fjord and the sources of the Lierdals-Elv, which joins the Sogne-Fjord at Lierdalsören. The road appeared newly and admirably constructed. We passed a pillar on the right, marking the boundary between the Bergenstift and the Aggershuusstift; and shortly after stopped suddenly at a solitary house on the banks of a small and dreary lake. This I found was Nyestuen, and here I was to pass the night. Though it was yet early, I rejoiced to get under cover, for it had come on to rain heavily just after leaving Maristuen, and I was very wet and the cold was piercing. I was still on the Fjeld, and the elevation was upwards of 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. However desolate the exterior of this station, it presented many comforts within. The principal of these was a stove, which was immediately put in requisition. The guest-room was a very large apartment, with windows looking out on the lake. It furnished a dish of the delicate red trout for which it is famous. The building set apart for the accommodation of travellers is quite distinct from the dwelling-house of the station-master, from which it is separated by a yard. The good woman of the house, who had done every thing in her power to make me comfortable, departed, and I was left sole tenant of the lone building. The tempest howled without, whirling in wild gusts over the wide waste of the Fjeld, and the rain beat violently against the creaking windows. I heaped more fuel on the stove, and for a time beguiled the lonesomeness of a long evening by writing. Drowsiness succeeded, and I was glad at an early hour to seek the rest which the raging of the storm failed to interrupt.

"The morning broke with heavy clouds hanging over the lake, and torrents of rain. There could be no respite: the forbud, like inexorable fate, summoned me on. Nyestuen is on the edge of the Fjeld, and the descent soon became fearfully steep, through scenery rugged and grand in the highest degree. I charged down the sides of the mountain at a prodigious rate. Familiarity had made me insensible to danger, and I felt a wild pleasure in the excitement of the rush; animating the spirited little horses to their utmost speed by the peculiar chirrup to which they are accustomed, the use of whip or lash being almost unknown. However, there is generally little occasion to urge the horses

while the sun is at its height in the heavens, the depths are immured in gloom, nature displays a power and novelty of effect which ordinary language will fail adequately to describe; and the bold style of Ossian appears to me well suited to convey the just idea. Strong contrasts exist, which cause the reality of things to be overlooked, and the consequent obscurity leaves a great field for the imagination. Hence the difference between the mountains of the west, and those of the interior of Norway. Uninterrupted clearness prevails where mountains rise upon mountains in the broad sunshine of heaven; but where each, on its own base, rises perpendicularly from an arm of the sea, the case is reversed.

Whenever I take up Ossian, I read simple and forcible descriptions of scenes and effects which fell under my own observation in Norway. I will instance a few, which recall what I saw vividly to my recollection. "Abrupt rises Gormal in snow! the tempests roll dark on his sides, but calm, above, his vast forehead appears. White-issuing from the skirt of his storms, the troubled torrents pour down his sides. Joining as they roar along, they bear the Torno, in foam, to the main." A hundred illustrations of this present themselves to the traveller who explores the recesses of Norway. Again: "his shaggy brows wave dark above his gathered rage;" which is admirably descriptive of these forest heights

on the descent of the hills, and it would be hardly possible to restrain them; so that the nervous man would do wisely not to engage in travelling by carriage in such a country. Once in the course of the morning I encountered what threatened to be a serious accident."—*Forester's Rambles.*



under a very common effect of storm: and again, "like two foam-covered streams from two rainy vales;" and, "as rushes a stream of foam from the dark shady deep of Cromla, when the thunder is travelling above, and dark-brown night sits on half the hill."

Norway, which surpasses every country of Europe in the depths of its fjords, the grandeur of its steepes, the blackness of its forests, and the angry savageness of its torrents, is interspersed with valleys and plains teeming with richness and beauty; even while the mountains are black with tempests, and are undergoing the ravages of continued storm, such stillness will prevail on the surface of the neighbouring lake, that the surrounding scenery will not cease to be faithfully reflected.

From Lysne we had an excellent and level road to Lierdalsören; the scenery very grand, some of the finest in Norway.

Early in the morning we had a boat with three rowers, and went by water thirty miles. The water is a little brackish, and the mountains rise on either hand perpendicularly from the fjord.\* The day was cloud-

\* "The mountains on either side of this enclosed branch of the fjord descended abruptly to the water's edge, down the ravines and chasms of which fell numerous full and broad cascades, six or eight being visible at the same moment. At one time this branch of the fjord exhibited a fine expansive lake; again it became so narrow, as to give the appearance of a river hemmed in between two rocky banks. The first branch on which we had to row is called Urland, out of which we turned southerly into another arm of the same fjord, called Næröen; the two may be considered as one continued lake, enclosed between mountains of great

less, but the mountains were so high and precipitous, that we had no sun from half-past three, till we reached Gudvangen at six. The road to Stalen was level and good, excepting where it was broken up by torrents, sometimes to the depth of many feet; further on, the hill is very steep, and here we unexpectedly found the station just on the brow. The valley is filled with underwood and very agreeable foliage, and the mountains have the same perpendicular character as before. On the right, as we ascend the hill, a remarkable rock, sugar-loaf shaped, rises to the height of upwards of two

picturesque beauty, some of them rising perpendicularly, like the side of a gigantic wall, to the stupendous height of 4,600 or 5,400 feet. The weather was beautiful, and as we rowed along the lake, not a breath of wind was felt sufficient to raise a ripple on the water; but the intense heat of the sun was almost intolerable; and whilst we were suffering from its piercing rays, it was somewhat vexatious to look up to the snow-clad mountains, and still more to see large patches of it lying very low down in the crevices and other places to which the sun has never had access. It imparted no portion of its cold to the lake, on which we experienced a difference of temperature from that of the preceding day, upon crossing the mountain chain of the Fille-Fjeld, of 34° of Fahrenheit's scale. It was now 76° in the shade, but a difference to this amount is not unfrequent on the same spot within the four-and-twenty hours—a scorching day being generally succeeded by a piercing cold night. The temperature, moreover, on the western, is very different from that on the eastern side of the mountains. In winter, when all is frost and snow and ice on the latter, the whole west coast, as high almost as the North Cape, is free from ice, and the numerous fjords are for the most part navigable. Mr. Everest proceeded from Molde, in the month of February, to Bergen, along the coast, and navigated the fjords of Sogne and Hardanger without any obstruction from ice; while the elvs and the søes to the eastward were one mass of ice. It is well known that the western side, whether of continents, islands, or mountains, is always warmer than the eastern; but, in addition to this, the western side here has the advantage of the sea, with which the fjords are on a level, while the eastern side not only faces the mountains of Sweden, but is itself mostly elevated several thousand feet above the sea.”—*Barrow*.

thousand feet, and on either side of the road are two very noble cataracts.\*

“August 1.—The road from Stalen is hilly, and high above the river, and through a wide valley of aspen and brushwood. There are several villages, and a church: a mountain covered with snow appears to terminate the valley. The hills between Vinge and Tvinde are high, and clothed with wood to their summits. Very few firs. The country is pretty well cultivated between Tvinde and Vossevangen, the crops of corn excellent, and many houses. We were drenched with rain in the two last stages, and found comfortable accommodation at Vossevangen. The road is good to Evanger, through a country covered with underwood and small trees. A very good-tempered fellow accompanied us; we drove the fourteen miles at the rate of five miles an hour, and he ran by the side of the cariole, and laughed and talked the whole way; being very

\* This sugar-loaf mountain and the two cataracts in the pass above Gudvangen cannot fail of attracting the notice of all travellers. The valley with the waterfalls form one of the most striking of Captain Biddulph's sketches in “Forester's Rambles.” Mr. Barrow says: “The road is conducted along a deep valley, strewed over with large fragments of rocks which have rolled down from the mountains, and among which a mountain torrent was foaming in its passage down to the fjord. On leaving it we had to ascend a most formidable rocky hill, which was as steep as any we had yet encountered, in the course of which we came in sight of two of the most superb waterfalls which had as yet attracted our attention. One of them in particular, called the Keel-foss, was exceedingly grand; it darted a copious stream perpendicularly down the face of a steep rock, after falling in a succession of cascades down the ravine of a mountain of the enormous height of two thousand feet, throwing out its spray, on reaching the bottom, to a considerable distance around, upon which the rays of the sun reflected a rainbow of strong and beautifully brilliant colours. The other, higher up the stream, is called the Seve-foss, descending from a height of about a thousand feet.”—*Barrow*, p. 260.

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thirsty, we stopped the cariole at a spring, and the poor fellow without hesitation brought his hat full of water. We left Vossevangen with two rowers, and a man, who wished to go to Bergen, offered his assistance. We rowed three miles and a half on a beautiful lake, narrow, winding, and deep, very like Loch Katrine where it reposes under the wooded knolls of the Trosachs. The lake discharged itself by a rapid river, along the side of which we dragged our cariole to Bolstadoren. I thought the two miles and a half from the lake to Bolstadoren very like the approach to Matlock Bath from Matlock town, though on a much larger scale. It was late; the brighter part of the sky flickered on the water, and the richly wooded hills were involved in gloom; while distant waterfalls, and a brawling river, were the vocal accompaniments of the beautiful evening. We were shown to a room containing two mirrors and corresponding furniture, and had excellent beds of eider-down. The proprietor, Mr. Christopher Garmann, was exceedingly polite and attentive; he told me he had twenty-two pleasure-boats, and that Bolstadoren is a summer resort of the people of Bergen. The house is on a gentle rise from the water, which has the appearance of a lake; for a fjord has introduced its waters through the depths of the mountains, full into the scene. From the house, a wooded hill, one of the beautiful throng which environ the lake, attains a considerable elevation; and pleasure-walks, as at Matlock, designated perhaps as the "Lover's walk," or leading, it may be, to a "Lover's leap," are

artfully contrived to suit the inclination of every visitor.

We took a boat from this to Bergen, a distance of upwards of fifty miles. The hills near the water are clothed with wood to their summits, and mountains tower above. At intervals, a diverging reach of fjord discloses a greater diversity of scenery.\*

In the last thirty miles I noticed little worthy of remark, the scenery on either side being comparatively tame. The day had closed when the lights of Bergen appeared, and at eleven o'clock the boat passed the castle wall, to the timber-yard of a Mr. Bronchorst, a ship-builder, with whom my companion was acquainted. On landing, he hurried away with a man muffled as a watchman, who was in the yard, and I walked about till after midnight, awaiting his return. At length he appeared with his friend, who saluted me with "Welcome here, sir;" I acknowledged the salutation, and requested to be shewn to a house where I might pass the night. Mr. Bronchorst immediately walked with me into the town, and knocked at the door of a large house, but all remained still; we went to another, and a third, but no door was opened; the fourth time we were more successful, a female voice from within asked

\* The post-road to Bergen proceeds from Bolstadoren to Dalseidet and Dalevaagen, where travellers embark on a branch of the Oster-fjord, which they navigate for about eighteen English miles, landing at Garnæs, from whence post horses are procured at all the stages to Bergen, a distance of about seventeen miles from Garnæs. Vossevangen, Dalseidet, &c., are noticed in the following part of Mr. Price's Journal; and several of his views were taken in that neighbourhood.—See the Frontispiece, and Plates 8, 9, and 10.

several questions, which Mr. B. answered, and assuring me that I should find everything comfortable, he went away. I waited some time in the street, but perceived, from the bustle within, that preparation was making for me; at length the door opened, and the master of the house took me by the hand, and led me to a room where the mistress was dressing for the occasion, the child was being rocked by the maid, the boy was hunting for his shoes, and the whole family had awaked into cheerfulness. Coffee was brought, with bread, butter, cheese, and boiled mutton; and at two in the morning I retired to rest.



## CHAPTER VI.

## CONTINUATION OF MR. PRICE'S JOURNAL.

DESCRIPTION OF BERGEN.—A RAMBLE TO THE HARDANGER-FJELD,  
AND RETURN TO BERGEN, BY THE HARDANGER-FJORD.

BERGEN, environed by hills of considerable elevation and variety of character, has its site on the crescent of a fine bay. It has a larger population than any town in Norway; and the uniformity, extent, and neatness of the large warehouses which project their gables into the bay, testify that it is a place of considerable trade. The streets are wide, and diverge at right angles from the various squares. The houses, which are generally white, with roofs of red pantiles, almost invariably have their gables to the streets, which in many parts of the town are nearly grassed over. The houses have many windows, which give them a light and cheerful appearance. An Englishman has difficulty in finding the shops in Bergen, and indeed in any Norwegian town, as they are seldom discernible by an external sign; I looked in vain for a shop where I might purchase an umbrella, although I had passed the house many times. The town is built almost entirely of wood, and fires are frequent. I wandered to the fish-market, where every

boatman had to answer the demands of several clamorous bargainers, here, as at Billingsgate, the mutest part of creation being the source of the greatest possible quantum of discordant sounds.

This notice of Bergen being very short, it may be satisfactory to have some further account of a city which was, for several centuries, the capital of the kingdom; and for a long time had the largest population, and is still in possession of the greatest trade of any place in Norway. We quote first from a traveller who shortly preceded Mr. Price.

“Bergen is the largest city in Norway, and perhaps the most populous, the inhabitants being computed at 20,000. It is situated on the north coast, having a noble back-ground of mountains, which rise immediately behind it, and give the name *Bergenhuus* to one-fourth part of Norway, over which its diocesan bishop has the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. There is a cathedral, built in the Gothic style. The streets are straight, spacious, and handsome, and there is an extensive square at the head of the inner harbour. From the elevated summits of some of the mountains, in clear weather, may be seen hundreds of others, among which are many of fantastic shapes, interspersed with lakes, cataracts, and rivers, extending in a southerly direction to the great chain of the *Hardanger-Fjeld*. To the northward are seen the town, its three harbours, ships, fortifications, and islands, with the North Sea in the distance. The proximity of the latter furnishes abundant occupation to the extensive fisheries, and a very

considerable trade is carried on by the inhabitants in catching, curing, and extracting oil from those inexhaustible supplies. They also collect, about the rocky shores, immense numbers of seals, lobsters, crabs, wild fowl, feathers, and eggs. Their timber and skin trade is very considerable; they are also ingenious carvers on wood, and have a general spirit of inquiry about them, which is greatly promoted by their public institutions for the welfare of Norway, and their schools for useful arts and sciences. The churches, the bishop's palace, the hospitals, mansions, &c., give this city an interesting and imposing appearance. Its strength is very considerable, being always well garrisoned, and kept in a complete state of defence, having castles, forts, and ramparts, well mounted with heavy cannon on the most commanding points for its protection. The inner harbour where the ships lie, has a strong chain boom, extending across its entrance at the castle. Bergen and its environs are subject to incessant rain, fogs, and heavy clouds, which give the place a very gloomy aspect, rendered still more so by the broad shadows of the barren rocks. It is also subject to tempests and bleak winds. This city formerly had to boast of its kings and eminent men. The learned Pontoppidan was a bishop of Bergen, where he wrote his esteemed History of Norway. The trade of this city for a long period was wholly engrossed by the Hanseatic leaguers, who possessed fifty-eight large warehouses. By the vigorous and unceasing exertions of Bailiff Walkendorf, they were at last expelled, since which period the place has gradually become more flourishing and popu-

lous. In the year 1790, the exports of fish alone amounted to 958,000 rix-dollars, and they have been annually increasing to this day.”\*

The best recent account of Bergen is to be found in Forester’s “Norway in 1848 and 1849,” from which the following extracts are made.

“The situation of Bergen is well adapted both for the foreign and coast trade. Its foundation is attributed to King Olaf Kyrre, in the year 1070; and it was for many ages the capital of the kingdom. Since Christiana has become the seat of the legislature as well as a university, it has outstripped its western rival in population; that of Bergen being, by the last returns, 25,000, while that of the new capital is upwards of 30,000. The trade of Bergen is, however, still the greater.

“The English were the first foreigners who traded with Bergen; they concluded a treaty of commerce with king Hakon Hakonson, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, remarkable as being the first which England entered into with a foreign nation. Its advantageous position also early attracted the attention of the Hanscatic League, and its importance may be estimated from its having been one of their four principal factories; the others being London, Bruges or Antwerp, and Novogorod. The produce of the northern fisheries was then, as it still continues to be, its principal staple of trade.

“During the period of their supremacy they occupied a distinct quarter of the town, divided from the

\* Edy’s “Remarks and Observations during a Tour in Norway, 1820.”

rest by a narrow branch of the Fjord, forming the harbour, and yet called the *Deutch quartur*. Lofty ranges of warehouses, extending along the quay, and running back by the sides of narrow canals communicating with it, like those in the towns of Holland, testify the large scale on which trade was here conducted in former times. This part of the town also contains a fine church, still called the German church, together with the citadel, called Walkendorf's Tower, and some remains of an old palace of the Norwegian kings.

“The trade of Bergen, though greatly diminished since the palmy days when it flourished as a member of the Hanseatic League, is still considerable. Even now it contained vessels under the flags of Russia, Sweden, Prussia, England, Holland, Belgium, France, Spain, and Naples; but we were informed that it has a still more lively appearance in the early part of the season, when it is crowded with the craft which bring the produce of the cod fisheries, by the navigation I have already mentioned, from the stations on the northern coast, and by the sea-going ships by which it is transported to foreign ports. At that time there are often 500 or 600 vessels of various sizes in the harbour. These north-country *Jagts*, as they are called, are frequently of very considerable burthen, broad in the beam, and high fore and aft. They are clinker-built, and carry a single lug-sail of vast dimensions, and, as I should think, very unmanageable. Indeed, such vessels are only adapted for the navigation of the channels between the islands and the mainland. Their

appearance is highly singular and picturesque, and carries the mind back to a very early age; for so prejudiced are the North-men in all that concerns their build and their rig, that they will not permit the slightest innovation; and there is every reason to believe, that such as we now saw them they were, in the very infancy of navigation 1000 years ago.

“Landing on the opposite quay, we found it cumbered with piles of stockfish, casks of cod-oil, and stacks of firewood, the consumption of which must be enormous, as there are no coals in Norway. Its mineral wealth in silver, copper, iron, nickel, and cobalt is very great, but neither coal nor salt enter into its stratification. The latter is obtained in large quantities for use in the fisheries from Spain; to the ports of which, and those of Portugal and the Mediterranean, the greatest exports of salt-fish are made. The principal fishery for cod is in the neighbourhood of the Loffoden Islands and on the coast of Finmark; that for herrings, later in the season, is southward, towards Stavanger and the Naze. On that part of the coast are taken the lobsters, which are exported to London in a live state, in clipper smacks, and in such quantities as to threaten their extirpation but for a wise measure which was under the consideration of the Storthing when I was in Christiana, for establishing a close season for protecting the breed. During that period the supply may, therefore, in future fail of satisfying our enormous demand. Bergen exports annually about 2,000,000 specie dollars’ worth of stock-fish, and 400,000 or 500,000 barrels of salted herrings, with 20,000 barrels of cod-oil. They

also send large quantities of spawn and fish-scales to the south of Europe, where they are used as baits, particularly for the fishery of *Sardines*, in the Mediterranean. The annual produce of the fisheries of Norway is estimated at about a million sterling.

“ The castle of Bergen is situated on the same side of the harbour as the principal quays. The works are of irregular construction, consisting of several bastions for defending the harbour and town, the guns of all which are now dismantled, except one battery of twelve-pounders, on traversing platforms. The area within the outworks is considerable, including a very pleasant esplanade and walks planted with trees. It contains also the remains of the royal palace, erected by Olaf Kyrre, the founder of the city; and good houses for the commandant and his deputy, with various offices attached to the head-quarters of the garrison. Over all rises Walkendorf’s Tower, as it is called, a square massive building with a flat roof of stone, supported by immense beams of timber, and forming a platform of sixty feet by forty, from which there is a splendid view of the mountains and town, the harbour, and the Fjord.

“ Whatever may have been the strength of this fortress in former times, when it is said to have been impregnable, it is not calculated to make any formidable defence in modern warfare, or even to cover the town and harbour from attacks on the sea-board. A new work has therefore been traced, and partly executed, on the extreme point of land jutting out into, and completely commanding the entrance of the Fjord.

The view from the battery—of the several branches into which the Fjord is divided, with lofty mountains rising from the shores, and these enlivened by some pretty country-houses of the citizens, was extremely beautiful.

“Our next visit was to the German church. The exterior is of a cumbrous, but effective, style of architecture. It is said that there was a church founded here as early as 1181; but the present building did not strike me as bearing any marks of great antiquity. I should have supposed it to be of the fourteenth or fifteenth century. The western *façade* presents two towers flanking a lofty gable. The interior is rich with objects of great interest.” \* \* \* \* “The cathedral, and three or four other churches, stand on the other side of the harbour, in the old Norsk-town. They are, I believe, of modern date, and have no particular claim to attention. The houses are all built of timber; and the town has so often suffered from destructive fires, that there are few remains of antiquity to interest the curious inquirer. In 1488, eleven churches and the greater part of the town were consumed. By a municipal regulation a watercask stands at every door; but of such small dimensions as to afford, according to my apprehension, a very slender supply for the emergency against which they are intended to provide.

“Once or twice in the night I was roused by the unusual sounds of the watchmen’s cries. I believe their principal duties arise from the apprehension of fire among such a collection of wooden buildings. They add to their announcement of the state of the weather,



some verse, sung out in a melancholy chant, such as :

“ Unless the Lord the city keep,  
The watchmen wake in vain.”

Their formidable weapon, the morning star, a sort of flail, armed with a ball of iron, stuck with spikes, of which we saw specimens in the castle, has been superseded, since an unfortunate occasion, on which a too free use was made of the murderous instrument on the person of an Irish nobleman a few years since.

“ The Strand Garden and streets in a line with it, long, narrow, and roughly paved, with lofty houses on each side, seemed the principal avenue and place of traffic. It had a busy air, from the number of the shops, and the groups of citizens, sailors, and country people, who from time to time thronged its avenues. Many of the houses inhabited by the merchants, and families not engaged in business, are handsome buildings, somewhat in the Dutch style, and neatly painted white.”

The museum at Bergen contains an interesting collection of Scandinavian antiquities and of the wild animals peculiar to Norway. On the whole, Mr. Forester, speaking afterwards of Christiania, “ considers it to be a less interesting city than Bergen, wanting both the bold features of the surrounding scenery, and the picturesque appearance of its old buildings, and of the mixed population that throngs its streets.” He says that there are no good hotels in Bergen, but speaks highly of the accommodations offered in the house of Mrs. Sontum, who entertains travellers in all the comfort to be found in a well-conducted private family.\*

\* Forester's “ Norway,” pp. 212 and 411.

## CONTINUATION OF MR. PRICE'S JOURNAL.

In the afternoon of the 6th of August, I left a comfortable house, to explore the wild region of the Hardanger-Fjeld.

Some miles from Bergen is a bridge of several arches, where a road diverges to the left; here I paused, for I had received a direction to pass over, or to avoid this bridge; but which of the two it was I could not determine, and, as ill-luck would have it, I passed over. A diversity of scenery was on either hand; here a large sedgy pool is embosomed in woods; there the road bisects a little vale, rich with foliage; on the top of one of the many little hills over which the road passes, I remember that a group of very shaggy goats were the picturesque appendages of a scene of half desolation. I had wandered far, when a Fjord of great extent lay before me, pushing its boundary under mountains of great elevation. I had only the alternative to try to cross the Fjord, or to seek an asylum at an isolated house of considerable dimensions. I walked to some huts near the water, where there were many boats, but no rowers, and I was obliged to have recourse to the dwelling. No person in the house could speak English, but I supped with the family, and was shewn to a bed in an adjoining building.

I left the place early in the morning, and retraced my steps ten miles to a village, where I breakfasted, and dried my clothes, for the weather was cold and wet.

It was Sunday morning, and, before church, men and women met at the inn to adjust their dress; the men had white jackets, black breeches, and white stockings; a few had darker clothes with scarlet buttonholes, ornamented waistcoats, and a scarlet band below each knee. The women paid great attention to the head-dress; a napkin, very neatly put on, formed a triangle behind; their petticoats were very short, scarcely reaching below the knee, that their red stockings might be seen, and they all wore aprons, some of them with many gaudy colours; they had rings on their fingers, and their bosoms were thickly spangled with ornaments: each woman had her prayer-book pinned in a white handkerchief. There was a good deal of singing during the service, and all made as much noise as they could; men and women sat on opposite sides of the church. I set off again, and soon arrived at ~~the~~ bridge which I ought not to have crossed on the preceding day; and was delighted to be on the right road to the Hardanger-Fjeld. I met two large pleasure-parties. About seven I reached Houge,\* a miserable-looking house, but comfortable.

August 8th.—Early in the morning I walked to Tunes;\* the latter part of the way high above the Fjord. At Tunes I had a misunderstanding with the man at the station; the particulars of it I now forget, but the circumstance was mentioned to me some days afterwards, at a village on the Hardanger-Fjord. I took a boat to Dale (seventeen miles); the scenery very

\* Houge and Tunes are on the post road from Vossevangen to Bergen, as already mentioned.





fine; it may be likened to the western Lochs of Scotland. I would instance Loch Long, Loch Goil, and Loch Eck. As the boat neared the landing-place, I was astonished at the perpendicular height of the rocks; there is nothing in Scotland to compare with it.

Only a culminating sun can fathom the pass from the Fjord to Dale.

The rocky feature is exceedingly striking to Dalseidet. The evening was wet, and I could not get anything to eat; neither could I obtain a boat to Bolstadoren, which was only three miles and a half from this by water; I therefore crept into a hovel, which was nearly filled with newly-gathered hay, and having opened my umbrella to keep off the wet, which trickled through the roof, I slept till morning.

I left Dalseidet in a boat, and breakfasted at Bolstadoren. I then walked along the ground over which we dragged the carriage on the 1st of August, and went by boat to Evanger.\* It rained all the way to Vossevangen. The clouds hung heavily on the mountains when I set off to Vassenden. I crossed a bridge over a torrent, and from a high hill had a beautiful view of Vossevangen. My road now lay through a forest deepening under the shades of evening. I confess I did not like my walk, as it was now very gloomy, almost dark: more than once I started, when a gust of wind rustled through the forest; for I had been apprised that the bear and wolf harboured there. At length I

\* Mr. Price was now again on the route he travelled in his way to Bergen. Some of his best sketches were taken in this neighbourhood.

reached Vassenden, and slept on straw, under a singularly rough blanket.

The striking features which characterize Norway are its Forests, its Fjelds, and its Fjords; I therefore leave my narrative to comment upon each in succession, as they are severally part and parcel of the whole country.











presence of the many refinements that belong to the city of a court. Of a totally different character are those Forests which blacken a swampy valley; crowded and unhealthy, and in every stage of decay, they stretch themselves out in endless gloom; an angry effect, which is often much heightened by the perfectly straight and determined course of a river, roaring impatiently through them.

#### THE FJELDS.

The Fjelds of Norway, or mountain ranges, extend over the whole country, excepting the south-east, where the hills are not sufficiently high for the appellation. Hardanger-Fjeld, Fille-Fjeld, Sogne-Fjeld, Lang-Fjeld, and Dovre-Fjeld are the most central and highest; but many mountains of the west and south are covered with perpetual snow.

The mountains of the west rise abruptly from arms of the sea, and have a more savage aspect than those which engross the heart of the country.

Mr. Elliot mentions the Fille-Fjeld as the grand depot of Norwegian minerals; and a botanist in Drontheim told me that every variety of plants to be found in Norway, from the Naze onwards to the North Cape, is met with on the Dovre-Fjeld, whilst all the aquatics grow freely in the Bay of Drontheim.

Reindeer herd on the Norway mountains, and the Dovre-Fjeld swarms with the lemming, or Norway rat, of which so many wonderful stories are told.

## NORWAY, AND ITS SCENERY.

### THE FJORDS.

Profound depths pervade the whole of the west of Norway, from which the mountains, often rising as blank walls, attain a great elevation. Fjords are arms of the sea, and occupy the almost countless grooves of this stupendous country. The Hardanger-Fjord, the Sogne-Fjord, and others, extend their long reaches nearly a hundred miles into the country, dispensing lateral branches, which subdivide, until every Fjeld is laved, and every mountain circumvallated, by their waters.

The smaller Fjords of the west have each their respective districts, which they intersect in every direction, and render the scenery infinitely various. In one place, a Fjord is a great expanse of water—an inland sea; in another, it is confined between rocks of fearful height. At one point it is overawed by frowning mountains; now, islands rest on its ample bosom. Again, it is a receptacle of the various cataracts which pour from the heights; and often it resembles a lake, and repeats a great variety of beautiful scenery. The villages of this thinly-populated country congregate near the water; wherever a bay of the Fjord receives a mountain stream, a village may be anticipated. The waters of the western Fjords are exceedingly transparent. The Christiania Fjord on the south is flanked with forests, and is totally different in character from those which intersect the mountains.





I resume my narrative.—In the morning I breakfasted on horrible bread and cheese, for which, and my bed, I paid six skillings—about two-pence. The whole country is covered with wood, even to the summits of the hills, which are very high. Though on a descending road, I looked into a deep valley; the clouds rolled finely upon the mountains, which reared their shining heads high above the foliage; and the river, having glided gently from Vassenden, precipitates its great body of water over the rock, and hurrying along, again falls headlong several hundred feet, into the abyss beneath; it then brawls away over its deeply-grooved bed, till it reaches the bottom of the valley, where it forms a small and beautiful lake, on which, as I passed, two eider-ducks, at play, had drawn each its silver wake from either side the water; others soon joined in the sport, and held their holiday on a lake peculiarly their own.

I boated from this place about four miles, and rambled two miles further to Kongshun. I was now in the atmosphere of the Hardanger-Fjeld.\* I climbed the steep side of a mountain, and had a miserable walk among bogs, and swamps, and dead firs, and grovelling birch, to some hovels, where I found a large dairy of cows, besides sheep, and four women in charge of them; they gave me some milk, and I trudged on, thoroughly soaked with rain, till I gained the summit of the mountain, when my knee, which before had given me much

\* It appears that Mr. Price did not ascend the Fjeld beyond the *seters* on its northwest flank, crossing from Vassenden to Ulvik, from whence he took boat on the Fjord to Utne.



pain, entirely failed me. The mountains were frightfully black and ugly, and rising almost perpendicularly, and very formally, from each side of the Fjord; very far below, a village occupied the only habitable spot in the scene; and the Hardanger-Fjeld was shrouded under volumes of heavy clouds.

With difficulty I returned to the hovels, which were surrounded with black mud, ankle deep. A few sheep only remained, for the cows had wandered wide for pasture. I entered one of the huts, which contained a bed, and a large caldron, under which was a fire, and around were vessels of milk in the several stages, from the milk of the evening; to the blue coagulation of many days; in which jellied state it is conveyed to the towns and villages. In this hovel I remained all night, and when I awoke, a vessel of milk and cream was set for me on the caldron. I persuaded the kind people to take a few skillings, and walked back to Kongshun. I had great difficulty in bringing my knee into action, but after this day, did not suffer again from it while I remained in Norway.

In my rambles over the mountains, I frequently saw a large dairy of cows, far away from any habitation, excepting miserable huts, similar to those I have just mentioned. I invariably found them high in the Fjelds, on a swampy plain; the weather was stormy, and the aspect of these swamps dreary in the extreme; yet the people appeared happy and contented. During the summer months the cattle pasture upon the mountains, because there is not grass enough near the villages for their support.





A branch of the Hardanger-Fjord extends nearly to Kongshun. This hamlet is near the confluence of several streams which hurry their waters to the Fjord. Kongshun is the key to the noble scenery near Vassenden, and has good accommodation for the visitor. It has also a salmon fishery. In the seven miles to Utne, we passed under a tremendous overhanging rock. Utne is situate near the water,\* where the mountains Oxonfjeld and Folgefond sentinel the reach of Fjord that extends to Kinservig. The peculiarity of the scenery is, that detached mountains, of very different characters, are the enormous bulwarks of every reach of Fjord.

I arrived at Utne late in the evening, and passed the night at another of those disgusting stations which sometimes occur among the mountains.

In the morning I had much difficulty in making the man at the station understand that I wished to see a person residing in Utne who could speak English; he led me to the house, and beckoned me to follow him up stairs; when, without hesitation, he walked into a room, and soon re-appeared with a Captain Bredell, who addressed me in English, and asked me to take coffee with him; he afterwards asked me to dine with him at twelve. In the interim I rambled about. We had for dinner, fish and potatoes, milk and cream, Madeira, &c. The Captain expressed his surprise that I did not come to his house on the preceding evening, and begged of me to allow him to repay whatever sum I had expended at the inn; assuring me, at the same time, that an

\* At the point where the two great southern branches of the Hard-

Englishman was always welcome in Norway, and that every respectable house would consider it a slight, rather than otherwise, if I passed without giving them an opportunity of shewing hospitality. He gave me a route to Bergen, and requested that I would not pass the præstegaards (or parsonages) of Vigoer and Strandebarrow without calling. He seemed to be well acquainted with Sir Walter Scott's works.

A most palatable preparation of milk and cream was a second course at dinner; it was served in a round and shallow dish, containing about three quarts; the surface was brown with grated rusk and sugar; the cream which supported this was sufficiently strong to bear a considerable weight, and underneath was the jellied milk. Captain Bredell initiated me in the art of eating this viand. The dish stood between myself and the captain, and I ate of one side, while he ate of the other. I most scrupulously followed his example, excepting that, while I took an equal quantity of rusk, sugar, and cream, I did not dip so deeply into the sour milk.

The Folgefond-Fjeld extends south-west from Utne more than sixty miles, and is covered with perpetual snow. Herrinsholmen is twelve miles from Utne, on a bay of the Fjord, below a great cataract of Folgefond.

This was my next point, and Captain Bredell walked a short distance with me, on a soaking wet day. Soon after we parted I lost my way, and walked several hours through copse-wood and long grass and bramble; at length I came to some houses, where I made a young man understand that I wished to go to Herrinsholmen; he was barefoot and bareheaded; but a profusion of



Engraved by Edward Price.



yellow hair flowed over his shoulders, and he was as full of life as a mountain colt; he scampered before me up the next hill, and soon set me in the right road. I offered him a small coin at parting, but his delicacy almost prevented him from taking it. I shall never forget his emotion on being offered money, probably for the first time, and by an Englishman too; he almost laughed, and half extending his hand to the money, said, Nay! I wish I could picture to the mind's eye of my reader the poor fellow stiffened into surprise and delight as he hesitatingly spoke the word. In another moment he had the coin between his finger and thumb, and again said, Nay! and while withdrawing his hand with the money, he again reiterated, Nay! Alas, it will not read, but it was a beautiful passage of my ramble! At length I reached the hamlet, where I met a fisherman who had a little trout, for which I gave him two skillings, which so well satisfied him, that he led me to his house, where he made a good fire, dressed me in his own clothes, and went for a fisherman who could speak English fluently; he then boiled for me the trout and a cod-fish, and gave me some excellent butter; and I slept on a comfortable straw bed.

In the morning I breakfasted on goat's milk, and remained at Herrinsholmen\* the greater part of the day. In the evening I proceeded with the fisherman to his boat, which had a sail, but no rudder; and was provided with two pair of oars. We rowed out of calm water,

\* Herrinsholmen is on the east coast of the main channel of the Hardanger-Fjord opening to the sea. Mr. Price has given a Drawing of a Waterfall in the neighbourhood. Plate XV.



but had scarcely reached the middle of the Fjord when a storm came on with great violence. The sail was set, and I steered with an oar; and it was doubtful, for a length of time, if we should be able to weather the storm. When the squall was over, the rain commenced, and we rowed into the still water of the bay of Vigoer.\* It was nearly dark, when I desired the boatman to lead me to the Præstegaard. The pastor was from home, but I was received in a very friendly way by his lady and two daughters. They brought me brandy and biscuit as soon as I went in, and afterwards prepared coffee for me, and tea vin; when I was shown to a comfortable bedroom. Oh! the luxury of a comfortable bed, after the privations I had lately endured. In the morning a basin of milk was set by my bed-side. I breakfasted with the ladies, but vain were the attempts to converse, as they were entirely ignorant of any language except their own. After breakfast the lady opened my knapsack, and put in it bread, butter, and cheese; and

\* Mr. Forester and Captain Biddulph navigated this branch of the Fjord in 1848. "We experienced," says Mr. F., "little delay in effecting the change of boats at Utne, and re-embarking again plied our way now under the northern shore, to which we crossed. The shores of the Fjord continued to maintain their bold and noble character. The elevations were not quite so great; but, for considerable distances, the sides of the mountains overhanging the water were clothed with deep woods of pine, and at several points cascades leapt in long falls from the levels of the Fjelds above. The outline of the coast was broken by promontories, stretching out into its channel, and further on, by some deep inlets indenting its shores. About four in the afternoon, we opened a wide bay, towards the shores of which the ranges swept down by easy declivities. Its surface was enlivened by a number of fishing-boats, some of them navigated solely by young girls. Flights of gulls wheeled screaming overhead. Two considerable villages rose on the plain which shelved to the edge of the Fjord, Vigoer and Ostensö; the latter a place of some importance and trade."—*Forester's Norway*.





sent for a man to show me the way over the Fjeld to Strandebarm.

I would remark, that the western Fjords are subject to sudden squalls, which render them dangerous to navigate; the reasons are obvious. The mountains, in some situations, rise so high and abruptly, that a storm is unseen until it actually bursts upon the depths; and a Fjord, otherwise so sheltered that it is a continual mirror, may, down a yawning chasm, be swept, *imo fundo*, by the artillery of a neighbouring Fjeld.

Mr. Danby, the painter, was very awkwardly situated on one of the western Fjords. He related the occurrence to me. The mountains on all sides rose abruptly from the water, which was perfectly still, and canopied by an azure heaven. The boat was resting under the stillness of the day. At this moment the silver line of a cloud rose above the lofty barrier in front, the Fjord heaved its bosom, and an approaching gale flapped the sail; fear was depicted on the faces of the boatmen, who lowered the sail, and lashed the mast and a pair of oars across the boat; immediately the heavens were black with clouds, and the Fjord boiled like a caldron; destruction seemed inevitable, when the boat swung against the rock, the projecting mast snapped, and the boat whirled again into the ebullition. The violence of the storm was now over, and at length the Fjord resumed its wonted quiet.

I left Vigoer and trudged on, up a very interesting valley; the hills were covered with wood, the hamlets beautifully situated, and distant snow mountains very fine. About three miles from Vigoer I ascended the

mountain, and wandered among a great variety of scenery—hills, dales, waterfalls, lakes, and torrents; at length the snow of Folgefond appeared, and a great extent of the Hardanger-Fjord. Below was the village of Strandebarin. It was Sunday, and I met sixteen boats full of people diverging from the church; I also met many persons upon the Fjeld.

Soon after three o'clock, P.M., I knocked at the door of the parsonage; it was opened by the pastor of the village, a portly gentleman, in a good suit of black. He stood, stiff as a soldier on patrol, while he surveyed my person, habited in a velveteen coat with very ample pockets, nankeen trousers, and a straw hat, which the wet of nine successive days had slouched like an umbrella. I introduced myself as an Englishman, and the form of M. Reinertsen relaxed, and extending his hand, he said, "Welcome here." He immediately led me into the dining room, where a large party had just sat down to dinner. I was introduced as an Englishman, and every person rose from his seat. The following was the arrangement of the table; M. Hertzberg, the Dean of Hardanger,\* presided; on his right was the clergyman of Vigoer, two Swedish gentlemen, and a captain; below the captain, three ladies. On the left, an elderly lady, a captain, a lady, myself, M. Reinertsen, and two ladies; at the bottom of the table,

\* M. Hertzberg was *Proust* or Provost of the Hardanger district, an ecclesiastical office equivalent to that of Archdeacon or Rural Dean in England. There are no Cathedral Chapters in Norway. This excellent man, who died some years since, was well known to most English travellers of his time for his great worth, hospitality, and scientific attainments, particularly in meteorology.





Mrs. Reinertsen; and three children at a side table. In my undress I would have withdrawn, when the clergyman immediately left the room, and returned with a person, habited little better than myself; him he set opposite me, and dismissed so soon as the equilibrium of my feelings was restored.

The dish at the top of the table was cut into pieces by the Dean, who first helped himself, and then passed it to his neighbour; and thus it travelled round the table. Several sorts of fish followed. Fowls came next, and a variety of cakes and preserves; these in succession perambulated the table. A bottle of claret stood by each person. M. Reinertsen and the Dean were the only persons in the company who could speak English. The Dean's vocabulary was soon exhausted, but at intervals M. Reinertsen very deliberately asked a number of questions; among the rest, "Have you read Sir Walter Scott's works?" "Are you from either of the Universities?" "Have you seen the Duke of Wellington?" The examination ended, others in company shared with me his attention. Many toasts were drunk during dinner; when a toast was proposed, every person rose, and each with each rung his glass, so that in this company, when a toast was given, glasses rung two hundred and fifty-six times. When mastication, relieved only by the frequent toasts, had occupied three hours, those who were well acquainted kissed each other, and the rest shook hands. We were then led to another room, where the ladies handed coffee and tea to the gentlemen; in two hours we returned to the dining-room, where the ladies had tea,



and the gentlemen punch. At eleven, supper was brought; a large ham, a large piece of beef, bread, butter, ale, brandy, &c., and at twelve we were shown to our respective rooms.

In the morning, after breakfast, I was led into the larder, and afterwards went out to sketch. Dined with the same party at half-past three. We had soups, meats, &c., as before. After dinner M. Hertzberg produced a camera lucida, and M. Reinertsen told me that "the Dean of Hardanger would monstrat me the mountain Folgefond." We,—that is, the ladies, the Dean, and myself, rambled to a neighbouring height, where I made a sketch of Folgefond,\* which I presented to the Dean.

Immediately on our return, he brought into the room an Ackermann's colour-box, and proceeded to "give it (the sketch) a little illumination." The day was lovely, and the evening so still and mild, that long after the moon arose, we sat out of doors, the gentlemen shrouding themselves in tobacco smoke.

The next morning, ere I took my farewell of the family, M. Reinertsen hoped that I would again visit him, and showed such warmth of feeling, that I exceedingly regretted to leave. Meanwhile Mrs. Reinertsen put eatables into my knapsack, and a man was provided to conduct me over the steep Fjeld to Bolstad.

The mountains rise very high and abruptly from the deep valley in which Bolstad is situated. I walked two

\* It is singular that Mr. Price does not mention the great glacier of the Folgefonden. M. Hertzberg ascended it in company with Professor Esmark of Christiania. Some account of this glacier is given in an article in Chapter III. of the present volume.





miles down the valley to Ous, then boated a mile, crossed a steep hill, and over the Fjeld to Ous. I wandered far out of the way, and lay all night on straw, on the floor of a wretched hut. In the morning a large bowl was set, and the children, quite naked, helped themselves with their hands to its contents.

August 16th.—I boated ten miles to Hartvigen. In five miles further I came to the house at which I was received on the 6th; and, much fatigued, reached Bergen in the evening.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE HARDANGER-FJELD, AND ITS PASSES.

THE failure of Mr. Price's attempt to penetrate into the Hardanger-Fjeld—a bold enterprise at that time, considering how very little was then known of this wild region, and how totally unprepared our artist was with any aids for encountering the difficulties of the undertaking—renders it desirable that some fuller particulars than he was able to collect should be given of this, perhaps, the most magnificent of all the Norwegian Fjelds, as well as of the passages which have been effected across it by later and more successful travellers.

The Hardanger gives its name to a large district, which is estimated at ninety or one hundred miles in length, by about seventy or eighty in breadth in a direct line. It includes not only the elevated plateau of the Fjeld, but also the valleys which lie at its base and intersect its ridges. The Fjeld itself, however, with its projecting spurs, may be considered as covering a space not much less in extent than this calculation. Let any one conceive the entire counties of Surrey, Kent, and Sussex, as forming the area of one immense

mountain, with the South Downs elevated to five times their actual height, and he may be able to form some idea of the enormous bulk of the Hardanger-Fjeld.

The summit of the Hardanger-Fjeld does not rise to anything approaching the shape of a cone; but like most of the Norwegian Fjelds, presents from a distance a lumpy appearance and rounded outlines, imposing only by their great magnitude. From a bird's-eye view, it would have the appearance of a vast table-land, of which the average level may be taken at about four thousand feet above the sea. But, notwithstanding, the surface of the plateau has great irregularities. It is broken by undulating ridges of bare rock, spreads into vast plains of morass, and sinks into shallow valleys, in the hollows of which are sometimes found chains of small tarns, or mountain lakes, generally half frozen, fed by torrents which take their rise in the higher ranges, and are increased by the melting of the snow in summer. Nor is the general uniformity and monotony of the surface unbroken by greater elevations; for the Jokelen, the Hallen-Scarven, and Harteigen rise in domes or peaks, at vast distances, to the height of between five and six thousand feet above the level of the sea. Of course nearly the whole plateau of the Fjeld, its elevation being so great, is covered with perpetual snow. Some of the sheltered valleys, however, and the sides of the lower hills which have a southern exposure, present during the short months of a northern summer, in such situations, a verdant aspect, the more agreeable from the sterility of the rocks and snows with which they are surrounded. These grassy spots are the

resort of the farmers of the neighbouring districts, who establish themselves with their herds of cows and goats in the most favoured valleys; some members of their families, often women only, making their abode in rude shanties, constructed of loose stones, or of pine-logs brought with great toil from the base of the mountain; from which also are transported fuel and all other necessaries except what the produce of the dairy affords. They are employed in tending the herds, and making butter and cheese, until the early approach of autumn warns them to quit the sæters. For three-fourths of the year, even these spots are uninhabitable; and they are separated by wide intervals, and confined generally to the verge of the Fjeld on its eastern and western sides. The interior is at all times a vast, dreary, inhospitable waste.

Over such a country there can be no roads; and though the meridian of Christiania and Bergen is nearly the same, this enormous barrier intervening, there is no communication between the two cities, but by a detour to the north, which doubles the distance to be traversed in reaching Bergen by a direct line to the westward. Further to the north is the pass over the Fille-Fjeld,—a range of mountains continuing the line of the Hardanger to the northward,—which, though difficult, has permitted the construction of a road practicable by carriages. There is such another pass through the Dovre-Fjeld, of which advantage was long ago taken for the highroad to Drontheim. But though the average elevation of these Fjelds is, perhaps, as high as that of the Hardanger, the huge mass of the latter is

not broken by any intersecting valleys or ravines which offer the same facilities for the construction of a road, and its broad back remains, as it ever must, impracticable to ordinary travellers. Englishmen are not, however, apt to be daunted by any obstacles which spirit and resolution can surmount, and in the progress of discovery, as we have already had occasion to observe, the time arrived,—particularly after the Rjukan-Foss, which is within a day's journey of the foot of the Hardanger, was an object of great interest,—when it became a desideratum to continue the journey from the Tellemarken into the Bergenstift, by crossing the Hardanger-Fjeld, without retracing the traveller's steps. Twice only, however, as far as we have any information, has the passage over the main body of the Fjeld been accomplished; and that at long intervals, and by different routes. We take the liberty of making some considerable extracts from the published accounts of these adventures, referring the reader who may wish to enter more completely into the spirit of them, and to realize more vividly the view of the Hardanger-Fjeld which our rough sketch has presented, to the works themselves.

Mr. Elliott was the first who effected the passage under circumstances of great difficulty and peril; and the more so, as he and his companions were ill-equipped and prepared for the undertaking. They had returned down the valley of the Maan to Tessungdal, and there, he says, "the peasants told us that the Hardanger, rising above their heads, opposed an insuperable barrier between them and the western districts. No man



would venture to guide us over upwards of one hundred miles, where no road was to be seen, and where, in many places, the snow had accumulated from the first subsidence of the waters of the flood. A transient fear crossed our minds that we might be compelled to relinquish a trip, to the dangers and interest of which we were now wrought up. It proved, however, but transient. We learned that a few miles off a mountaineer maintained a solitary, but friendly, communication with the winds and woods. He was believed to know something of the Alpine waste. A summons brought this wild child of nature. He said that he had succeeded in a former attempt to cross the Hardanger, and knew the bearings of Bergen. So he agreed for seven dollars to accompany us." The ascent commenced four miles from Tessungdal. Firs and birch gradually disappeared, and soon all trees were left behind.

"For two hours we pursued our course by twilight over a country wilder than imagination can conceive. Barren rocks and broad morasses were varied only now and then by heaths and lichens thinly scattered. Yet sometimes a hill would rise to view gilded with reindeer moss like crystals of the flower of sulphur, and shining with a beauty peculiar to itself. The weather was inclement; it rained hard, and the cold was intense. Our servant had dropped behind with fatigue, and for two successive hours the guide had been saying that we were within a mile of a hut, which would afford something like shelter for the night. The minutes dragged heavily along; hope and fear succeeded each other in

rapid alternation, and the promised haven seemed to retreat before us. At length, an hour after midnight we reached it, and perhaps never entered the home of our fathers with so much thankfulness as we did this pile of stones; for, suspecting that the guide had lost his way, we were anticipating continued exposure to the elements."

The hut was one of the sæters already mentioned. The stones forming it were rudely and irregularly put together, with a hole in the centre for the smoke; but it supplied the comfort of a fire, with milk and cream, luxuries not often found in these vast solitudes. "On the second day," continues Mr. Elliott, "after ten hours of hard marching over trackless mountains on the limits of perpetual congelation and in a drenching rain, we accomplished twenty-three miles. With the exception of a herd of reindeer, who fled as we disturbed their mossy meal, and the plovers, whose plaintive cry harmonized with the discomfort of our condition, scarcely a sign of animal or vegetable existence was to be seen. Our course the preceding day was west by south. This day we travelled west. Descending a few hundred feet, we found a pile of stones similar to that already described, but without a tenant, probably raised by some adventurous herdsmen, who, living in the nearest and most elevated village on the north-east of Hardanger, and exploring in successive journeys a little and a little more of this inhospitable Fjeld, have fixed this as the limit of their bold essay; and who, perhaps, annually pass a night here and enjoy the chase of the deer. It screened us a little from the severity of the cold, which at this altitude. with patches of snow on every side,

was intense, even in the day-time. At the distance of six miles the guide assured us he could obtain some milk. Accordingly, after a march of four hours over roads which some days ago we should have hesitated to ascend on foot, but on which the horses were now allowed to walk with the reins thrown over their necks, we reached a hollow pile of stones, where three women watched over and manufactured cheese, the produce of a herd of cows. This was the third establishment of the kind we had encountered in three days. Each of them was situated in a kind of valley, distant fifty or sixty miles from the nearest village, and accessible only by a circuitous route known to none but the half-civilized mountaineers who occupied the hut only for a few summer weeks, and who then returned by the same way, without the desire or the means of exploring the surrounding world of desolation."

Pursuing their journey, the travellers continued a western course for six hours, when at the distance of fourteen miles they reached another shed occupied by three girls. They had calculated on reaching some village in three days. This time had now elapsed, and they had scarcely penetrated one-third of the way across the Fjeld. Their small stock of provisions was exhausted, and, urged by the necessity of the case, they started at half-past seven in the evening to reach a *boe* or pile of stones at the distance of seven miles. The horses were jaded, and Mr. Elliott had received a kick from one of them, which caused much pain; and the wound grew continually worse from the necessity of walking. But under such circumstances, nothing short of a broken bone arrests the traveller. It is impossible to stop;

for delay may lead to something worse than inconvenience.

"At this elevation," proceeds Mr. Elliott, "four thousand feet of snow surrounded us on all sides. Here and there we traversed its untracked surface for a quarter of a mile together, guided only by stones that a straggling reindeer huntsman had placed one upon another, to enable him to retrace his steps. The prospect on every side was sublime, and almost terrific in its wildness. Soon after the commencement of our evening march it began again to rain. From nine to half-past nine, and from half-past nine to ten, we expected that each minute would bring us within sight of the *boo*. At length Oolah,\* for that was the Saracenic name of the guide, confessed that he had lost his way. The sun had set with all the angry symptoms of a storm, and dense black clouds deprived us of the advantage of a northern twilight. The wind and rain increasing broke my umbrella, which had hitherto sheltered us a little. A consultation was held, and it was determined to continue the march during the night. The man pronounced the horses unable to proceed. The only alternative, therefore, was to stand still for six hours, drenched as we were with rain, or to return to the abode of the girls whom we had left three hours before. In a few minutes the whole cavalcade was in retrograde motion, and at one o'clock in the morning arrived at the spot from which we had started at half-seven the preceding evening."

\* The name was, probably, Ole (Oliver), pronounced Oolah, or something like it; for the Norwegians say that no foreigner ever acquires the exact pronunciation of this name.—*Editor*.

Here Mr. Elliott and his companions passed the ensuing day, which happened to be Sunday. He speaks of the sæter girls as simple, pleasing, and interesting in their manners; but their hospitality was unable to furnish anything but milk, cheese, and oatmeal flad-bröd. At six in the evening the party proceeded on their march. It rained again, and they were all wet through. The cold was intense, and they were glad to shelter themselves under a rock, whose projecting surface just admitted a man to crawl under it and lie flat. In this state they remained miserably wet, till at length Oolah brought the joyful intelligence that the *boo* was found. It was preoccupied by two huntsmen, but it supplied a haunch of reindeer venison, and such shelter and rest as could be obtained doubled up in a space of twelve feet by six occupied by eight men. At half-past two in the morning they all rose from the ground, and proceeded onward in a thick fog, which did not allow them to see ten yards in advance. Mr. Elliott had secured the huntsmen as their guides.

"It was well," he says, "we did so, as repeatedly masses of snow, far larger than any we had traversed, lay directly in our road. Sometimes the half-melted surface broke under the incumbent weight, and the deeper subsidence of the animal was arrested only by the breadth of his chest. As the mist cleared away, we saw that we were passing through scenery of a highly interesting character. The mountains appeared in a less broken line, while cataracts here and there indicated the presence of some mighty reservoir above, from which their waters were supplied. Bold peaks, rugged precipices, and extensive lakes, varied the scene. Everything con-

spired to stimulate hope and interest, which had never flagged, when suddenly, about nine o'clock, a glacier burst upon our view. We were descending into a valley. A dark mountain rose above us, and a cataract rolled down its cleft, uneven side. A crown of ice reposed in grandeur on the summit, 2000 feet above. The thickness of the glacier was some hundred feet; the edge of its upper surface appeared quite even. Its extent was said to be ten English miles. The effect was truly imposing. In Switzerland the glaciers are viewed from spots above or on a level with them; here they stand on vantage ground. Their position enhances the sentiment of terror they are calculated to inspire; while their enormous extent, far beyond the limits of sight, affords ample scope to the imagination.

“Hitherto our course had been ascending; now it was occasionally on a descent, though alternating with ascents less steep and rugged. The reindeer moss had disappeared, and with it the animals, the proud boast of arctic Fjelds. We now came to a succession of hills of granite utterly naked, and devoid of even moss and lichens. They extend about ten miles, and are dreary in the extreme. The effect, however, is good. They prepare the eye to receive with a fuller force of contrast the lovely prospect that shortly opens on it. Without the least warning or expectation, we came to the edge of a mountain, and saw the termination of our labours. The sun shone upon the valley stretched out 3000 feet below. At an angle formed by the meeting of a double chain of hills, four cataracts pour their waters from different elevations into a river which seeks the

neighbouring Fjord. For four days we had not seen a tree. A whole forest now lay before us. In the valley, the Lilliputian haymakers were tossing about the grass in all the short-lived gaiety of a northern summer. The church and parsonage smiled upon the scene. The most beautiful Fjord in Norway expanded itself to our view. On the other side a ridge of mountains rose perpendicularly to the height of perpetual congelation. Their snow-backed summits now appeared beautiful, because distant from us, and formed a contrast with their richly-wooded slopes and the fertile valley. A descent of seven miles occupied two hours and a half. As we approached nearer to its blue waters, the Sör-Fjord, the village of Opdal, and the rural parsonage of Ullensvang, seemed to multiply their charms. The view of the Skriekan-Foss and the Rjukan-Foss (or 'noisy' and 'vapoury' waterfalls, the two largest of the cascades) is more imposing from below, where their size is more justly appreciated. The first fall of the former from the top of the cliff, 3000 feet above the Fjord, may be about 400 feet. It then rushes down a precipitous slope of somewhat greater extent, still preserving its character as a waterfall. From that point it runs along an inclined plane of forty-five degrees for 2000 feet, and is lost in the river.

"I am afraid to express what we felt when standing on the summit of the cliff, surveying the scene around; but each of us thought that our labour was more than repaid. We were probably the first, except a straggling huntsman, who had ever beheld this masterpiece of Nature's works. We were assuredly the first who dwelt

on it, at the end of such a journey, with minds so prepared to perceive and contemplate its beauties. It is a bold assertion, but it is true, that I cannot recollect any view on the Alps or the Himalaya which, uniting the minute beauties and the grand outlines, the loveliness and sublimity, the varied objects so numerous and so perfect of their kind, is altogether equal to this *coup d'œil*.\*

Mr. Forester and his fellow-traveller, Captain Bidulph, some years afterwards accomplished the passage of the Hardanger-Fjeld by a different route from that which Mr. Elliott and his companion had followed. They had obtained information at Dal which prevented the necessity of returning to the head of the Tind-soe as Mr. Elliott had done; and after visiting the Rjukan-Foss, and climbing to the level of the moorlands above the fall, they coasted the eastern shore of the Miös-Vand to the head of the lake in the gorges of the mountains. Here they took up their quarters for the night at a lone farm-house at the foot of the mountains. It was their point of departure for Eid-Fjord, on the northern side of the Fjeld. Their couch was prepared with bundles of birch spray being spread on the floor; and they lay down in their clothes with their knapsacks for pillows, as they had done at another such farm the preceding night.

“There was nothing,” says Mr. Forester, “to tempt a long indulgence, and we were early afoot in the grey morning, anxious about the weather. The result of our observations was unfavourable, the clouds hung heavily

\* “Elliott's Letters from the North of Europe.”



about the mountains, and a dense fog filled the valley. The 'good Gunnuf,' our guide, shook his head and prognosticated rain. We were sensible of the dangers and the difficulties of the enterprise on which we had embarked ; crossing such a Fjeld as the Hardanger is a very different affair from the passage of a Swiss mountain. To say nothing of the Mont Cenis and the Simplon, over which one rolls in all the comfort and luxury of an English carriage, the more unfrequented passes—the St. Gothard, or the Gries, or the Grimsel—can be accomplished in a single day. There is a hard road, though in many places it is like going up and down stairs ; and there are stations by the wayside and on the summits, where some sort of shelter and refreshment can be procured. Across the Hardanger it was nearly eighty miles to the nearest habitation. Over its broad back, its rocks, its snows, its morasses, there was no vestige of a path. The only refuge in case of tempest, the only shelter for at least the one night we must spend on the Fjeld, if we should be fortunate enough to effect the passage in two days, were the *lagers*,—lone uninhabited huts, built of rough stone, and destitute of every comfort but the shelter of the bare walls. The snow drifts which fill the deep ravines may be treacherous ; storms or dense fogs may suddenly occur, and bewilder the hapless traveller till he sinks from cold and exhaustion, unable to extricate himself from those perilous passes. To these real dangers the peasants add traditions full of unearthly terrors ; of the ghosts of the lost ones seen flitting in the drift, and of shrieks heard amidst the wailings of the tempest. Then they tell

strange tales of beings that dwelt in the gloomy caves of those dark mountains, and entice men to their destruction in their subterranean abodes; and of houses and farms seen amidst those dreary wastes, which, like the mirage of the desert, vanish upon nearer approach. Relics of such superstitions, engendered by the fancies with which the wild and solitary scenes of their native mountains and forests deeply imbued the imaginations of the old Northmen, still linger among the Norwegian peasants. Whatever credence our guides might give to these unreal horrors, there was enough in the natural phenomena connected with the elevated regions we were about to explore, to require us to brace ourselves resolutely for the adventure. Everything depended upon the weather, and our inquiries of those who could read its signs better than ourselves were attended with some anxiety. Though appearances were at present unfavourable, Gunnuf seemed no way dismayed. We prepared for departure, but we took the precaution of obtaining one of the young men and another horse, in addition to our convoy. It was loaded with a leathern pouch containing stores of provision for the way, a bag of tools, and sheepskins for the bedding of the guides."

The track pursued by Mr. Forester and Captain Biddulph appears to have been more practicable than that previously taken by Mr. Elliott and his companion, and they accomplished their undertaking, on the whole, under better auspices, although they too suffered severely from the inclemency of the weather and the toil of the march. They probably were much indebted to the accurate knowledge their guide

possessed of their wild and weary route. "He directed his course," we are told, "by certain marks, pinacles or points of rock, at regular but considerable intervals. When these were wanting, a simple pyramidal stone, or small heaps, were set up as beacons to point out the track. Though these were not very prominent objects in that wilderness of rocks and stones, it was wonderful with what precision he led the way, and how readily, if for a short time he was at a fault, he again struck the right course." Besides, Captain Biddulph "travelled with a prismatic compass—an invaluable instrument in a wild and unfrequented country. It had often been useful to us in ascertaining the proper direction of the line of march: and in our present expedition he made from time to time a sort of military reconnaissance, taking and marking the bearings of our march from point to point. This practice threw him sometimes far in the rear, and he has since told me that he often had considerable difficulty in regaining the convoy, and on one occasion only succeeded in so doing by tracing our footsteps in the snow."

In about four hours from commencing the ascent, the party reached the region of perpetual snow. "It capped the summits, and spread in broad Fjelds along the sides of the ridges, and filled the deep ravines and gullies which lay in our track; but it was crisp and solid, and as yet gave no token of danger to be apprehended. The 'good Gunnuf' marched boldly in front; I generally followed his lead closely; the young farmer guided the horses; and my friend brought up

the rear, often lingering, as various objects attracted his attention. We had now gained the highest elevation of our route, which is estimated at nearly 4000 feet above the level of the sea. The prospect around was as dreary as can be imagined. Nothing but the bare grey rocks, slopes and hollows of a black barren soil, and broad streaks and patches of snow, was to be seen. These presented themselves in seemingly interminable succession; and it is difficult to say over which of them our path was least wearisome."

Without tracing our adventurers' progress through these inhospitable regions, step by step, we will follow them to one of the resting-places, called a *lager* or *boo*, where they scarcely fared better than Mr. Elliott and his companions had done. "The further we proceeded," continues the narrative, "the more wild and desolate was the prospect, and more difficult the track. The snow which filled the ravines was softer than we had found it in the higher parts of the passages; and Gunnuf, proceeding in advance, carefully sounded it with a staff before he permitted us to follow. But worse than snow or morass were the spots at the edges of the snow drifts from which it had recently disappeared. They had become so rotten that the horses floundered deeply, and we had often great difficulty in making the passage. We crossed innumerable torrents, and two streams of considerable breadth, and running with so strong a current that we stemmed it with some difficulty. One of the guides and myself forded them on horseback; my friend and the other on foot, up to their middle in the water. At last we struck the Normands-Logan, a

considerable sheet of water, the bearings of which were nearly east and west. We traced the southern shore for several miles, following its windings, but frequently receding from it to avoid the difficulties which the inequalities of the ground opposed to our progress. If the Miös-Vand was 'the ideal of seclusion,' the Normands-Logan was that of entire desolation. We seemed to have reached the verge of creation. It is hardly possible that even Arctic scenery can present anything more utterly desolate. There were no signs of life; nothing was seen but the eternal snows, the dark waters of that melancholy lake, and the grey ridges of bare rock which shelved to its shores. The colour of the landscape was cold and leaden, and its sombre features were unrelieved by any variety of outline. Once we caught a distant view, through an opening in the hills, of a mountain-chain far away to the eastward. It glowed for a moment in the rays of the evening sun, shot askance through a break in the clouds; but they shed no cheering beam on the dreary scenes around; they imparted no warmth to us. It was bitterly cold; the clouds closed, and broke in torrents of rain, which penetrated through every opening in our wrappings, and fairly drenched us to the skin; completing the distress of our weary and exhausted condition, and adding the last touch to the gloom of that dreary scene. We had yet some miles to struggle forward. It was eight o'clock when our guide stopped suddenly before a rude hovel reared against the steep bank of the lake, and announced to us that we had reached our proposed resting-place for the night.

“Indispensable as rest and shelter was at that moment, I confess that I recoiled almost with horror at the aspect of that dreary den. Stooping under the low entrance, I saw a chamber of about nine feet square. The walls were built of rough stones; slabs of the same formed the roof, with a hole left in the centre for the escape of the smoke. Every part was dripping with moisture, and some damp straw was spread on the clayey floor at the further extremity. Such were the cheerless prospects that presented themselves. We were drenched to the skin, shivering with cold, hungry, stiff, and weary with the travel of that and the two preceding days; and for two nights before had not taken off our clothes. But it was no time or place for giving way to despair. In the howling wilderness we might be thankful even for the shelter of that rude cavern. The poor horses were turned adrift, to fare as they best might on the bleak hill-side. Our flask of corn-brandy had by some accident lost the greater part of its contents in the rough passage; but there were a few precious drops left, which we at once eagerly drained. The men brought in bundles of bog-myrtle, and slowly coaxed the green fuel into flame. But then we were stifled with the smoke that filled the hut, and I was forced to rush into the air for temporary relief. Our next care was to divest ourselves altogether of our sodden vestments, and to replace them by such changes as the scanty contents of our knapsacks afforded. It was a work of time and difficulty in those narrow bounds, within which all our party were now assembled. Meanwhile the fire, from which each successive addi-

tion of the green bushes produced fresh volumes of smoke, had burnt into something like embers, and having completed our toilet, the *cuisine* was our next concern. An extra allowance, shaved from a roll of concentrated beef, with a handful of rice thrown into the canteen, were speedily bubbling on the embers; and in place of spoons, a part of our equipment which we had left behind at the last station, some pieces of birch, hastily shaped into something like the requisite form, enabled us to sup up the warm and savoury mess. Meanwhile, the 'good Gunnuf' and his fellow addressed themselves heartily to the *flad-bröd*, butter, and cheese, ample store of which formed part of the lading of the sumpter horse; and, having disposed of part of their wet garments round the remains of the fire, and closed the aperture for the smoke above, coiled themselves up in their sheepskin rugs on one side of the narrow floor, and were soon in an enviable state of oblivion. We followed their example in making the best dispositions we could for the repose we so much needed; but the damp straw was our pallet, our light over-coats the only covering, and the knapsacks our pillows. For a time I listened to the moanings of the wind as it swept in fitful gusts from the lake over the low roof, and whistled through the chinks of the loose walls; but overcome with the fatigues of the preceding days, I too fell into a profound and undisturbed sleep.

"I had urged on our guides the necessity of hastening our departure at the first dawn of day; but it was five o'clock when I roused myself and went forth to the entrance of the hut. The storm had abated, but in

the cold grey light of the morning the dark lake and bare cliffs still presented the same melancholy aspect. Over the lake to the northward appeared the lofty dome of Hallings-Jokeln, covered with snow. My companion and the others still slept. I summoned them to make preparations for our departure. A fire was again kindled with the green bushes, and the canteen in requisition for the manufacture of some warm chocolate. The horses were called in and loaded with our baggage, and we took our departure from the *læger* of Bessæ-boo with far different feelings from those with which we had crossed its threshold on the preceding evening.

“Our track still lay along the desolate shores of the Normands-Logan. We traced its course over rocks, and morasses, and snowy hollows, now very soft and treacherous, for some hours; we then turned southward, and, crossing a ridge, had the satisfaction of striking a rivulet which was running to the west. We had reached, then, the point at which the waters which feed the rivers and lakes that discharge themselves into the Skaggerack diverge from those flowing into the Fjords which communicate with the Northern Ocean. The parting of the waters in high regions is always a point of much interest to the traveller. Never had I marked it with more delight. Presently we came upon some cows feeding on the hill-side; below was a green valley, into which we rapidly descended. There was a *sæter*, at which we obtained draughts of delicious milk, and rested for some time. It was within an hour of noon. We congratulated ourselves on having reached the



limits of habitable life on the western ranges of the Fjeld, and anticipated an early and easy descent to the shores of the Fjord; for from the heights above we had traced the course of the stream by a long line of cliffs that folded into the valley and marked its channel in the direct line of our course.

“But we were doomed to be disappointed, and a long and weary day’s march was yet before us. The river, indeed, found its way into the Hardanger-Fjord at the outlet to which our own steps were directed; but the gorges were impracticable, and on leaving the sæter we ascended the right bank of the stream, and for some hours crossed a succession of stony ridges of considerable elevation, through a country as bare of vegetation as the face of the Fjeld itself.”

It was late in the day when the travellers were again cheered by the sight of birch woods, here growing at the height, as they calculated, of about 2500 feet above the level of the sea. “They clothed the sides of deep ravines, into which we plunged, rapidly descending by a track which once more presented the semblance of a road, but either deep and miry or leading over shelves of rock, down which, as by a rude staircase, we frequently descended for a furlong together, at an angle of 45 degrees; but the scenery was charming, the windings of the valleys presenting ever-varying features of torrents rushing wildly down, deep birch woods, and cliffs towering to a great height. Mantling over them were faintly seen, miles beyond, wreaths of spray where the waters of the Fjelds precipitated themselves from the summits, to join the impetuous course of the river

below. One of these falls, 600 or 700 feet high, leapt from a chasm in a stupendous gorge, where the cliffs of grey and purple rock formed walls of 1000 or 1200 feet in height, just above the confluence of two streams which we had successively to ford. The torrents were rapid, broad, and deep, and the passage was effected, not without some difficulty and delay, by the help of our patient and sure-footed horses, which crossed and re-crossed till all were safely ferried over. The scene was altogether one of the wildest and most magnificent I have ever beheld, and the descent of the pass below was perfectly unique. The walls of rock, receding for a space, inclosed a level area of a few rods of pasture and green corn, in which stood the buildings of a small farm, the first signs of culture and habitation we had seen on this side the mountain range. Then it closed again, and the road was carried along the right bank of the river, ascending and descending the several ridges, which spurred out from the base of the cliffs, by rude steps cut in the rocks at an angle so precipitous, that it was wonderful how the horses could clamber up and down. As we successively mounted the summits of these, the blue waters of the Fjord were seen through the long vista of projecting cliffs which, towering to a prodigious height, shut in the narrow valley. But slow and painful was our progress, and the shades of evening were closing in the narrow glen, when, descending the last declivity, we emerged on a somewhat open and level plain, walled in on three of its sides by towering cliffs. On the west, two bold headlands terminated on either hand a low grassy ridge, having the appearance of an

artificial dam to a small lake, which receives the waters of several torrents, as, having here united, they poured in a broad full stream through the valley. Its course among the green meadows was marked by an undergrowth of birch and alder copse. Midway appeared a hamlet of some half dozen tenements, among which the *Gjæstgiver-huus* was conspicuous by its superior elevation. Our straggling party closed up as we crossed the little plain, animated by the near prospect of rest and refreshment, after the toils of our long and weary journey. For my part, I staggered to the threshold like a drunken man, and with a last effort clambered the steep flight of stairs to the guest-chamber above.

“ Thus ended the passage of the Hardanger-Fjeld. It was attended with extreme fatigue, and no small degree of suffering, but these were compensated by the interest attending scenes of a character so peculiar. It might, under very favourable circumstances, be accomplished with less difficulty than we experienced; at the same time, it must not be concealed that from any sudden atmospheric changes, such as the coming on of fogs or snow-storms, the safety of the traveller may be seriously compromised; of course no one would think of making the attempt without the aid of an experienced guide.”\*

The track followed by Mr. Forester and Capt. Bidulph appears, for various reasons, the preferable one for travellers wishing to cross the chain of the Hardanger-Fjeld. There is, however, a route over its southern branch, which is well known and occasionally

\* Forester's "Norway in 1848 and 1849," chap. iv. & vi.

frequented, and which shortens the passage one-half, so that it can be accomplished, under favourable circumstances, in a single day. "*Vous auriez été guidé de prendre le chemin par les vallées de Tellemarken (Hjerdal, Hitterdal, et Grunge-dal) à Roldal et Odde sur le Sorr-Fjord par ici,*" said M. Hertzberg to Mr. Elliott. This route was taken the reverse way by Lieut. Breton, in his return to Christiania in 1835.\* After leaving Odde, he walked the two stages of fourteen miles to Seljestad, passing through a country of great wildness and much grandeur. Here he spent the night, and the next was passed at a sæter high up on the Fjeld. Nine hours of riding the following day, brought him to a farm-house in Tellemarken, and he slept at a post-station near Houglic. From thence there is a good post-road to the south and west. A better account of this passage is given in Mr. Forester's "Rambles," from the notes of Capt. Biddulph, who traversed it in 1849.† The route is very convenient for tourists who are proceeding to Bergen from Kongsberg, or any of the southern districts of Norway; while the bolder course from Dal to Eid-Fjord has the advantage of much shortening the distance between Christiania and Bergen for travellers visiting the Rjukan-Foss, and brings that and the Voring-Foss, the two great waterfalls on the eastern and western sides of the Hardanger, into one and a direct line of march.

These details may be of service to future tourists, while the general reader may be interested by descrip-

\* Breton's "Scandinavian Sketches," p. 311.

† Forester's "Norway," p. 181.

tions which convey so vivid an idea of the almost Arctic scenery of the Hardanger-Fjeld, and of the enterprising spirit in which its inhospitable wastes have been explored. "Notwithstanding dangers and hardships," says Mr. Elliott, "there was not one of the party who regretted the enterprise. An opportunity of exploring an unknown tract occurs but once in a life; and while we expected that every mile would bring us to scenery that would reward our toil, we could also look forward to future days, when by a snug fire-side we might recall, in pleasing conversation, recollections of the past, and, like the old soldier of the 'Deserted Village,' might

"Shoulder the crutch, and show how *fields* are won."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## CONTINUATION OF MR. PRICE'S JOURNAL.

## A COASTING VOYAGE TO DRONTHEIM.

I WAS eager to exchange a bed of down in a city for a bed of straw among mountains; for, after a refreshing night's rest, the reminiscences of my ramble were so pleasurable, that I desired once more to realize what now appeared only a dream. Which way, however, I should direct my steps, I knew not; my further inquiries were to settle this point;\* but I determined not to swerve from my purpose of exploring the wildest scenery. “Quâ plurimus undam fumus agit.”

\* The voyage from Bergen to Drontheim, through the channels formed by the numerous islands and rocks which stud the western coast of Norway, was never, as far as we can learn, undertaken by any English traveller before or since the time of Mr. Price, until the establishment of the Norwegian steamboats which now ply between Christiania and all the towns on the southern and western coasts as far as Hammerfest. It is to be regretted that Mr. Price's notes on the rugged scenery of some parts of this coast are so brief. We suspect that, as he encountered much bad weather, he was less agreeably occupied. Lieutenant Breton, who would have been more in his element, undertook in 1834 the navigation of this coast as far as Molde; but he speedily abandoned the enterprise, and proceeded by land. Mr. Everest, however, had previously in his winter journey from Drontheim to Bergen, when the roads were impassable in consequence of thaw, embarked on the Romsdal-Fjord at

The coast was described as very headlong and precipitous; and it is the only coast in the world which has been chastened with a lash of the Kraken's tail. I therefore took my passage to Drontheim in a little deck-boat called the 'Johanna Christina,' but as the wind was contrary, I had to wait some days in Bergen.

As at this time I had no desire to visit, I rambled about Bergen and the neighbourhood, taking sketches, and frequently with a host of children and dogs in my train. On the evening before I left the city, an artist of eminence arrived, named Dahl; he was, I believe, a Norwegian by birth, but resident in Dresden. He received me as a brother artist with much cordiality, and expressed a hope that we might study nature together, since we both had adopted the same department of the art. Dahl was a "professor" of painting, and had been employed to paint "the waterfalls of Europe," and the falls of the Gotha at Trollhætten was among his collection; he could not speak English, but a gentleman in the room performed the office of interpreter. The last address of this gentleman to me was, "The professor says—Norway is a fine maid, whom you may love, and she will prove a blessing to you." Suffice it that I am now paying my devoirs to the lady, and so long as she encourages my suit, I shall be attendant at her shrine.

On the morning of the 23rd of August, a southerly wind scarcely breathed to lift the streamers at the mast-heads, and we did not sail out of the harbour till even-

Molde, and accomplished the rest of his journey to Bergen for the most part in boats, among the islands and channels just before mentioned.

ing.\* The sloop was laden with pearl barley, and the small space between the barley and the deck was my dormitory for eleven successive nights.

August 24.—A few miles north of Bergen the rocky coast assumes a fine character; and some of the islands rise abruptly to an immense height, and are very noble in their outlines. A crew of rough fellows from a fishing vessel came on board to drink brandy.

August 25.—We had a heavy sea the greater part of the day, and in the evening we anchored between the coast and an island.† The mountains are very high,

\* “The distance from Bergen to Trondhjem by water,” says Lieutenant Breton, “is upwards of five hundred miles, and the voyage is often so tedious that no one should attempt it. Most of the boats are ill-calculated for encountering the heavy sea frequently met with in doubling the headlands; and at Bremanger, when a vessel is driven by stress of weather inside the island into Vaags-Fjord, or Eid-Fjord, it may be detained there many days, the mountains rising in such a manner as almost to preclude the possibility of a steady breeze off the land; or strong westerly winds may blow for an indefinite period. On the whole coast here north-west winds are prevalent during the summer months; though at other seasons they blow from the south, south-west, and south-east. A vessel of 40 tons, with a crew of the captain and two men, may be hired at from £10 to £15 per month, the person hiring it finding his own provisions: or a passage may be obtained to Trondhjem for from £1 to £3, provisions not included. Some of the natives visit Bergen from a distance of 200, or even 300 miles, bringing with them a cargo not always worth more than a few shillings; and are not unfrequently detained by bad weather, to their great loss and inconvenience. But the Norwegian peasantry seem to regard time as of little estimation, for they will go long distances with a small cart-load of hay, or any other article of trifling value, though the journey to and fro may occupy several days. Unmindful of a subject of regret with Cato, namely, that of having made a voyage when he might have gone by land, I embarked in a boat with three rowers, hoping in due time to reach Dragö, 150 miles from Bergen; but the destinies being opposed to this, compelled me subsequently to alter my route.”—*Breton's Scandinavian Sketches*.

† “As it was late when we started, we got no farther the first day



and we were serenaded during the night with a thunder-storm. Thirty-eight fishing vessels lay becalmed within

than Alverström, twelve or fourteen miles. The islands among which we rowed were devoid of interest; nor was it until we reached the post-house that the scenery became picturesque. Let the reader imagine himself upon a lake, amidst a labyrinth of rocky islets, between which are deep channels, some so narrow and intricate that it would require Ariadne's clue to assist a stranger in finding his way out again, and others of considerable width; let him also fancy these islets with often no vegetation upon them, and never much; while some are moderately high, and others only a few feet above the water, and he will readily conceive the nature of the coast to Sognefest, thirty-two miles from Alverström. The men were rowing eleven hours, and the sea was tranquil as a mill-pond. On the following day we crossed the Sogne-Fjord, here five or six miles wide; and as we advanced to the northward found the islands increase in height, especially Alden. This gave a new character to the scenery, but rocks and sterility were still conspicuous; and Suhm's remark, that 'the coast of Norway bears an exact resemblance to the fragments of a world in ruins, or to the elements of one about to be formed, was not inapplicable. We got *en voyageant* glimpses of the sea; experienced some heavy squalls of wind and rain, which are not agreeable to persons in an open boat of small size; and landed at Korsund, fourteen miles from our last resting-place. Near this station there is a large stone cross, the origin of which is unknown. Availing myself of the shelter opportunely afforded me by the house, which, by the way, contained nothing to eat, and had not a tree or bush within some miles of it, I began to reflect what earthly, or rather watery, advantage was to be gained by sitting all day in an open boat, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, with nothing to amuse or cheer one, not even a sea-serpent or kraken; and finally resolved upon pursuing the common route.

"Anent the above huge tenacity of the waters, the reader may consult that dispenser of marvels, Pontoppidan, and others who believe in their existence; for I confess myself rather incredulous on this point, and shall, therefore, allude to the subject but briefly. When, during a walk on the beach of Western Australia, I for the first time beheld a seal raise itself half out of the water within twenty or thirty yards of me, I imagined for a moment that it was one of the monsters of the vasty deep, concerning which so much has been said and written; and it is very probable an incident of this nature may have misled many a person. In 1734, says Pontoppidan, a 'frightful monster raised itself out of the water, until its head was thirty or forty feet above the surface; it had a



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three miles of us, and the applicants for brandy were more numerous than on the preceding evening.

long snout, eyes of a blue colour, and as large as a pewter plate, and spouted water like a whale!’ Another was seen, in 1751, near Molde, ‘of a greyish colour, with a large black mouth, black eyes, and a long white mane.’ The longest of several seen up to that period measured 600 feet. According to the Bishop, a very simple mode was employed by the boatmen to keep this formidable creature at respectable distance, namely, that of carrying with them a piece of the drug called castor!

“In the 29th fable of the Edda, it is related, that Thor, being angry with the great serpent, obtained permission of the Giant Eymer, to go fishing with him. He soon hooked the monster, which was so large that it could coil itself round the earth, and with its mouth lay hold of its tail: but Eymer, finding that his boat was rapidly filling, cut the line, and the animal escaped, though much injured. This fable, in all probability, gave rise to the credulous stories concerning that seen on the Norwegian coasts.

“The kraken is supposed to be an enormous polypus; and I may as well, perhaps, notice one of the most recent relations of its appearance, although convinced of the impossibility of such a body of gelatinous substance holding together, and also of a polypus, of any size, moving a considerable distance within a short time. A manuscript affidavit (now in the British Museum), made, in 1775, by the master of a vessel, named Jameson, states that, ten or twelve leagues from Rothshire, he was called upon deck to see what his crew (nine men) supposed to be an island, which had just appeared. The deponent accordingly went up and saw the object, which seemed to be an island *one mile and a half* in length, and thirty feet out of the water. This remained without motion during some minutes, and then slowly sank, but afterwards *rose* and sank two different times. That immediately after it finally disappeared, he saw on the water a number of objects representing a regiment, or considerable assemblage of men, all in white (presumed to be the tentaculæ), upwards of a mile nearer than the supposed island was; and that they went off in a confused fighting-like manner, resembling the quick motions of streamers, or of the aurora borealis!

“One of the most extraordinary events connected with the sea-serpent, is that related in Kotzebue’s voyages, where it is stated that M. Kriukoff, while in a boat at Beering’s Island, was pursued by an animal like a red serpent, and immensely long, with a head like that of a sea-lion, but the eyes disproportionably large. ‘It was fortunate,’ observed M. Kriukoff, ‘we were so near land, or the monster would have swallowed us: he raised his head far above the surface, and the sea-lions were so terrified that some rushed into the water, and others concealed themselves on the shore!’ Here I confess myself rather puzzled, for one cannot lightly

August 26.—We sailed early, and soon came to anchor again. In a little harbour a fine English brig was moored, which I was informed some fishermen had found at sea, deserted, her mainmast gone, and nothing on board but her cargo of deals. She was said to be 120 feet on deck. The next day we were becalmed. The morning of the 28th was bitterly cold. The islands are mighty rocks, and the mountains of the coast rise very high and precipitously,\* sometimes having a narrow flat at their base, on which are villages and cultivated lands. We were becalmed, and we pulled the sloop eighteen miles into the harbour of Hellandshoien.†

refuse to believe what is asserted on such authority; and I consequently leave these ocean wonders in the hands of my readers, to do with them what they please.”\*—*Breton*.

\* “It was blowing hard the morning after, when I left the comfortable roof that had sheltered me, and, with four stout rowers, endeavoured to push onwards. We succeeded in reaching the Skatestrømmen that lies at the foot of the lofty Hornelen; but here the rush of the tide and the wind against it had raised so much sea, that our boat took in a good deal of water. It was impossible to contend against the storm any longer, and we put ashore at a fisherman’s hut beneath the precipice. Hornelen has the character of being the highest point on the coast between Tronhjem and Bergen, and the narrow channel runs at the base of its black and massive precipices.”—*Everest*.

† We believe this to be *Helingsø*, an island somewhat to the south of the entrance of the Romsdal-Fjord, which runs up to the town of Molde, and, thirty miles beyond, in two branches, into the mountainous interior of the country. Mr. Price presents us with two very characteristic drawings from this neighbourhood, Plates XVII and XVIII. *Hellingsö* is not far from the little town of Aalesund, near which Rollo the Walker, Rolf-Ganger, embarked for the conquest of Normandy. “The coast has the same appearance all the way along. In a south-

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\* See, at the end of this chapter, some account of the information collected by Captain De Capell Brooke on this subject, in his *Travels to the North Cape*.





Hellandshoien is at the entrance of the Fjord, on which the town of Molde is situated. The quiet of the evening was suddenly disturbed by a great uproar in the village, and I afterwards learnt that a bear had caused the alarm, but he had been driven away without doing any mischief. The next day I went ashore, and wandered far on the Fjeld in search of him, trusting to my legs in case of pursuit. The subjoined drawings of the village and mills were the acquisitions of my ramble, and I had an opportunity of witnessing the primitive simplicity of the poor people, who wanted to purchase the buttons of my waistcoat, a phial of ink, and a broken plate upon which I had my colour.

August 30.—On this day a snow-crowned mountain uplifted its head majestically on our right, and an open sea was on our left. In the afternoon we entered the harbour of Biörnsund.\* The village contains about forty houses, horrid places, which cluster on a green island; the houses are very rudely constructed, have roofs of turf, and are built upon piles; along and under were lines of fish suspended, and the place was thereby rendered exceedingly loathsome.

August 31.—The mountains rise abruptly and detached from the water, the bastions of the mighty coast.

east direction lies Vartel's Horn, the highest we had yet seen. It is near twenty English miles from the shore. Valdenhough lies within the large low island of Viderö, and opposite to it is the little port of Aalesund."—*Everest*.

\* We have no assistance from Lieut. Breton's log, for this coasting voyage, after he passed the Dals-Fjord,—the next inlet of the sea north of the Sogne-Fjord,—up which he steered, and landed at Ousen, near the head of the Dals-Fjord. From thence he commenced the long and difficult journey, some account of which is given in a former chapter.



Sometimes a little cultivated land has cottages and cows upon it, and beyond are the mountains of perpetual snow.

A whale was an attractive object of this day. Many times he showed himself within half a mile; a jet of water preceded his rise, then the whole length of his back appeared, and his headlong plunge projected the whole breadth of his tail. Several vessels passed us with fish for the Bergen market; these vessels have a hull as capacious as an English brig of 200 tons, and carry only one enormous sail.

September 1.—At two o'clock in the morning we moored to the quay of Christiansund, and I wandered about the town and neighbourhood all day.

[Mr. Price has supplied us with a very charming view of Christiansund, but his journal contains no account of the place. The following description is selected from the work of an old traveller and careful observer.]

“This agreeable town (formerly known by the name of Lille-Fossen) is situated on the east side of a small island, within the district of Nordmoer. The best houses are those situated around the shores of its spacious harbour. The large Gothic church in the form of a cross, with a dwarf tower, and high acute angular roof, is placed on the rocks over the town. In the harbour are many rocky islands, covered with houses and yards for stacking timber, and store-houses for



Engraved by T. A. L. L.

Engraved by Edward Price



barrelled fish, &c. This bay, which is directly exposed to the North Sea, is the grand estuary of large rivers, which come rolling from the Dovre-Fjeld mountains, far in the interior beyond Tingveld. The numerous inlets of the sea in this district afford admirable shelter for fish of all kinds, which are easily taken in the greatest abundance; and this alone constitutes the great trade of Christiansund with people of various nations, who resort in great numbers to this coast as purchasers and carriers, particularly the Hollanders. Christiansund being on an island much exposed, and within three and a half degrees of the polar circle, its climate is generally cold and wet, but access to it from the sea is more free from *sheers* and rocks than any other part of this coast, and ships may safely sail in deep water, between the islands to Drontheim, having Edoe, Smalen, Froyen, with many small islets, and the great and populous island of Hitteren, with its 300 ships, between them and the Northern Ocean. On the opposite continent is seen a vast barren range of the Dovre-Fjeld mountains, ending near Drontheim in abrupt precipices of singular form. There is little appearance of vegetation about these barren coast rocks, except lichens, and a few stunted trees sparingly scattered about. The coast birds are very numerous, and among them is seen the great sea eagle. This monstrous and voracious bird supports himself by fishing among the desolate rocks; his wings expand about twelve feet, and his muscular powers almost exceed credibility; the toes are armed with sharp talons, by which he secures his prey, yet sometimes he forfeits his life by his temerity in seizing a more powerful

antagonist than himself, or he escapes with the loss of some of his talons, which are often found by the fishermen deeply inserted in the backs of large fishes. On one was found the skeleton of the bird. An unfortunate occurrence happened near this place in 1612, to Colonel Sinclair, who landed with a detachment of 600 Scots troops, subsidiary to Sweden, when the latter State attempted to subjugate Norway. A rumour being spread of their intention to pass through Guldbrandsdale, the bailiff, Lars Gram, hastily embodied all the peasantry who were capable of acting offensively; they armed themselves with axes, and divided into two parties; Lars Gram commanded one, the peasant Guldbrand Segylestad the other. They ambushed on the road, where the enemy meant to pass, and made every necessary arrangement. A few days afterwards the Scots arrived; the peasants suffered the van to pass, but as soon as the main body had reached a certain spot, the Norwegians attacked them with the most desperate fury. Colonel Sinclair was the first man that fell; his men were either cut to pieces, or driven into the river; the vanguard, seeing the fate of their countrymen, fled, and were closely pursued. A most furious engagement took place, in which all the Scots were slain, with the exception of two, one of whom remained for life in Norway, and the other returned home to tell the dreadful tale. This event is recorded on a pillar of stone, describing the date when the Norwegian peasants so bravely maintained the safety of their country.”—*Edy's Remarks and Observations during a Tour in Norway.*

[The following entry in Mr. Price's Journal is the only record of the remaining portion of his long and weary voyage:]

September 2.—A gentleman in Christiansund sent a packet of letters to me, with a request that I would take charge of them to Drontheim. We sailed early, and at eleven o'clock the same evening reached the end of our voyage.

In a previous note, reference was made to the accounts collected by Captain De Capell Brooke, during his journey to the North Cape, respecting the sea-serpent. The results are here subjoined as a sequel to the present chapter :

“As I had determined, on arriving at the coast, to make every inquiry respecting the truth of the accounts which had reached England the preceding year, of the sea-serpent having recently been seen off this part of Norway, I shall simply give the different reports I received during my voyage to the North Cape, leaving others to their own conclusions, and without expressing, at least for the present, my opinion respecting them.

“The fishermen at Pêjerstad said a serpent was seen two years ago in the Folden-Fjord, the length of which, as far as it was visible, was sixty feet.

“At Otersoen, the postmaster, Captain Schielderup, who had formerly been in the Norwegian sea service, and seemed a quick intelligent man, stated that the serpent had actually been off the island for a consider-

able length of time during the preceding summer, in the narrow parts of the Sound, between this island and the continent; and the description he gave was as follows:—

“ ‘It made its appearance for the first time in the month of July, 1849, off Otersoen. Previous to this he had often heard of the existence of these creatures, but never before believed it. During the whole of that month the weather was excessively sultry and calm; and the serpent was seen every day nearly in the same part of the Sound. It continued there while the warm weather lasted, lying motionless, and as if dozing, in the sunbeams.

“ ‘The number of persons living on the island, he said, was about thirty; the whole of whom, from motives of curiosity, went to look at it while it remained. This was confirmed to me by subsequent inquiries among the inhabitants, who gave a similar account of it. The first time that he saw it, he was in a boat, at the distance of about 200 yards. The length of it he supposes to have been about 300 ells or 600 feet. Of this he could not speak accurately; but it was of considerable length, and longer than it appeared, as it lay in large coils above the water, to the height of many feet. Its colour was greyish. At the distance at which he was, he could not ascertain whether it were covered with scales; but when it moved it made a loud crackling noise, which he distinctly heard. Its head was shaped like that of a serpent; but he could not tell whether it had teeth or not. He said it emitted a very strong odour; and that the boatmen were afraid to approach near it, and looked on

its coming as a bad sign, as the fish left the coast in consequence.' Such were the particulars he related to me.

"The merchant at Krogöen confirmed in every particular the account of Captain Schielderup, and that many of the people at Krogöen had witnessed it.

"On the island of Lckoe I obtained from the son of Peter Greger, the merchant, a young man who employed himself in the fishery, still further information respecting the sea-serpent. It was in August of the preceding year, while fishing with others in the Viig or Veg-Fjord, that he saw it. At that time they were on shore, hauling in their nets, and it appeared about sixty yards distant from them, at which they were not a little alarmed, and immediately retreated. What was seen of it above water, he said, appeared six times the length of their boat, of a grey colour, and lying in coils a great height above the surface. Their fright prevented them from attending more accurately to other particulars. In fact, they all fairly took to their heels when they found the monster so near to them.

"At Alstahoug I found the Bishop of the Nordlands. The worthy prelate was a sensible and well-informed man, between fifty and sixty years of age. To the testimony of others respecting the existence of the sea-serpent I shall now add that of the bishop himself, who was an eye-witness to the appearance of two in the Bay of Shuresund or Sörsund, on the Drontheim-Fjord, about eight Norway miles from Drontheim. He was but a short distance from them, and saw them plainly. They were swimming in large folds, part of which were seen above



the water, and the length of what appeared of the largest he judged to be about 100 feet. They were of a darkish grey colour; the heads hardly discernible, from their being almost under water, and they were visible for only a short time. Before that period he had treated the account of them as fabulous; but it was now impossible, he said, to doubt their existence, as such numbers of respectable people since that time had likewise seen them, on several occasions. He had never met with any person who had seen the kraken, and was inclined to think it a fable.

“ During the time that I remained at Hundholm, a curious circumstance occurred. One day, when at dinner at Mr. Blackhall’s house, and thinking little of the sea-serpent, concerning which I had heard nothing for some time, a young man, the master of a small fishing-yacht, which had just come in from Drontheim, joined our party. In the course of conversation he mentioned that a few hours before, whilst close to Hundholm, and previous to his entering the harbour, two sea-snakes passed immediately under his yacht. When he saw them he was on the deck, and seizing a handspike, he struck at them as they came up close to the vessel on the other side, upon which they disappeared. Their length was very great, and their colour greyish, but from the very short time they were visible, he could not notice any further particulars. He had no doubt of their being snakes, as he called them, and the circumstance was related entirely of his own accord.”

Captain Brooke sums up the reports he received with the following general observations :

“Taking, upon the whole, a fair view of the different accounts related in the foregoing pages, respecting the sea-serpent, no reasonable person can doubt the fact of some marine animal of extraordinary dimensions, and in all probability of the serpent tribe, having been repeatedly seen by various persons along the Norway and Finmark coasts. These accounts, for the most part, have been given verbally from the mouths of the fishermen, a honest and artless class of men, who, having no motive for misrepresentation, cannot be suspected of a wish to deceive; could this idea, however, be entertained, the circumstance of their assertions having been so fully confirmed by others in more distant parts, would be sufficient to free them from any imputation of this kind.

“The simple facts are these: in traversing a space of full 700 miles of coast, extending to the most northern point, accounts have been received from numerous persons respecting the appearance of an animal called by them a sea-serpent. This of itself would induce some degree of credit to be given to it; but when these several relations as to the general appearance of the animal, its dimensions, the state of the weather when it has been seen, and other particulars, are so fully confirmed, one by the other, at such considerable intervening distances, every reasonable man will feel satisfied of the truth of the main fact. Many of the informants, besides, were of superior rank and education; and the opinions of such men as the Amptmand (governor) of Finmark, Mr. Steen, the clergyman of Carlsö, Prosten (Dean) Deinboll, of Vadsoe, and the Bishop of

Nordland and Finmark, who was even an eye-witness, ought not to be disregarded. There does not appear the least probability, or even possibility, that any other marine animal, at present known on the northern coast, could have been confounded with the sea-serpent. The finners, a species of whale already mentioned, are too well known to occasion any mistake; and the total want of similarity in shape, appearance, and size, if they were even rare, would be sufficiently obvious. Ideas of the existence of some marine animal far exceeding in bulk every other, have been entertained from the earliest times. The mention made of the monster in the Book of Job\* is unquestionably the most curious and interesting. There the animal itself is minutely described in language terribly sublime, and from which every one is enabled without difficulty to judge whether this description be applicable to any of those creatures inhabiting the deep, with the forms and appearance of which we are yet familiar. Many attempts have been made by naturalists to soften down in some measure this description of the Leviathan, and to render it applicable to some of those animals at present existing and known. While these, however, have failed in rendering the comparison at all adequate, it has been supposed by others, with more reason, to refer to some monster the race of which has been long since extinct. The probability that the abyss of the great deep contains at the present age so fearful an animal as the former, seems never to have been contemplated; and the numerous relations concerning the existence and

\* Job, chap. xli.

appearance of the sea-serpent have invariably been treated as fabulous, and unworthy of the least credit. Admitting, however, that what has been mentioned in these pages concerning it is deserving of some attention, it will be found in some respects singularly to accord with the part of the chapter of Job just given.

“The missionary Egede, to whose worth and persevering benevolence Crantz pays so just a tribute, gives a remarkable account of his having met with a sea-serpent on the 6th of July, 1734, when on his second voyage to Greenland, in the latitude 64° and off the colony. The veracity of Egede, in his interesting description of Greenland and his mission there, has never been impugned; and every one must admire the courage and fortitude with which this good man endured the numerous hardships and difficulties that attended his arduous undertaking to propagate Christianity in that country, after he had voluntarily given up all he hoped in his own for the object he had at heart.”\*

\* “Travels to the North Cape by A. de Capell Brooke.”

## CHAPTER IX

## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LAND-ROUTE FROM BERGEN TO DRONTHEIM.

It has been remarked in a note to Mr. Price's Journal in the preceding chapter, that he is probably the only Englishman who has adventured the coast-voyage between Bergen and Drontheim, except of late years in the steam-boats along that coast. The route by land between the same places is also little frequented, and is very difficult,—crossing a succession of mountain ridges, and no less than fifteen Fjords, which deeply indent the rocky coast, and are, in many instances, broad inlets of the North Sea.

The journey by the post-road was accomplished by Mr. Everest, travelling south as far as Molde, in the winter of 1827; and Mr. Barrow took this route from Bergen to Drontheim in 1833. The year afterwards, part of it, from Sveen to Molde, was performed by Lieutenant Breton when he abandoned his project of proceeding by sea. As the notices in Mr. Price's journal of places on this coast are very imperfect, it may be acceptable to have the deficiency supplied.

“The land route from Bergen,” says Lieutenant Breton, “is by a rugged and mountainous track, to

Horvik, fourteen miles. Here the Oster-Fjord must be crossed to Isdal. The next post-house is Nøesse; and the first part of the road is over a rough and barren surface, between ridges of naked rocks of gneiss, but latterly the soil is comparatively rich, and covered with verdure. Hence to Hundven, two miles by water, and Lindaas, eight by land, there is nothing of note. Embarking again, and crossing the Mas-Fjord, seven miles broad, we come to Stenevaagan, a station two miles from the landing-place, to which horses must be sent for the carriages. Between that post and Nordgulen another short voyage must be performed; we then travel over a ridge to Rutledal, nine miles, and cross the Sogne-Fjord to Leervig, nine more, where there is a comfortable house. Leaving Leervig, the tourist pursues his journey over broken mountains, whose summits are denuded of verdure; but their bases are clothed with firs and birches, interspersed with swelling knolls of grass, affording pasturage to herds of cattle. The scenery then begins to improve, and the road becomes pretty good; while the steep mountains, over which it passes, afford some excellent views of a pleasing country that extends to Trods. From Bergen to that station the distance by the above route is sixty-five miles by land, and rather less than thirty-five by water; by that I took, it is, as nearly as I could estimate, above ninety miles by water. The route just noticed is that which several English travellers have taken (all of whom carried their carriages with them), and is far preferable to the coast one, which is disagreeable and tedious

enough when the weather is favourable, but with much wind or rain must be infinitely more so."

At Leervig, according to Mr. Barrow's account, the country began to become very interesting.

"Leaving Leervig at an early hour in the morning, we pursued our journey, which still carried us across broken and rugged mountains, but they now assumed a more imposing appearance. Their high rocky and jagged summits were denuded of all verdure, but their bases were clothed with clumps of firs and birches, interspersed with swelling knolls of grass, on which larger herds of cattle were grazing than we had yet seen. Sheep and goats were rarely met with, but here there were a few of both climbing about the rocks, and even the cows and horses were seen perched on the edges of precipices that made us shudder to look at them. Our route now began to be exceedingly interesting, and the scenery to improve considerably. We had to pass over some very high and steep mountains; but the fatigue was amply compensated by the road overlooking the most lovely little valleys or ravines, each having its quiet glassy Fjord occupying the lowest bottom, and flanked by walls of rock; but the views were interrupted by the unfavourable state of the weather, and much rain fell. Towards the end of the second stage on this day, the rain ceased, but the mountains became enveloped in a thick mist, which, indeed, had prevailed the whole day to a certain degree; in consequence of which the postmaster said it was in vain to attempt finding the horses, and we were therefore under the

necessity, rather than be detained, of driving the same horses on to the next stage, which was a very heavy one, for the road now began to wind through mountain passes blocked up nearly with fragments of rock, the sides rising almost perpendicular to an enormous height; yet, wherever a slope or ravine occurred, they were clothed with fir-trees to their very summit. The clouds were playing about these forests, and broke into a great variety of forms as they glided along the mountain sides. We crossed a small wooden bridge, the four corners of which were ornamented with posts having men's heads rudely carved upon the top, with caps upon them, meant, apparently, to represent soldiers.

"We were here surrounded by lofty mountains, some rugged and rude, but others covered with verdure, and numerous cottages were scattered over their sides. These dwellings are rarely seen in deep valleys, where the sun stays not long enough to absorb the damp. They therefore perch their wooden dwellings on the very verge, sometimes, of a precipice. The end of the stage brought us to Trods, where we had to embark upon one of the most beautiful Fjords we had yet seen.

"A magnificent range of mountains is seen from Trods, descending down to the margin of the Fjord, the lower parts of them covered with verdure, of every variety of shade which Scotch firs, spruce firs, and birches, with intervening grassy glades, can afford. When these Fjords are narrow, the picturesque beauty of the shores is increased by being more distinctly seen; whereas, when they are of great breadth, the objects on the sides of the distant mountains are lost, and little



else than the blue outline remains to be admired. The sea-gulls that frequent these lakes and Fjords in great numbers make a melancholy screeching noise—the only one that assails the ear—amidst a general silence, broken only by the distant roaring of some waterfall or cascade, pouring its water through the dark forests which clothe the side of the mountain into the lake beneath, the sparkling stream occasionally bursting into view, and then suddenly losing itself in its circuitous course. We landed at Sveen in a couple of hours. This spot is beautifully situated on the banks of the Fjord we had just crossed.”

The next stage was Havstad, where they slept. The country continued to improve; the roads were excellent, cottages neat and more numerous, and their inmates appeared to be at their ease. The travellers passed one or two pretty-looking houses, painted white, which were evidently the property of gentlemen in good circumstances. At the end of this stage they crossed a short ferry, and found their horses, which had been previously ordered, waiting their arrival on the opposite side. Two magnificent cascades, rolling into a small *vand*, particularly struck their attention as they drove along. The roads had now again become heavy, and the weather was very wet. They passed through a large forest of pines, the finest timber they had seen; some of the trees being very lofty, perfectly straight, and of a large circumference, might have served as mainmasts for line-of-battle ships.

The next stage was Vasenden, where they embarked on another Fjord hemmed in by lofty mountains, the

lower parts of which were well cultivated, and a number of houses scattered along their sides. The snow was lying in patches here and there near their summits.

“We were nearly four hours on the water of the Solster-vand,” continues Mr. Barrow, “before we landed at Skei, where we were detained for horses, and could not help recollecting Dr. Johnson’s description of the place with a name so similar, in the Hebrides:—

Ponti profundis clausa recessibus,  
Strepens procellis, rupibus obsita,  
Quam grata defesso virentem  
Skia sinum nebulosa pandis.

“The post-station, however, could not be said to be ‘grata defesso,’ being but a miserable place. On leaving Skei, a complete change of scenery took place, and some of the grandest features that we had set eyes on since our arrival in Norway presented themselves to our view. A great mass of rounded mountains, whose summits were completely covered with snow, appeared on the right at the distance of eighteen or twenty miles: they are marked on the map as the Snee-Braen, with heights varying, in loose round numbers, from 6000 to 7000 feet, from which I conclude their height has never been ascertained by actual ascent.

“The road now began to wind through a deep and narrow ravine, completely shut up by mountains apparently of granite, of an enormous height, which rose literally perpendicular, the valley itself being choked up with huge blocks of stone, which had rolled down their sides. Some of these blocks could not have measured less than forty feet in height, and half of that

in width. These detached rocks were mostly gneiss and mica slate, interspersed occasionally with granite and sandstone. Most of the flanks, or projecting buttresses, between the Fjords, appeared to consist of gneiss. The clouds were now hanging over the sides of the gloomy range which seemed to terminate the valley, while the summit was clear or only partially enveloped. The sun, apparently struggling to burst forth, shed its faint rays upon the vapours beneath, and the white clouds contrasted well with the dark peaks and pinnacles which pierced through them. We had seen nothing yet to equal the sublimity and grandeur of the scene."

Lieut. Breton describes the pass between Skei and Förde as of great grandeur and wildness. The groups of mountain ranges rise at once from the water's edge. Snow was lying upon some of them at an elevation not exceeding, as it was supposed, 1000 feet above the sea, and only 200 or 300 above the lake itself; although upon others, much higher, there was none.

"Arriving at Förde," says Mr. Barrow, "we embarked on the Breum Vand for a place called Reed, which is prettily situated on the lake. The same snowy mountains before mentioned, presented themselves to our view as we approached the village, from whence the glaciers of Snee-Braen were distinctly visible. The range, when viewed from this place, appeared rugged and peaked, and may be considered as a part of the loftiest summit in the great cluster known by the name of Lange-Fjeld.

"Taking our departure from Reed, we had a very

lofty flank to ascend, and were soon in the midst of the clouds, so that we were prevented from seeing anything until we had reached the summit, which was clear; from hence, looking back, we had a fine view of the long line of the Lange-Fjeld mountains, particularly of the Snee-Braen, with its snowy summit. On our descent, another lovely Fjord, the Indvig, broke upon our view."

Lieut. Breton says that the prospect of this Fjord, from the highest part of the road which crossed a mountain, is very fine. "Indvig, three miles from Udvigen, and thirteen from Reed, is an extremely pretty spot; but the noblest feature in this estuary is a mass of mountains at the east end, as seen from the station at Faleid. All the country from Sveen, sixty miles, is Alpine, divested of many of those magnificent features which characterize Swiss scenery; nor, take it altogether, is there much, thus far, to compensate one for the *désagréments* of the journey.\* From Faleid, the route lay over a very hilly road through a pine forest, and excepting one fine view of Alpine landscape, I saw nothing of moment."

"Several sheds," remarks Mr. Barrow, "were erected along the road, in which the wood-cutters were fashioning the timber after it had been felled. Some of it was already sawn into planks at the mills which were at some distance, near the fall of a river into the Fjord, which generally happens at the upper end of each branch of those great inlets of the sea where it meets the base of the mountains. These are

\* Barrow, however, thought otherwise.

the romantic spots which a traveller who has time, and the summer before him, would find the highest gratification in visiting. Our tour led us nearer to the sea-coast than to the base of the great chain.

“We had to embark, for the tenth time since leaving Bergen, for Grodaas, where we landed in about an hour. The water was rough, the wind blowing fresh a-head. We found horses waiting for us. The scenery continues of the same wild character; it is equal to any I ever saw in beauty and grandeur. The mountain-roads were good, and so were the horses, and we made the best of our way to Hellesylt, where we had to embark again on a branch of the Stör-Fjord. Close to this spot there is a magnificent cascade, which bounds down into the Fjord over several ledges of rock.

“It was eight o’clock in the evening before we stepped into the boat, and we had a long passage to make; the wind was a-head, and blowing fresh, and the water sufficiently rough to have made a person ill who had not been used to the sea. A heavy dew fell, and the night was bitter cold. Soon after eleven o’clock it became dusk, but at one o’clock the day began to break.

“The length of the passage was nearly doubled by our being obliged to creep close in by the rocks the whole way. At last, to our great delight, we landed at a spot called Slyngstad, about three o’clock in the morning. This place is situated a short distance from the margin of the Stör-Fjord. We embarked again on the same branch of the fjord, with a wind blowing strong against us, and the water much ruffled, but in the course of an hour or two the wind lulled, and it became smooth;

the water was quite salt, and indeed at one point the fjord was open and near to the North Sea. As we approached Söholt, where we landed after five hours' rowing, the water became quite smooth, and was of the most beautiful blue colour. The scenery now underwent a change: the mountains were fast softening down into hills, and assumed the shape of cones covered with verdure; but immediately beyond them were seen a lofty range, with snow lying in detached spots about their summits. The immediate approach to Söholt is beautifully picturesque. At a short distance from the village there is a well-built wooden church, which forms a pleasing object: it is painted white, as is usual; the roof is neatly tiled, and from its centre rises a small steeple. The churches are, generally speaking, very humble edifices: the wood is payed over with some composition, not unlike tar, to preserve it from the weather; and three or four little windows admit light into the body of the church.

"Having procured horses, we proceed to Remeim, where he had to embark for Molde: the road was excellent, and the surrounding country wild. At Remeim there is a neat post-station where the traveller might rest comfortably, but this was not our object. This place appears, by the last mile-stone we passed, to be thirty-three miles and a half from Bergen, or  $234\frac{1}{2}$  English miles, and it is reckoned to be one mile and a half ( $10\frac{1}{2}$  English) across the Molde-Fjord to the town, which is seen distinctly from hence.

The distant mountain-peaks and pinnacles to the

south-eastward were observed to rise out of a mass of snow, but the hills at the foot of which the town of Molde is situated, facing a wide expanse of waters, bear some little resemblance to that part of the Isle of Wight which faces Portsmouth; the town appears not unlike Ryde, and the shore is quite as beautiful. At seven in the evening we embarked in a good-sized boat, with six fine young fellows to row us; it was a lovely evening, and the water as smooth as a sheet of glass; our course lay straight across.

“The sun setting behind the north-western mountains threw its last glimmer around, tinging the rugged and pinnacled summits, blackened by time and the weather, which we were leaving behind us, and forming a great contrast to the sombre appearance of those sides of the mountains and deep ravines that were screened from its parting rays; which, still visible through a slight opening to the sea, in the distance, added to the general effect of the picture, seen as they were flickering along the surface of the water. At last we reached the entrance of a small bay, to which a narrow passage led between some small rocky islands. The bottom here was visible at a very great depth, being of white sand, and the water as clear as crystal, without even a ripple upon its surface. Molde, when seen from the opposite side, had the appearance of a considerable town, but as we neared the shore, its dimensions were contracted to those of a moderate-sized village. Our boatmen pulled admirably, so that we made the passage in about two hours.

“Molde, though a small town,\* contains several large houses, and is a place of some importance. The streets were kept in good order, the houses neat, and mostly painted white; but by way of finery, others might be seen

Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red;

mostly in separate, but sometimes in the same buildings. Leaving Molde the following morning, we found the road to run along the side of the Fanne-Fjord to a considerable distance, the scenery very different from that we had lately been accustomed to, but yet pretty. At the fourth stage from Molde, the face of the country began once more to assume its former grandeur; the road became rugged, and a fine range of mountains rose on our right. We soon arrived at a spot called Hægeim; from hence to Ungvigen the scenery was romantic and beautiful: towards the close of this last stage, to our great delight, the Tingvold-Fjord, with its surrounding mountains, broke upon our view, and we soon had to embark upon it for Bækken, where, in about an hour, we landed, and were detained some time for horses. From Bækken we drove a very short distance before we reached another fjord, equally beautiful

\* “The situation of Molde is striking. Built on the side of the ridge that slopes down to the fjord, it commands a view of the snowy Alps that line the whole of its southern side, and on the north-western boundary of the Dovre-Fjeld. I do not remember such a long extended range of peaks, except perhaps in the Loffodens; but here one rank peeps out from behind another, until they are lost in the distance, and, as they mix with the white clouds, we fancy them like hanging cities or fortresses in the air. Among them, Romsdal’s Horn appears conspicuous.”—*Everest*.



as the last, named Hal's-Fjord, upon which we embarked at six o'clock in the evening. At ten o'clock we landed at Surendalsören, situated at the end of a small branch of the Hal's-Fjord; and here I landed with a different feeling from that when we fancied we had taken leave altogether of the fjords at Molde. They were, in fact, in this part of Norway, tame in comparison with those we had passed, and were now become so tedious that I was not sorry to think we had in reality made the last passage across the Norwegian fjords.

"This last was the fifteenth fjord upon which we had embarked since leaving Bergen, and we had crossed fourteen rugged and rocky interjacent flanks of the great chain, which required that the operation of taking off or putting on the wheels of the carriages should be performed thirty different times: this, of course, occasioned considerable delay and trouble on our journey, and sometimes put our patience to the test. We were, however, highly satisfied with this unusual route, though attended with hard fare and much fatigue; but to have seen those lovely lakes and stupendous mountain precipices, and to have witnessed the conduct of the honest boatmen, of whom we had not fewer than sixty, are worth any sacrifice of this kind. They were a fine sample of the human animal,—active, powerful, and robust; never did I witness so much good-nature, such constant cheerfulness, such willingness to oblige, and such perfect contentment, as they invariably exhibited.

“Our next stage lay through an extensive valley, the greater part of which was also well cultivated. A rapid stream of water flows through it. The scenery now assumed a softer character; the mountains dwindled into hills, whose sides slope gently, and are completely covered with verdure; and grain of different kinds is growing more abundantly than in any other part of Norway we have yet seen. The peasantry have the appearance of being more comfortable, better clothed, and better fed, quiet, and well behaved people. Changing horses at Kalstad, and proceeding to Gumdal, the face of the country is still very beautiful. Kalstad is situated in one of the most lovely valleys we have seen, and the village was clean and neat. It consisted chiefly of a row of very neat houses, painted deep red, with white window frames; and they were two stories high. The approach to it was over a stout wooden bridge, also painted red.

“Here a road comes into Molde from the great road between Christiania and Tronjem. This was apparent from the travellers’ books containing many more names; but still I could not trace one of our own countrymen among them. The sudden changes in the scenery are very remarkable: for many miles we have been driving over a quiet, well cultivated country; but on leaving this last place, we ascended some steep hills, from the summits of which the views were extensive; the surrounding scenery became wild, and forests of firs numerous, with cultivated patches among them: this kind of country lasted for a considerable distance, but

changed again at Hammer, on leaving which we crossed the Guul Elv, in a ferry-boat. Changing horses at Skiefstad, we were now upon our last stage to Tronyem. The scenery here is said to resemble that of the lower part of the Wye between Chepstow and the Bristol Channel."

## CHAPTER X.

## CONTINUATION OF MR. PRICE'S JOURNAL.

NATIONAL SONGS—DESCRIPTION OF DRONTHEIM—ITS ANCIENT  
CATHEDRAL, ETC.

MY fellow-passengers to Drontheim were a family of Italians, and a merry and very musical fellow from Bergen : any, the most trivial, circumstance called forth his vocal powers, which he adapted to each place and event of the voyage. The Italian mother also responded her native lays to the screams of her child. There was a something in the style of the Norway music, contrasted with the Italian, and heightened by the peculiar mode of adaptation, which engaged my attention, and I felt exceedingly desirous to be possessed of the airs. Whenever a drinking set came on board, the Bergen man introduced himself with the choicest of his Bacchanalian songs ; whenever an Alp appeared, he pictured a mountain demon ; and the sea-beaten coast of Norway, its forests and its depths, recalled to the mind of our hero the varied mythology of Scandinavia, and he poured forth the wild notes which Norway melodists had attached to the respective legends ; and when a chilly blast obliged him to creep below, “No song no supper” was his appropriate theme.

The Norwegian national song has been presented to me by Mr. Oxenden, of Broome Park, the gentleman that I met with at the Swinesund, with permission to insert it here. Mr. Oxenden writes, "If the inclosed translation of 'Boer jeg paa det høie Fjeld' is of any use, you are welcome to it.

"You know, of course, the history of this song; a prize—I think a thousand guineas—was offered for the best national song, words and music. The competition was extraordinary. Every poet and melodist in Norway strung his harp for that contest, and the high national prize was awarded to the author of 'Boer jeg.'

#### NATIONAL SANG.

Boer jeg paa det høie Fjeld,  
 Hvor en Finn' skød en Reen med sin Rife paa Skien,  
 Hvor der sprang et Kildevæld,  
 Og hvor Ryperne plasked i Lien:  
 Jeg med Sang vil mane frem  
 Hver en Skat, som er skjult udi Klippernes Rifter;  
 Jeg er glad og rig ved dem,  
 Kjøber Viin og klarerer Udgifter.  
 Klippens Top som Granen bær,  
 Muntre Sjeles Fristad er;  
 Verdens Tummel neden for  
 Til min skyhøie Bolig ei naaer.

Boer jeg i den lave Dal,  
 Hvor en Elv løber let gjennem græsrig Sletter,  
 Hvor Lövhytten er min Sal,  
 Hvor den voxende Grøde mig mætter,  
 Hvor det muntre Faar og Lam  
 Tripper om, nipper Løv, og hvor Öxene böge:  
 Leer jeg høit ad Modens Kram,  
 Og ad Renter som Rigdom forøge.  
 Fra min lave, rolige Dal  
 Seer jeg mange Magtiges fald,  
 Sidder paa min Tue tryg,  
 Og udtømmer en Glædskabs Pokal.

Boer jeg ved den nøgne Strand  
 Paa en Holm, fuld af Æg, mellem rullende Bølger,  
 Hvor en Fuglehær paa Vand  
 Sild og Brisling og Morten forfølger :  
 Trak jeg mig en Fiskedræt,  
 Fuld af Rogn, saa min Baad var paa Vei til at synke.  
 Naar jeg da er glad og mæt,  
 Lad den Gjerrige længe nok klynke.  
 Een Ret nok paa Nöisomheds Bord—  
 Fisken svönime!—det var et Ord!  
 Derpaa drak jeg mig et Glas,  
 Sang og drak Fiskeriernes Flor.

Sjunger Bjerg og Dal og Strand !  
 Guld af Bjerg, Bröd af Dal, fuldt af Fiske fra Stranden !  
 Lad saa Tossen drikke Vand—  
 Skjenker Viin udi Glasset til Randen !  
 Norges Land er ingen Ork,  
 Glæder födes og der udaf selve Naturen ;  
 Være hvo som vil en Tyrk,  
 Eilde törstig og vranten og sturen !  
 Vi drak Norges Hæder og Held,  
 Sang om Dal, om Strand, og om Fjeld ;  
 Alting blomstre for enhver,  
 Som vort Land og vort Selskab har kjær !

*Translation.*

## NATIONAL SONG.

My home is on the mountain,  
 My home is on the fell,  
 Where springs the bubbling fountain,  
 And the reindeer love to dwell ;  
 And there with song I conjure forth  
 Each wild rock's hidden treasure,  
 And draw from earth the source of mirth,  
 And every honest pleasure.  
 The mountain-top that bears the pine,  
 Is freedom's dearest dwelling ;  
 And there I rove the world above,  
 Nor heed its noisy swelling.  
 Or, sheltered from the angry gale,  
 Some gentle streamlet near,  
 Low in the richly-wooded vale  
 My leafy hut I rear ;

Whilst round me trips the happy lamb,  
 And loud the oxen low,  
 I laugh at fashion's idle dream,  
 And wealth, the source of woe ;  
 And often, from my lone retreat,  
 See many a great man's fall,  
 And dearer deem my grassy seat,  
 The happiest of all.

Or should I on the naked strand  
 My island dwelling raise,  
 Where many an egg is on the sand,  
 And many a sea-bird strays ;  
 And there a mighty draught of fish,  
 A boat-load, chance to take—  
 Why Heaven has granted every wish,  
 Nor farther would I seek.  
 One dish becomes the frugal board ;  
 And so, with laughing eyes,  
 "May fishes swim,"\* I gave the word,  
 "Flourish the Fisheries."†

Sing then the dale, the rock, the strand,  
 In wine, gold, fish, abounding,  
 And leave the water-drinking band,  
 For wine-cups gaily sounding.  
 Old Norway is no desert-place ;  
 There nature's self is kind ;  
 Then leave the Turk his solemn face,  
 I am not of his mind ;  
 For I will drink to Norway's health—  
 Sing dale, and strand, and fell,  
 And wish to each one joy and wealth  
 That loves our country well.

"You must have heard these drinking toasts again and again in Norway. In Finmarken they are given at every social meeting.

"G. C. O."

\* "Fisken svømme."

† "Fiskeriernes flor."

KONG CHRISTIAN.

Kong Christian stod ved høien Mast,  
 I Røg og Damp;  
 Hans Væрге hamrede saa fast,  
 At Gothens Hjelм og Hjerne brast;  
 Da sank hvert fiendtligt Speil og Mast  
 I Røg og Damp.  
 Flye, skreg de, flye, hvad flygte kan!  
 Hvo staaer for Danmarks Christian  
 I Kamp?

Niels Juel gav Agt paa Stormens Brag,  
 Nu er det Tid!  
 Han heisede det røde Flag,  
 Og sog paa Fjenden Slag i Slag;  
 Da skreg de høit blandt Stormens Brag;  
 Nu er det Tid!  
 Flye, skreg de, hver, som veed et Skjul!  
 Hvo kan bestaae for Danmarks Juel  
 I Strid?

O Nordhav! Glimt af Vessel brød  
 Din mørke Skye.  
 Da tyede Kæmper til dit Skjød;  
 Thi med ham ligned' Skræk og Død,  
 Fra Vallen hörtes Vraal, som brød  
 Din tykke Skye.  
 Fra Danmark lyner Tordenskjold;  
 Hver give sig i Himlens Vold,  
 Og flye!

Du Danskes Vei til Ros og Magt,  
 Sortladne Hav!  
 Modtag din Ven, som uforsagt  
 Tör möde Faren med Foragt,  
 Saa stolt, som du, mod Stormens Magt,  
 Sortladne Hav!  
 Og rask igjennem Larm og Spil  
 Og Kamp og Seier för mig til  
 Min Grav!



*Translation.*

## KING CHRISTIAN.

King Christian stood by the lofty mast  
 In murky light ;  
 His weapon strokes fell true and fast,  
 'Till the Goth's iron helm at last,  
 And every hostile sail and mast,  
 Sunk into night.  
 " Fly, fly for shelter, ye who can !  
 " Who copes with Denmark's Christian  
 " In fight ?"

Niels Yuel watched the battle-sky  
 In red array !  
 The blood-stained flag he hoisted high,  
 Rushed on the thronging enemy,  
 And louder than the waves his cry,  
 " Now is the day !  
 " Fly, hide ye from Niels Yuel's hand !  
 " Old Denmark's Yuel who withstand  
 " In the fray !"

North Sea ! a gleam of white sails broke  
 Thy gloomy sky !  
 Then in the strife, the wild death-stroke  
 Of foemen hurrying on, there woke,  
 Landward, a cry, a shout, that shook  
 Heaven's canopy ;  
 From Denmark flashes Tordenskjold,  
 To heaven commend them, e'en the bold,  
 And fly.

Thou ! the Dane's path to fame and power,  
 Dark, shadowy wave,  
 Shelter thy friend—in that lone hour  
 When war-clouds and the fierce storm lower,  
 Proud as art thou, untaught to cower,  
 Tempestuous wave !  
 And quick, amid the crash, the throe,  
 The fight, the triumph, bear me to  
 My grave !\*

\* This action between the Swedish and Danish fleets was fought in

We may as well take the present opportunity of inserting a Song, which is in fact *the* National Song of Norway. It is so expressive of patriotic feeling, and of the longing which all the Norwegians entertained of an emancipation, that before the establishment of their independence it was heard with rapture, and resounded in every society, from one extremity of the country to the other; being the oftener sung, because it had been prohibited by the court of Denmark. Nothing, even now, can give to a stranger, in Norway, a more powerful claim upon the affections and friendship of the people, than repeating a verse of this Song, or even quoting the two first lines of it, in convivial company, as a toast. The free translation of it made by Miss Parsons, preserves, with the tenor of the original, much of its spirit and character, and is adapted to the same air.

## NATIONAL SANG.

For Norge, Kjempers Föde-land,  
 Vi denne Skaal udtömme,  
 Og, naar vi først faae Blod paa Tand,  
 Vi sødt om Friebed drömme;  
 Dog vaagne vi vel op engang,  
 Og bryde Lænker, Bænd og Tvang;

## CHORUS.

For Norge, Kjempers Föde-land,  
 Vi denne Skaal udtömme, &c.

1644, in the reign of Christian IV., Niels Yuel commanding the Danes.

"Vessel," whose name is mentioned in the first line of the third stanza, was a Danish captain, created for his extraordinary courage Baron Tordenskjold.—The introduction of his name has been avoided, for obvious reasons, in the translation.

The Norse and Danish pronounciation of the word "Juel" has been followed.

En Skaal for Dig min kiække Ven,  
 Og for de Norske Piger,  
 Og har Du en, da Skaal for den,  
 Og Skam faae den, som sviger,  
 Og Skam faae den, som elsker Tvang,  
 Som hader Piger, Viin og Sang.

CHORUS.

En Skaal for Dig min kiække Ven,  
 Og for de Norske Piger, &c.

Og nok en Skaal for Norske Fjeld,  
 For Klipper, Sne og Bakker,  
 Og Dovres Echo raaber Held,  
 For Skaalen tre Gang takker,  
 Ja, tre Gang tre skal alle Fjeld  
 For Norges Sønner brumme Held.

CHORUS.

Og nok en Skaal for Norske Fjeld,  
 For Klipper, Sne og Bakker, &c.

#### THE NATIONAL SONG OF NORWAY.

*Translated, and adapted to the same Air, by Miss Parsons.*

To Norway, valour's native sphere,  
 We drink with boundless pleasure !  
 O'er wine, we dream of freedom near ;  
 In fancy grasp the treasure :  
 Yet shall we at some period wake,  
 And bonds compulsive nobly break.\*

CHORUS.

To Norway, valour's native sphere,  
 We drink with boundless pleasure, &c.

\* It is almost impossible to translate the two lines of the original as they occur here : they contain an ancient figurative expression, which literally might be thus rendered :

When we "first see the blood upon our teeth,"  
 We shall have sweet dreams of liberty.

By which is meant, "When we cut our teeth," *i. e.*, When we emerge from the infant state of knowledge in which our country is involved, or when we become more enlightened ;—the sanguinary spirit it seems to breathe being wholly inconsistent with the disposition of the Norwegians of the present day.

One glass to friendship's shrine is due,  
 One to Norwegian beauty ;  
 Some nymph, my friend, may claim for you  
 From us this welcome duty !  
 Curse on that slave who hugs his chains,  
 And woman, wine, and song disdains !

CHORUS.

One glass, &c. &c. &c.

Now, Norway, we thy mountains boast,  
 Snows, rocks, and countless wonders !  
 Lo ! Dovre's echo hails the toast,  
 And thrice 'rapt plaudits thunders :  
 Yes, three times three, the hills around  
 Shall "Health to Norway's Sons !" resound.

CHORUS.

Now, Norway, &c. &c. &c.

#### CONTINUATION OF JOURNAL.

September 2.—I was impatient for the morrow, for all accounts agreed that Drontheim was a place of considerable attraction, although the particular descriptions appeared contradictory. One writer says, "Drontheim resembles Naples," and he calls attention to "its domes and glittering spires;" and another invokes a blast of the north to aid his description of "the high castle." When, however, with returning light, I found that the embellishments of the one were only a counterbalance of the "castle in the air" of the other, I was disappointed.

I may remark that Drontheim has two fortresses; Munkholm, on an island of the fjord, commanding the

entrance of the bay ; and Christiansteen, on an eminence above the city, itself overlooked by more considerable heights. These fortresses are whitewashed, and have roofs of red tile ; and although unlike castles in their appearance, are nevertheless strong and useful places, and are good appendages of the scenery. Christiansteen might in peaceful times be styled the watch-house of Drontheim, for it devolves on its sentinels to give the alarm in case of fire, and doubtless has emissaries to combat with this most inveterate enemy of a city built almost entirely of wood.

I left the little vessel which was moored, among many others, under a quay shadowed by a long range of wooden warehouses, and delivered the letters which were entrusted to my care at Christiansund. And now the sentimentalists alone may follow me to the post-office, and see the painful conflict between a longing desire to hear from friends far away, and fear that a letter was not awaiting me. I had scarcely nerve to ask ; and when a shake of the head was the only answer of the post-master, the expected letter from a friend which imagination had drawn to Drontheim shrunk into an horizon more than a thousand miles removed ; and I was a stranger in a foreign land, friendless, without hope, and almost at my last dollar.

At this time several English and Scotch vessels were in the bay, and I immediately went aboard one of them, told the captain how I was situated, and agreed to sail with him to Dundalk, in Ireland, the point of his destination ; and there to wait until I received a remittance from England. We were prevented from sailing, how-

ever, by a prevailing westerly wind. This gave me the opportunity of visiting the falls of Leerfossen, and of sketching everything in and about the city which attracted my attention.

Drontheim is situated on a fine bay of the fjord of the same name, and occupies a peninsulated tract of ground, formed by the curvature of the bay and the windings of the river Nid. The streets of the city are spacious, and it has a fine cathedral, at present only a moiety of what the attached ruin indicates, and only a decimal part of what it is described to have been.

The appearance of Drontheim from the neighbouring heights, in its relative position to the scenery, is very fine. From the rocky and well-wooded eminences which reef out into the fjord, and form the western crescent of the bay, Drontheim is seen a compact city, in the centre of a shore which nature has curved with mathematical exactness; fostering on one side the shipping, which is the medium of its prosperity, and beautifying the fine country on the other side with the residences of its citizens; the whole environed by the great swelling country whence Drontheim derives its resources.

From Steenberget, a hill on the eastern crescent, the battledore-like shape of the peninsula, clustered over with buildings, and the circuitous course of the river, are clearly defined as on a chart; and the eye passes over the bay to the waters of the fjord, where the horizon is bounded by the distant mountains of the north and west.

Mr. Price refers to "De Capell Brooke's Travels" for a description of the Cathedral of Drontheim, which is given as follows:—

"The most curious object of antiquity at Drontheim is the venerable Cathedral, the magnificent relic of ancient times, though now hardly a tenth part so large as it is said to have been in the early ages. Yet what is left of it still renders it superior to many in beauty; and the traveller cannot fail to be astonished at finding such a building so far to the northward, and from what he sees of it may form an idea of its vast extent, when it flourished in all its splendour. It was first begun in 990,\* received additions in different ages, and is a mixture of the Saxon and Gothic architecture. A great part of it is without a roof, in which state it has been since the last fire that ravaged it, and the service is now performed in the old choir, which alone remains unimpaired.

\* "St. Olave, who was slain in 1030, was buried in a small church dedicated to St. Clement, which now forms a chapel at the east end of the cathedral, and is said to have been founded in 1019. The cathedral itself, according to Mr. Laing, was founded in 1180 or 1183. The remains of this part of the fabric, as well as the church of St. Clement, present the round arches and zig-zag ornaments of the Anglo-Saxon [Anglo-Norman ?] style. The west end, now in ruins, and which was founded in 1248, has the same character as the doorway at Ullensvang,"—of which there is a drawing by Lieut. Biddulph in Mr. Forester's work.—"Mr. Laing asserts that the two styles are intermixed and coeval in the cathedral of Drontheim, a fact which, clearly established, would 'shake the theory of the Saxon and Norman, the round and pointed arch, having been used exclusively in particular and different centuries, and affording ground to determine the comparative antiquity of Gothic edifices.'" Mr. Forester adds: "This is, perhaps, a subject for more exact inquiry."—*Norway in 1848 and 1849*, pp. 175, &c.;—and see the curious account which follows of the ancient timber churches in Norway, dating back to the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

“The following curious account is extracted from Lars Bing’s *Beskrivelse af Norge* :

“Tronhiem, formerly called Nidaraas, or Nidaros, the capital of the government of Tronhiem, is a very old and in history celebrated town. Here were preserved the holy relics of the Norwegian martyr and tutelary saint, King Oluf the Holy, and many pilgrimages, even from very distant parts, were made to his shrine.

“The peninsula, on which the city now stands, was in former times a farm (bondegaard) ; on which King Oluf Tryggesson ordered a kongsgaard (royal dwelling) to be built, and laid the foundation of a trading town, (Kiöbstæd) in place of that of Steenkier, which he called Nideraas. It has since obtained the name of Tronhiem, from the surrounding neighbourhood, which in old times was called Trondelaugen, and the inhabitants Tröndere. It is said, in former times, to have had fifty churches and convents, but the number is now reduced to three.

“The chief church is the remains of the once magnificent and celebrated Cathedral, the proper name of which was Christ’s Church ; but it was subsequently called St. Oluf’s Church, after the before-mentioned King Oluf the Holy, whose body was first buried there ; but afterwards taken up and placed above ground in a rich silver shrine or coffin, ornamented with gold and precious stones, with a lock and key, made by order of his son King Magnus, and in which he was borne in grand procession through the streets. This silver shrine, which weighed 6,500 ounces, and was richly gilt, was enclosed in two wooden coffins, the outermost of



which was covered with gold and silver, richly set with valuable gems, and hung round with small bags or purses. Into these bags were put the offerings of penitents, who on this account got the Pope's absolution, through a father confessor, who, on such occasions, stood at the end of the coffin; and in this manner silver, to the amount of 40,000 dollars, has often been collected in one day. The coffin was, on particular occasions, carried about the city by sixty men, especially on the festival of St. Oluf, the greatest holiday in the year. In 1565, the body of St. Oluf was with great ceremony deposited in a vault built for the purpose, which, in 1568, was filled up with earth, by order of a knight named Jörgen Lykke, that it might no longer create superstition among the common people. Many of the Norwegian kings and great men have also been buried in this cathedral; but on account of seven great fires, the plunderings of the Swedes and Dutch freebooters, and other changes, nothing now remains of this once noble edifice but the eastern cross, and the high choir, as it is called, of the old church, which constitute the present cathedral.

“‘It is true that, after the fire in 1719, it was repaired in a very handsome manner,\* but it cannot be compared with its former condition, when it could boast of eighteen high spires, besides several smaller ones, with almost innumerable large and small pillars of white and black marble, or of blue, green and red stones, with a no less number of images, busts, and

\* We have recent accounts that its restoration to somewhat of its former grandeur is at present contemplated.

statues, of exquisite workmanship. It appears to have been about 250 feet in length, and as it was not built all at once, resembled a combination of several smaller churches. The part which is now called the Chapter is the oldest of the whole building, and was formerly named St. Clement's Church. The south part, now called the Langting, is supposed to have been built next after the Chapter, to the east of which is a chapel, where is the burial-place of the Angel family, justly esteemed for its many public benefactions.

“‘The present great spire rests upon four thick pillars, forming four high arches, which reach to the top of the church. Inside the choir, on the south side, is a door to what is called St. Oluf's Well, it being said that his body was first interred there, and that, on his removal, this well or spring gushed out. The church is ornamented with three massy brazen chandeliers, and has three bells in the steeple. In the churchyard formerly stood the king's coronation chair, which was a large throne, built of stone, with many steps and approaches to all its four sides, and ornamented around with pillars and statues. Here, of old, the kings of Norway used to be crowned, and allegiance sworn to them in the open air.’

“This description may enable the reader to form an idea of the extraordinary splendour of Catholic times, and what Drontheim was in the days of King Oluf the Holy, when its fame not only extended all over the north, but drew pilgrims from very distant countries.

“The churchyard forms a pleasing object, from the manner in which the tombs are disposed, and the

extreme care taken of the sacred ground. Here it is not profaned, as in England, by the wanton steps of troops of idle boys amusing themselves with chuck-farthing, or playing at leap-frog over the graves. Each narrow mound is dressed by the hand of affection, and the simple flowers planted on it recall a thousand soft and melancholy reflections.

“In the many beautiful points of view in which the city presents itself from the surrounding country, the Cathedral is a very striking object, and its open situation renders it still more conspicuous. The present King of Norway and Sweden was crowned in the Domkircher, or Cathedral, near which are the remains of the Kongs-gaard, where in former times the sovereigns of Norway resided.”

Dr. Clarke adds but little to this description. He says: “Those who have seen the splendid remains of the Cathedral at Elgin in Scotland, will be able to call to mind something similar; but there is perhaps no other Gothic building now remaining which exhibits the same degree of lightness and airy elegance in the architecture. The sculpture decorating the arches, pillars, and doors, is of the most exquisite kind. Over the western entrance, which consisted of three portals finished in the highest style of Gothic beauty, there were statues of the size of life, profusely gilded. Some of those figures still remain, executed in a style of excellence, especially as to the drapery, which would not discredit the sculpture of ancient Greece. Formerly, a library of rare and valuable books belonged to this Cathedral; but most of them are now destroyed or lost.

The inhabitants pretend that a complete manuscript of the works of Livy existed in this library; but that, being taken to Bremen, it was removed to the Vatican at Rome; since which, all search after it has been made in vain. An arch of the most admirable workmanship separates the nave from the chancel. Over the altar we saw a large picture of the Crucifixion, a copy, tolerably well executed, from Daniel de Volterra. Near the altar, concealed by a door, there is a well, said to be that of St. Olaus, who first introduced Christianity into Norway. The western part of the nave is now without a roof: at that part of it which joined the centre of the building, opposite to the altar, stands a large organ. This Cathedral has suffered seven times by fire; but even the destructive element, so often directed towards its overthrow, has not disfigured it more than the modern reparations used to preserve it from total ruin. Here we saw Bishop Pontoppidan's Epitaph, who was born in 1616, and died in 1678. It is a long Latin inscription, commemorating his merits and travels. Over it are the portraits of the Bishop, his wife, his son, and a young daughter. There are no other inscriptions worth notice. The most ancient are in Gothic characters, but these are almost defaced."

Dr. Clarke's general description of the city of Drontheim is fuller than De Capell Brooke's. With all our northern enthusiasm, we may be amused, like our artist, Mr. Price, at the learned doctor's comparison of Drontheim to Naples; but his account conveys a more vivid impression of the aspect of this northern city than any other we have met with.

“Having ascended,” he says, approaching it from the south, “a steep eminence, and turning suddenly round the corner of a rock, the glorious prospect of the city of Trönyem, covering a peninsula in the finest bay the eye ever beheld, appeared far below us. Its rising spires and white glittering edifices immediately reminded the author of the city and beautiful bay of Naples, to which it is somewhat similar. In the latter, the grandeur of Vesuvius, the cliffs and hanging vineyards of Sorrento, the shining heights and shores of Capri, with all the orange-groves of Baia, the rocks and caverns of Posilipo, possess, besides their natural beauties, a variety of local attractions, which, for the delights they afford, place them above everything else in Europe; but, considered only in point of picturesque beauty, the Bay of Trönyem does not yield to the Bay of Naples. It is everywhere land-locked by mountains, which resemble, as to their height and distance from the eye, those which surround the Bay of Naples, Vesuvius alone excepted. The Castel del’ Uovo, so distinguished a feature of the Neapolitan Bay, is eclipsed by the appearance of the isle and fortress of Munkholm, opposite to the town of Trönyem. Up and down, in every direction near the town, appear the villas of the merchants; and riding at anchor in the bay, ships of all burden, and boats passing and repassing. Among these the boats of the natives are distinguished by the peculiarity of their construction, because they are always rigged with a large square sail, and have a single mast: in these vessels they venture to any part of the coast. The town itself is fortified, and the works are in the best condition; the ramparts and fosse being

covered with a smooth green turf, kept in the finest order.

“This city, once the capital of Norway, and residence of her kings, by no means corresponds, in its actual appearance, with the accounts published of its diminished state and ruinous appearance. Although the last town towards the Pole, the traveller viewing it sees nothing but what may remind him of the cities of the south. It is of very considerable size: its streets are wide, well paved, and filled with regular well-built houses, generally plastered and whitewashed. There is no part of Copenhagen better built, or neater in its aspect, than the streets of Trönyem. Its market is held in a square formed by the meeting of four principal streets. In the centre of the square is an excellent conduit, supplying the inhabitants constantly with the purest limpid water. Upon the north side of this square stands the finest wooden house in all Norway; a magnificent building, the residence of the General Commandant. Beyond this building the view is terminated by the sea, by Munkholm, or Monk Island,\* and by the mountains on the northern side of a beautiful bay. Looking down the street, which extends westward, the prospect of the town is more suddenly intercepted by the summit of a bold and lofty mountain, towering high above the tops of all the buildings: the road from Christiania traverses and descends a part of this mountain, as it approaches nearer to the city. Casting the eye eastward, another mountain also appears, less lofty, and covered with cultivated fields, in which a rich harvest at this time was

\* So called from a monastery formerly situate upon this small island.

displayed above the tall masts of the shipping lying in the river Nid. From this river the city had its ancient name of Nidrosia: after surrounding the town upon its southern and eastern side, it falls into the bay. Again surveying the city from the central square along the street which extends southward, the land here gradually rises: passing the Academy and Public Library, on the right, it is afterwards terminated by the venerable remains of the old cathedral, a Gothic structure of exquisite pristine beauty, although now disfigured by modern repairs: it was built so early as the eleventh century. In the street which extends eastward from the square is the principal inn; a large mansion, with a small garden in front, surrounded by painted rails, and full of dwarf cherry-trees. At the time of our arrival, their branches were laden with fruit, adding a very unexpected ornament to the street of a city in such a latitude. Opposite to this house is a church; a large modern edifice, containing nothing, excepting its organ, worthy of notice. There is also an organ in the cathedral, and another in a church belonging to the hospital. In describing the appearance of the central square and the streets leading into it, we have given the main plan of Trönyem; but, parallel to the four principal streets, there are others, little, if at all inferior, either in beauty and magnitude. The accommodations here are of the best kind, and a traveller finds himself, upon his first coming, as well provided for as if he were in the capital of Denmark.

“Apples ripen here, but not apricots, which succeed tolerably well at Christiania. Upon the whole, there is not that difference of climate which might be expected

between the two places; perhaps owing to the greater proximity of Trönyem to the sea. The Bay of Trönyem never freezes. The cold is not nearly so great here as at Röraas, which lies more to the south. It should have been before stated, that during the last winter at Röraas, the mercury in the thermometer and barometer froze naturally; but this intense frost lasted only three days; and throughout the northern part of Norway it had been generally considered as a mild winter, although great apprehensions were entertained lest everything would be killed on account of the small quantity of snow. The inhabitants complain much of the uncertainty of the weather in the summer; one day may be excessively hot, and the next quite cold: the transition sometimes takes place in the course of a single hour. In winter the climate is much more regular; and they have in general a clear sky.

“The rapidity of vegetation on some spots, and in some years, has been very extraordinary. On a farm to the south of Trönyem two crops of barley were reaped in the same year; and the year before our arrival a similar instance had occurred on a farm ten miles north of Trönyem. It is not uncommon for barley to be reaped six weeks after it has been sown. Some of the valleys have a most fertile soil; and being shut out from all winds, retain the heat very much: add to this, that the sun is so long above the horizon, that the mercury in Fahrenheit’s thermometer, during the short night, often does not fall below 60°; and it may be imagined what the effect must be upon vegetation. It generally happens that the ground is prepared, the



sced sown, and the harvest reaped, in the course of two months. The grass grows under the snow; and it is a custom here to throw ashes upon the snow, to hasten its melting. The severest cold in winter is in general about  $17^{\circ}$  or  $18^{\circ}$  of Reaumur. Last year, for two days, the mercury in his thermometer was at  $20^{\circ}$ : in summer, it is sometimes as high as  $21^{\circ}$ . The state of the thermometer, estimated according to the scale of Reaumur, is noted every day, and inserted in the Gazette, which is published every Saturday morning. Very erroneous accounts have been given in other countries of the climate here. Linnæus, describing the temperature of the same latitude, says the winter returns, without autumn, before the end of August. We did not leave Trönyem before the 3rd of October; and the heat of the sun was at this time so great in the streets, that we could not walk without undergoing a copious perspiration. The inhabitants had then in their gardens many plants in flower; a beautiful blue Gentian, the *Gentiana campestris*, covered the tops of the hills; and ripe cherries, apples, plums, and pears, were hanging upon their trees. The birch, it is true, was dropping its leaf, but every other forest tree was in full foliage. During the time we stayed, we had neither frost nor snow, but the most serene and delightful weather imaginable. At the same time the English papers mentioned very stormy weather in our own country. •

“The fortress of Munkholm occupies and entirely covers a small island in the bay, north of the town, distant about an English mile and a half. The breadth of the bay, in this direction across equals ten English miles.

The fortress, therefore, owing to its situation, adds considerably to the beauty of the prospect, as seen from all parts of the city and its environs. It was formerly the site of a monastery; and from this circumstance it received its present appellation of Monk Island. The fortress is now a prison for the reception of state criminals, sent hither by order of the Danish government. There were several persons in confinement when we visited it, principally for coining and forgery. The fortifications are incomplete and irregular; but it is deemed a place of considerable strength, and is well furnished with artillery and ammunition. In the round tower of this fortress, which is a part of the old monastery, Count Griffenfeld was confined twenty-one years, during the reign of Christian V. His original name was Schumacher; and he is said to have been one of the ablest politicians at that time in Europe, but that he had rendered himself odious to the Danish government, by persisting in measures for peace when war was desired by the crown. Two days after he was liberated he died in Trönyem. They showed to us the room in which he was confined. The wainscot is covered with inscriptions, written with an iron nail, in Greek, Latin, and other languages; the count being denied the use of pen and ink. They are now either almost effaced, or otherwise rendered illegible, by the idle folly of visitants, who have thought proper to inscribe their own names among them. The original floor was marked by his footsteps, as he always observed one line in walking across his chamber when he exercised himself. This floor had been lately removed, and

a new one added instead of it; much to the discontent of many of the inhabitants. The change, however, as a measure of policy, was thought necessary; since nothing so much excites the feelings of men devoted to liberty as the marks which tyranny is indiscreet enough to leave of the sufferings of its victims. It is said that the king came to Munkholm to see him in his confinement, and ordered his door to be opened, that he might view him as he paced within his chamber; but the count having some suspicion of what was intended, concealed himself behind the door. Leaving this chamber, we afterwards found, upon one side of this little island, a small bower, constructed, for the most part, of green intertwined boughs. The prisoners had amused themselves in making it. Within the bower were various inscriptions, which they had left at different times. One of them, upon a plain tablet suspended over the entrance, struck us very forcibly: it was in the Danish language:—

“‘MEMORIAL OF A BROKEN HEART!’”

Dr. Clarke enumerates a number of churches, besides the Cathedral, and other public buildings, among which are the Museum and the Arsenal, occupying the site of the ancient palace of the kings of Norway; but all that now remains of this royal residence is an old chamber with a fresco painting upon stucco. There are also sixteen or seventeen repositories for fire-engines in different parts of the city.

“The most remarkable thing is, that all these buildings, with the exception of the Cathedral, are of wood.

‘Every time,’ says Von Buch, ‘we proceed through the streets of Trönyem, we are struck with the beauty of the town, and yet it is altogether built of wood. But the wooden houses have an uncommonly agreeable appearance here; as in every one we see the endeavours of the possessor to ornament the exterior as much as possible, and the endeavour is frequently successful; for the delicacy of feeling and taste of the inhabitants is not confined to their mode of living, but extends to everything around them.’ The streets are wide, and well paved, although not lighted. The houses are handsome, regular, large, and airy; with pleasant gardens, full of fruit and flowers; laid out, it is true, somewhat after the Dutch taste, but some of them contain fine thriving oaks and lime-trees, that disdain to submit to the stiff grotesque arrangement of a Dutchman’s garden. The productions of these gardens are worthy of note in such a northern latitude, and they were partly mentioned before;—apples, pears, plums, cherries, strawberries, cabbages, cauliflowers, turnips, cucumbers, potatoes, artichokes, lupins, stocks, carnations, pinks, roses, and many other garden-flowers. They had this year the finest and most serene autumn we had ever experienced. The town is admirably supplied with water: it has no less than ten public conduits.

“We were present at the fair, which begins on the first of October. Many of the Lapps come down from the mountains and visit the city upon this occasion: the bay is seen covered with innumerable white sails of boats bringing in the peasants from all parts of the

country. During the course of the three days upon which the fair continues, some of the shops engaged in the sale of handkerchiefs, linen cloth, and a few other trifling articles, sell goods to the amount of five thousand dollars, a sum equal to one thousand pounds pounds sterling of English money. Great numbers of peasants also (who have not the smallest resemblance or relationship to the Lapps, and hold them in the utmost contempt and aversion) arrive on horseback from the most distant villages and farms, galloping through the streets at full speed upon the most beautiful steeds, unshod, without either saddle or bridle, which they guide with a cord fastened to a piece of wood, as a bit. In the evenings, during the fair, there is, as may be expected, a good deal of drinking, dancing, and some fighting; but no lives are lost in these broils. They dance the Polsk and the Halling. When intoxicated, a Lapp has been known to pass an entire night in the streets of Trönyem during the utmost rigour of winter, sleeping in the open air, without receiving any injury. It is true, they are well wrapped in furs; but perhaps this hardiness may be attributed to their habit of constantly exposing their bodies, recking from their steam-baths and sudatories, to extremes of temperature, rolling about naked in the ice and snow. We have seen them, in Lapland, when the dews were falling copiously during the last nights of summer, issue from their hot baths, and squat down starknaked upon the wet grass, to enjoy the luxury of cooling themselves in this manner in the open air. In Trönyem this people are not called Lapps, but Finns. The at-

tachment they bear towards their savage mode of life upon the mountains, and the difficulty of civilizing them, are very remarkable: so universally applicable is that affecting sentiment of Euripides to the inhabitants of all countries, ‘Home’s home, be it never so homely.’\* An anecdote or two of the Finns near Trönyem, as given to us by an intelligent young man of the name of Horneman, with whom we contracted a friendship during our residence here, and to whom we were indebted for many acts of polite attention, will set this part of their character in a very striking point of view.

“Mr. Horneman’s father, a wealthy merchant of Trönyem, educated a poor Finnish boy, treating him always with the greatest benevolence, and finally taking him into his own family as a servant; where he was clothed in a fine livery, and remained faithful in the discharge of all his duties during twelve years. At the expiration of this time, a large party of Finns came accidentally from the northern mountains into Trönyem for purposes of trade. Upon hearing this, the boy stole privately to his apartment, pulled off his fine clothes, putting on a few old rags, and, leaving all that he possessed, decamped with his countrymen, without carrying off a single stiver, either of his own or of his

\* Any person might believe that the ancient English aphorism above cited, was derived from the Greek tragedian. The original passage is,—

—ἀνδρὶ γάρ τοι, κἄν ὑπερβάλλῃ κακοῖς,  
Οὐκ ἔστι τοῦ θρέψαντος ἥδιον πίδον.

—*Euripidis Fragmenta Phœn.* iii. 2, tom. 2, p. 466, Ed. Beckii, Lips. 1778.

master's money. Some years elapsed, and no intelligence was gained even of the route he had taken. At last, wrapped in his Finnish garb, he came to visit his old master; and being asked why he had deserted his service in such an abrupt and clandestine manner, 'Sir!' said he, 'what will you have? Finn is Finn!'

"Another circumstance, of a similar nature, occurred a few years ago. A Finn boy was educated at the Latin school; and in process of time, being ordained by the bishop, he became an officiating clergyman in one of the parishes of Trönyem; but he was so passionately addicted to spirituous liquors, that it became necessary not only to dismiss him from his sacred office, but finally to excommunicate him from the church. Upon this he left Trönyem, and returned to his native mountains, where he joined with a party of the wild Finns of the country, resuming at once all the habits of his original savage state; and at this time he was roaming the mountains and deserts of Finmark.

"Besides the regular troops stationed at Trönyem, there is also another corps, which may be considered among the greatest curiosities in the country; namely, the regiment of Skiders or Skaters. These men have acquired the art of performing military evolutions in the Lapland skates. We saw their colonel; he was upwards of fifty years of age; but he conducted himself in these skates with all the surprising dexterity of the youngest soldier in his regiment. He explained to us the manner of using them. The skates themselves are not of equal length: in every pair of them one is longer than the other. 'The long skate, which is

generally six or seven, and sometimes eight feet long, is always worn on the left leg; and upon this leg the skater chiefly rests. The short skate, which is generally one or two feet shorter than the other, is worn upon the right leg, and serves principally for pushing the other forwards, and directing it. For this purpose the short skate is covered with reindeer skin, the hair of which lies smooth while the skater is progressive, but bristles up, and becomes rough upon any retrograde motion, and therefore serves as a hold upon the snow. The bottom of the long skate is of smooth wood, having a groove hollowed within the surface, to make it lighter, and to assist the spring of the skater, who sometimes, in going very rapidly down hill, must take great leaps over the rocky and rough ground that may be above the snow. A leap of fifteen yards is sometimes taken in this manner. A stick flattened at one end, to prevent its sinking in the snow, is always held by the skater in his hand, as a director; and his position in going down hill is always with his knees very much bent, his body leaning forwards, and bearing with his two hands upon the stick on the left side; dragging it after him, and at the same time supporting himself by it. In this manner they descend the steep hills of Norway with a velocity, as we were often assured, swifter than any bird can fly. The regiment of Skiders is regularly exercised in the use of these skates every year.

“A tolerable notion of the manners of these people may be formed by mixing with them at meals. We were every day in company with some of the principal



families resident in the place; and we everywhere observed the same traits of ancient hospitality, softened by the most engaging manners. The society of Trönyem has been considered as more polished than that of any other town in Norway: we did not consider it as superior in this respect to Christiania, but it is certainly not inferior. Some trifling singularities, as national characteristics, may be noticed; serving to cast an air of novelty over the good fare a traveller is sure meet with. The people of Trönyem place themselves without etiquette at table: every one sits as he chooses. They continue long at their meals; but conversation is brisk among them; and as they do not remain at table afterwards, the party breaks up sooner than in England; and the constant presence of females renders social meetings cheerful and agreeable. Indeed, at all of them, the Norwegian dames perform their parts extremely well, and generally take the lead in conversation, in a manner which is highly pleasing to all the company. Their dinners are of a very substantial nature, although not served without elegance: the tables may be literally said to 'groan with the weight of the feast;' like what it used to be in old times in England. Even at their suppers, three or four courses of soup, fowls, ham, fish, &c., follow one another; after which the stranger beholds, to his astonishment, a quarter of a calf brought in, by way of a *bonne bouche*, at the last. 'At the end of their dinners, perhaps by some sign from the mistress of the house, the company all bow to her, drink her health, and then, suddenly rising, push their chairs, with a very great noise,

to the sides of the room. Then they stand silent for a short time, as if they were saying a grace: after which, bowing to the master of the house, and to each other, they shake hands with their host, and kiss the hand of their hostess, when the ladies are assisted out of the room by the arms of the gentlemen. We had observed this ceremony of rising and moving the chairs before in Denmark, but the whole process here was more intense, and the noise might call to mind the rising of the great Council in Milton.' As soon as they have all retired together, coffee is served, during which some gentlemen smoke tobacco, for a few minutes, in an adjoining room. After coffee, tea is brought in; then the card-tables are set out, at which punch is served, and afterwards a most solid supper is announced, as before described.

“The Nid flows from Tydalen, which is on the Alpine barrier between Sweden and Norway; it then proceeds two Norway miles, by the side of the Selboe Sea or Lake, and runs to Trönyem, surrounding it on its southern and eastern sides; when, falling into the sea, it affords a harbour for the shipping. Two cataracts of this river, called the cascades of Leer-Fossen, are upon the General's estate. We went to see them. The place is named Leeren's Ground; it is distant five-eighths of a Norwegian mile from Trönyem. The first and principal cataract is divided by rocks into two parts; and upon the side of it are placed sawing-mills, as is commonly the case both in Sweden and Norway. The perpendicular height of the first fall is forty-eight ells, and

its breadth two hundred.\* The other, that is to say, the lower fall, though not the largest, is the most beautiful, being more decorated with trees; it is one thousand yards distant from the upper fall; its perpendicular height is forty Danish ells, and its breadth ninety. Both together make a fall of eighty-eight ells. There is a salmon-fishery at the lower fall, at which General von Krog, as he himself informed us, caught, in one night, a thousand salmon. These cascades are more worth seeing than the Falls of Trolhættan, but we thought them inferior to the Cataract of the Ljusdal in Herjedalen. To bring the comparison nearer home, they are inferior, in point of picturesque beauty, to the Fall of Fyers in Scotland, and to the principal fall of the Clyde, in the same country.

“ ‘No traveller,’ says Von Buch, ‘returns from Trönyem without feeling a sort of enthusiasm for the reception he there met with. From this number I must certainly not be excluded: for who could be insensible to repeated acts of the most hearty kindness; to a politeness that anticipates every want; that is always affecting and never oppressive? Who would not be filled with gratitude at seeing so many worthy men anxiously labouring to make the time you spend in Trönyem a time of gladness? This warmth of heart, this conviviality and sympathy, appear to be characteristic of the inhabitants of this town. They are, in fact, by no means foreign to the character of the whole nation, and are here displayed as we might expect to

\* One *aln*, or ell, is 24 Danish inches, equal to 21·7 English inches.

find them among men of higher refinement and cultivation.' Of all the nations to whom the British character is known, the Norwegians are the most sincerely attached to the inhabitants of our island. 'The welfare of Great Britain,' was a toast which resounded in every company, and was never given but with reiterated cheers and the most heartfelt transports. Every Englishman was considered by the Norwegians as a brother; they partook even of our prejudices, and participated in all our triumphs. Whenever the Gazettes contained intelligence of a victory gained by the English, the glad tidings were hailed and echoed from one end of the country to the other, but especially in Trönyem."

## CHAPTER XI.

## CONTINUATION OF MR. PRICE'S JOURNAL.

JOURNEY FROM BERGEN TO CHRISTIANIA OVER THE DOVER-FJELD;  
AND BY THE MIOSEN-VAND TO CHRISTIANIA.

SEPTEMBER 21.—Having obtained a passport, I left Drontheim at eight o'clock in the morning for Christiania. The hills were covered with newly-fallen snow, but it had disappeared generally from the low grounds. The morning was dull and lowering, and the road exceedingly uneven, though deep in mud. Rocks and wooded knolls are on either hand; and near Oust, the road meanders through a wide valley, partially cultivated. The hills beyond were dark with fir forests.

The road is good to Meelhuus, and the country well wooded, and tolerably fertile.

The scenery is beautiful between Meelhuus and Leer; hills are clothed with wood to their summits, and the river Guul,\* grooving its serpentine course, has left on either hand high and almost perpendicular

\* "The Guuldal is a beautiful valley; it is long and broad, delightfully environed, and well peopled. The views down the valley, over numerous and considerable hamlets and churches, with the broad and glittering stream in the middle, are altogether enchanting. Fertility and cultivation smile upon us from every hill. The whole antiquity of

banks, which give the valley a very peculiar character. The same evening I arrived at Fosse, the road lying along the bank of the river, and the scenery interesting all the way. I found the people at the station very civil, but I could not get anything to eat except salted salmon.

Early next morning I continued my journey, and in three miles crossed the river. The valley from Fosse to this ferry is narrow, only admitting of the river and road.\* There are several waterfalls, and the steep hills are generally covered with fir, the mountain-ash and birch beautifully intermingling. Further on I had the choice of two roads; one leading to Røraas, amid the scenery described so rapturously by Dr. Clarke; and

the nation is crowded together in this valley; it is the cradle of the land. Here Norr came first over from Sweden. Here dwelt the mighty Hakon Jarl. In this valley he was found out, and conquered, by the valiant, noble, and wise adventurer, Oluf Trygvason. Here many of the heroes of the country dwelt in their courts: and those kings who bloodily contested the dominion of the land, never imagined they had made any considerable progress in it, till they had conquered Drontheim and its valleys. Now we everywhere see healthy boors; and no Hakon Jarl, no Linar Thambasilver, no Duke Skule. Their repose has sometimes been disturbed by the tempests of the Swedish wars; but the inhabitants continue to advance, in an easy yet perceptible progress, in all the arts of peace, towards their higher destiny."—*Von Buch's Travels*, p. 104, Lond. 1813.

\* "From Melhuus to Leer, Fess, and Soknæs, the road meanders through close surrounding precipices, amidst bold and abrupt mountains, embosoming the waters of the Guul. Between Melhuus and Leer, we were delighted with the beauties of the country; and especially with the elegance of a bridge constructed of the trunks of fir-trees, of one arch: of which there are many in Norway, of surprising magnitude and boldness of design, cast across the most rapid cataracts. There is nothing in all Switzerland to surpass the grandeur of the prospects between Soknæs and Hoff."—*Clarke*. Mr. Barrow also says that they reminded him of the Alpine scenery of Switzerland, but were much inferior to the views exhibited on the western side of Norway.

the other leading to the Dovre-Fjeld. I chose the latter, because with the word "fjeld" my imagination had such pleasant associations.

Having turned away from the highly picturesque valley leading to Røraas, I approached a village in the valley leading to the Dovre-Fjeld.

It was a delightful autumnal morning; cottages with roofs of turf, at this season richly embrowned, and studded round with newly cut hemp and implements of husbandry, were the foreground of the scene; hills dark with firs, enlivened with the bright colouring of the ash and birch, extended themselves in great richness on each side; while many wooded eminences in the valley presented to the view spots of beautiful seclusion. The mountains beyond were covered with snow. The empurpled sky suffused a bloom over the scene, and many were the auxiliaries to render the effect exceedingly beautiful; mist was creeping along the hill, and among the firs; grey streams were fine connecting lines between the snow and the rocks, which in some places jutted out from among the dark wood; and the smoke rose delicately blue to midheight of the hills. There was not a breath of air to waft it away, and it lay sleeping under the morning sun; and to complete the picture, a goat, shaggy and fearless, threw back his head to answer the call of his fellow who was browsing at some distance, and again resumed his accupation of nibbling the scanty herbage from the rock.

The drive from Soknæs to Hoff, along a pretty level road, was one of peculiar interest at this autumnal sea-

son, from the great variety of beautifully wooded hills, principally birch, which, when the sun shone full upon them, contrasted finely with the gloom of the fir forests beyond. There were several attractive objects in this drive, particularly one, which I regret that I did not sketch; it was a mountain torrent, which, tumbling in a succession of falls from a very considerable height, had led to the picturesque and animating result, that mills, in a great variety of forms, were built on every successive ledge of the descent; the hill on each side being covered with beautiful foliage.

The scenery between Hof and Garlie is peculiar, and unlike anything I had seen.\* The road is good, but hilly, and every succeeding hill commands a great

\* "In going from Hoff to Birkager, we ascended a lofty and steep hill, and from the summit had a prospect of the Alps covered with snow. From this summit, the view below exhibits the grandest masses of rocks, descending perpendicularly towards the valley, forming precipices nearly a thousand feet high, with fir and birch trees sprouting from their crags and fissures; whole mountains rise in the most abrupt manner from the green pastures and corn-fields by the sides of the river, and, as they tower upwards, present upon their sides the noblest forests. High above the woods appear farm-houses and cultivated lands, and, at a still greater elevation, forests; then a fleecy rack of clouds; then upland farms and forests again; and in the upmost range, glittering in ether, snow-clad summits, of all else, except their icy mantle, denuded, bleak, and bare. As the view, after extending over all their tops and shining heights, descends amidst the ærial habitations of the upland farmers, it sees, with surprise, immense herds of cattle feeding at an elevation so extraordinary that even the actual sight is scarcely to be credited. Every hanging meadow is pastured by cows and goats; the latter often browsing upon jetties so fearfully placed that their destruction seems to be inevitable: below are heard the cheerful bleatings of the sheep, mingled, at intervals, with the deep tones of the herdsmen's trumpets\* resounding among the woods."—*Clarke*.

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\* The same as the *Lure* in Sweden; that is to say, a long trumpet made of splinters of wood, bound together by withy.



extent of fir forest, stretching over a very undulating country. The peculiarity is that a village crowns every eminence, while the whole country besides appears only a fit abode for wild animals. The road is uninteresting, but good, to the steep descent to Birkager, where a valley flanked with forests bursts upon the view. From this place to the river, it becomes so precipitous, that the horse nearly slides down on his haunches. A large wooden bridge, painted red, spans the river, and the opposite hill is very difficult of ascent. About eight o'clock I reached Sundseth, where I was the subject of immoderate laughter to a number of persons at the station, which was continued so long and disagreeably, that in my wrath I called for the day-book, and scribbled a complaint, after which I was civilly treated.

I drove to Stuen to breakfast; the day was dark, and all the distant mountains were covered with snow; the road is high, and over a great swelling country covered with ranging forests, till I came to Dfnet.\* This station affords every comfort and accommodation to the traveller; and here I ate good bread for the first time since I left England. The subjoined view of Dfnet shows the character of country through which I had travelled for many miles. The next station is Rise, a most agreeable drive from Dfnet, and the inn equally

\* Between Drivstuen and Rise or Ruse. Plate XX. The view is taken from this station, looking northwards towards Opdal. The river in the valley, which Mr. Price had ascended, is the Driva-Elv, which rises at the foot of Sneehættan, and, after flowing northward as far as Opdal, takes a turn to the westward, under the name of the Sundals-Elv, and after a long course falls into the Thingvold-Fjord, which discharges itself into the North Sea, near Christiansund.





good. At Rise I was surprised at the number of wells, which were denoted by an awkward but very simple contrivance by which the water is raised. The stem of a fir several yards in length is poised on an upright post, with a notch in the top, and acts in a similar way to the beam of a pair of scales; in the place of a rope, a long stick is suspended from the thin end of the beam, with a bucket hanging to it, and a nearly corresponding weight is affixed to the other, so that a very trifling additional pressure on the weighted end is sufficient to raise the water.

It is a fine drive to Drivsteun;\* below, on the left, an impetuous river is joined by another, perfectly straight, and brawling through a valley shaggy with forest. At once the description of Ossian struck me as very forcible in its application to these: "Like two foam-covered streams from two rainy vales." The scenery on this road reminded me of some parts of Scotland.

I left Drivstuen early in the morning, and had a saddle-horse to Kongsvold, where I breakfasted. The road was for some miles very precipitous.† Near Kongs-

\* At Opdal the elevation of the road is 2,114 feet, and at Drivstuen 2,220. Here the passage over the Dovre-Fjeld may be said properly to commence; and the scenery becomes very wild and romantic. Mr. Barrow says:—"There was little or no cultivation, and the lower parts of the mountains, clothed with impenetrable forests of fir, birches, and alders, bounded the view on all sides; but above the forests, the upper regions of the mountain range were seen to be partially covered with snow. At Opdal we obtained a first glimpse of the celebrated peak of Sneehætten, or the mountain capped with snow." Mr. Price has not told us where he sketched his view of Sneehætten, Plate XXI.; but we conclude the point of view was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Opdal.

† Von Buch describes it as "dangerous and painful in the highest degree." "The valley is, in truth, surrounded by deep and savage rocks

vold the rocky bed of a river, deep, savage, and dark, was indicative of the grand scenery whence it has its source; the rocks were hoary with reindeer moss; and the fir, ever attendant on a Norway river, deepened the gloom of the valley. The country is very wild and rugged between Kongsvold\* and Jerkin, and the road up hill all the way, till within a short distance of the station.† The morning was cloudless and frosty.

of a most alarming height. We can no longer measure their height from below, and the huge blocks at the bottom seem inconsiderable pieces when compared with the surrounding masses. It is such another fissure as the Schöllenen at St. Gothard, or the abyss of the Hongrin above Château d'Oex. It is not a valley in which the mountains incline gently towards the plain; but a rent which divides the mountains throughout the whole extent of their breadth."—*Von Buch's Travels*, p. 99. Dr. Clarke observes: "The magnificent scenery repays a traveller for all the trouble it will cost him; it is in the highest style of Alpine grandeur, not to say horribly sublime. The author could not call to mind any part of Switzerland where the mountains and the rocks exhibit bolder features than on this stage;—naked and tremendous precipices of mica-slate on each side of the Passage, and the torrent of the Driva roaring below in many an impetuous cataract." Mr. Barrow observes: "This part of the road is certainly wild and romantic, carried along a deep ravine, hemmed in on both sides with rocks, and frequently choked up with huge masses; at such places the road winds up to the top of the precipice, from whence it is sometimes frightful to look below. Its height at Kongs-vold is 3,063 feet. But after the rugged and almost untravellered roads we had passed over in going to Bergen, and also from thence to Trönyem, we felt somewhat disappointed on reaching the summit plain of the Dovre-Fjeld, of the approach to which, through almost impassable ravines, we had heard so much; in fact, it was tame in comparison with those we had gone over on the other side of the country. The sublime scenery, which I had pictured to myself as more grand and imposing than anything we had yet seen, did not by any means come up to what my imagination had made it."—*Barrow's Excursions*, p. 354.

\* Kongs-vold, surrounded by monstrous rocks, is one of the four "Fjeld-stuer" established on the Dovre-Fjeld by King Eyestein in the year 1120, for the safety and comfort of travellers.

† The stage from Kongsvold to Jerkin, a Norsk mile and a half, is less difficult, and the road good. Almost the whole stage is an ascent over a bleak Alpine region covered with snow; first by a ravine down which the

When I arrived at Jerkin, I requested that a guide might be ready after breakfast, to accompany me to the summit of Snechættan; this was immediately complied with, and he waited my pleasure with a pony, and two long sticks, which were to come into use when we reached the snow. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when we set off, and the distance to the highest point appeared so inconsiderable, that I thought to give an hurra on the top, and to return to Jerkin the same day. There was a freshness in the morning which was very exhilarating, and the delicate blue and white of the snow heights were a contrast to peat bogs and brown herbage which occupied the whole of the intervening space: still there was no fine scenery, and, but for the volubility of my guide, the walk would have been tiresome enough. During the morning not a cloud threw its shadow across any part of the scene.\* For several miles the irregular ground was intersected by brawling streams, and clothed with heath, juniper, and creeping shrubs; sometimes bearing the scanty herbage of extreme poverty of soil, and often entirely bare. In some places the tangled roots of the shrubs afford protection, though scarcely a shelter, to the lemmings; and from the countless runs which I saw, it is evident that these animals are very

Driva is precipitated towards the north, between immense perpendicular rocks in a rent which hardly affords room for the water of the stream. "Afterwards," says Dr. Clarke, "a wild and dreary prospect was presented to us,—wild bogs and deserts, where the drifting snow seemed to contend with the driving clouds through which we passed. A wooden gate in the midst of the topmost level serves to mark the boundary between the governments of Trönyem and Aggershuus. Here the road reaches an elevation of 4,563 English feet above the level of the sea;"—the highest elevation, probably, of any mountain-pass in Norway.

numerous here.\* These vermin generally ran into their burrows as I approached ; but when I came upon them

\* "That very singular creature, the Lemming, about which so many endless conjectures are formed, though in other countries it is, I believe, unknown, is a small animal, about the size of a rat, and is supposed to inhabit the long chain of mountains called the Lapland Alps, running between Sweden and Norway. In length it is five and a half inches ; its ears are round and small ; it has long black whiskers ; the belly is of a whitish yellow ; the back and sides are tawny, variegated with black ; the tail is half an inch in length ; the feet are five-toed ; the upper lip is divided, and in each jaw there are two teeth.

"Their appearance is sudden and uncertain, sometimes not being seen for twenty years, and at other times observed in some parts generally every three or four. When, however, they commence their migrations, it is in such inconceivable numbers that the country is literally covered with them ; marching in these bodies always, as it is said, in a straight direction, and never suffering themselves to be diverted from their course by any opposing obstacles, even crossing rivers on the floating bodies of the foremost, which form a bridge for the passage of the main body of the column in the line of march.

"I confess that I never heard any satisfactory opinion respecting the causes of their extraordinary migrations, which generally happen about once in four or five years, and not a Lemming is ever said to be seen between them. This, I think, a little attention would prove not to be the case, as, during the subsequent winter, I saw numerous marks of them in the snow on the mountains of Quaoen, or Whale Island, where I resided. Their appearance, however, is always partial, or the country would be overrun. They are supposed always to come from the mountains, which at least is correct ; and it is probable that they choose the highest grounds from a natural instinct, as in the lower situations their burrows would be liable to continual inundations from the melting of the snow.

"The universal opinion of the lower orders respecting them is, that they fall from the clouds ; and many old men have affirmed that they have seen them drop. The superstition of the country-people leads them to suppose that the appearance of these swarms forebodes evil, and is the forerunner of war and disaster. The latter must readily be when they make their appearance in the more cultivated parts, since total destruction to the crops and vegetation in general must follow.

"At the little island of Carlsö every blade of grass was literally alive with them ; they swarmed on the sea-shores, and were running about the small garden-patch in front of the parsonage ; the outhouses were filled with them. The præsten, who could not account for their appearance

suddenly, they grinned at me, and seemed to question my right of road. After a while we arrived at a little valley, in which is a hut, which has its counterpart on the summit of Cader Idris: here we tethered the pony, and prepared for the ascent.

When we had clambered for some time, the guide led me to a spot from which I looked upon a very wintry scene, and he used every endeavour to dissuade me from proceeding further; he shrugged his shoulders, and looked with seeming horror at the masses of snow, affirming that it would be impossible to reach the summit; then he mentioned the names of individuals who had been satisfied with this distant view; then he went some steps down the descent towards the hut, to induce me to follow him; then, taking advantage of the situation, he threatened to leave me if I dared be so rash

in these extraordinary numbers, said it was some years since they had been seen at Carl ö.

"In former times a curious exorcism, accompanied by fasts, was used by the clergy to drive away these pests:—*Exorciso vos, pestiferos vermes, mures, aves, seu locustas aut animalia alia, per Deum, &c., ✠ ut confestim recedatis ab his campis, &c., nec amplius in eis habitatis, sed ad ea loca transeat in quibus nemini nocere possitis; et ex parte Dei Omnipotentis, et totius curiæ celestis, et Ecclesiæ Sanctæ Dei, vos maledicens, quocunque ieritis sitis maledicti, deficientes de die in diem et decrecentes quatenus reliquiæ de vobis nullo in loco inveniantur; quod prestare dignitar qui venturus est judicare vivos et mortuos et sæculum per ignem. Amen.*'—I exorcise you, pestiferous worms, mice, birds, or locusts, or other animals, by God the Father, &c., ✠ that you depart immediately from these fields, or vineyards, or waters, and dwell in them no longer, but go away to those places in which you can harm no person; and on the part of Almighty God, and the whole heavenly choir, and the Holy Church of God, cursing you whithersoever you shall go, daily wasting away and decreasing till no remains of you are found in any place. Which may He vouchsafe to do who shall come to judge the living and the dead and the world by fire. Amen.'"—*De Capell Brooke's Travels to the North Cape*, pp. 154, &c.



as to venture further. When, however, he perceived that my purpose was fixed, he hastened forwards in a very ill humour, and behaved very uncourteously till we reached the top, when he waved his hat over his head, and his ill humour vanished. I confess that more than once I was so much fatigued, and overpowered by sleep, that my resolution nearly failed me; but the first fatigue passed away, and I arrived at the summit at the same time with the guide.\* And now the display all around fully compensated me for the trouble of the ascent. Clouds, which had congregated during the evening, were rolling in splendour, while the country below was involved in darkness. As the sun declined, one illumined snow-peak after another sunk into shadow, until the sun shone with exceeding brightness on Sneehættan alone; at this time his rays streamed over the clouds as over a billowy sea, and all below was one uniform gloom, in which the numerous lakes appeared as mirrors suspended.

\* Professor Esmark of Christiania was, we believe, the first who ascended the peak of Sneehættan. It is not an affair of any risk or difficulty beyond the fatigue of the ascent. M. Esmark carried a barometer with him, and determined its elevation to be equal to that of 8,115 English feet, or nearly double that of Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Great Britain. It has been reduced by later calculations to 7,513 English feet, the height marked on Forsell's Map; but for which no authority is stated. Mr. Everest ascended the summit of Sneehættan and returned in about eighteen hours. He disparages both its altitude and grandeur. He says it does not rise much more than 2,000 feet above the level of the plain on which Jerkin is situated. But this is mere conjecture; it necessarily loses much of its apparent altitude by being viewed from a base elevated above 4,500 feet, leaving its peaked summit only about 3,500 feet. This great towering mass is stated, on the authority of Professor Esmark, to be composed almost entirely of mica-slate.





As I quickly respired in the thin atmosphere of this elevated situation, where the spirit scarcely acknowledged his tenement, the new aspect under which all things appeared prevented an immediate recognition of objects, which, under ordinary effects, were familiar to me. At length the sun set, and in place of the rich effect which his presence bestowed, an ashy paleness crept over the scene. As I was already benumbed with cold, I thought only of the quickest mode of descent, and seeing an inclined plane of snow of great extent before me, I sat upon it, and slid down with great rapidity; the stick, which prevented a retrograde motion in the ascent, being now absolutely needful to prevent my speed being too accelerated. We soon arrived where the snow lay in patches, and the intervals being occupied with low shrubs; here I threw myself on the ground quite exhausted, and very ill, and was unable to proceed.

When I awoke I was surrounded by fires, which my guide afterwards told me he had lighted to keep off wild animals. Perhaps there was reason for this precaution, for, in the morning, when we found the pony, the foot-steps of a wolf were clearly impressed on several places of the moist ground of the valley, and no doubt he had been tasting the pony in imagination.

I tumbled into bed as soon as I reached Jerkin,\* and

\* Lieut. Biddulph's note on this station, in his Journal published in "Forester's Rambles," is: "Approaching the station of Jerkin, herds of mixed sheep, goats, and cows are passed, tended by young girls, a subject fit for an artist of Landseer's ability. Jerkin stands on the Fjeld's side, —by no means an inhospitable collection of buildings, with one or two inclosures. I was surprised to find a station so remote offering very

in the afternoon I rambled with the guide to the height above the station which commands the whole panorama of the Dovre-Fjeld.

I submit to the reader a few observations, which perhaps may not be considered irrelevant.

Appearances are so various among mountains, that the eye is unable to determine distance, or the size of objects; and a scene is at times entirely metamorphosed by the effect under which it is exhibited. When I passed over the Dovre-Fjeld, all objects were so clear, that the mighty mass of snow mountains, over which Sneehættan rises preeminent, scarcely attracted my attention farther than to impress upon my mind the exceeding purity of their outlines, and delicacy of their tints. The same clearness prevailed when Sir de Capell Brooke travelled over the Dovre-Fjeld, and the whole scene appeared to him, and to me, a miniature of what it is in reality; still there are effects under which this panorama would appear magnificent, and almost immeasurable in its extent and height. I remark that the deception is not confined to this scene, but is incident to all mountainous countries; and therefore the traveller must never so far trust his sight as to let it determine him in a given time to visit any spot with which he has not a previous acquaintance. I further observe, that, among mountains, correct information respecting distances cannot be obtained; and the reason is obvious; no admeasurement has been made, except when a place

superior accommodation. One could stop here for any length of time, in the very heart of the Dovre-Fjeld. There can be no lack of sport, and consequently of good cheer; and no one can be more desirous to please than the station-master."—*Norway in 1848 and 1849*, p. 391.

of public resort finds its guide to lead each new visitant to the top of a Snowdon, or a Ben Nevis, to see the sun rise. I may almost say that in Norway the word *mil* (mile) is obsolete, as far as it relates to the definite length of twelve thousand yards (excepting on the roads, where the measurement is made with the most scrupulous exactness), and is a word used to express a considerable distance. Sir de Capell Brooke says: "This stretching across from one point of land to another is called by the boatmen a mile;" and so it is among mountains.

The traveller will always do well to avail himself of a guide belonging to the place at which he stops; for such a man knows every "devil's grip" within his range, and will be fraught with all the legendary lore.

My journey to Sneehættan was charged in my bill ten dollars.

September 26.—I had a delightful road to Fogstuen.\* Sneehættan, and other heights on the right, were delicately clear, under a cloudless sky.

Capital road and horse to Lid, and fine ranges of mountain all the way. The same to Thofte. There are

\* "For some distance, after leaving Jerkin, the rocks, the ravines, and the general scenery continued to wear the character of grandeur: the snow, which covered the tops of the mountain peaks, glittering in the rays of the sun, contrasted finely with their naked and black weather-worn sides, which, in descending towards their base, were finally buried in forests of fir-trees. It was bitter cold when crossing this elevated plain or moor; but the road was now excellent, and so even and regular in its descent that we trotted rapidly all the way down to Fogstuen, at which place the elevation was reduced to 3,150 feet. At this spot the Folda-Elv takes its rise, and, flowing to the eastward, falls into the Glommen, the largest of the Norwegian rivers. Fogstuen, as the name implies—the foggy lodgings—is a most dreary habitation, situated at the bottom of a deep ravine."—*Barrow*.

many dwellings on the left-hand hill, and the resting-house is about a mile from the road. At nine in the evening I reached Laurgaard. The road is hilly, and the night was so dark that I could only discern the outline of the foliage against the sky; but the roar of the river Lougen invited me to visit the scenery by day-break.\*

\* "Between Fogstuen and Thofte, a descent begins towards the south; and from regions of ice and snow the traveller is suddenly conducted into the most beautiful valley that the imagination can conceive. From the summit we had a very extensive view of all this chain of mountains; their tops appeared below us, covered with snow. The moment we began to descend, a change took place; and in three quarters of an hour we passed from a frigid to a temperate climate. Long before we reached Thofte, we were able to collect plants in flower. The snow vanished—trees appeared—the road was dry and in good order—and in the space of forty-five minutes from our leaving the summit, the mercury had risen in the thermometer to 36°, in place of 27°. Nothing can be more remarkable than this sudden transition, in descending Dovre-Fjeld towards the south.

"After leaving Thofte, we entered the beautiful valley called Gulbrandsdal, and proceeded by the side of the river Lougen. From this place, to the distance of 170 English miles, the road continues through a series of the finest landscapes in the world. Indeed, it is allowed by all travellers who have made this journey, and whose opinions upon such a subject are worth citing, that 'it is doubtful whether any other river can show such a constant succession of beautiful scenery.' Another remarkable circumstance, characteristic of the whole district, is, that it is remarkable for the tallest people, and the finest horses and cattle, in all Norway. The women are fair and handsome; and the men stouter and more athletic than any we had ever seen, except in Angermanland, with their light and long flowing hair, reminded us of Ossian's heroes. The farmers all along the vale are reckoned rich, and a very good sort of people.

"The two stages from Thofte to Vestad and to Formö, considered with respect to the grandeur of the scenery, constituted the finest part of the passage: it is perhaps the boldest defile in Europe, not excepting even that of St. Gothard, near the Pont du Diable, in Uri. Precipices, woods, and cataracts, produce a mixture of fear, wonder, and pleasure, which it is actually necessary to have felt, in order that any idea of it may be entertained. Indeed, it would be to little purpose that an endeavour is made to describe such prospects; but that there are many who

September 27.—I wandered up the valley, which is strikingly fine, and made a sketch of the impetuous torrent. On my return to the station, I found a large party of road-surveyors, and complimented them on the excellence of their roads. I had a bowling and downhill line all the way to Breiden. Near Breiden the river expands, until it assumes the character of a lake, the scenery enlivened, as usual, by a waterfall and mills. The valley, part of the way, is swampy; and there is a church, with an elegant little spire. The road is excellent, and down hill all the way to Viig; the valley has plenty of underwood, and is pretty well cultivated, and the hills are covered with wood to their summits. The scenery was quiet; the river on the right, and beautifully wooded cliffs on the left; the banks all covered with underwood, in its rich autumnal colouring; a pretty church rose among the foliage; and cheerful houses had their little pleasure-grounds and

have had this feeling, and who will call the scenery to their imagination, from the suggestions which a few notes made upon the spot are calculated to afford. The road, as in the Passage of St. Gothard, is very often little more than a shelf placed along the side of a precipice; and, at a great depth below it, is heard the noise of a torrent. Looking backwards or forwards, the projecting terminations of the different mountains, intersecting each other towards their bases, produce the wildest and most gloomy glens. Upon their craggy sides, towering forests, reaching almost to the snow-clad summits, wave their dark branches over cliffs where there seems hardly soil enough to maintain the lichen hovering upon the stony precipice. From the sides of these mountains, innumerable cascades, dashing among the rocks and through the trees, carry their clamorous tribute to the torrent of the Lougen, whose mightier and more impetuous waters, shaking the very rocks, seem to agitate the whole wilderness, as by an earthquake. One of those tributary cataracts, after a fall of at least 500 feet, having swept away every trace of the road, if ever there had been any road here, now rushes beneath a bridge of fir-trees, and is thence hurled into the gulph beneath.”—*Clarke*.



walks. I drove to Hundorp in the dusk ; birches overhanging, beautifully canopying several miles of road with their elegant network ; and the river Lougen flowed below on the right. The accommodation at Hundorp was excellent.

September 28.—I left Hundorp early, and had a pleasant drive to Elstad ; the morning was warm, and the sky heavy and lowering. Road good. Inn excellent.

From Brieden to Viig\* my conveyance was a sort of

\* Near Viig is the famous Pass of Kringelen, where a tablet, placed by the road-side, commemorates the overthrow and slaughter of 900 Scotch soldiers commanded by Colonel George Sinclair, who was defeated and slain in this defile :—

“The place where Sinclair was buried is still shown. Kringelen signifies a narrow pass, or defile : it is formed by a precipice bordering on the river Lougen, which, after flowing through Gulbrandsdalen, falls into the Mjösen Lake. The battle here commemorated happened in 1612, on the 24th of August. The historian, Gerhard Schjønning, states that it was fought between 1,200 Scotch soldiers, and 500 Norwegian peasants armed with a few muskets, bludgeons, bows, and stones. The greatest havoc was made upon the Scotch troops by the large stones which the Norwegians threw upon them from the heights. Colonel Sinclair, it seems, expected no attack—for almost all the youth of the country had been drawn to the Swedish war in the south of Norway. The cause of the invasion is given by Von Buch. Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, in his first unsuccessful war with Christian IV., despatched Colonel Munckhaven, in the spring of 1612, to enlist men in the Netherlands and in Scotland. As the Colonel was endeavouring to return, in the end of the summer, with 2,300 fresh troops, he found the fortress of Elvsberg, at Gothenburg, in possession of Christian, and the whole coast, in consequence, from Norway, beyond Calmar, shut to the Swedes. Necessity compelled him to break through Norway. The greatest part entered the Fjord of Tröndheim, landed at Stördalen, and found no Gulbrandsdalsians to oppose them. They were thus enabled to proceed over the mountains to Jemteland and Herjedalen, and, by their arrival, preserved the capital of Sweden, which was threatened by the Danish fleet. But Colonel Sinclair landed at Romsdalen. He had already proceeded many miles, through Romsdalen, Lesöe, and down the valley below Dovre-Fjeld, and might well believe the Swedish frontier at hand, when

little cart, with a loose seat ; ascending a rise of ground, the horse suddenly sprang forwards, and I tumbled backwards heels overhead into the road. This leads me to remark that the best travelling conveyance in Norway for one person is the carriole, which the traveller should purchase at the commencement of his journey, and sell when it is ended ; had I purchased a carriole, the disaster of which I have spoken would not have occurred, and I should have prevented many an ache, from the intolerable shaking of the cart. I will contrast the two.

The carriole is extremely easy and convenient, and only large enough for one person. The proper position of the traveller is an agreeable lounge, with extended legs ; for the canoe-headed shape of the body of the carriole invites him gently to recline back, while extended legs are needful to keep him in his position. The man is now springing on shafts of extraordinary elasticity, very long, thin, and broad ; the wheels are large, but almost light enough for a boy to trundle for his amusement. Not so with the cart. Its wheels are

he was destroyed by the circumspect and daring attack of the boors in Kringelen, who, armed with bludgeons, bows, and stones, fell upon them, and, as the inscription says, 'broke them in pieces like a potter's vessel.' There is a ballad heard in all the towns in Norway, which will long hand to posterity the memory of Sinclair and the Gulbrandsdalians. It begins thus :

' Sinclair came over the North sea,  
To storm the cliffs of Norway.'

The boors concerned in this affair were peasants of Lessøe, Vaage, Froen, and Ringelö. Their leader was Berdon Segelstadt, of Ringelö. With regard to the inscription, the two first lines are of much earlier date than the rest, and were, in fact, the whole of the old original inscription. They have altogether a Spartan character : but their simplicity is destroyed by the addition which has been made to them."

small, its shafts heavy, and the body an oblong shallow box, leaving the seat at full liberty to eject the heedless traveller.

I left Drontheim in a carriole, and at each station was provided with a fresh conveyance, generally a cart; once only I had a saddle-horse. I generally paid about three half-pence the English mile for a carriole, man, and horse; and a very trifle at the end of each stage, for "drink-money."

The road is excellent to Lösnes, but hilly; and the country is very agreeable, and overspread with birch and small trees, at this time in rich brown and yellow autumnal colouring. The Lougen here, and also for many miles above and below, until it falls into the Mjösen Lake, is a very noble river. The inn is a little way removed from the road.

The road from Elstad\* is much like many beautiful drives in English pleasure-grounds, without fences, and winding among rocks beautifully overhung with small and elegant trees. At Bergen, the people have taken advantage of less beautiful spots of the kind, and have placed tables and rustic seats near the road.

\* "Pursuing our journey we came to the post station of Elstad, which is situate upon a natural mound or rampart above the river at the southern extremity of one of the finest valleys in Norway. The valley itself is perfectly level, highly cultivated, and surrounded by very high mountains, seeming close to it on every side. After leaving the station, we ascended a steep hill, from whence a panoramic view presented itself over a valley which may vie with any that Switzerland can afford. There are many circumstances in which the features of the landscape in both countries are the same; but in Norway a finer effect is produced by the abrupt elevation of the mountains, the bolder character of the precipices, and the varying features caused by a mixture of green pasture and cultivated fields, amidst towering forests and the most barren rocks."—*Clarke*.

In this drive my attention was only once diverted from the contemplation of what was lovely, by a scene of a different kind. A torrent from the Svangkampen Fjeld, which roared down a rocky chasm, reminded me that I was still in a region of mountains; and as I passed on through forests to Houg and Holmen, my road crossed the strikingly picturesque ravines of two impetuous torrents.

At Lösnaes I purchased two tables, carved by the peasants of Guldbrandsdal out of blocks of birch. They are now in Staffordshire, and are an evidence of skill in the artificers of this country.

Lillehammer is a pleasantly situated village near the head of the Mjösen Lake.\* The country is very open, and there is much cultivated land. Three miles from Lillehammer I had a view up a valley, in which I counted thirty-five considerable clusters of buildings. The inn had a more respectable exterior than any I had yet seen. The road is excellent to Moe. I had a good horse, and a man who drove furiously all the way. I saw a glow-worm, the only one since I left England.

September 30.—From Moe to Fangberget, the road is across a tract of hilly country, almost peninsulated by two extensive reaches of the Mjösen Lake: and the whole of this tract is covered with fir and very tall birch. I passed a stone church and many respectable houses. The country to Frognæs is flat; and the distant hills recalled to my recollection the Wrekin in

\* The scenery of this lake is described in an article contained in Chapter III. of this volume.

Shropshire, and the hills of Wales as they appear from Hawkestone. The road to Nökleby and Korsödegaarden has little to engage the attention.

October 1.—I left early, and drove to Morstuen, along a tiresome and hilly road parallel with the shore of the lake. The whole country is covered with forest. At Minde the lake terminates, and the wide outlet over which we ferried takes the name of Vormen elv, which it retains until, many miles below, it is hurried away with the waters of the Glomen. The road is up a steep hill, and afterwards straight and level to Raaholt, but at this time it was deep in mud. A wide road is here indicative of an approach to the capital; and the drive to each succeeding station was through a country of increasing fertility, until at length, from Paradise Hill, the city of Christiania, and its beautiful Fiord, burst upon the view.

The sum of all is, that the scenery is very fine and various between Drontheim and the Mjösen Lake, when the country decreases in picturesque interest to Christiania; and the traveller from Drontheim will frequently find that he exchanges the free air and lively aspects of mountain scenery for the stifling closeness and dull monotony of forests.

I remember an incident which gave interest to a scene exclusively forest. I had travelled many miles along a gloomy and hilly road, very tall firs completely inclosing me from the view of everything external; when a height, over which I had to pass, rose shaggy in front, and I hoped for emancipation from the gloom in which I had long been immured; but when I reached

the top, the vast extent of country around was entirely covered with forest; the horizon itself, over which distance had thrown its mantle of grey, showing no limit.

The incident which, as I premised, arose out of the scene before me, I will attempt to picture to the reader. A noble pine, denuded of its bark, and stripped of its branches, was firmly wedged in the fissure of a rock, and seemed to have bared itself in open defiance of a future storm; and weather-beaten firs occupied the rest of the eminence. From this, the hill descended precipitously into the forest, as it spread in uniform gloom over the valley. This valley of forest was bisected by a perfectly straight road, the perspective of which the eye followed, until it reached the ridge of the opposite eminence. The road soon reappeared to the left, when it presented a waved line, very nearly curving with the outline of the ridge of the hill above. Beyond this the road might be seen threading successive reaches of forest to a great distance.

While I was gazing on the scene, which seemed to be shunned by every human being, and was silent as the grave; suddenly, sounds swelled on the ear, and the little valley beyond the first eminence gave up such a concourse of living objects, that I could at the moment have imagined all the wood-demons at high conclave.

I hastened forwards, and after a while the demons came fully into view, a mere flesh-and-blood company of people from many districts, in their respective costumes, attending cows, horses, sheep, and laden vehi-

cles of various descriptions, on their way to the fair at Christiania. This mixed assemblage, rising to view in fine relief out of the solitude and silence of the forest, exchanged my vision for an amusing reality.

On entering Christiania, a man habited as a soldier came to my carriage, and very unceremoniously pulled away the wrapping of one of the tables which I purchased at Lillehammer. I desired him to desist, when he looked at me very savagely, and continued to pull away the wrapping. I then peremptorily ordered him to go away, and showing him the butt end of my whip, which was like a cudgel with a thong attached, I made him to understand that I would not allow it. In his turn he showed me the butt of his musket, but immediately recollecting himself, he walked forward, and ordered my conductor to follow him; this I submitted to, as I conjectured, by this last step, he must be acting under authority. We stopped at last at the door of the police-office, and the man disappeared; so I cut the matter short by driving away to the inn, and I was not again annoyed by the police officer.\*

October 2.—My first inquiry on this morning was “What vessels are there to England?” and I received for answer, “There are none.” I then consulted the map, and became exceedingly perplexed, for there appeared no alternative but to go to Gothenborg; and even then the chances were that I should not find a vessel bound to England so late in the year.

\* We know of no foreign country in which travellers are so entirely free from official annoyance.

## CHAPTER XII.

DESCRIPTION OF CHRISTIANIA—CONTINUATION OF MR. PRICE'S JOURNAL—DRAMMEN; MOSS; LAURVIK; FREDERICHSVÆN—AALBORG IN JUTLAND; SCHLESWIG; HOLSTEIN; HAMBURGH—CONCLUSION.

MR. PRICE's journal gives no account of Christiania. The best view of it is from the hill called the Egeberg, about two miles on the road to Moss. "From thence the city of Christiania, and its noble background of mountains, are seen to the greatest advantage, on which account the spot is the pride of the inhabitants and the admiration of foreigners. At the bottom of the hill on the right, are some remains of the old city of Opslö, which was founded in 1058, by king Harold—Haardraade—who fell in the battle fought at Stamford bridge against Harold, the last Anglo-Saxon king of England. It was destroyed by fire in the year 1624. The buildings on the left are Opslö Kirke, and a lunatic hospital. The high road winds on to the right, between some good houses and the ancient palace belonging to the bishops of this see, a high gothic building, with red tiles, still occupied by the bishop of Aggershuus, one of the four dioceses into which Norway is divided; the others taking their titles from Drontheim, Bergen, and Christiansand, and was also the residence of the kings and



princes of Denmark, in their visits to the city. Across the bay, on the gentle declivity of the hills, is situated the new city, denominated Christiania. Its principal object on the left is the ancient garrison, called Aggershuus, with its fortifications and walls, projected on a rocky peninsula, at the extremity of the city; to the right are observed the red warehouses, wharfs, and ships in the harbour, up to the custom-house; in succession are seen the quadrangular mansion, and garden of the Ankers, the cathedral church, the museum, hospitals, schools, prison, &c. Situated on a middle hill is seen the ancient church called Aggers, and at a greater elevation near the margin, is Ulevold, the residence of the late John Collett, Esq., an English merchant, to whom all English travellers of the last generation were indebted for the greatest hospitality and kindness. Numerous villas are interspersed among the high grounds, as far as Bogstad, the seat of the Ankers now by inheritance of the countess Wedel Jarlsberg, which is situated at the feet of the distant hills, nearly over the great church. In the vale, below Aggers, is the botanic garden, and not far distant from it is the site of the Royal University, lately erected, with residences for nineteen professors and two lecturers. Parallel with the town is a long slip of land from the bridge to below the custom-house, having the river on one side and the bay on the other; on it are the extensive timber and deal yards, covered rope-yards, ships, &c. The ships proceed to and from sea, under the walls of the garrison, in the deep water. The other part of this spacious bay, between Christiania and

Opslo, is navigable for boats only, being choaked up with the saw-dust perpetually descending into it from the numerous saw-mills up the river, although a machine is continually at work to remove it.

The road from the city winds up over Egeberg, and leads on to Moss, Frederickstad, Swinesund, and Sweden. The approach to Christiania on this side is over the summit of the mountain, where on emerging from a forest, the traveller obtains his first view of the city, spread out before him in its whole extent, and producing with its beautiful and magnificent scenery a grand and most picturesque effect. The prospect is pronounced by tourists to be unequalled in Europe.

The view from the Egeberg embraces a reach of the Fjord shut in by the crown islands. Ships may be seen sailing up the regular channel between them and pursuing their course round the point into the harbour. The passage between the islands, when certain winds prevail, is attended with many difficulties, and requires great skill in pilotage, as indeed does every part of the Fjord. It has no tides; and great perils are to be apprehended from sunken rocks, bad anchorage, and sudden gusts of winds issuing from between the mountains and islands. If the ships miss a pass between the latter, or do not attain their next anchorage place, they invariably return before night to that which they left in the morning. This necessary precaution at times rendered the navigation extremely tedious to the impatient voyager [before the introduction of steam-boats]; and the obstacles are such, that it is utterly impossible for an enemy to reach Christiania by water; nor can

the best and most experienced pilots ever be prevailed on to attempt the passage by night. The great promontory on the left, Næsodden, connects with a vast congregation of woody mountains, extending down the Fjord to Grisebu, Droback, &c., and on its east side, forming the extensive bay of Biörning, the entrance to which is seen behind the weather-beaten tree on the foreground. The hills, seen in the extreme distance, are in the west of Norway.

From the heights of Egeberg only, the bay, harbour, and circumjacent country appear in all their glorious splendour. The Fjord is decorated with islands, and animated with ships and boats; accessories which Geneva cannot boast, and which are here presented at one view, in a most interesting and enchanting living picture, not inferior to the finest Italian scenery.

As we approach the city, the suburbs of Opslö nearly join those of Christiania. The high road from the Egeberg winding through them both, and passing round the head of the bay, and along the deal-yards, leads over a bridge into the eastern quarter of Christiania. It is the only way for carriages from the south of Norway, and for travellers from Sweden, Denmark, &c. Unfortunately it does not enter the most prepossessing part of the city, the aspect of which, however, gradually improves, as you approach the great church. The bridge, is handsomely and firmly built of stone having three arches, supported by strong abutments. The centre piers are well guarded by firm erections of wood, to protect them from being injured by the vast quantity of timber floating down to the yards. The flooring

projects much on the sides, under which are kept the public ladders, and crooks, used in cases of fire; above, is a firm double rail. Below the bridge, on the left, the extensive deal-yards commence, and on the right side, the buildings of the city. The source of the river is near the Rands Fjord, in a small lake; there are several falls in its course which give motion to many saw-mills. On its silvery surface are borne innumerable rafts and barges, laden with the best timber which Norway produces. The deals are assorted, and stacked in the yards below the bridge, and when properly seasoned, they are conveyed thence in barges to the ships in the harbour below. A considerable traffic is carried on by the numerous shopkeepers, in the streets leading from this part of Christiania to the country, consequently the number of persons traversing this, the only bridge, must amount to thousands daily, considering the population of the town,\* exclusive of country dealers and visitors.

The Cathedral, or Dom-Kirke, is situated nearly in the centre of the city, forming one side of the great square. Its form is that of the Greek cross. On the south transept over the upper windows, is inscribed the date, 1624, in which year the old town of Opslö was burnt. The style throughout the edifice is Gothic. The high roof is covered with a dark glazed pantile. There was originally an elegant spire, which is supposed to have been accidentally struck down by the guns of the garrison, during the attempt made to drive Charles XII. and his army from the possession of the city. Soon after that period, the present cap was added to

\* By the last census it was more than 30,000 souls.

the great western tower, and the project of replacing the spire appears to have been abandoned. On the south side is an ancient clock, and below it a sun-dial. Over the great door at the west end, are the arms of Christian V., King of Denmark, his three crowns and cypher. On the outside of the church, are several covered staircases, for the convenient access of particular families, to their pews or rooms, which are surrounded with glass sashes within. There is an extensive burial-ground on the right, within a strong pallisado, bordered by a row of trees. The whole was encompassed with a stone wall, having gothic entrances, decorated with the king's arms or cypher. The church, within, is spacious and convenient, having a good altar, pulpit, stained glass windows, organ, baptismal font, pews, &c., with a throne for the king, and another for the bishop. Some flags and other trophies are suspended from its walls, particularly two, one yellow, the other red. The monuments, tablets, and other appropriate mementos of noble families, are too numerous to mention. Among the names of the defunct, are those of Mr. Collett of Ulevold, and of some ladies who were natives of England.

The quarter of Christiania between the Cathedral and the garrison of Aggershuus, is regularly built, having spacious streets at right angles. Those which project towards the castle, are completely commanded by its guns. When the intrepid Charles XII. had occupied this city, he was often seen from the batteries unattended in the streets, reconnoitring the castle, of which he never obtained possession. Many shots were aimed at him, which are now to be seen in the walls of several

houses, where they are carefully preserved in their positions, and gilt on the parts still visible, as a memento of the fact.

The Castle of Aggershuus, from its magnitude, its lofty spiral clock-tower, and its elevated situation, assumes an air of grandeur, which imparts no small degree of importance to the city of Christiania. The principal or best apartments are in the part of the building seen beyond the clock-tower. It has three fronts, one of which faces the spectator; the principal front commands the bay, and the third the city. As the chief parts of the exterior are always kept white, the castle is visible down the Fjord, and in other directions, at a vast distance. It is constructed of stone, and is situated on a grey rock, encompassed with strong and regular fortifications, the ramparts of which are well mounted with heavy cannon. The store-houses contain all kinds of ammunition, &c., requisite for a siege, and for the supply of all the minor garrisons, the landviern, and the surrounding country, in case of surprise or invasion. It is under the superintendence of a commandant, who resides there. Within the garrison walls is an area of considerable extent, laid out in spacious walks shaded by avenues of tall trees. The principal entrance is on the side next the town. There are always a considerable number of troops kept in this castle, who regularly perform garrison and town duty. The ranges of the guns around the ramparts opposite the entrance of the harbour completely command every ship passing in and out. The walks within are much

frequented as a promenade on Sundays by the townspeople and others, being on those days open to the public, like our parks, except that they are confined to pedestrians.

The castle appears to have been erected at an epoch anterior to, or coeval with, the foundation of the town of Opslö, on the opposite side of the bay, and to have been destined for its protection and defence. As that town was destroyed by a great fire in 1624, and as at that time the side of the basin skirting its shore was probably becoming shallow, from sawdust and other causes, which presented impediments to the shipping, it was wisely determined to build the new city on the opposite side, near the garrison, where there was deep water, and a convenient place for warehouses and wharfs. The erection of the new town appears to have been begun in the same year in which the conflagration happened, the date on the Cathedral being 1624. The name of Christiania was adopted in preference to that of Opslö or Anslö, and the ancient harbour being entirely neglected, was gradually choaked up with sawdust, which the oars of the ferry-boats stir up, in a putrid state, every time they pass and repass from one town to the other.

Many memorable transactions have occurred respecting this garrison ; and its walls, as history testifies, have been the scene of various splendid events. There are numerous dates to be seen on different parts of it, inscribed when additions were made or repairs completed, from 1310 to 1716. Charles XII made the last unsuc-

cessful attempt on it, when he and his army were starved out, and obliged to retire without accomplishing his favourite object—the reduction of Norway.”\*

Christiania has its “west end,” laid out with streets of handsome houses, in the modern style of architecture. In this quarter are situated the new buildings of the University. At the termination of the principal avenue stands the royal palace, a recent erection, which has little merit but a lofty pillared portico, and its commanding site on a gentle elevation commanding the town and neighbourhood. This is the king’s residence when he visits his Norwegian kingdom, which is only occasionally, from his Swedish capital at Stockholm. But the government of Norway is conducted quite independently at Christiania, which is the seat of the *Storthing* (the Norwegian Parliament), who hold their sittings in a building having no sort of architectural pretensions.

Besides the University, Christiania possesses an excellent military college, a museum, and extensive botanical gardens, which the connexion of Denmark with Iceland and Greenland has enriched with a large collection of arctic plants. The principal foreign trade of Christiania is in deals exported to England and France. On the whole, Christiania is a dull place, and travellers find little inducement to prolong their stay beyond the time requisite for making the necessary arrangements for the prosecution of their journey. The hotels have been mentioned in a preceding chapter.

\* “Remarks and Observations on the Scenery of Norway, by John William Edy.”



Should tourists not have supplied themselves with proper maps and guide-books, they will be able to procure them at the shop of Herr Cappelen, the principal bookseller, who speaks English, and is very intelligent and obliging. From Mr. Crowe, the English Consul, and his obliging son, they will receive all the attention their circumstances may require.

#### CONTINUATION OF MR. PRICE'S JOURNAL.

OCTOBER 6.—In the morning I left Christiania, and had a fine drive to Drammen,\* where I found that

\* “The towns of Bragernæs and Stromsøe, and the suburb of Tangen, are generally known by the more familiar name of Dram, or Drammen. Their site is in a beautiful valley on the banks of the navigable river Dram, which arises at the foot of the Fillefield mountains. After wandering through a vast country receiving many streams, and passing over cataracts, and through several lakes, it divides these towns, in its way to the fjord, and onward to the sea. A bridge over the river Dram connects Bragernæs with Stromsøe, whose large church is more elevated, and is situated in the centre of an extensive churchyard, enclosed by a wall. At the west end of this town a small bridge connects the suburb called Tangen, having its church, and being traversed by the road to Kongsberg.

“These towns contain many good houses, inhabited by wealthy merchants and prosperous traders. The population is considerable, and an extensive trade is carried on in timber, iron, copper, cobalt, prussian blue from Fossum, skins, &c. &c. The deal trade alone employs annually on an average 150 ships which are supplied with cargoes from forty-four saw-mills at Eger. Travellers pass through on their way to the west, or to the silver-mines at Kongsberg. Near the town is the famous Paradise mountain; the road to Christiania winds over its lofty summit. A little way up this mountain the towns and adjacent country are seen to great advantage; and the fertilized vale, with its golden corn and silver stream, awakes the traveller's recollection to favourite scenes in warmer climates, and he readily admits that this mountain deserves the name of Paradise Hill, given to it by the Norwegians. The view from its

there were two English vessels, but that neither of them would be ready to sail for a fortnight. I did not choose to wait, as I anticipated a fortnight's ennui if I remained in Drammen at this season of the year. I therefore entrusted my tables to a gentleman, an agent for a house in Bourdeaux, who kindly offered to ship them for England, and I left Drammen in a carriage for a more southern port. I travelled rapidly through Östre, Revaa, Holmestrand, and Bruseröd, to Horten, where I arrived at two in the morning, and slept at a farm-house near the Christiania-Fjord.

The morning of the 9th of October was so tempestuous that the boatmen would not attempt the passage of the fjord to Moss.\* Having therefore leisure for

summit is too vast and extensive to create any other emotion than astonishment. Near the top are some marble quarries, a small village, and an inn. The water at Drammen is so deep that ships can arrive in full sail at the bridge, above which the river is navigable for boats only. There are on it several small, pleasant, and inhabited islands, with houses, trees, and gardens on them. The churches and houses are generally good and spacious, but the streets are narrow. The dwellings nearest the mountains have decorated gardens. In the environs are many villas and country seats."—*Edy's Remarks*.

\* "This town, which is very neat and rather extensive, has an elegant church, some very good houses, and is as pleasantly situated as any town in Norway. It is about sixty miles south of Christiania. The bay is prodigiously fine and very capacious, having at all times sufficient depth of water to float ships close to the wharfs, with the peculiar advantage of being never frozen in the hardest winters, from which it claims a pre-eminence over most others in Norway. A small river from a chain of lakes above rushes over some rocks at the bridge, forming a beautiful cascade, which distributes its waters to thirty saw-mills between it and the bay; there is a bridge over it, near a mansion belonging to the Ankers, from whence their great iron-works extend to the verge of the water. The numerous saw-mills and the ships have attracted a busy and active population to Moss; the capacious furnace and forges furnish annually some thousands of tons of excellent iron, which being manufactured into cannons, anchors, chains, and other large works, occasions a vast consump-

reflection, my spirits ebbed under the perplexity of my situation. At this season of the year there was no inducement to remain in Norway. I longed to see England again, since the object of my tour was achieved. A toilsome journey however remained, without an adequately beneficial object. I was entirely at a loss what course to take; the journey to Helsingborg, and thence to Hamborg, would necessarily exhaust my funds, and the extremity to which I was brought at Dronthcim made me dread the repetition. I paced the room, while the storm "drove a wild snow-dust against the clattering windows." I looked towards the fjord, but "sea and sky were clouded over, and rolled together." At length, a ray brightened my horizon, and dissipated all my ill-bodings, for an old man entered the room who addressed me in English. He advised me to relinquish the thought of crossing the fjord, and to travel to Fredriksværn, from which place he informed me the packet-boat sailed every week to Jut-

tion of charcoal, the conveyance of which may be traced by the black complexion of the roads for miles around. The water of this river is greatly esteemed for dying scarlet cloth. The inhabitants of the town take great pleasure in conducting strangers to a cottage ornée built by the late M. Anker, from the grounds of which they may enjoy the beauties of its prospects, and the fine walks and rides through the woods and groves in its vicinity, which are well stocked with game. There are many natural vistas, in which it is very pleasing to observe, between the bold projecting hills covered from their summits to the water's edge with dark evergreens, the ships on the bay passing in full sail. The large peninsula of Ielon is joined to Moss by a long slip of sand, only a few yards broad, which divides the bay from the Fjord below. A little labour would effect a passage for ships through it, over which might be thrown a swinging bridge, to admit carriages, and the harbour would thus be made the most complete in Norway. The trade in timber would be considerably benefited by the improvement, particularly in hard winters when other ports are frozen."—*Edy.*

land. I then ordered a carriage, and drove to Laurvik, through Fyldpaa, Sörby, and Houkeröd. The road excellent all the way. Almost every stage from Drammen to Laurvik, a distance of eighty English miles, was through a soaking rain. I had forgotten to remark, that the rocks near Holmestrand are noble, and the town is finely situated.

The approach to Laurvik is through woods of very tall beech, and is thoroughly unlike the approach to any other Norwegian town. North of Christiania, I do not recollect seeing either beech or elm. The vice-consul for the Netherlands introduced himself soon after I arrived in Laurvik, and spent the evening with me at a very comfortable lodging-house. He gave me every information about the packets to Jutland, and very kindly said I might command his services while I remained in town. On the 14th of October, I obtained a passport for Denmark; at midnight, went aboard the little decked boat which carries the mail from Norway to Jutland, and, after a stormy voyage of sixteen hours, was landed at Fredrickshavn.

#### DENMARK.

Vanderneer's pictures were brought fully to mind by the wind-mills, wild-fowl, sedges, and low horizon of many scenes in Jutland; and I had an opportunity of observing that these particular combinations became highly interesting by moonlight, although in the day they failed to attract attention.

I travelled to Aalborg in a Danish waggon, which is the regular conveyance of the country; it is most barbarous in its construction, inferior even to the rudest English cart. Picture a long kneading-trough on four wheels, the two hindermost trailing behind (like those of an English drag), drawn by two cart-horses, without collars, and only a broad strap in lieu—and a bluff fellow driving, who seldom urges his horses off the walk, through a country so deep in sand, that all traces of a road are lost—tall posts standing at intervals to mark the right direction—the expense nearly equal to that of a post-chaise—and you have a summary of travelling in Jutland.

The road to Aalborg is over a very barren country. In one part only I passed through woods of miserably stunted beech, from four to six feet high, apparently at their full growth, being covered with moss, and in a situation so exposed, that all their branches turned the same way, as though they were violently blown with the wind. After this, the only objects which varied the sandy extent on either hand were whitewashed churches, and houses without trees or gardens.

After remaining two days in Aalborg, I set off on foot, and walked through Schleswig and Holstein to Hamburg.

The post overtook me as soon as I left Aalborg, but he made such slow progress, that I passed him again three *danske*, or fifteen English miles, further on. This was the first day of a great fair at Hobroe. It was held upon the common, at some distance from the town; and as I approached in the evening, crowds of

people had already assembled about the booths and stalls, while droves of cattle were coming from all parts of the common. I walked on till two o'clock in the morning, when a watchman in the streets of Randers procured me a bed. I met between Hobroe and Randers upwards of forty waggons, full of people going to the fair. There is one continued common from Aalborg to this place, a distance of upwards of forty miles. without trees or the slightest shelter, not even a bank, except between Gravle and Rola, where the woods of stunted trees are very extensive.

October 18.—In the night, I mistook a dense fog, lying along the valley, for a fiord, and was surprised in the morning to find only a river filled with flags and bulrushes. Some miles from Randers the road is through a beautiful wood of beech and oak. A month earlier, when I left Drontheim, the trees were losing their last autumnal leaves, but here the foliage of the oaks was very luxuriant, and some of them were even yet in deep green. From this to Borut is an extent of common, but the country again becomes interesting to Skanderborg, being beautifully varied with wooded dingles.

A fine sheet of water, in which are several islands, extends under the richly wooded hills which environ Skanderborg.

The country is dreary and heavy to Veile, but the little compact town is agreeably situated at the end of a fiord.

Kolding has the lofty ruins of an enormous building,

but, in passing through the town, I did not learn what it had been. The approach to Christiansfeld is along a straight and narrow road, at this time deep in mud, with high hedges on each side. I met a troop of horse in light blue, who walked their horses leisurely along as they all chanted a beautiful German air. I passed through Christiansfeld to Hadersleben, which has a brick church disproportionately large to the rest of the buildings.

Apenrade is a pretty town, and capitally paved, and its environs are finely wooded. The ground is so barren to Collund, that heath will scarcely grow, and there are fewer houses than in any part of the country through which I passed. From this place I walked on to Flensburg and Schleswig. I left Schleswig through avenues of fine elms, and had a horrid road to the strong fortress Rendsborg. I arrived at Hamburg on the 27th, and was entertained for a week with the utmost kindness by Mr. Philip Oakden, a gentleman who is now a merchant in Liverpool. After a stormy passage, I arrived at Hull, on the 11th of November, 1826.

A tour, like mine, stores the mind with an accumulation of imagery, to which the notes of a journal may be considered the index; while, therefore, the diary of such a tour records every-day occurrences, its dates and descriptions awake, at any interval of time, the many impressions which are indelibly fixed in the memory. Hence, while my own adventures, as well as the par-

ticalars generally of my tour, are in a great degree effaced from recollection, I have but to turn to my diary, and all that I chiefly desire to recall is instantly present with me.

“Nothing in Europe can be more sublime,” was the assertion of Dr. Clarke, in looking back on his travels among the Røraas mountains; and the feelings of Baron von Holborg were so touched as he journeyed over the Dovre-field, that he writes, “I frequently thought of my children as I travelled among these sublime scenes, and hoped that one day or other they might experience the same delight which I then felt.” These are the records of powerful impressions; and a stronger attestation is conveyed in these few words to the high character of the scenery, than could easily be deduced from the descriptions of a diary, however detailed. And yet, these individuals did not visit the finest scenery of Norway; had they travelled among the snows of the western mountains, and descended into the seclusions of the Fi-ords, they would freely have attested, that words of minute detail, no less than of general description, are alike insufficient to convey just ideas of the images of majesty and power necessarily impressed on the mind by the gigantic features of a country, excelling, as has been well expressed by the author of the *Wanderer in Norway*, “in the rapid variety of its rude and magnificent scenery.” And I cannot but regret, that in the accompanying attempts of my art to embody such images, the requisite attention to fidelity has compelled me to a very inadequate



exhibition of the "wild scenery of Norway." Had it fallen fairly within my province to depict the general character of the country, rather than scenes in detail, more might have been accomplished.

A

# ROAD-BOOK

FOR

## TOURISTS IN NORWAY.

WITH

### HINTS TO ENGLISH SPORTSMEN AND ANGLERS.



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# ROAD-BOOK FOR TOURISTS IN NORWAY.

## SECTION I.

### ON THE CHOICE OF A TOUR IN NORWAY—SEVERAL ROUTES PROPOSED.

IN the preliminary observations containing practical suggestions to tourists in Norway it was recommended that, as a general rule, some settled scheme for the tour should be formed in the first instance; it being assumed that, with the aids referred to, the intending tourist would be able to sketch out for himself the rough outlines of an excursion suited to his time and his taste. Having, therefore, landed him in Norway, and supplied him with general information on the modes and incidents of travelling in the interior of the country, he was left to follow the bent of his own inclination, without further help for his future guidance.

Upon further reflection, however, it appeared that the inexperienced traveller might still be perplexed in the selection of routes which would best include the several objects he might desire to accomplish, and in the guidance he would require from stage to stage in his proposed journey. There appeared also to be no means at hand exactly calculated to furnish him with the assistance he requires. To supply this deficiency, the first object will be to offer a choice of Routes, by which the greatest number of desirable points can be combined in one continuous excursion, without returning over the same ground. Succeeding sections will draw out in detail the course of the several Routes, accom-



panied by useful remarks and such short notices as may suffice to direct attention to remarkable objects.

The limited time which his avocations allow for an autumn excursion is often an important ingredient in the calculations of an English tourist; and in such a country as Norway, where the distances are great, and the season for travelling with comfort is short, it is more than ever necessary that the arrangements for a tour should be made with reference to this important element. July and August are the best months for travelling in Norway, but the excursion may commence as early as the middle of June, and be prolonged far into October; thus allowing full four months of generally good travelling weather, in the course of which the tourist, who has so much time at his command, may traverse the whole of Norway from the Lindesnæs (the Naze) to the North Cape. But a single month, from the time of leaving England, will suffice for the accomplishment of many of the tours proposed, embracing the most remarkable objects Norway has to offer. Indeed, in that space of time one of our best writers of travels in Norway visited its three capital cities, though they form the angles of a triangle, each of the sides of which is upwards of 300 miles in length, and the roads to two of them cross extensive mountain ranges. In a time almost as limited, another traveller went through the central and western districts, embracing the finest scenery in Norway, spending some days in each of two of the capitals, though great part of the excursion was performed on foot. There is no inducement to the casual visitor to linger in the cities and towns of Norway; but any one who has felt the wear and tear of long journeyings in a rough country, will understand how much some break is requisite in the fatigues and privations to which he must be exposed: two or three days will serve to recruit his strength, refit his wardrobe, and replenish his resources; and after such an interval of repose, he will be prepared to start with fresh energy on his further progress. In the calculation of time for the proposed tours, due allowance will be made for this respite, and fitting points for its indulgence pointed out.

It has been hitherto the almost universal practice of travellers to make Christiania the starting-point for their excursions.

sions through the country, the "overland route," and all the communications from England having centered in that capital. It may still be considered the most desirable base for expeditions into the districts of Trondhjem, Nordland, and Finmark, but the finest and most attractive scenery lying in the central and western districts, it will be evident on the most casual glance at the map of Norway, that Christiania, lies so much to the eastward, that to go there in the first instance, when these districts are the main object of the excursion, is so much time lost. Not that this, the present capital of the kingdom, with its enchanting fjord and the beautiful scenery of the Mjösen-vand, with other attractive objects in the neighbourhood of Christiania, ought to be omitted from any well-digested plan of a visit to Norway. But where the main design is to visit the western districts, and points of interest connected with the routes to them, it is desirable that Christiania, with its neighbourhood, be reserved for the conclusion of the tour, being made the place of embarkation on the return to England, instead of the starting-point for an excursion into the interior of Norway. That city will otherwise have to be visited twice, and it would be difficult to frame a tour of moderate extent, without having to retrace the steps on a road already travelled.

So much was this difficulty felt by some former tourists, that, wishing to be landed at once on the south coast, at any point from which they might plunge at once into the heart of the most romantic districts of Norway, they have, as before remarked, encountered with this object all the annoyances of a passage in the ordinary trading-vessels. During the last season, however, a speedy and direct communication was opened with the south of Norway, by the English steam-boats calling regularly at Christiansand. There is some doubt whether this will be continued; but at all events, the lightly equipped and active tourist will find no great difficulty in being put ashore, either there or at some other port on the south-coast, by one of the numerous pilot and fishing-boats which ply along the shore. It does not much matter where, as the road along the coast joins all the routes in this quarter. By this plan something will be saved in the outward voyage, and the tourist's natural longings, after sighting the coast, to ramble without

loss of time in the recesses of the mountains which he is invited to explore, will be gratified; so that in four or five days after leaving England, he may, if he please, find himself far up in the land where he would be: an object not to be accomplished in any other way without double or treble loss in time and distance. The same object may be attained by taking the road through Germany already pointed out; as the steam-boats from Kiel meet, at Sandæsund, those which touch at the ports on the south coast; or, still better, by the new line between Hamburg, Christiansand, and Bergen. See "Routes of Steam-ships," Section 3.

I. Considering Christiansand, therefore, as the base of operations for the present, the *first* group of routes, diverging from thence, opens up the midland and western districts. A comparatively short circuit will embrace all the principal features of the former.

1. This will lead the tourist into the province of Telemarken, remarkable for the beauty of its valleys, the primitive manners of its inhabitants, and for the curious timber church of Hitterdal, of unknown age, and of most singular architecture. Pursuing his course through dals and forests, he will embark on the Tind-soe, one of those magnificent lakes, an inland sea, for which Norway is so celebrated. This navigation will land him at the foot of Gousta-Fjeld, the noblest mountain in the south of Norway; a short journey up the valley at its base will bring him to the Rjukan-Foss, its most splendid waterfall. Making this the extreme point of his tour in a north-west direction, the traveller, whose time is limited, may proceed by way of Kongsberg (famous for its silver mines) to Christiania, the whole of the circuit, embracing several striking objects, and through a wild, yet beautiful country, being accomplished with ease in less than a fortnight. A few days may then be devoted to an excursion to the Mjosen Vand, and other points of interest easily reached from Christiania; and if the tourist does no more, he will in this short space of time have accomplished a most interesting tour, and made himself acquainted with many of the peculiar features of Norwegian scenery. This tour may be accomplished either by Routes 3

or 4, as the tourist may choose, and Route 15. Route 3 from Arendal, by the Falls of the River Nid and the noble Nisservand, is decidedly recommended to the more enterprising traveller.

2. But if his plans are of a more extensive kind, and he wishes to visit the mountain Fjelds and magnificent Fjords of western Norway, and perhaps reach Bergen as the ultimate point of his destination in that quarter, the tourist may still make Christiansand his place of departure, taking the direct road from thence to Odde, at the foot of the Hardanger-Fjord (Route 2). So doing, he will have to relinquish the excursion through Telemarken and the Rjukan-Foss; but both objects may be combined, by not taking the direct northern road from Christiansand, but after visiting the Foss joining that route by a pleasant detour through the valleys of Telemarken, or, if the tourist is not encumbered with baggage, and has spirit and strength for a somewhat bold adventure, by crossing the chain of the Hardanger-Fjeld into the Bergenstift in a direct line from the Rjukan-Foss. This tour would be completed by returning from Bergen to Christiania by the great post-road over the Fille-Fjeld, a most interesting route.—(See continuation of Route 4 and Route 16.) This *second* circuit may be accomplished, with ordinary diligence, in about three weeks, including two days spent at Bergen, and a day or two of occasional respite on the road; one of which should always be Sunday, both from proper motives, and out of respect to the feelings of the people. The calculations should be so made, if possible, that the rest may be connected with a suitable station.

It will be convenient to throw the routes through Norway into groups connected with certain centres, and those already mentioned, and some others, having Christiansand for their starting point, will form the *first*, or south-western group.

II. 1. If the tourist does not proceed to Bergen, which city is, however, well worthy of a visit if that does not interfere with more important objects, the time saved may be most satisfactorily devoted to excursions on the Hardanger and Sogne-Fjords, including the magnificent Voring-Foss.—(See Routes 6, 7, and 8.) In that case Lierdals-ören,

on the latter Fjord, will be the extreme northern point of the tour, and the traveller will there join the high road to Christiania.

2. Lierdals-ören is central and convenient for a series of excursions into the heart of the boldest and most magnificent scenery of Norway. These are pointed out in Route 8, and the more enterprising tourist may return to Christiania by the road described as a sequel to one of these excursions. The routes connected with Lierdals-ören form our *second*, or central group.

III. The tourist may have leisure and inclination, while he is in the western districts, to extend his journey still further northward, making Bergen his point of departure; having reached it either by one of the direct routes already mentioned, or by Lierdals-ören, on the Christiania road to the former city. In that case two courses may be suggested to him.

1. He may take the post road to Drontheim (Trondhjem)\* the ancient capital of Norway, returning over the Dovre-Fjeld to Christiania. The former part of this route is somewhat toilsome, no less than fifteen fjords, and a proportionable number of intersecting ridges having to be crossed; but it will amply repay the difficulties to be surmounted. The road over the Dovre-Fjeld has been thought one of the finest mountain-passes in Europe. This extension of the tour, including a stay of two or three days at Trondhjem, would not add more than a week or ten days to the time estimated for the tour I. 2; the return route by the Dovre-Fjeld being in distance much the same as that by the Fille-Fjeld, which the tourist must then relinquish the present opportunity of visiting.

2. Connected with the route from Bergen to Trondhjem, the tourist will have the means, if his time allow, of visiting the valley of Romsdal, forming, with its mountain peaks, one of the most striking scenes in Norway. He may also make a short excursion on the Fjord to Aalesund, remarkable as being the place where Rollo fitted out his fleet for the conquest of Normandy. From Molde, if he strikes

\* This name is spelt both ways. In the "Road-Book" that which is nearest the usual pronunciation of the word, *Tronyem* is adopted.

Trondhjem out of the scheme of his tour, having no desire to visit cities, however ancient and curious, he may turn south along practicable roads, either following the course of the Rauma-elv (Route 21), which will land him on the post road to Christiania south of the Dovre-Fjeld, or, if he wishes not to lose its fine passes, by taking the road down the Sundal's-Elv, he will fall in with the high road at Opdal, on the northern side of the range. These routes (see Nos. 10 and 11,) and others connected with them, form the *third*, or north-western group.

IV. All the roads from the south of Norway converging at Trondhjem, the general point of departure for the northern provinces of Nordland and Finmark, this will be the place for introducing the Routes in that direction. The most frequented are those to the Namsen and Alten rivers, famous for their salmon fishing. The work would be incomplete, unless it supplied the Route through to the North Cape, though this route, traversing nine degrees of latitude in a desolate and impracticable country, is little used, even by the few travellers who extend their journey so far north, since the coast-steamers land them with ease and comfort at Hammerfest, within ninety miles of the North Cape. The routes thus connected with Trondhjem form the *fourth*, or northern group.

V. The routes which traverse the eastern and south-eastern districts of Norway remain to be noticed. Some of them, indeed, extend far beyond these limits; but Christiania may be considered as the centre from which they all diverge. Of the two main lines, one to Trondhjem, over the Dovre-Fjeld, and the other to Bergen, over the Fille-Fjeld, the best known and most frequented routes in Norway, nothing need be added to the remarks appended to those routes. It may be desirable, however, to direct particular attention to Route 15, as it forms a link connecting Christiania with the interesting excursions to the Telemarken and the Rjukan-Foss, and in fact with all the approaches to the western districts, which may be called the southern roads, in distinction from the route to Bergen over the Fille-Fjeld; and

thus with a great part of the circuit pointed out in the earlier part of this section. In the present arrangement those Routes to the westward are all connected with Christiansand and the south coast; but they will equally serve the traveller who lands at Christiania, by adopting Route 15 by Drammen and Kongsberg; and should he proceed westward, by the northern road, he may of course take them the reverse way on his return to Christiania.

1. A most interesting tour, of about a month, may be made by taking Route 21 to Romsdalen, and thence joining some of those in the central and southern group, as pointed out in the remarks on that route. On the other roads in the eastern and south-eastern districts few preliminary observations are necessary. The surface of the country in these parts of Norway is more level, and the scenery of altogether a tamer character than that of the districts which have previously passed under our notice, and the English tourist seldom lingers in this part of the kingdom. The country is, however, in many directions beautiful and diversified—lakes, forests, and rivers, being intermingled with well cultivated land—and though the elevations of the hills are comparatively low, the foreground is often backed by distant chains of lofty mountains. Many excursions of considerable interest, and within easy reach of Christiania, may be sketched out. A few of the most agreeable shall be mentioned, either as distinct excursions, or connected with the wider tours already suggested.

2. The railroad from Christiania to Minde, now in process of completion, will open to the traveller easy access to the foot of the great Mjösen-Vand, about 40 miles from Christiania; the lake itself penetrating 70 miles into the interior of the country, almost due north. Steam-boats, supplied with every accommodation and an excellent table, ply almost daily between Minde and the town of Lillehammer, at the head of the lake, where there is a good hotel. The tourist can take this course with advantage in going to, or returning from, the Dovre-Fjeld or Trondhjem, if those objects are included in his plans. He will then have to ascend the beautiful valley of Gulbrandsdal for the whole of its vast length. But if such be not his intention, it would

be well to make an excursion up it from Lillehammer, as far as his time and convenience will admit.

Returning from Lillehammer to Christiania, it will be advisable to vary the route ; and, having passed up the centre of the Mjösen lake in the outward voyage, to return by the roads on one or other of its banks. Both Routes are given ; but that on the eastern side of the lake, through the fine district of Telemarken, is preferable. This excursion can be easily accomplished in a week. Carriages should be taken from Christiania and the forbad for post-horses laid from Lillehammer, if it is intended to return by land. The latter precaution must never be omitted, wherever there is an opportunity of making previous arrangements, otherwise the delays will be very inconvenient.

3. The Tyri-Fjord and the Rands-Fjord are two lakes within easy distance of Christiania, the latter running 30 miles up the country, and offering many fine points of view. They lie on the road to Bergen ; but if the tourist does not take that route, he may very satisfactorily employ a few days in such an excursion from Christiania. It may be agreeably varied by crossing the ridge between the Mjösen-Vand and the Rands-Fjord from Hun to Land, and returning by the Mjösen to Christiania. See Route 16. The road is good, and there are excellent accommodations at Hun, where the steamers call daily, and embark carriages as well as passengers.

4. One of the roads to Trondhjem passes through Røraas, celebrated for its copper mines ; and in the neighbourhood, on the hills near the Swedish frontier, there is an encampment of Laplanders, who with their herd of reindeer are objects of curiosity not otherwise to be seen nearer than the remote provinces of Nordland and Finmark. Røraas lies about 220 English miles north of Christiania, and is approached by a post-road, which, turning off from the road on the east bank of the Mjösen, follows the course of the Glommen, the largest river in Norway ; the same road also descending the river to Kongsvinger. Several travellers have taken Røraas in their way to, or from, Trondhjem ; a road from it joining the great northern road at the station of Jerkin, while another, not much frequented, leads directly from Røraas to Trondhjem.



5. An excursion may be made by those who have time and inclination to some of the towns in the south-east of Norway; Kongsberg, famous for its silver mines; Drammen for its saw-mills and timber trade; Frederikshald and Frederiksværn, the naval arsenals of Norway; or to Moss, Sarpsborg, and the Falls of the Glommen. That noble inlet of the sea, the Christiania Fjord, will doubtless be navigated by the tourist, either on his outward or homeward passage, but its enchanting shores and islands offer many separate excursions of great interest.

The several routes glanced at in the last division, and more or less connected with Christiania, together with the routes connecting Norway with Sweden, its sister kingdom, compose our *fifth* group—that including the roads in the east and south-east of Norway.

By the aid of this classification, and the general view now taken, the tourist will be able to select from the choice of routes offered him those which will best suit his inclination and convenience. He is recommended not to attempt too much, unless he has entire reliance on his energies of mind and body. Estimates, which may be depended on under ordinary circumstances, have been given, in connexion with most of the defined tours, of the time required for the accomplishment of the journey proposed. But the tourist, with limited time, must recollect the importance of not missing the steam-boat from Christiania, which, at present, only departs once a fortnight; and his arrangements should be made with reference to that circumstance, his movements being accelerated accordingly in the last stages of his tour, if necessary. Several of the separate, or combined, circuits suggested, may, as already mentioned, be performed within a month, and it may be observed, in conclusion, that nearly the whole series of excursions, from Trondhjem southward, sketched in the preceding observations, may be accomplished by an active and spirited traveller in six weeks, or two months at farthest, not only without any undue haste, but with leisure to linger in scenes particularly attractive; and even, if his strength and equipments permit, to wander on foot through those parts of his tour which are best adapted to, and most enjoyed in the course of, rambles of that kind.

## SECTION II.

## I. ROUTES IN THE WEST AND SOUTH-WEST OF NORWAY.

## ROUTE I.

## CHRISTIANSAND TO STAVANGER AND BERGEN.

The most direct road from Christiansand to Bergen is by Route 2; but both are, in great measure, superseded by the steam-boats which perform the voyage during the season round the southern and western coasts of Norway, from Christiania to Hammerfest, calling at the intermediate ports, including Christiansand, Stavanger, and Bergen, particulars respecting which are given after the Land Routes. But the tourist who has sufficient leisure, and wishes to see the country, will be amply repaid for the difficulties of the journey by the present Route, which, following the coast line, crosses the numerous Fjords with which it is indented, and for the first hundred miles, at least, leads through a succession of scenery of the most diversified and picturesque character. The journey may be performed in a carriage, and to prevent delays the forbud must be dispatched according to the directions already given.

<sup>1</sup> CHRISTIANSAND to

|                  |    |    |    |                |
|------------------|----|----|----|----------------|
| Brændaaen        | .. | .. | .. | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Lunde, in Sogne* | .. | .. | .. | $\frac{1}{2}$  |

\* The stations in the several Routes are given from the latest tables published by authority at Christiania [1852.] But as they are frequently changed, and are in many cases merely lone farmhouses, which do not appear on ordinary maps, the names of the parish or other locality in which they are situated are generally added; so that if the traveller should be at any loss from subsequent changes, he may, at least, be able

|                                     |    |    |                 |                            |
|-------------------------------------|----|----|-----------------|----------------------------|
| Vahtne, in Hölem                    | .. | .. | 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ |                            |
| <sup>2</sup> MANDAL                 | .. | .. | 1               |                            |
| Vigeland, in Valle                  | .. | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ |                            |
| <sup>3</sup> Sandnes, in ditto      | .. | .. | 1               |                            |
| <sup>4</sup> Bergsager              | .. | .. | 1               |                            |
| Tjomsland                           | .. | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ |                            |
| Rörvig, in Fedde                    | .. | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ |                            |
| Fedde                               | .. | .. | $\frac{1}{4}$   |                            |
| <sup>5</sup> FLEKKEFJORD            | .. | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |                            |
| <sup>6</sup> Sirnæs, in Bakke       | .. | .. | 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ |                            |
| Nysted, or Möi, on the Lunde-       |    |    |                 |                            |
| vand                                | .. | .. | 1               | Pay for 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ m. |
| Eide, or Eye, in Hellestad          | .. | .. | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ |                            |
| Refsland, in ditto                  | .. | .. | $\frac{7}{8}$   |                            |
| Svalestad, in Hölleland             | .. | .. | $\frac{7}{8}$   |                            |
| <sup>7</sup> Slettebö, in EGRERSUND | .. | .. | 1               |                            |
| Hegrestad, in ditto                 | .. | .. | 1               |                            |
| Hölleland                           | .. | .. | $\frac{5}{8}$   |                            |
| <sup>8</sup> Haar, in Barboug       | .. | .. | 1               |                            |
| Hobberstad, in ditto                | .. | .. | $\frac{1}{2}$   |                            |
| Søyland, in Nærbö                   | .. | .. | $\frac{5}{8}$   |                            |
| Ree, in Theme-Sogn                  | .. | .. | $\frac{1}{2}$   |                            |
| Skiefveland, in Højland             | .. | .. | $\frac{7}{8}$   |                            |
| Sannæs, in Söme                     | .. | .. | $\frac{5}{8}$   |                            |
| <sup>9</sup> STAVANGER              | .. | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ |                            |

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25  $\frac{1}{2}$  N. m. 181 E. m.

<sup>1</sup> CHRISTIANSAND stands well at the bottom of a deep bay, called the Topdals-Fjord, which forms a fine harbour. It is a place of considerable trade, and a bishop's see, and from the number of gardens included in its circuit, the town covers a large space of ground, the population being 12,000. The "Britannia" is the principal hotel; but there is much more comfort, and the charges are reasonable, at a house kept by Mr. Rosenkilde. Messrs. Sewell's letters of credit

to ascertain whereabouts on his line of road the new stations must lie. Munch's map is invaluable for occasional reference, as it contains the names of all the places, however unimportant, which can by possibility become stations. But it is, consequently, so crowded with names, that the traveller will find it convenient to carry also a clearer map for general purposes.

are payable here, and the traveller will do well to obtain a good supply of the Norwegian currency. There is not much to detain the traveller at Christiansand; but the cathedral is worthy of a visit, as well as the ancient church of Oddernæs, over the bridge, where there are some old tombstones, and a Runic stone supposed to be of the eleventh century. The wild scenery of the Torrisdals-Elv will repay an excursion to the Hel-Foss. Route 2 follows the romantic course of this river to its source in the mountains.

<sup>2</sup> **MANDAL**.—A small fishing town, from which an excursion may be made to the Naze, or Lindesnæs, the S.W. point of Norway, on which there is a light-house. It is generally the first object seen by the tourist on approaching the coast. See "Norway and its Scenery," p. 85.

<sup>3</sup> *Sandnæs* is the nearest point of the road to the Lindesnæs; the tourist may probably procure a boat down the little Fjord, a distance of 14 English miles.

<sup>4</sup> *Bergsager*.—Cross here the Lyngedals-Elv\*, up which a horse-track leads to the lake of the same name, through a very picturesque valley, and afterwards passing the mountains, joins the road in Route 2. All this part of the main road offers scenes of great variety and beauty.

<sup>5</sup> **FLEKKEFJORD**.—A town of considerable trade, with a good harbour, but the entrance of the Fjord through rocky headlands is extremely narrow and difficult. It was here that the "Neptune" steamer was brought in during a gale of wind in 1852 by a female pilot, who has been called the "Grace Darling" of Norway.

<sup>6</sup> *Sirnæs* in Bakke.—The Siredals-Vand, a picturesque lake, extends for nearly 20 English miles to the north of Bakke.

<sup>7</sup> *Slettebø*.—Egersund, a small town supported by the herring and lobster fisheries, for which all this coast is celebrated, stands at the head of a small bay  $\frac{1}{3}$ rd of a mile north from this station.

<sup>8</sup> *Haar*.—Here the road approaches the North Sea. Its romantic character ceases after crossing the lower range of the long chain of mountains which, extending the whole

\* It is not intended, as a general rule, to notice all the rivers and fjords crossed in the several routes, as no tourist can be recommended to travel without a good map, on which he will find them laid down.

length of Norway, parallel with the coast, terminates in the promontory of Lindesnæs.

<sup>9</sup> STAVANGER.—A large town, containing upwards of 8000 inhabitants, the principal station of the herring fisheries on this coast. It was formerly a bishop's see; the cathedral, in the style of early English architecture, is still in good preservation.

ROUTE I. *continued.*—STAVANGER TO BERGEN.

There are so many water stations on the remainder of this route, and so little that is interesting in the land stages, that the tourist is advised to take the steam-boat from Stavanger to Bergen. Failing to meet it, he may go forward in boats, there being water-stations all the way.

*Road Stations.*

|                                   |                 |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------|
| Gangenæs, in Rennisö              |                 |
| Island . . .                      | 1               |
| * Judeljerget, in Findö           |                 |
| Island . . .                      | 1               |
| * Jelstranden . . .               | 2               |
| * Vigedal-sören . . .             | 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| Træet, by Sanddei, in             |                 |
| Vigedal . . .                     | $\frac{1}{2}$   |
| Aalen, in Fjælberg . . .          | $\frac{3}{4}$   |
| * Etnæs-öen . . .                 | 1               |
| Sknönevig-sören . . .             | 1               |
| <sup>2</sup> * Olfernæs, in Sknö- |                 |
| nevig . . .                       | $\frac{3}{4}$   |
| Vahlen, in ditto . . .            | $\frac{3}{4}$   |
| Helvigen, in Quin-                |                 |
| herred . . .                      | 1               |
| * Huse, in ditto . . .            | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Sundfjord, in ditto . . .         | $\frac{1}{2}$   |
| * Særnvold, in ditto . . .        | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Fuse, in ditto . . .              | $\frac{5}{8}$   |
| * Hatvigen, in ditto . . .        | $\frac{1}{2}$   |
| * Onsören, or Inner               |                 |
| Moberg . . .                      | $\frac{1}{2}$   |
| Atlestad, in Fane . . .           | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| BERGEN . . .                      | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ |

*Boat Stations.*

|                           |                 |
|---------------------------|-----------------|
| Fjeldöen . . .            | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Forresvig . . .           | 1               |
| Kopervig . . .            | 1               |
| Hougesund . . .           | 1               |
| Lyngholmen . . .          | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Tjernagelen . . .         | 1               |
| Mosterhavn . . .          | 1               |
| Folgeröen . . .           | 1               |
| Engesund . . .            | 1               |
| Bækkervigen . . .         | 1               |
| Ostre Bagholm . . .       | 1               |
| Bukken . . .              | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| <sup>3</sup> BERGEN . . . | 2               |

16 N. m.

112 E. m.

18  $\frac{7}{8}$  N. m.

132  $\frac{1}{2}$  E. m.

<sup>1</sup> The first four stages in this route, as well as all the others marked \*, are performed by water.

<sup>2</sup> *Olfervæes*.—There is a track, marked in the maps, from Fjæren, at the head of the Aakre-Fjord, above Sknønevig, by the foot of the Folgefonde glacier to Seljestad, near the bottom of the Sør-Fjord, and other tracks by the Folgefonde to the Hardanger, more to the north. Any of these roads must be very interesting, and would save time to tourists wishing to explore the fine scenery of the Hardanger from this Route instead of following it to Bergen; but these passages should not be attempted without an experienced guide.

<sup>3</sup> BERGEN.—The hotels here are not frequented by English travellers, but there is an excellent establishment, kept by Mrs. Sontum, where all the comforts of a private house are found, with the kindest attentions. Mr. Alexander Greig, the British Vice-Consul at Bergen, is well known for his readiness to give friendly assistance and advice to English tourists. Principal objects in Bergen:—The harbour with its variety of shipping; the fish-market; the German quarter and curious church; the castle, and Walkendorf's tower, with the old king's hall and the esplanade; and the museum, containing a collection of Norsk antiquities, and specimens of the animals peculiar to the country, &c. For further particulars of Bergen, see "Norway and its Scenery," p. 174.

## ROUTE II.

### CHRISTIANSAND TO THE HARDANGER AND BERGEN, BY SÆTERSDALEN.

This is the most direct route from Christiansand to Bergen; but as great part of it runs through wild and thinly inhabited districts, with only horse-tracks for roads, and resting-places of the most wretched description, it is little frequented even by Norwegians. The hardy tourist will, however, find compensation for his fatigue and privations in the variety and grandeur of the scenery; some of the finest in the south of Norway. If this route be not pursued all the way to Bergen, which is not advisable, no more agreeable excursion can be chalked out for a tourist lightly equipped and willing

to rough it, than to follow the road as far as Bykle, or at least to *Valle, in Sætersdalen*, about 120 English miles from Christiansand, and then to diverge by a horse-track to the right, which leads in about 30 English miles into the beautiful valleys of Telemarken, where the tourist will fall in with Route 4, and taking the Rjukan Foss in his circuit, may proceed either to Christiania or Bergen. Mr. Inglis (see "Norway and its Scenery," p. 19.) has given a delightful account of this excursion. He followed this route as far as Bykle, from whence he struck off to the east; but in general it would be better to do so at Hommeland,  $\frac{1}{2}$  Norsk mile beyond Valle, when the Torris-Elv makes a bend to the west.

This excursion, as well as the long journey to Bergen by this route, is attended with the inconvenience, that as there is no carriage-road beyond Valle, it is useless to take a carriage from Christiansand, and the whole journey must therefore be performed on horseback, except the traveller prefers using the country cars provided at the stations, and which may be taken as far as Valle. There are regular stations all the way, but horses must be previously engaged by the forbud, or the delays on so long a route will be harassing. The tourist's baggage should be very portable, but it must include a small stock of such eatables as can be easily carried. He will do well to consult the directions on these particulars given in the preliminary chapter. The stages from Christiansand are as follows:—

|                                     |    |    |                 |
|-------------------------------------|----|----|-----------------|
| <sup>1</sup> Mosby                  | .. | .. | 1               |
| Homsmøen..                          | .. | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Rejersdal                           | .. | .. | 1               |
| <sup>2</sup> Hægeland               | .. | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Moe                                 | .. | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| <sup>3</sup> Fabret, in Hordnæs     | .. | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$   |
| <sup>4</sup> Guldsmednoen, or Senum | .. | .. | 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Langerak                            | .. | .. | 1               |
| Aakhuus, in Bygland                 | .. | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Froisnæs                            | .. | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| <sup>5</sup> Langeid                | .. | .. | 1               |
| <sup>6</sup> Rysjestad              | .. | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Rjige, near Flarenden               | .. | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Valle, in Sætersdalen               | .. | .. | 1               |

|    |                                 |    |    |    |
|----|---------------------------------|----|----|----|
|    | Björneraa                       | .. | .. | 1½ |
| 8  | BYKLE                           | .. | .. | 1  |
|    | Vatndal                         | .. | .. | 2  |
| 9  | Guggedal, or Aarhus, in Suledal |    |    | 3  |
|    | Gautetun                        | .. | .. | ¾  |
|    | Botten                          | .. | .. | 2  |
| 10 | Horre, in Røldal                | .. | .. | ½  |
|    | Seljestad                       | .. | .. | 2  |
|    | Skare                           | .. | .. | 1  |
|    | Hildal                          | .. | .. | 1  |
|    | Bustetun, near Odde             | .. | .. | 1  |

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33¼ N. m. 234½ E. m

For the continuation of this route from Odde, on the Sör branch of the Hardanger-Fjord, to Bergen by Vossevangen, see Route 5.

<sup>1</sup> *Mosby*.—Here the high road leaves the Torris-Elv to the right, and crossing some steep ridges, before reaching the next station it passes through park-like scenery, green slopes dotted with woods.

<sup>2</sup> *Hægeland*.—After threading a chain of small lakes, the road here reaches the foot of the Rile-Fjord, a long, narrow strip of water into which the Torris-Elv expands.

<sup>3</sup> *Fabret in Hordnæs*.—The road follows the windings of the lake northwards for about 18 English miles to this station, the scenery improving, and becoming peculiarly Norwegian, and highly romantic.

<sup>4</sup> At *Guldsmedmøen*, the road crosses the Torris-Elv, and for upwards of 20 English miles, coasts the Aardals or Bygland-Fjord, first on the right and afterwards on the left bank. This is also a narrow sheet of water, the very perfection of picturesque beauty, while all around is in a high style of wild and savage grandeur.

<sup>5</sup> *Langeid*.—Half way from Froisnæs, the road, leaving the head of the Bygland-Fjord, again follows the Torris-Elv, rapidly approaching the gorges of the mountains, the pine-covered sides of which inclose the head of the Fjord.

<sup>6</sup> *Rysjestad*.—The Torris, here called the Otteren, Elv, flows through a deep valley among mountains which rise to the height of 3000 to 4000 feet; the scenery of the wildest and most magnificent character.



<sup>1</sup> *Valle in Sætersdalen*.—The natives of this sequestered district preserve, in much of their original purity, the costume, manners, and customs of ancient times. The former, however, is now only displayed in all its glory on bridal and other great occasions. At the marriage-feast it was usual for the bridegroom, on returning from church, to cut with all his strength one of the rafters in the hall, where the notch remained to future years to show his prowess, and that he had not degenerated in the use of his father's sword. A blue jacket and several waistcoats of a bright colour are worn, the outermost having silver buttons. The black breeches are kept up by a yellow leather belt, called the brass belt, from the number of brass buckles and buttons rivetted close to each other. From this is suspended a double sheath, containing a knife and kind of fork, used for a weapon. The most peculiar article in the female costume is the stately Tjeld, a large piece of white wadmel (of home manufacture), two yards in length and the same in breadth, with red and yellow borders wove in. It is thrown round the shoulders in tasteful folds, and gathered under the left arm. This article of dress reminds one of the plaid of the Scotch, and the red and white whittle of the Welch mountaineers. The road is less rugged after leaving Valle, though constantly ascending, the river being now only a stream, such as the Derwent at Matlock, or the Dee in Mar Forest. The route is impracticable for carriages beyond Valle.

At *Hommelønd*,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile Norsk beyond Valle, the tourist who does not further pursue this route to Bergen, having obtained a guide at Valle, will cross the mountains in his way into Telemarken to a farm called Bondal, upwards of 20 English miles from Valle. About 10 miles beyond, he will fall in at Lillestuen with a regular station road, which will bring him by Veum ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  Norsk mile) and the head of the Vraa-vand to Nardal, on the north shore of the Bandagsvand (3 Norsk miles), and at *Høidaløsmøen* ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  Norsk mile), into the post road, Route 4. But the tourist is recommended to fall down the Vraa-vand to *Møen* in Vraadal, where he will join Route 3.

<sup>2</sup> *BYKLE*.—The traveller who pursues this route to the Hardanger-Fjord and Bergen has a most dreary road before him. At Bykle, a village in a wide valley between two ranges of lofty mountains, he will leave for a time all signs of cul-

tivation and human habitation. The road still leads north for about 10 English miles, following the course of the Torris-Elv, now a mountain torrent; it then turns abruptly to the west, up one of its tributary streams, which flows from a chain of narrow tarns, or mountain lakes, in *Vatndal*, which the road coasts.

<sup>9</sup> *Aarhus*.—Descending into Suledalen, the Suledal-vand, a large sheet of water is crossed to Gautetun.

<sup>10</sup> *Horre*.—Here Route 4 is joined, which see for the continuation of the route to Bergen.

### ROUTE III.

CHRISTIANSAND, BY ARENDAL, TO THE TELEMARKEEN AND RJUKAN-FOSS.

This route is little known or frequented, but it opens a ready access from the south coast to some of the most delightful and striking scenes in the south of Norway. Soon after leaving the town of Arendal, it follows the course of the Nid, a fine river, to its magnificent Falls, not far from the foot of the Nisser-Vand. This noble lake, running due north and south, 30 English miles, is ascended to its northern extremity at Moen, from whence there are regular stations and a good post-road to Sundbo in Lomodden, [see *Excursion in Telemarken*, in Route 4,] and so on to Tinoset, where our present route joins others, which there converge towards the Rjukan-Foss, and onward to the Hardanger-Fjeld and the Voring-Foss. The Norwegian government was so sensible of the importance of this line of communication with the interior, which has long been used for conveying goods on pack-horses, that a few years since it caused a good road to be formed through part of the route, which was before impassable for wheel-carriages. A carriage may now be taken as far as Tinoset, where it may be left till the traveller returns to that point from his excursion to the Rjukan-Foss, if he purposes then, in the shorter tour suggested, to take Route 15 to Christiania; but it will be useless, after Tinoset, if he follows out Route 4 to the westward. There is no difficulty in the case to tourists who, on occasion, can perform part of their journeys on foot,

in cars, or on horseback, and are suitably equipped. In the present route the tourist may still go by the steam-boat from Christiansand to Arendal, the least interesting part of the road, or according to a former suggestion, he may land at the latter port.

|  |    |                |                           |
|--|----|----------------|---------------------------|
| Kostøl, in Tvede ..                    | .. | $1\frac{1}{8}$ |                           |
| Aabel, in Birkenæs ..                  | .. | $1\frac{3}{8}$ |                           |
| Tvede, in ditto ..                     | .. | $\frac{5}{8}$  |                           |
| Möglestue, in West Moland              |    | 1              |                           |
| Landvig, near GRIMSTAD                 |    | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |                           |
| Bringsværd, in Fjære ..                | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$  |                           |
| Lærrestvedt, in Øiestad                |    | $\frac{5}{8}$  |                           |
| <sup>1</sup> ARENDAL (Bløddekjær) ..   |    | $\frac{3}{4}$  |                           |
| Brække, in East Moland ..              | .. | $\frac{7}{8}$  | Pay for $1\frac{1}{8}$ m. |
| <sup>2</sup> Ubergsmöen ..             | .. | $1\frac{5}{8}$ |                           |
| Uxvatten ..                            | .. | $1\frac{3}{4}$ |                           |
| <sup>3</sup> Tveit, in Omlid ..        | .. | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |                           |
| Öy ..                                  | .. | $2\frac{1}{2}$ |                           |
| <sup>4</sup> Houjsgasund ..            | .. | 1              |                           |
| Tveitsund, in Treungen ..              | .. | 1              |                           |
| <sup>5</sup> Bakka, in Nissidal ..     | .. | 2              |                           |
| <sup>6</sup> Möen, in Vraadal ..       | .. | 2              |                           |
| <sup>7</sup> Spjotsodden, in Hvidsö .. | .. | 1              |                           |
| Omthveit ..                            | .. | 1              |                           |
| Midbö, in Lomodden ..                  | .. | $1\frac{7}{8}$ |                           |
| Sundbö ..                              | .. | $\frac{7}{8}$  |                           |
| Mælandsmo, in Hjerdal                  |    | $1\frac{1}{8}$ |                           |
| Sauland, in ditto ..                   | .. | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |                           |
| Kroshuus ..                            | .. | $1\frac{3}{4}$ |                           |
| Tinoset ..                             | .. | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |                           |

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$31\frac{1}{8}$  N. m.  $223\frac{1}{8}$  E. m.

<sup>1</sup> ARENDAL is pleasantly situated at the head of one of the branches of a small Fjord, the water of which is so deep, that large vessels lie close to the quays, and in the coves of the rocky harbour. The Nid-elv discharges itself into the fjord. Arendal is a busy place for trade and ship-building. A good hotel has been lately opened by Mr. Anthony Sandberg, close to the water.

<sup>2</sup> *Übergsmöen*.—The route follows the high road along the coast between Christiansand and Brevig, to near this station. (Route 4.) The new road turns off at Holt, and passing the extensive iron foundries at Næs, and a small lake, crosses an undulating country, through fine forest scenery.

<sup>3</sup> *Tveit, in Omlid*.—A boat may be procured near the præste-gaard, or parsonage, and the Nid-elv, which is here as broad as the Thames at Richmond, ascended for a Norsk mile. Tveit is a good resting place after a day's journey from Arendal, and there are fair accommodations.

<sup>4</sup> *Houysgasund*.—Here the new road passes close to the Falls of the Nid, the rocks having been blasted, and the road conducted to the level above the Falls with great engineering skill. There are three falls, one of which, though not of great depth, is very magnificent, from the immense volume of water, and the accessories of rocks and woods. They are on a grand scale, and it is curious to see the pine logs, floated down from the forests far up the country, which are dashed over the ledge of rocks, and carried down the stream to the port of Arendal.

<sup>4</sup> At *Tveitsund* a boat is taken for the navigation of the Nisser-vand. This noble lake, lying out of the usual routes, has been little visited. It is about thirty English miles long by two or three miles broad, and being inclosed on both sides by almost perpendicular cliffs of vast elevations, broken only by overhanging forests of pine; its features, though sombre, are very magnificent.

<sup>5</sup> *Bakka*.—The mountains here recede from the shore, and inclosing the green pastures and corn land of Nissidal with the church and village in a vast semi-circular sweep, again approach and shut in the lake, the scenery of which, after being thus enlivened, becomes still more bold as the head of the lake is approached, when a distant chain of mountains, far in the N.W., comes into view.

<sup>6</sup> Landing at *Möen*, or *Eidstuen*, horses and cars can be procured, after some delay, to prosecute the journey. At the next stage, the Hvidsö-vand is crossed by a ferry; a mass of mountain, 4,000 feet high, towering over the ferry, and the scenery of mountain, forest, and water, being very fine.

<sup>7</sup> *Spjotsodden* is a station of the new steam-boat on the Hvidsö-vand, and other waters connected with it, of which

advantage may be taken either for continuing the route, or for very pleasant excursions. By ascending the Bandaks-vand to Lardal and *Dalen*, the tourist can join Route 4 at Ofte, and either follow that route to the westward, or reach the valleys of Telemarken by an easy detour, meeting the present route at Omthveit. The Laurmand, or provincial judge, at Dalen, is a most intelligent and obliging person, and is willing to give advice and assistance to travellers. Pursuing our route from Spjotsodden, after ascending a steep hill, the journey will be pursued rapidly, through an undulating country, to Lomodden, on the Sillejord-vand, where decent accommodations are found at *Midbø*. For notices on the route from this place, see Route 4.

#### ROUTE IV.

CHRISTIANSAND, BY SKIEN AND THE TELEMARKEN, TO BERGEN; WITH  
BRANCHES TO THE RJUKAN-FOSS, THE HARDANGER-FJELD, &C.

This route, or selected portions of it, will answer the purpose of tourists, with limited time, who landing at Christiansand, or any port to the east of it, may wish to carry out the plan for a short tour previously suggested. It would be desirable to purchase a carriage for the first part of the journey, which might be parted with at Porsgrund or Skien, without any great loss; it can be of little use afterwards, unless it is intended to take the post-road from Skien to Bergen, and even then it would be of no use further than Vinje, where it could not be disposed of. This way of penetrating into Telemarken by the newly-established steamboats on the Nordsø and the Hvidsø, and thence proceeding to the Rjukan-Foss, will be found very convenient. Calculations should be made with reference to the departure of the steamboats, and the forbud to Skien dispatched by post, that there may be no delay in getting rapidly over the least interesting portion of the route. If the tourist finds himself incumbered with luggage unsuitable to the prosecution of his plans, he can easily forward all superfluities from Porsgrund to Christiania, to wait his arrival there. The stations as far as Arendal are given in Route 3.

|                               |    |    |                |                           |
|-------------------------------|----|----|----------------|---------------------------|
| ARENDAL                       | .. | .. | $7\frac{1}{2}$ |                           |
| Brakke, in East Moland        |    |    | $\frac{7}{8}$  | Pay for $1\frac{1}{8}$ m. |
| Angelstad, in Holt            | .. |    | $1\frac{1}{4}$ | „ $1\frac{1}{2}$ m.       |
| West Röed                     | .. | .. | $1\frac{1}{8}$ | „ $1\frac{3}{8}$ m.       |
| Holt, or East Röed            | .. |    | $1\frac{1}{4}$ | „ $1\frac{3}{8}$ m.       |
| Humlestad                     | .. | .. | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |                           |
| Ödegaarden                    |    | .. | $\frac{5}{8}$  | „ 1 m.                    |
| Rosland                       | .. | .. | $1\frac{1}{8}$ | „ $1\frac{1}{2}$ m.       |
| Utgaarden                     | .. | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$  |                           |
| <sup>1</sup> BREVIG           | .. | .  | $\frac{3}{4}$  | „ 1 m.                    |
| <sup>1</sup> PORSGRUND        | .. | .. | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |                           |
| <sup>2</sup> SKIEN            | .. | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$  |                           |
| <sup>3</sup> Fjærstrand       | .. | .. | $\frac{1}{4}$  |                           |
| Bergane                       | .. | .. | 1              |                           |
| Namlös                        | .. | .. | 1              |                           |
| Lundefaret                    | .. | .. | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |                           |
| Nordbö                        | .. | .. | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |                           |
| Skakevje                      | .. | .. | $1\frac{1}{8}$ |                           |
| Næs                           | .. | .. | 1              |                           |
| Sundbö                        | .. | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$  |                           |
| Lomodden                      | .. | .. | $\frac{7}{8}$  |                           |
| Omthveit                      | .. | .. | 1              |                           |
| Berge                         | .. | .. | $\frac{1}{2}$  |                           |
| Höidalsmöen                   | .. | .. | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |                           |
| Ofte                          | .. | .. | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |                           |
| Leerlid                       | .. | .. | $1\frac{3}{8}$ |                           |
| <sup>6</sup> Vinje            | .. | .. | $1\frac{3}{8}$ |                           |
| Nordgaard                     | .. | .. | $1\frac{3}{4}$ |                           |
| <sup>7</sup> Gugaard          | .. | .. | $1\frac{1}{8}$ |                           |
| <sup>6</sup> Horre, in Röldal | .. | .. | 6              |                           |
| Seljestad                     | .. | .. | 2              |                           |
| Skare                         | .. | .. | 1              |                           |
| <sup>9</sup> Hildal           | .. | .. | 1              |                           |
| Bustetun (Odde)               |    | .. | 1              |                           |

48 $\frac{1}{8}$  N. m. 336 $\frac{3}{4}$  E. m.

<sup>1</sup> *Brevig* and *Porsgrund* are small towns on the left bank of the Langösund, a broad inlet of the sea, which gives them advantages for a considerable trade. A ferry is crossed from *Strathelle* to *Brevig*, and there is a steam-boat from *Brevig*

to Skien. Brevig stands in a beautiful district among hills. Porsgrund has two divisions, one on the mainland, the other on an island, connected with it by a drawbridge.

<sup>2</sup> *Skien*, at the head of the Langösund, one of the oldest towns in Norway, is also a place of trade, increased by the new steam communications on the inland waters. By means of these and the sea-going steam-ships, the tourist can now proceed by water all the way (except a short passage of less than  $\frac{1}{2}$  Norsk mile) from England into the heart of the finest scenery in the south of Norway.

<sup>3</sup> *Fjærstrand*.—This is the station for the steam-boats on the Nordsö, mentioned presently. The route follows for some distance its right bank, and might be varied by taking the steam-boats to its head,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  Norsk miles from the station of Nordbö, or the boat will land the tourist at a station from whence, by crossing  $\frac{1}{2}$  Norsk mile, to the Flaa-vand, where the steam-boat, on that lake and the Hvidsö-vand and Bandaks-vand, will convey him to *Dalen*, mentioned in Route 3. The scenery towards the head of these lakes, where the mountains close in upon them, is very magnificent.

<sup>4</sup> *Lomodden*.—There are fair accommodations at Midbö, not far from the station. Lomodden is in the centre of the district of Telemarken, for which see particulars in the "Excursion" which follows this Route.

<sup>5</sup> *Omthveit*.—The road now becomes very hilly, and the country wild; but there are magnificent views of the mountains to the west, part of the great Hardanger chain.

<sup>6</sup> *Vinje*.—Here the track subsequently pointed out from Dal and the Rjukan-Foss joins this Route.

<sup>7</sup> *Gugaard*.—Carriages cannot proceed beyond this station, at which there are good quarters. From some of the maps and road-books the tourist might be led into the error of supposing that the post-road is continued all the way to Horre in Røldal; but soon after leaving Gugaard, a vast elevation is reached, and the road, a mere track, passes over almost continuous fields of snow for forty miles. As it is desirable to effect the passage of this elevated plateau in a single day, the best plan is to obtain quarters for the night at a farm called *Voxlid*, about 4 Norsk miles from Gugaard, at the foot of the ascent, where there is, at least, hospitable entertainment, and the farmer, who is an excel-

lent fellow and experienced guide, will furnish horses for passing the fjeld. If the traveller be fortunate in the weather, he will descend, at the end of the next day's journey, into the charming valley of Rödäl, at which village he will find good entertainment at the house of Mr. Svend. The præsten, Rev. Mr. A. Mohr, is also very obliging.

<sup>8</sup> From *Horre* there are regular stations to Bustetun, at the foot of the Sör-Fjord, the southern branch of the Hardanger-Fjord; but between Horre and *Seljestad* there is again a spur of the mountain to be crossed at the snow level. Descending to <sup>9</sup> *Hildal*, where there are good accommodation, with excellent Hardanger ale, the views of the Folgefond Glacier and the Fjord are magnificent. Indeed, the whole route from Rödäl is full of interest. For its continuation to Bergen, see Route 5.

#### BRANCHES FROM ROUTE IV TO THE VALLEYS OF TELEMARKEK AND TO THE BJUKAN-FOSS, &c.

These excursions form part of the short tour suggested. They are facilitated by the steam-boats lately established on the Nordso, which have their station at Fjærstrand, near Skien, in the present route. According to the latest accounts, they start from Fjærstrand every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday at 2 P.M., and on Friday and Saturday at 7 A.M., accomplishing the voyage in about six hours. The steam-boats return from Hitterdal on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday at 5 A.M., and on Friday and Saturday at 3 P.M.

#### 1. EXCURSION IN TELEMARKEK.

Landing at Hitterdal, the tourist will examine with interest the curious church, the best specimen of the ancient Norwegian churches, supposed to have been erected in the 11th or 12th century on Byzantine or Romanesque models. They are built of pine timber, notwithstanding which the general effect is massive. The details are elaborate; rounded apses to the chancels, transepts, chapels and porches, exterior cloistered galleries, lofty spires or cupolas, all richly ornamented with encircled crosses on the gables, and



dragons' heads carved in bold relief projecting from the angles, break the general outline with picturesque variety.

At the station of *Søm*, in Hitterdal, Route 15, from Christiania by Drammen and Kongsberg to Tinoset, is joined. Here the tourist, who has time to spare, may make an agreeable excursion into the valleys of Telemarken. The stations from *Søm* are *Kaasa*, 1 Norsk mile up the picturesque valley of Hitterdal (the lower valley,) *Sauland*,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile, where there is a decent inn, and an excellent store kept by Herr Holst; *Målandsmö*,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, in Hjerdal (the higher valley) which the road ascends, it becoming wilder at every step, till it crosses an elevated pass, to *Sundlö*,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  mile, where a horse-track leads into Flatdal. The road then descends a most romantic valley, in which there is a small lake, and over which towers the Lee-Fjeld, 4600 feet high, and passing the church of Sillejord, embowered in woods, reaches *Lomodden*,  $\frac{7}{8}$  mile; the whole distance from *Søm* being 36 English miles.

The Telemarken is one of the most charming districts in Norway, the most picturesque scenery being combined with great fertility in the lower valleys. The peasants appear to be in good circumstances; their costume is peculiar. The men wear a short jacket of a military cut, ornamented with silver lace and rows of small bright buttons; breeches of a dark colour, seamed with red, and woollen stockings, (the clocks of which are brilliantly worked,) with a red cap. The vest of the women is either of a bright colour, or gaudily braided; the petticoat is dark, the hem gaily trimmed with a worsted lace of red or yellow. Their head dress is a coloured kerchief, the ends of which hang down the back. Both sexes wear large brooches, and shoe-buckles, of silver.

Many of the Telemarken farmers are wealthy, and they are famed for their hospitality. On all the farms in the higher valleys of Norway a much greater stock of cattle is wintered than the home pastures will feed in summer. In the early part of July these are driven to the *Sæters* on the lower Fjelds, a distance of sometimes 40 or 50 miles, where the attendants, generally the girls of the family, take up their abode in huts built of logs or rough stones, like the *chaléts* on the Alps, and employ themselves in tending the cattle and converting the cows' milk into butter and cheese.

Wild as are these vast solitudes, it is often a season of mirth and gaiety, especially when a number of young people assemble from different saters on a Saturday or Sunday evening. Then a fiddler seats himself on a block of stone, and they dance to tunes which vary from melancholy to gay. Often the cows form a circle round, and wanton kids and lambs intervene in the mazes of the dance. And not the cattle only thus intrude. The Scandinavian legends tell of the *Hulder*, a mysterious being who is found in mountains and forests over the whole country. She is believed sometimes to join in the dance of the young people. Then all the lads are eager to dance with the handsome strange girl in the blue petticoat (*stak*) and white handkerchief on her head, as long as they have not discovered the ugly cow's-tail hanging down under her gown. All are not so discreet as one young fellow, who, having discovered the cow's-tail during the dance by which he knew at once with whom he was dancing, although much frightened would not betray his partner, but bade her beware with these words, "Fair maid, your garters are unloosed." Suddenly she disappeared, but afterwards she rewarded his forbearance with rich gifts, and made his flocks increase. The return from the excursion may be varied by boating down the Sillejordvand to the station at Skakevje, (Route 4), and thence joining the steam-boat at Næs on the Nordsö. Returning to Sæm, in Hitterdal, and proceeding with the short tour before sketched out, the Rjukan-Foss becomes now the main object.

## 2. EXCURSION TO THE RJUKAN-FOSS.

There is a good station-road from Sæm as far as *Tinoset*, at the foot of the Tind-sö. At this station a boat will be procured, and the tourist, embarking on the lake, will navigate it for about 25 English miles to nearly its northern extremity, and, landing at *Mæl*, will follow a horse-track up the valley of the Maan-Elv, or *Westffjorden*, to the Foss. The following are the stages all the way from Porsgrund, where this route leaves the great western post-road. *Observe also*

*that Route 15 connects this excursion with Christiania, should the tourist proceed from thence, joining the present Route at Tinoset.*

|                                       |    |                |                 |
|---------------------------------------|----|----------------|-----------------|
| Porsgrund to Skien                    | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$  |                 |
| Fjærstrand ..                         | .. | $\frac{1}{4}$  |                 |
| Søm, in Hitterdal                     | .. | $4\frac{1}{2}$ | on the Nord-sö. |
| Kaasa ..                              | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$  |                 |
| <sup>1</sup> Tinoset ..               | .. | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |                 |
| <sup>2</sup> Mæl, in Westfjordalen .. |    | $3\frac{1}{4}$ | on the Tind-sö. |
| <sup>3</sup> Dæl, in ditto ..         | .. | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |                 |
| <sup>4</sup> Rjukan-Foss ..           | .. | 1              |                 |

13 $\frac{1}{4}$  N. m. 92 $\frac{1}{4}$  E. m.

Upwards of 60 English miles of this route being performed by water with great facility, the rest of the journey may well be accomplished on horseback, or on foot; but from Søm to Tinoset, the country cars may be used.

<sup>1</sup> The Tind-sö is a magnificent lake, nearly 30 miles long, by from 2 to 4 broad. It is inclosed by lofty mountains, particularly towards its northern extremity, where it runs up to the very foot of the Tind-Fjeld and Tessun-Fjeld. Escarped cliffs rise perpendicularly from the water to elevations of 4000 or 5000 feet, and in other places tangled forests clothe their flanks to the water's edge. These sombre features are occasionally enlivened by small farms, with their picturesque buildings of pine logs, and green slopes and patches of cultivated land, rescued from the surrounding waste.

<sup>2</sup> *Mæl*.—On landing here, there is a small house of refreshment; but the accommodations are of the most wretched description.

<sup>3</sup> *Dæl*, in the valley of Westfjordalen, which is ascended from Mæl. The track follows the course of the Maan-elv, which runs, full and rapid, through a narrow margin of green meadow, shut in by the almost perpendicular ranges, and divided by the folds of the mountains; the channel of the river being broken by fairy islands of level greensward, tufted with dwarf birch, a spiral spruce fir occasionally breaking the softer outline. About midway, the Gousta-Fjeld, streaked

with snow, and towering above the valley to the height of 5,540 feet, bursts on the view. The *gieste-huus*, or—*gaard*, at Dæl, has been lately enlarged for the accommodation of tourists, who will find in it much comfort and attention. Gousta-Fjeld may be ascended, with some fatigue, though without any serious difficulty. Being the only insulated mountain peak in this part of Norway, the views are extensive and magnificent. There is a track to Dæl over the plateau of Gousta-Fjeld from *Souland* (see Excursion in Telemarken), which may be taken with advantage by the pedestrian tourist, if his plans do not enable him to make a more extensive acquaintance with the Norwegian *Fjelds*. The track leads by the little mountain lake of the *Tudal-vand* to the foot of the peak of Gousta-Fjeld, an ascent of 2000 feet. The descent into the valley at Dæl is easy; the whole distance being about 18 English miles. In that case the tourist might *return* by the Tind-sö.—(See “Norway and its Scenery,” p. 98.)

‘*Rjukan-Foss*.—Horses can be procured at Dæl for a visit to the Foss; but as the distance is only about 7 English miles, and the path not fatiguing, active travellers will not require them. Nor is a guide wanting, as it is impossible to deviate from the windings of the deep valley. Following the course of the river, which becomes an impetuous torrent, with continual rapids and cataracts, the thunders of the Fall speedily announce the approach to it. No short account of the Rjukan Foss—no words, indeed—can do it justice. The tourist will judge for himself; but its, perhaps, unrivalled grandeur has been admitted by all who have seen it. The height of the Fall has been variously estimated at from 450 to 900 feet. Its volume of water is very great; the river Maan, which here discharges itself into the valley in a single leap, being the drain of the waters of the Mjös Vand, a lake 30 miles in length, whose level is 2100 feet above the Fall; while the river itself, during a course of 50 miles before it enters the lake, receives numerous streams fed by the springs and melted snows on the fjelds, and connects a chain of lakes and tarns, inexhaustible reservoirs high up in the hollows of the mountains.—(See “Norway and its Scenery,” p. 93.)

The usual point for a near view of the Foss is from a little grassy platform which juts out from the right bank, at about

two-thirds of its height. It is reached by diverging from the horse-road, and clambering for a mile or two over a succession of woody ridges. From this point it is not very difficult to scramble down through the wood, and gain a view of the Fall from below. There is also a track called the *Marie Stein* to the level above, but it should not be ventured on without a guide.

### 3. FROM THE RJUKAN-FOSS, OVER THE HARDANGER-FJELD TO ODDE AND BERGEN.

Travellers who confine themselves to the shortest of the tours before suggested have no alternative but to return down the valley of the Maan-elv, and embarking on the Tind-sö, proceed to Kongsberg and Christiania by Route 15. Those, however, who wish to combine an excursion to the Rjukan Foss with a more extended tour to the western Fjords, or to Bergen, will find themselves, when far advanced to the westward at the Foss, in the dilemma of having either to retrace their steps for 80 or 90 miles, or, taking a direct course, of having to encounter the fatigues and privations attendant on crossing the Hardanger-Fjeld. This enterprise, however, should only be undertaken in the proper season (not earlier than the month of July), and by travellers properly equipped, and who are resolute and hardy, and little fastidious in regard to their comforts. They must also secure experienced guides. At Dæl they will meet with some one to conduct them as far as the foot of the range, where they may be able to procure another guide acquainted with the pass they select. There are several of these only known to hunters of the reindeer and to peasants who have sätters on the Fjelds. All the tracks across the mountains debouch on the Hardanger-Fjord, and the tourist will have to decide whether he prefers taking the southern pass, and striking the fjord at Odde, near the *Folgefond Glacier*, or crossing the Fjeld in the direction of Eidfjord, in the immediate neighbourhood of the *Voring-Foss*; both first rate objects of attraction. There is an intermediate track issuing at Ullensvang, which appears to present great difficulties, and has no particular object in its termination. For ordinary tourists the southern

pass is recommended, as by far the least difficult ; and although it will take more time, it will place them in a position of being able to make an easy excursion to the Voring-Foss in their subsequent passage up the Hardanger-Fjord. The other, however, has the advantage of being a direct route towards the Voring-Foss, and of saving time and distance, if they propose extending their tour to the Sogne-Fjord and districts still further to the northward.

The southern route falls in with Route 4 at *Vinje*. The stages from Dæl are as follows :—

|                                 |       |                  |                               |
|---------------------------------|-------|------------------|-------------------------------|
| Dæl to Holvig, diverging to the |       |                  |                               |
| Rjukan-Foss, say                | .. .. | 4                | N. miles.                     |
| Gaardsjord                      | .. .. | 3                |                               |
| Rosthveit                       | .. .. | $\frac{1}{2}$    | across the Totak-vand.        |
| Vinje                           | .. .. | 1                |                               |
| To Odde, by Route 4             | .. .. | 13 $\frac{7}{8}$ |                               |
| <hr/>                           |       |                  |                               |
|                                 |       | 22 $\frac{3}{8}$ | N. m. 156 $\frac{1}{2}$ E. m. |

The distance by the horse track from Dæl to Vinje is therefore about 60 English miles. The track, after gaining the summit level above the Rjukan-Foss leads south-west over upland moors to a lone farm, called Holvig, on the Mjös-vand, which is in some respects the most interesting of the Norwegian lakes.—(See “Norway and its Scenery,” p. 22.) The lake, which is there narrow, being crossed, the next point to be made, over a most dreary country, is Gaardsjord, on the Totak-vand, which has also to be crossed to Rosthveit. There is a farm called Hooe, on the shore of the Mjös-vand, opposite Holvig, where English travellers have passed the night ; but the accommodations at most of these farms are wretched. The object, therefore, should be to reach, before night, Gaardsjord, where the country improves. Its situation is lovely, and either there or at Rosthveit tolerable accommodations may probably be found at one of the farms. It is an easy march from thence to Vinje, where the station road is joined.

4. FROM THE RJUKAN-FOSS, OVER THE HARDANGER TO EID-FJORD  
AND THE VORING-FOSS.

This route is upwards of 130 English miles. It may be accomplished in three days, including a visit to the Rjukan-Foss by the way. Reference should be made to the preliminary notice to the other passage of the Hardanger; and see "Norway and its Scenery," p. 200.

Horses may probably be procured at Dæl for the first day's journey, after which they are taken for the whole of the passage. The two first nights are passed at mountain farms, where homely fare and hearty welcome will be found; but the English tourist must not trust himself to the beds; he may be content with a soft shake-down on the floor, composed of fresh birch or juniper spray, for one night, at least; afterwards he will have to take shelter in a *læger* or hovel, at an elevation far above all human habitations. The journey may be thus divided:—

|  |    |
|--|----|
| Dæl to Vaagen, a <i>gaard</i> or farm on the   |    |
| Mjøs-Vand .. ..                                | 28 |
| Kevenna, a farm at the foot of the ascent      | 28 |
| To a <i>læger</i> or hut on the Fjeld near the |    |
| Laagen-vand .. ..                              | 42 |
| Sæbø, in Eidfjord .. ..                        | 35 |

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133 E. miles.

The *first* day's journey conducts the tourist, after climbing the track already mentioned to the summit above the Rjukan-Foss, over a level of upland moors to the head of the Mjøs-vand. On the *second* day, he will thread the western shore of that lake, which is deep set in the bosom of lofty mountains, and one of the most striking scenes in Norway. On the *third*, he will ascend the Hardanger-Fjeld, to the elevation of perpetual snow, about 4,500 feet above the level of the sea, and follow his guide in the track across its vast and dreary plateau, to their inhospitable quarters for the night. The only living things he may chance to see will be a herd of reindeer, or some of those singular little animals, the lemmings. Views may be obtained of the lofty dome of

Hallings-Jokelen, covered with snow, at a vast distance to the north-west, and of more distant ranges of mountains in that direction; but, on the whole, from the great uniformity of its vast level, the Hardanger, as well as the other Fjelds, have little in common with alpine scenery. Arctic scenes can scarcely be more utterly desolate; but desolation itself, on such an extended scale, is striking and august. On the *fourth* day, if favoured by the weather, the traveller may hope to fall in early with waters descending to the Northern Ocean; and, reaching sæters on the flanks of the Fjeld, where milk may be procured, he will accomplish the descent to Eidfjord before night.

At Sæbø, near the foot of the pass, there is a *giestegivergaard*, where tolerable accommodations are offered: the tourist may think them excellent after those of the preceding nights. From Sæbø the *Voring-Foss* may be visited in a day's excursion, it lying about 1 Norsk mile east from Sæbø. The horse track to it is rugged and difficult, being carried up a deep and narrow glen between escarped cliffs of great elevation, with a furious torrent crossed by alpine bridges which are rather trying to the nerves. The ascent from this valley to the level above the Fall is very steep. As to the Voring-Foss itself, it may be conceived what a fall of the river, in a single column of water 900 feet deep, among cliffs and precipices of the sternest and most gigantic character, must be.—(See "Norway and Scenery," p. 99.) For a track across the Fjeld to Ulvig, on leaving the Foss, which the enterprising tourist may take on his road to the Sogne-Fjord, see Route 7.

## ROUTE V.

### ODDE ON THE SØR-FJORD TO BERGEN.

This is a continuation of Routes 3 and 4, as well as of the two branches connected with Route 4; all of which terminate at Odde, except the last, which joins this Route by a stage on the water from Eidfjord to Eide.

Before leaving Odde, the tourist should make an excursion to the glacier of the Folgefonden, which is so magnificent an



object on the road from Hildal, and from this branch of the Hardanger-Fjord. The greatest elevation is 5,440 feet; but the principal feature is its vast range, extending for 40 miles in a direction north and south, and 14 miles across, in its widest part.—(See “Norway and its Scenery.” p. 103.)

The greater part of Route 5 is accomplished in boats; the water stations being marked thus \*. There are settled rates, as in the case of the land service, for which see the Tables at the end of the volume, and the directions given in the preliminary chapter.

|                |                          |       |                |
|----------------|--------------------------|-------|----------------|
| <sup>1</sup> * | Helleland, in Ullensvang | ..    | 2              |
| <sup>2</sup> * | Utne                     | .. .. | 1              |
| <sup>3</sup> * | Eide                     | .. .. | 1              |
|                | *Nether Vassenden        | ..    | $\frac{1}{4}$  |
|                | Over Vassenden           | ..    | $\frac{1}{2}$  |
| <sup>4</sup>   | Vossevangen              | ..    | $2\frac{1}{2}$ |
|                | Flage                    | ..    | $\frac{7}{8}$  |
| <sup>5</sup> * | Evanger                  | .. .. | $\frac{3}{4}$  |
|                | *Bolstadören             | .. .. | $\frac{1}{2}$  |
|                | Dalseidet                | .. .. | $\frac{1}{2}$  |
| <sup>6</sup> * | Dalevaagen               | .. .. | $\frac{5}{8}$  |
| <sup>7</sup> * | Garnæs                   | .. .. | $2\frac{1}{2}$ |
|                | Hauge                    | .. .. | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
|                | BERGEN                   | .. .. | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |

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15 $\frac{3}{4}$  N. m. 110 $\frac{1}{4}$  E. m.

<sup>1</sup> *Ullensvang*, a large village, is seen to great advantage from the Fjord, nestling among woods, which, with green slopes and cultivated lands, occupy a wide sweep beneath an amphitheatre of the mountains. A little further, the village of Kinservig is passed on the same shore, lying nearly opposite the station of Utne.

The tourist, in ascending the Sör-Fjord, is in the heart of the Hardanger, a wide district comprising the three large parishes of Kinservig, Graven, and Vigöer, with others. The people here have preserved the ancient Norwegian simplicity, as well in their manners and customs as in their whole way of living. They exhibit a remarkable frugality in eating and drinking, and, like their ancestors, seldom or never eat fish or meat, unless smoked or salted; when fresh,

they are unpalatable to their taste. The dwelling of the poorer peasant is a *Røgstue*, or smoke-cabin, with an opening in the roof. Here, as in the olden time, the "house-father" occupies the *Höi-sæde*, high chair or place of honour, which he yields to none of his own rank. There are many rich farmers in the Hardanger who practise the same simplicity of manners in their ordinary way of living as those of less substance, and exhibit their wealth in hospitality to strangers. These are entertained with the best cheer the house can afford; the *Gjæste-stuer*, the stranger's chamber, is exclusively devoted to the reception of travellers, and the "house-father," otherwise so proud himself, attends his guest, it being his pleasure and pride to practise this hospitality; and he would be greatly offended by the offer of payment, instead of a hearty shake of the hand. Their ideas of chastity and pure morals are very severe; only girls of spotless fame are allowed to go bare-headed, those of doubtful reputation are obliged to wear a white handkerchief of a different fashion from the head-dress of married women, and called the *Skaut-Skampled*, or cloth of shame. Some of the ancient customs are still maintained in their courtship. The lover makes his wishes known to the father or guardian, and the answer he receives, even if the offer be acceptable, is "Time will shew." He must wait some time before he asks again; if favourably received, the suitor then speaks to the damsel, for the first time, without witnesses, and if she consents to his suit, they shake hands, and the alliance is concluded on. Sometimes, however, the suitor goes to the house at night with one of his friends; he waits before the door while his companion wakes the girl. She invites them to the store-room, and regales them with a supper of beer and gammel-ost. The assistant then pretends to go away, when the girl also struggles to make her escape, especially if she dislike the man. In former times, after the suitor had undergone the ordeal of the family scrutiny, his friend was sent to fetch the girl from her refuge in the hay-barn, where she was concealed under bundles of straw, or in a chest, and being stoutly defended by her maiden friends, there was a serious struggle before the prize was carried off. The peculiar dress of the women in the Hardanger is a

black wadmel jacket with a red boddice edged with worsted ribbons and silver lace; a scarlet petticoat of wadmel (homespun) and a linen apron, with a red border. The men wear a red woollen cap, a white jacket of wadmel, with a red one underneath, a blue waistcoat with silver buttons; and yellow leather breeches, embroidered up the seam, are fastened round the waist by a belt with a brass buckle; grey stockings with bright clocks.

The *Sör-Fjord* is the southern branch of the great Hardanger-Fjord, which, in its direct course from the foot of the Fjelds to the North Sea, is about 120 English miles in length, with a breadth of from 2 to 5 miles; but its various ramifications greatly increase its extent. Surrounded by lofty mountains, which for the most part descend precipitously to the water's edge, its general character is stern magnificence; but the sterile features are relieved by great masses of forest, and occasionally by little smiling farms straggling up the lower slopes, and occupying every rood of available land with rich cultivation.

<sup>2</sup> At *Une*, where boats are changed, the main channel of the Fjord sweeps round in a sharp angle to the south-west, which course it keeps for about 70 English miles to the North Sea. About 30 Norsk miles down on the right bank, where the Fjord is called Samlen, stand two considerable villages, Vigöer and Ostensö; and midway between them there is an inlet and little harbour at *Noreim*, from whence there is a track up the Steins-Dalen across the country to Bergen, passing by Aadland, near Samnanger and Trendereig, on the Oster-Fjord. There is a very fine Fall, the Ostud-Foss, near Vigöer. The distance from Odde to Bergen is thus reduced to about 75 English miles; but parts of the route are such as will try the traveller's patience. On a lower part of the channel, called the Quinherred-Fjord, the views of the Folgefonden glacier are said to be still more magnificent than those obtained from the Sör-Fjord; this enormous mountain of ice and snow filling the space between the two channels.

<sup>3</sup> *Eide*; crossing from Utne to this station, the mouth of a deep inlet, the western branch of the Fjord leading to Eidfjord, is passed. Tourists who propose visiting the Voring-

Foss on this route will take boat from Utne to Vik in Eidfjord. From thence they may proceed to Lærdals-ören, either by Vossevangen, or by a track presently given in Route 7.

‘ At *Vossevangen*, where there are good accommodations, the route joins the high road from Christiania to Bergen. Here the tourist who is taking the circuit I. 2, of those suggested in the preliminary observations, will turn eastward, taking the post-road over the Fille-Fjeld to Christiania (for which see Routes 9, 16), stopping, however, at Lierdals-ören, if he wishes to extend his excursions on the Sogne-Fjord. The road from this station, in the direction of Bergen, is carried along the bank of the Vangs-Vand.

The strength and intrepidity of the men of *Voss* is celebrated through the whole country. They were always a warlike and hardy race, renowned in the northern Sagas, and have maintained their character in the wars with Sweden even to the present century. Many a bloody fray has taken place within the walls of the well-known Skruppstrue, the ancient law-court on the Vangs-Vand. Those who have seen the men of *Voss* sitting round the hacked table in the hall, deeply marked with the blows of their hard fists, or preparing for fight, when they cast off their upper garment, and throwing themselves into plastic, but unstudied attitudes, display the fine shape and Herculean strength of their limbs, or, after a hard fight, not of passion, but of rivalry, grasp each other's hands in token of friendship, and wash their adversaries' wounds with brandy, will find in them the true sons of their iron fathers, who from the 8th to the 10th century were the terror of all Europe. Their costume is a black hat, with a white ribbon band; the shirt front is open, displaying a silver cross and studs; leather jacket and breeches, with a blue waistcoat of wadmél edged with red, and small silver buttons. They wear leather belts, from which are suspended the sheaths of their short knives, and red garters and tassels. The women wear the usual white linen head-dress, white sleeves, and collar, with a boddice of red wadmél. On the breast, besides silver studs, a large medallion is suspended by a chain. Round the waist is a leather belt, with silver nails and buckles; a blue calico

apron over a black plaited petticoat, and bright worsted stockings, reaching to the ankles, meeting the yellow socks with which, and with silver-buckled shoes, the feet are encased, complete the costume.

<sup>5</sup> *Evanger* stands at the head of a small but romantic lake, surrounded by lofty mountains. The traveller takes boat upon it for the next station, and between Bolstadoren and Dalseidet there is again a short passage by water on a narrow branch of the Oster-Fjord.

<sup>6</sup> At *Dalevaagen* travellers embark on this Fjord, which is navigated for about 18 English miles. The Fjord is about a mile, or a mile and a half, broad. The boats keep to the eastern shore, the mountains rising precipitously from the water's edge, except where there are slopes at the base, formed of the *debris* washed down from the upper regions. All these spots are occupied as small farms; and when the people are busy with their hay, the green slopes and haycocks form charming objects among the dark ranges of woods and mountains.

<sup>7</sup> Landing at *Garnæs*, there are two stages to Bergen. The general character of the country is open moorland, extremely hilly, with occasional fine views of distant mountains. There is also a fine view of Bergen, the Fjord, islands, and mountains, from a hill about a mile before entering the city. For an account of Bergen, see Route 1.

## II. CENTRAL GROUP.—ROUTE VI.

### VOSSEVANGEN TO LIERDALS-ÖREN.

Considering Lierdals-ören as the centre of this group, the two following short routes are intended to connect the preceding routes from the south with that place; and although Route 6 is a section of a longer one given elsewhere, it may be convenient to have this link supplied in its present place. It need hardly be remarked, that all these routes will equally serve travellers coming from the eastward, the order of the stations being reversed.

|                                 |                |                     |
|---------------------------------|----------------|---------------------|
| Vossevangen, Route 5, to Tvinde | 1              |                     |
| Vinje .. ..                     | $\frac{7}{8}$  |                     |
| Stalheim .. ..                  | 1              |                     |
| Gudvangen .. ..                 | $1\frac{1}{8}$ |                     |
| LIERDALS-ÖREN .. ..             | $5\frac{1}{8}$ | on the Sogne-Fjord. |

|                        |                 |       |                  |       |
|------------------------|-----------------|-------|------------------|-------|
|                        | $9\frac{1}{8}$  | N. m. | $63\frac{3}{4}$  | E. m. |
| Odde to Vossevangen .. | $7\frac{1}{4}$  | „     | $50\frac{3}{4}$  | „     |
|                        | <hr/>           |       | <hr/>            |       |
|                        | $16\frac{3}{8}$ | „     | $114\frac{1}{2}$ | „     |

For remarks, and continuation to Bergen, see Route 16.

## ROUTE VII.

### EIDFJORD TO LIERDALS-ÖREN BY URLAND.

On leaving the Voring-Foss, a lightly-equipped and active tourist need not return to Sæbø and Vik; but having procured a guide, may pursue this direct route, following a track over high moors, from which he will obtain magnificent views of the summit of Hartiegen (5,500 feet,) and the dome of the Folgefonden, distant forty miles. He will pass near the Skyttie-Foss and the Rembis-Foss, two noble waterfalls. The track then winds by a sharp descent into the deep and dark valley of Simedal, which, shut in by cliffs 3,000 feet high, leads down to the eastern fork of the Hardanger-Fjord. On the shore of this, near Ose, there is a hospitable farm, and the tourist can procure a boat to take him to Ulvig, about fifteen English miles, on the northern fork of the same fjord. From thence the horse-track across the fjeld to Urland passes through charming scenery to upland farms, where tolerable accommodations are procured. It then ascends rapidly to an elevation of not less than 4,000 feet, commanding views of a vast range of snowy mountains, with Jokelen, 5,550 feet high, in the distance. Descending to the Rundals-Elv, the traveller may procure horses at a farm called Almindigen, and will descend into Kaardal, from which King Sverre effected his bold retreat, when forced by the men of Voss to retire into

Hallingdal through the rugged passes where to this day "the path of Sverre" recalls the memory of those times. Still descending, the road falls into the fertile valley of Flaam-dalen, where some Bauta stones are to be seen, the records of battles fought in this district in very ancient times. At Urland the tourist will be able to procure a boat to navigate the fjord to Lierdals-ören.

|                              |                           |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Vik to the Voring-Foss       | 1 $\frac{3}{4}$           |
| Öse      ..      ..          | 2                         |
| Ulvig ..      ..             | 2 by water.               |
| Almindigen, across the Fjeld | 4                         |
| Flaam, ditto      ..         | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$           |
| Urland      ..      ..       | 1                         |
| LIERDALS-ÖREN      ..        | 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ by water. |

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18 $\frac{1}{2}$  N. m. 129 $\frac{1}{2}$  E. m.

## ROUTE VIII.

### EXCURSIONS FROM LIERDALS-ÖREN.

Lierdals-ören, on a branch of the Sogne-Fjord, is an excellent resting-place for the tourist. Though the village itself is insignificant, there is a roomy and comfortable hotel, and he may here refit, and replenish his stores, for further enterprises. The place is centrally situated as a starting point for several excursions.

1. If the tourist arrives here without having visited the Rjukan-Foss, or the Voring-Foss, and other objects of interest connected with the Hardanger-Fjord, he will do well to make arrangements for that purpose from hence, taking the reverse way such of the preceding routes, 4 to 7, as he may select.

#### 2. *Excursion to the Justedal.*

|                                 |                 |
|---------------------------------|-----------------|
| Solvorn, on the Lyster-Fjord .. | 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ |
| Rønneid, on the Gaupne-Fjord    | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ |
| Moklemyr, in Justedal      ..   | 2               |
| Nygaard glacier      ..         | 2               |

---

7 $\frac{3}{4}$  N. m. 51 $\frac{1}{4}$  E. m.

The two first stages are performed in boats. Horses may be procured at Rønneid, but the road is so rugged, that it is better, for those who are able, to walk up the Justedal. Nygaard is the finest glacier, but there are others higher in the valley; the Alpine scenery is throughout magnificent. There are no accommodations but such as the hospitality of the clergyman at the præste-gaard may induce him to supply. From Nygaard there are horse-tracks to the north and east, the one leading into the road from Molde to Bergen, at Faleidet, Route 10; the other to the Lia-Vand and Lom.

### 3. *Excursion up the Aardals-Fjord.*

From Lierdals-øren to the head of the Aardals-Fjord is about two Norsk miles. At Aardal the *Landhandler*, or shopkeeper, an intelligent person, will assist the traveller as to obtaining a guide, &c. The first station recommended is the farm of Svaleim, about 10 English miles up the Aardals-Vand and Utneidal. From thence the high Fjelds, on which reindeer are plentiful, may be ascended. Retracing his steps a little, the tourist will proceed up the Thy-Elv, through one of the grandest of Norwegian glens, in distinction from the valley or *dal*; the river forming a succession of falls, second only to the Voring and Rjukan-Foss. He must content himself with the shelter and dairy produce which a sæter will supply, in addition to his own stores. On the morrow, ascending the Fjeld, points of view may be obtained, at an elevation of 4,500 feet, from which the whole range of the peaks of the Hörungurne, called also the *Jotum-Fjelds*, or giant mountains, may be seen; Skagtols-tind, the highest summit in Norway, being 7,670 feet. Numerous *dyr-shack*, the trail of the reindeer, will be observed, and, suitably equipped, there is no better range of Fjeld in Norway for stalking them. The night may be spent at the sæter of Sletterust. In the morning, the Fjeld will be crossed, and the track descends by a steep zig-zag of 2,500 feet into the *Morke-kold-dal*, the dark, cold valley, a scene of wonderful grandeur, increased by a magnificent pine-forest, over which the Hörungurne peaks are seen. The tourist will rest at the Sæter of Vetti, and thence returning to Svaleim and Aardal, take boat on the Fjord for Lierdals-øren.



4. *Excursion to the Hörungerne.*

The tourist who wishes to penetrate further among the mountain peaks, seen in the last excursion, will embark at Lierdals-ören, and, passing the entrance of the Aardals-Fjord, already mentioned, will follow up the Lyster-Fjord to its extreme eastern point at the foot of the mountains, near Fortun. Thus far the noble Sogne-Fjord and its branches penetrate, a distance of 150 miles from the sea. But, on the whole, the scenery of the Sogne-Fjord is not on the same scale of grandeur as that of the Hardanger. The higher mountains, with some exceptions, do not rise so directly from the water; their elevations are not so great; and there is less variety in the outline of the shores. The stations to Fortun are as follows:—

|                  |    |    |    |  |
|------------------|----|----|----|--|
| Solvorn          | .  | .. | .. | $2\frac{5}{8}$                               |
| Dösen, in Lyster | .. | .. | .. | $1\frac{1}{2}$                               |
| Skjolden         | .. | .. | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$                                |
| Fortun           | .. | .. | .. | 1  |
|                  |    |    |    | —  |
|                  |    |    |    | 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ N. m. 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ E. m. |

The voyage to Skjolden takes ten or twelve hours, according to the wind; there are good accommodations at that station, and either there or at Fortun the tourist will be able to procure a guide and horses, and make arrangements for an excursion into the Hörungurne, at the foot of which it stands. There is a herd of tame reindeer on the Fjeld about four Norsk miles from Fortun, and the wild deer are to be met with on the higher Fjelds. Having satisfied his curiosity, the tourist will return to Lierdals-ören, unless he is inclined, as some English travellers have done, to cross the Fjeld to Lom on the Otte-Sö, from whence there is a by-road which joins the great northern road just below the Dovre-Fjeld, between Trondhjem and Christiania.

## CONTINUATION OF ROUTE VIII TO THE DOVRE-FJELD ROAD.

Arrangements should be made at Fortun for this journey, which is an enterprise attended with considerable hardship and fatigue, but it may vary the line of route, and some

such undertaking is necessary for those who wish to form any adequate idea of a Norwegian Fjeld, which cannot be gained on the post-roads over the Dovre-Fjeld or the Fille-Fjeld. The distance from Fortun to the first sæters on the further side of the Fjeld is about 5 Norsk, or 35 English miles; and to lessen the day's journey over an inhospitable waste, at a vast elevation, it is advisable to sleep at one of the sæters on the west flank of the Fjeld, about 1 Norsk mile from Fortun, and thus get an advanced start in the morning. If the weather be fair, without which it would be dangerous to venture on the Fjeld, splendid views will be obtained of the Hørungerne peaks. The path, however wild, is the frequented track from Gulbrandsdalen, by which shop goods are conveyed on pack-horses to the head of the Sogne-Fjord. The first sæters on the east of the Fjeld can be reached in about seven hours. The traveller may probably procure there a fresh horse, and push on about 10 English miles further to Hoft, where there is a gieste-huus. It is about 10 miles more to Lom on the Otte-Sö, where there is a regular post-station on a by-road which joins the Dovre-Fjeld road at Laurgaard, three stages beyond. The distances from Fortun to Laurgaard are as follows:—

|                   |                          |       |    |
|-------------------|--------------------------|-------|----|
| •                 | Over the Fjeld to Sæters | ..    | 5  |
|                   | Hoft                     | .. .. | 1½ |
|                   | Lom                      | .. .. | 1½ |
| 1                 | Gardmö                   | .. .. | 1  |
|                   | Svee, in Vaage           | .. .. | 1  |
| 2                 | Laurgaard                | .     | 1  |
| <hr/>             |                          |       |    |
| 11 N. m. 77 E. m. |                          |       |    |

The distance from Laurgaard to Christiania, see Route 17, is 27 Norsk, or 189 English miles. At Gardmö, the Otte-Sö, or Vaage-Vand, is crossed to Vaage. Laurgaard is on the Laagen-Elv, at the head of the long valley of Gulbrandsdalen.

## ROUTE IX.

## LIERDALS-ÖREN TO DRAMMEN AND CHRISTIANIA.

The direct road between Bergen, Lierdals-ören, and Christiania, over the Fille-Fjeld is given in Route 16, the route taken by most travellers, and the one indicated in the preliminary observations addressed to tourists, who wish to make the most of an excursion in Norway, limited in point of time. If they extend their tour to the Hardanger and Sogne-Fjords, they will probably take this road either in going or returning. But there are circumstances under which Route 9 may be convenient, particularly when the Rjukan-Foss and Telemarken have not been visited, as it brings them within easy reach by the cross Route 15, which joins the present at Drammen, a town likewise only three stages from Christiania. Some persons prefer this route to the more frequented road to Christiania, considering the scenery more beautiful. The first stages through the romantic defile by which the summit of the Fille-Fjeld is reached, are the same in both routes. Our road then crosses the strikingly-wild plateau of the Fjeld by a shorter course, and descends into the beautiful valley of Hemsedal, which it threads to the entrance of the still more celebrated valley of Hallingdal. The remainder of the route has also many points of interest.

|                                      |                 |                          |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------|--------------------------|
| Lierdals-ören to Mid Lysne           | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ |                          |
| Husum .. ..                          | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ |                          |
| <sup>1</sup> Hæg .. ..               | $\frac{7}{8}$   |                          |
| Bjoberg .. ..                        | 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ | Fast station, pay extra. |
| <sup>2</sup> Tuf, in Hemsedal .. ..  | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ |                          |
| Aalrust .. ..                        | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ |                          |
| <sup>3</sup> Ro, in Hallingdal .. .. | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ |                          |
| Hoftun, or Haag .. ..                | $\frac{7}{8}$   |                          |
| <sup>4</sup> Næs .. ..               | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |                          |
| Sevre .. ..                          | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ |                          |
| Trostheim .. ..                      | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ |                          |
| Gulsvig .. ..                        | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ |                          |

\* The scene of Miss Bremer's well-known tale of "Strife and Peace," Halling-skarven, above the head of the valley, is 5,600 feet high.

|                               |    |    |                             |
|-------------------------------|----|----|-----------------------------|
| Sorteberg                     | .. | .. | $1\frac{1}{2}$ pay for 2 m. |
| <sup>5</sup> Green, in Ulberg | .. | .. | 1                           |
| Vatsenreed                    | .. | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$               |
| Gubbereed                     | .. | .. | 1                           |
| Vikersund                     | .. | .. | $1\frac{1}{4}$              |
| Björndalen                    | .. | .. | 1                           |
| Haugsund                      | .. | .. | $1\frac{1}{8}$              |
| <sup>6</sup> DRAMMEN          | .. | .. | $1\frac{5}{8}$              |

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$24\frac{3}{4}$  N. m.  $173\frac{1}{4}$  E. m.

<sup>1</sup> Between *Husum* and *Hæg* the scenery is most romantic (see Route 16,) and examine the curious old timber church of Borgund, as to which, consult remarks on Hitterdal church, in Route 4. At *Hæg* our road turns off from the usual route to Christiania, already mentioned. After passing *Hæg*, the summit of the Fille-Fjeld is gained by a very steep ascent of the mountain side, through a deep ravine; the scenery is wild and magnificent, while that of the Fjeld, which is passed to Bjoberg, is desolation itself.

<sup>2</sup> *Tuf*.—The road following the course of a torrent, which has its source on the Fjeld, descends rapidly into the valley of Hemsedal.

<sup>3</sup> The station at *Rö* is at the entrance of Hallingdalen, and there are good quarters at *Næs*.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Green*.—The range of mountains seen for the last three stages to the S.W. is the Ekkedals-Fjeld, the road coasting the right bank of the Krorem-Fjord, and crossing a narrow part of it to the left bank near the station. At Green the direct road towards Christiania turns to the right, and joins Route 16 at Sundvolden, by the stages, Oppegaard  $1\frac{1}{2}$ , Veeme 1, Braaten,  $\frac{7}{8}$ , Sundvolden  $1\frac{1}{2}$ , miles.

<sup>6</sup> *Drammen* is a town of some commercial importance, with a population of 12,000 souls, having a large export in deals to England and France. The timber is floated down the river Dram, and its numerous tributaries; some of it from great distances in the interior. Here it is sawed into deals by a vast number of saw-mills worked by the river.—(See “Norway and its Scenery, p. 322.”) Hotels, D’Angleterre, and De Scandinavie. For continuation to Christiania, see Route 15.

## III. NORTHERN AND NORTH-WESTERN GROUP.

## ROUTE X.

## BERGEN TO MOLDE, ON ROAD TO TRONDHJEM.

This is the first of the north-western routes in our present arrangement, all of which are connected with Trondhjem as the centre. It carries on the line of communications from the south in previous routes; this road is also taken by tourists from Christiania making directly for Bergen, and afterwards travelling northward. Great part of the road to Trondhjem being rugged and hilly, with no less than fifteen Fjords to cross, many of them of considerable width, this route, never much frequented, will probably be still less, in consequence of the establishment of the line of steam-boats round the coast. They make the voyage from Bergen to Molde in two days, and from thence to Trondhjem in two more. Further particulars respecting them will be found in the proper place. The trip to Molde and Trondhjem in this way must be very agreeable, from the character of the coast, the steam-boat threading the channels between the clusters of islands which shelter it from the swell of the North Sea. This mode of transit is easy, cheap, and expeditious; but of course Norway may be steamed round, without the tourist's acquiring much knowledge of the country, or seeing its most attractive scenery. In the present instance, he will have to decide between the coasting voyage and the land route, which, though it may be fatiguing, conducts through some of the very finest scenery in Norway. The very obstacles he will have to contend with, the crossing so many Fjords, with their enclosing ridges, spurs from the great central chain of Fjelds, enhance the interest of the journey. Should he go no further than Molde on this road, and, making an excursion into the singularly grand and picturesque valley of Romsdal, turn south to Christiania, he will be amply repaid for any difficulties he may encounter.

The whole of this route, and its continuation to Trondhjem, can be performed in a carriage, the wheels being easily taken off to embark it on boats at the various Fjords. A screw for taking the wheels off the axle should not be forgotten, and the general directions for preliminary arrangements prefixed to other Routes must be carefully attended to. The journey to Trondhjem by this route has been accomplished by English travellers in about seven days. The four first stages from Bergen to the Sogne-Fjord may be performed by water. The stations are given in the parallel column. For further details of this route, see "Norway and its Scenery," c. ix. p. 242.)

|                                  |                |                       |                |
|----------------------------------|----------------|-----------------------|----------------|
| Rødland .. ..                    | 1              | Alvestrommen ..       | 2              |
| Horvigen .. ..                   | 1              | Skjerjehavn ..        | $1\frac{3}{4}$ |
| Isdal .. ..                      | $\frac{3}{4}$  | Sognefast ..          | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Næse .. ..                       | $1\frac{3}{8}$ | Lærvig ..             | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Hundven, in Lindaas ..           | $\frac{1}{4}$  |                       |                |
| Lindaas (Fanebust)               | $1\frac{1}{8}$ |                       |                |
| Steenvaagen, in Edvindvik        | 1              |                       |                |
| Eide, in ditto .. ..             | $\frac{1}{2}$  |                       |                |
| Nordgulen .. ..                  | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |                       |                |
| Rutledal .. ..                   | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |                       |                |
| Lærvig .. ..                     | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | on Segne-Fjord.       |                |
| Systad, in Askevold              | 1              |                       |                |
| Skaar, in ditto .. ..            | 1              |                       |                |
| Flække, Outer Holmedal           | $1\frac{1}{8}$ |                       |                |
| Trods, in ditto .. ..            | $\frac{5}{8}$  | on Dale-Fjord.        |                |
| Sveen, Inner Holmedal ..         | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |                       |                |
| Langeland, in ditto              | 1              |                       |                |
| Hafstad, in Förde ..             | 1              |                       |                |
| Moe, in ditto .. ..              | $\frac{3}{4}$  |                       |                |
| Redre-Vasenden .. ..             | $\frac{7}{8}$  | on the Jölster-Fjord. |                |
| Skeid, or Skei .. ..             | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | on ditto.             |                |
| Förde, in Breim .. ..            | $\frac{3}{4}$  |                       |                |
| Reed, in ditto .. ..             | 1              | on the Breims-Vand.   |                |
| Udvig .. ..                      | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | on Indvigen-Fjord.    |                |
| Faleide .. ..                    | 1              | on ditto.             |                |
| Kjösebunden, in Horningdal .. .. | $\frac{7}{8}$  |                       |                |
| Graadæs, in ditto .. ..          |                |                       |                |

|  |                 |  |
|--|-----------------|--|
| Haugen, in ditto ..                            | $\frac{3}{4}$   |  |
| Tronstad, in Romsdals Amt ..                   | $\frac{7}{8}$   |  |
| Hellesylt .. ..                                | $\frac{3}{4}$   | on the Stor-Fjord.                           |
| Ljøen .. ..                                    | $\frac{1}{2}$   | on the Fjord to Slyngstad, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ . |
| Helstad, in Stranden ..                        | 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ |  |
| Slyngstad, in ditto ..                         | $\frac{3}{4}$   |  |
| Søholt, in Orshaug ..                          |                 |  |
| Remeim .. ..                                   | 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ | over Örshaug-Fjeld.                          |
| MOLDE .. ..                                    | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | on the Fjord.                                |
| <hr/>  |                 |  |
| 36 $\frac{3}{8}$ N. m. 254 $\frac{1}{2}$ E. m. |                 |  |

The situation of Molde is striking. Built on the declivity of the mountains, which slope down to the Fjord, it commands a view of the snowy Alps bounding the whole of its southern shore. "I do not remember such a long extended range of peaks, except, perhaps, in the Loffodens; but here one rank peeps out from behind another, until they are lost in the distance, and, as they mix with the white clouds, we fancy them like hanging cities or fortresses in the air. Among them Romsdals-horn appears conspicuous." — Everest's "Norway," and see "Norway and its Scenery," p. 251.

An excursion may be made by water from Molde to Aalesund, on an island off the mouth of the Stör-Fjord, near which place Rolf-ganger, or Rollo *the Walker*, embarked for the conquest of Normandy; the rocky coves in which his gallies were fitted out are still shewn. *Søholt* is the nearest point to Aalesund in the route, but perhaps the visit may better be reserved till Molde is reached. The excursion to Romsdalen may either be by boat all the way to Veblungsnæs near the head of the Fjord, distance about 20 English miles, or by driving along the north bank of the Fanne-Fjord, which commands splendid views of the Romsdal-peaks, to Lønsat, 1 Norsk mile; across the Fjord and by land to Søllesnæs,  $\frac{2}{3}$  of a mile; over the Lang-Fjord to Alfarnæs,  $\frac{2}{3}$ ths of a mile; by land to Thorvik, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles; cross a wide branch of the Romsdal-Fjord to Veblungsnæs,  $\frac{2}{3}$ ths of a mile. The scenery up the valley of Romsdal for a Norsk mile to the station of Højem is of the grandest description.

The road passes between the two remarkable peaks of the Romsdal's Horn on one side and the Vinges-Tindene on the other, which rise upwards of 2,000 feet above the valley. From Veblungsnæs, the tourist, who abandons any design he may have entertained of proceeding further northward, can return to Christiania by Route 21, which joins the Dovre-Fjeld road at Lid. The scenery from Molde to Romsdal, and along the Rauma-elv, and the western fork of the Laagen-elv, with the lake Læsjö, which unites them, being among the finest in Norway. See the preliminary remarks to Route 21.

## ROUTE XI.

MOLDE (CONTINUATION FROM BERGEN) TO TRONDHJEM.

|                            |    |                    |
|----------------------------|----|--------------------|
| Lönsæt, in Bölsö parish    | .. | 1                  |
| Eide, in ditto             | .. | 1                  |
| Istad, in ditto            | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$      |
| Hægeim, in Thingvold       | .. | 1                  |
| Angviken, in ditto         | .. | $\frac{7}{8}$      |
| Bækken, on Thingvold-Fjord |    | $\frac{1}{2}$      |
| Vaagböen                   | .. | $\frac{3}{8}$      |
| Stangevik, on Fjord        | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$      |
| Aasen, in Surendalen       | .. | $\frac{1}{4}$      |
| Honstad, in ditto          | .. | 1                  |
| Sæter, in ditto            | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$      |
| Aune..                     | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$      |
| Hotte                      | .. | 1                  |
| Garberg, in Meldal         | .. | 1                  |
| Kalstad, in ditto          | .. | $1\frac{1}{2}$     |
| Gumdal, in Orkedal         | .. | $1\frac{3}{8}$     |
| Fandreim, in ditto         | .. | $1\frac{1}{4}$     |
| Bye, in Börsi-skogn        | .. | 1                  |
| Hammer, in Budvig          | .. | 1                  |
| Skjefstad                  | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$      |
| TRONDHJEM                  | .. | $1\frac{1}{8}$     |
|                            |    | <hr/>              |
|                            |    | 19 N. m. 133 E. m. |



At *Hægeim*,<sup>1</sup> the Trondhjem road turns off to Christiansund, a town built on three islands in the Fjord, which forms an excellent harbour. It has a considerable trade, principally connected with the fisheries. The stations from Hægeim are, Taarvik  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , Frædö 1, Bolgen  $\frac{5}{8}$ , across the Fjord to Christiansund  $\frac{1}{4}$ ,—Norsk miles.

<sup>2</sup> *Trondhjem*, the ancient capital of Norway, containing a population of 14,000, is situated on the Fjord of the same name. Its original name was Nidaros, from the river which here flows into the bay. The principal objects are the venerable cathedral, founded in the 12th century, where the kings of Norway are still crowned; the fortress of Munkholm, on an island in the bay; and the museum. In the neighbourhood are the Falls called Leerfossen, on the river Nid, about 3 English miles from Trondhjem. There are several good hotels, but the accommodations of a private establishment now, or lately, kept by Mrs. Homberg, are generally preferred by English travellers. For further particulars of Trondhjem, and the road from Molde, see "Norway and its Scenery," pp. 267 to 289.

## ROUTE XII.

## TRONDHJEM TO THE NAMSEN-ELV AND FISKUM-FOSS.

|                         |    |    |                |
|-------------------------|----|----|----------------|
| Haugan                  | .. | .. | $1\frac{3}{8}$ |
| Sandferhuus             | .. | .. | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Farbord                 | .. | .. | 1              |
| Værdal                  | .. | .. | 1              |
| Hammar                  | .. | .. | $\frac{1}{2}$  |
| Hove                    | .. | .. | 1              |
| Thynæs (LEVANGER)       | .. | .. | 1              |
| Holme, near Sticklestad |    |    | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Hodske                  | .. | .. | 1              |
| Steinkjær               | .. | .. | $1\frac{3}{8}$ |
| Vikan                   | .. | .. | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Eilden                  | .. | .. | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Aargaard                | .. | .. | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Bangsund                | .. | .. | 2              |
| Spillum                 | .. | .. | 1              |

|   |                      |    |                  |
|---|----------------------|----|------------------|
| 7 | Hun, on Namsen-Fjord | .. | 21 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
|   | Haugan .. ..         | .. | 1                |
|   | Storein .. ..        | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$    |
| 8 | Vie .. ..            | .. | $\frac{1}{2}$    |
|   | Fosland .. ..        | .. | 1                |
|   | Gotland .. ..        | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$    |
| 9 | Fiskum-Foss .. ..    | .. | $\frac{1}{2}$    |

21 $\frac{3}{4}$  N. m. 173 $\frac{1}{4}$  E. m.

The first part of this route lies through a more fertile and level district than is generally found in Norway. It is, however, varied by frequent hills, commanding fine views of the Trondhjem Fjord. There is good accommodation at *Hammar*,<sup>1</sup> which is pleasantly situated near the head of the Fjord.

<sup>2</sup> *Levanger* is a large town, and a place of considerable trade; the fairs held there in winter and spring are much resorted to by the Lapps or Finns, and by Swedes and Russians.

<sup>3</sup> Near *Holme* is Stikklestad, where St. Olaf, king of Norway, fell in a great battle fought with Canute, A.D. 1030. Between Levanger and Holme a road branches off to the right into the valley of Lærdal, proceeding onward into Sweden. In this valley Mr. Samuel Laing, the author of several works connected with Norway, resided for some time.

<sup>4</sup> *Steinkjar*.—Excellent quarters may be had at the principal merchants, and there are decent inns at *Eilden*,<sup>5</sup> and at Hun.

<sup>6</sup> From Aargaard to Bangsund the scenery is wildly magnificent, the road winding through a mountainous district among glades and glens, with views of the Namsen-Fjord, which it coasts. Tolerable accommodations may be had at Bangsund, which stands on a small bay expanding into the Fjord, a lovely spot.

<sup>7</sup> From *Hun* the road follows the course of the Namsen river, which is crossed repeatedly. At first the valley is level, but it becomes alpine further up. The best stations for salmon fishing are from *Vie*<sup>8</sup> to *Gotland*, and in the Fiskum pool below the Foss.

° The Fiskum Foss, one of the finest waterfalls in Norway, is about 4 English miles from Gotland, by a very rough road. The whole river makes a single fall over an almost perpendicular ledge of gneiss to a depth of 100 or 150 feet. "A perpetual column of spray rises above the abyss wherein it is received; and the cataract's eternal roar adds Nature's voices to the scene."—*Belton*.

In returning from the Namsen, the route may be varied, after Steinkjær, by taking another road which, though much of it is hilly and bad, presents interesting views over an extremely wild country. The stages are as follows:—Steinkjær to Fölling, 1 Norsk mile; Koam, 1; Ryg, 1; Hammar,  $\frac{3}{4}$ ; Hægset,  $1\frac{1}{4}$ ; Grogn on the Namsen 3,— $8\frac{1}{2}$  Norsk, or 27 English, miles. From Fölling to Hægset the road coasts the Snaasen-Vand, a beautiful lake nearly 40 English miles long. This part of the journey may be performed by boat.

## ROUTE XIII.

### TRONDHJEM TO HAMMERFEST.

This route follows the road to the Namsen as far as Hun, and has only one stage by land beyond that place. Such a journey for nearly 900 miles performed in open boats, in all weather, through a most desolate and sterile region, has little to compensate the fatigue and expense of the undertaking. There is nothing very remarkable in the scenery of the North Cape; and to stand on the most northern point of the Continent of Europe, if such it be, is a project which has tempted very few travellers. Since, however, the establishment of the steam-boats to Hammerfest, distant only about 90 English miles from the North Cape, these extreme points of the Norwegian territory have been made accessible to tourists who would not previously have entertained a thought of visiting them. This season (1853), for the first time, the voyage is extended northward beyond Hammerfest, rounding the North Cape, within two Norsk miles of which passengers are landed, and terminating at Vardø, on the East coast of Finmarken. The steam-boats will now, it may be supposed, supersede the former mode of travelling through these deso-

late regions; the post-route, however, is retained for the convenience of tourists who, missing the steam-boats, or for any other reason, may find it useful. For the steam-boats to Hammerfest and the North Cape, see the Tables at the end of the Land Routes.

|                            |    |                  |
|----------------------------|----|------------------|
| To Hun, Route 12           | .. | 20 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Vemundvik..                | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  |
| Sejerstad ..               | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  |
| Strand ..                  | .. | 2                |
| Finne ..                   | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  |
| Aarför ..                  | .. | 2                |
| Foldereid ..               | .. | 1                |
| Teraak ..                  | .. | 2                |
| Steensöen, in Nöstvik      | .. | 3                |
| Salhuus, in Brönö ..       | .. | 2                |
| Jorviken ..                | .. | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  |
| Söviken, in Alstaheng ..   | .. | 2 $\frac{7}{8}$  |
| Sandnæs-söen, in ditto     | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  |
| Kobberdal, in Næsne ..     | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  |
| Donnæs, in ditto ..        | .. | 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  |
| Lurö ..                    | .. | 2 $\frac{3}{8}$  |
| Selsövik, in Rödö ..       | .. | 1 $\frac{7}{8}$  |
| Svinvær ..                 | .. | 2                |
| Stöt ..                    | .. | 2 $\frac{3}{8}$  |
| Melyr, in Gildeslkaal ..   | .. | 3                |
| <sup>1</sup> Bodö ..       | .. | 3 $\frac{1}{4}$  |
| Kjerringö, in Folden ..    | .. | 3                |
| Hielnæs ..                 | .. | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  |
| Lövö, in Stegen ..         | .. | 2                |
| Fikke, in Hammerö ..       | .. | 3                |
| Bæröen ..                  | .. | 3                |
| Sandtorvholm, in Trondenæs | .. | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  |
| Havniken, in Ibestad ..    | .. | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  |
| Dypvik, in Dyrö ..         | .. | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  |
| Klöven, in Tranö ..        | .. | 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  |
| Gibostad, in Lærvik ..     | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  |
| <sup>2</sup> Tromsö ..     | .. | 3 $\frac{1}{4}$  |
| Finkrogen ..               | .. | 2                |
| Karlsö ..                  | .. | 2                |
| Skjervö ..                 | .. | 3                |

|                         |    |    |    |
|-------------------------|----|----|----|
| Loppén                  | .. | .. | 2½ |
| Hasvik                  | .. | .. | 2½ |
| <sup>3</sup> HAMMERFEST | .. | .. | 4  |

104 N. m. 728 E. m.

The singular feature of this route is the myriads of islands, islets, and insular rocks or *sheers* which stud the coast, and through the channels formed by which the navigation is carried on. The most remarkable of these islands are the *Loffoden*, extending in a chain for 70 miles from the neighbourhood of Bodö to beyond Tromsö, their southern point being 20 miles from the mainland, which they gradually approach till they form a narrow channel through which our route passes. The cod-fisheries of these islands employ annually 15,000 men, and produce 16 millions of fish, besides upwards of 20,000 barrels of cod-liver-oil, and 6,000 barrels of cod's-roe. The elevations of the mountains on the coast decrease after leaving the Sogne-Fjord, though there are many long ranges and peaked summits of a striking character. It will be observed how many names of places end in *ö*, that monosyllable being the Norsk term for an island; as *næs*, which also forms the termination of many descriptive names, signifies a promontory; *Sö* is a fresh water lake; as *Fjord* is an arm of the sea. The pine forests entirely disappear, and the interest centres in the rugged scenery of the coast and its islands; what may be called the general level of the country being a succession of sterile and dreary moors. The valley of the *Alten* river forms an oasis in this vast desert, being the most extensive and fertile in the north of Norway. The river is well known to English anglers for its salmon fishery, for which it is only inferior to the Namsen. From the station of Skjervö, in this route, the Kvenangen-Fjord is ascended in boats to Alteidet, whence a narrow isthmus is crossed to the Alten-Fjord, on which a boat is again taken to the village of Alten, at the mouth of the river. The whole distance from Skjervö is  $8\frac{3}{4}$  Norsk miles, about 60 English miles. The steam-boats call at Bösekop, on the Alten-Fjord, 1 Norsk mile by land from Alten. The Arctic circle is crossed between Lurö and Selsövik, so that there is hardly any night in these regions

at the season most usual for travelling, and the atmospheric effects are magnificent.

<sup>1</sup> *Bodö*, the chief town of the province of Nordland, is the residence of the Amptmand, and other civil officers of the district, the office answering to that of a lord-lieutenant of our counties. It is a small place, but there are a few merchants settled there engaged in the fisheries to the Loffoden islands.

<sup>2</sup> *Tromsö* is the capital of Finnmarken, where the Amptmand of that province and the bishop reside. It is a much larger town than Bodö, the inhabitants likewise depending upon the fisheries, the produce of which is largely exported.

<sup>3</sup> *Hammerfest* is the most important town on this coast, as well as the most northern in Europe. An extensive commerce is carried on with Russia, and ports to the south, in stock-fish, as the dried cod is called, and other products of these northern regions. There are also trading establishments connected with Spitzbergen. The merchants of Hammerfest are remarkable for their hospitality to strangers, and in this remote place the traveller finds comforts and luxuries, the fruits of its commerce, which he would little expect. A large proportion of the population of Finnmarken consists of Laplanders or Finns, the most singular of European races, with whose habits and character the tourist will have opportunities of making himself acquainted.

## ROUTE XIV.

### HAMMERFEST TO THE NORTH CAPE.

See preliminary remarks prefixed to Route 13. The excursion is performed in boats to the island of Magerö, the distance across which to the Cape is about 20 English miles.

|                       |    |    |
|-----------------------|----|----|
| Havösund ..           | .. | 5½ |
| Kjelvik, in Magerö .. | .. | 4½ |
| North Cape ..         | .. | 3  |

---

12½ N. m. 89½ E. m.

Several travellers have landed at Hornvigen, a small bight

in the North Cape itself, above which it rises 935 feet; this saves the journey across the island of Magerö, but it can only be done when the sea is calm, and the wind favourable. For further particulars of the North Cape, see "Norway and its Scenery," p. 10.

#### IV. SOUTH-EASTERN GROUP.

##### ROUTE XV.

###### CHRISTIANIA, BY DRAMMEN, TO THE RJUKAN-FOSS, &c.

This route connects Christiania with Routes 4, 5, and 6 successively, forming a junction with the former of these routes at Sæm in Hitterdal, three stages beyond Kongsberg. It will therefore place the tourist who lands at Christiania in the same position for excursions in the Telemarken and to the Rjukan-Foss, and for further pursuing the course detailed in those routes, as if he had commenced his journey from Christiansand. The road is practicable for carriages as far as Tinoset, about 40 English miles from Christiania; and it would be desirable to perform that part of the journey in a carriage, but after that station, a carriage will be useless, in going to the Rjukan-Foss, and in almost all the excursions on the lines of road pointed out in the sequel of Route 4. Unless, therefore, the tourist proposes to return by the same road, or to take, in continuation, some other post-road practicable for a carriage, he must dispense with the comfort of travelling in carriage for any part of this journey, except the first stages from towns at which they are regularly furnished. This is a serious inconvenience, as he will either have to make use of the country cars provided at the stations, or to travel on horseback all the way. In this dilemma he may, perhaps, be able to make some arrangement for a carriage to convey him at least as far as Kongsberg; there is also a diligence, it is believed, daily, to Drammen on this route. The tourist need hardly be reminded, after former suggestions, that his equipment should be carefully adjusted to the modes of travelling he may be compelled to adopt, and the extent and character of his intended tour. The traveller coming from Bergen, or any

part of the western districts, by adopting Route 9 from Liedals-ören may take the Telemarken and Rjukan-Foss in his circuit, Routes 9 and 15 forming a junction at Drammen.

CHRISTIANIA is the modern capital of Norway, having been founded in 1624, by Christian IV. of Denmark, on the destruction by fire of the old city of Opsló, founded in 1058 by king Harold Hardraade, who fell in the battle of Stanford bridge. The population of Christiania is now about 35,000, having been much increased since the Norwegians established their independence. Most of the streets are broad and straight, but the houses are principally built of wood, except in the new part of the city towards the palace. The Hotel du Nord is the principal resort of English travellers, but good accommodations and much attention are met with at the Hotel de Scandinavie. The hotel charges in the towns of Norway average about 2 sp. dollars per day. In the country, half that sum ought to suffice for the usual meals and a night's lodging. For a detailed account of Christiania, refer to "Norway and its Scenery," p. 313. *Summary of the principal objects.* The castle of Aggershuus, standing well on an elevation above the Fjord, with its *place d'armes*, fine avenues of trees, and delightful promenade on the ramparts overlooking the Fjord; it is the only picturesque building in the city. The Dom-Kirke, or Cathedral, a heavy building of no interest; the new Palace, standing on an eminence at the west end of the city, with a fine portico, but having no other architectural pretensions; the new buildings of the University in the same quarter, connected with which is the Museum, containing a curious collection of northern antiquities; the Military College; and the Botanical Gardens, situated about a mile from the city, most remarkable for the collection of alpine plants which the connection of the Danish Government with Iceland and Spitzbergen enabled it to procure. In short, there is little temptation to the tourist to linger in Christiania, except for the purpose of making excursions in the delightful neighbourhood. The hall, in which the Storting, the "parliament" of Norway, holds its sittings deserves a visit, if the traveller should happen to be in Christiania during the session, not on account of the



building, which is very mean, but for the opportunity of observing the order with which the proceedings of the most democratical legislature in Europe are conducted. The great majority of the representatives are farmers, and of course determined protectionists. The Storting assembles triennially, the last sitting having been in 1851. The tourist who has not provided himself with suitable maps, will find them, together with the Norwegian road-books, &c., at Herr J. W. Cappelen's, bookseller, in the Kirkegaden-street, a most obliging person, who speaks English, and is known to most travellers. In Norway all persons, of whatever their rank, remain uncovered while purchasing the most trifling article in the shops.

|                                   |    |                |             |
|-----------------------------------|----|----------------|-------------|
| <sup>1</sup> Næs, in Asker ..     | .. | $1\frac{5}{8}$ | Fast stage. |
| Gjellebæk, in Thraneby            |    | $1\frac{1}{4}$ | Fast stage. |
| <sup>2</sup> DRAMMEN ..           | .. | $1\frac{1}{8}$ |             |
| Haugsum, in Eker..                |    | $1\frac{5}{8}$ |             |
| Dunserud, in Fistum               | .. | 1              |             |
| <sup>3</sup> KONGSBERG ..         |    | $\frac{7}{8}$  |             |
| Heibø ..                          | .. | $2\frac{3}{4}$ |             |
| <sup>4</sup> Søm, in Hitterdal .. |    | $\frac{3}{4}$  |             |

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11 N. m. 77 E. m.

<sup>1</sup> *Næs*.—This stage was formerly divided into two, and the stations given in the old road-books are Stabæk and Asker.

<sup>2</sup> Approaching *Drammen*, there is a fine view from Paradise Hill of the town, the valley, and the Fjord. For *Drammen*, see Route 9.

<sup>3</sup> *Kongsberg* is principally remarkable for the silver mines, which are worked by the Government, and produce an annual revenue of 100,000 Sp. dollars.—See “Norway and its Scenery,” p. 124. *Kongsberg* stands in the valley of the Laagen-elv, over which the Jonskunden mountain rises to the height of 3,000 feet.

<sup>4</sup> *Søm in Hitterdal*.—Route 4 is joined here; see the Excursions 1 and 2, for the continuation of the route into the Telemarken, or to the Rjukan-Foss.

There is a more direct and a pleasanter road from *Kongsberg* to *Dæl* and the *Rjukan-Foss*, which is practicable for

active travellers. Its course lies up the valley of the Laagen-elv, till that river is joined by the Jonsdal-elv near the waterfall of the Lardbrö-Foss, and then to *Möen* on the latter river, 1 mile; to *Bolkesjö*, 1 mile; to *Graven*, on the Tind-sö, about 3 Norsk, or 21 English miles. This stage is not practicable for carriages. From Graven a boat may be procured to ascend the Tind-sö to Mæl, at the entrance of the Westfjordalen, where the road joins the route from Kongsberg to the Rjukan-Foss; or it may be joined at Tinoset by going from Bolkesjö to Folseland,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Tinoset,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles.

## ROUTE XVI.

## CHRISTIANIA TO BERGEN, OVER THE FILLE-FJELD.

This is the most frequented route to Bergen; the road is generally excellent, and it leadsthrough the magnificent passe of the Fille-Fjeld, with the fine approaches to them. There is another road to Bergen, by way of Drammen, and through Hemsedal and Hallingdal, which is likewise very interesting, and crosses the Fille-Fjeld in another line; being also convenient for visiting the Rjukan-Foss, &c., in going or returning.—See Routes 9 and 15. The railway between Christiania and the foot of the Mjösen-Vand, which is expected to be opened this year, (1853) with the steamers which already ply on that lake, may be turned to good account by the traveller on this route, as they enable him to join it about 76 English miles from Christiania, with a considerable saving of time and fatigue, if not of distance. The tourist will go by the railway to the terminus at Minde, the station also of the steam-boats on the Mjösen. The distance is about forty miles. No doubt, trains will be arranged to meet the departure of the boats. At present they run every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings, but probably there will be daily communications on the Mjösen when the railway is completed. The tourist, taking his passage in the steam-boat, will disembark at *Hun*, on the western shore of the Mjösen. The distance from Minde is about 40 miles, and the passage is performed in from four to five hours. From *Hun* to *Rodnæs*, the nearest point at which the high road to Bergen can be reached, the distance is 17 English miles, by a good

post-road; and horses may be procured both at Hun and at Mustæd, the intermediate station to Rodnæs. There is a large and commodious inn at Hun, and there are comfortable accommodations for a small party at Mustæd.

In this way, the journey from Christiania to Rodnæs may be accomplished in about seven hours, while, by the post-road, it cannot be done in less than twelve or fourteen; besides, at the outset of a long and wearisome journey of nearly 350 miles, it is something to save the wear and tear of sixty miles travelling by road. In addition to this, the tourist will include in this little detour a long range of the noble Mjosen-Vand, without losing the scenery of the Rands-Fjord, which he will fall in with at Rodnæs. This variation from the usual route is, therefore, strongly recommended to future travellers; carriages can be shipped and disembarked at Minde and Hun, and of course conveyed by the railway from Christiania. The distances in Norsk miles between Hun and Rodnæs are, from Hun to Mustæd,  $1\frac{1}{8}$ ; thence to Rodnæs,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles. By sleeping at either of the two former of these places, a good start will be obtained for the next day's journey, which includes a very difficult pass over the mountains from Brufladt to Frydenlund.

The journey from Christiania to Bergen generally occupies eight or nine days, but may be accomplished in seven. Forbud tickets should be despatched by the preceding post, directions for which are given in the preliminary chapter. The distances should be arranged in reference to suitable sleeping places which are mentioned in the Route. Fifty miles a day may be accomplished with ease on most parts of this road, and seventy, on a pinch, by an active traveller.

|                                |    |                |   |
|--------------------------------|----|----------------|---|
| <sup>1</sup> Jonsrud           | .. | $1\frac{1}{8}$ | Pay for 2 m.  |
| Sundvolden                     | .. | $1\frac{1}{4}$ | Pay for 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.                                  |
| Klækken                        | .. | $1\frac{3}{8}$ | Fast station  |
| <sup>2</sup> Vang, in Jænvager |    | 1              | Near Vang there is a steam-boat station on the Rands-Fjord. |
| Sanne, in Gran..               |    | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |   |
| Augedal                        | .. | $\frac{5}{8}$  | (pronounced Ougedal.)                                       |
| Smedshammer..                  |    | $\frac{3}{4}$  |   |

|                             |    |                |                                     |
|-----------------------------|----|----------------|-------------------------------------|
| Sand, in Land               | .. | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |                                     |
| Hof                         | .. | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |                                     |
| Steensrud, or Rodnæs        |    | $\frac{7}{8}$  | The route by the Mjösen joins here. |
| <sup>3</sup> Tonvold        | .. | $1\frac{1}{8}$ |                                     |
| Tomlevold                   | .. | $1\frac{1}{8}$ |                                     |
| <sup>4</sup> Bruffadt       | .. | $1\frac{5}{8}$ |                                     |
| Frydenlund                  | .. | $1\frac{5}{8}$ |                                     |
| <sup>6</sup> Strand         | .. | $1\frac{5}{8}$ |                                     |
| Reien, or Slidro            |    | $1\frac{1}{8}$ |                                     |
| Stæ                         | .. | 1              |                                     |
| <sup>6</sup> Öjlo           | .. | $1\frac{1}{8}$ |                                     |
| Thune                       | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$  | Pay for 1 m.                        |
| <sup>7</sup> Kname          | .. | 1              |                                     |
| <sup>8</sup> Hæg            | .. | $3\frac{1}{2}$ | Pay for 5 m.                        |
| Husum                       | .. | $\frac{7}{8}$  | Pay for $1\frac{1}{2}$ m.           |
| <sup>9</sup> Mid-Lysne      | .. | $1\frac{1}{8}$ | Pay for $1\frac{7}{8}$ m.           |
| <sup>10</sup> Lierdals-ören | .. | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |                                     |
| <sup>11</sup> Gudvangen     | .. | $5\frac{1}{8}$ |                                     |
| Stalheim                    | .. | $1\frac{1}{8}$ |                                     |
| Vinje                       | .. | 1              |                                     |
| Tvinden                     | .. | $\frac{7}{8}$  |                                     |
| <sup>12</sup> Vossevangen   | .. | 1              |                                     |
| Flage                       | .. | $\frac{7}{8}$  |                                     |
| Evanger                     | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$  |                                     |
| Bolstadoren                 | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$  |                                     |
| Dalseidet                   | .. | $\frac{1}{2}$  |                                     |
| Dale                        | .. | $\frac{5}{8}$  |                                     |
| Garnæs..                    | .. | $2\frac{1}{2}$ |                                     |
| Hauge                       | .. | $\frac{7}{8}$  |                                     |
| <sup>13</sup> BERGEN        | .. | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |                                     |

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48 $\frac{3}{8}$  N. m. 338 $\frac{1}{2}$  E. m.

<sup>1</sup> Stop the carriage at *Krogkleven*, before coming to Jonsrud, where there is one of the finest views in the south of Norway. It embraces the snowy peak of Gousta-Fjeld, 70 English miles distant, and underneath commands the Tyri-Fjord and the Hols-Fjord, a smaller lake, with the romantic district of the Ringerike, so called after one of the old

kings of this part of Norway. A guide should be obtained to the best points of view. Near *Klækken*, see the noble Höne-foss.

<sup>2</sup> *Vang*.—The scenery continues picturesque to Vang, on the Rands-Fjord, which extends 50 English miles almost due north; on its shores forest and cultivated scenery are intermingled, and the head of the lake is surrounded by mountains. Near Vang is the station of a steam-boat which plies on the Fjord; the tourist may, perhaps, take advantage of it to vary his mode of travelling. It traverses the whole length of the Fjord, starting from Hadeland at its southern extremity, and conveying the traveller, in his direct route, as far as Odnæs (not Rodnæs) at the head of the lake. By the last accounts, the boat leaves Hadeland every Monday and Thursday at 6 A.M., returning on Wednesday and Saturday at 8 A.M. If the tourist contemplates this plan, he must arrange his forbud accordingly. Hadeland is rich in curious remains connected with old Norwegian history. The post-road coasts the eastern side of the Rands-Fjord for its entire length to beyond the station at Rodnæs, where there are good accommodations.

<sup>3</sup> Near *Tonvold* the fertile valley of the Etnedals-elv is entered, which is followed up to Bruffadt.

<sup>4</sup> At *Bruffadt*, one of the steepest ascents in the whole journey is commenced, the summit of the pass rising to at least 3,500 feet above the level of the sea, and the traveller from the south finds himself for the first time among drifts of snow. After passing this plateau, the descent to Frydenlund is equally rapid, commanding views of prodigious extent and magnificence. There are tolerable quarters at Frydenlund, and much better at Rein, two stages beyond.

<sup>5</sup> *Strand-Fjord*.—"I saw nothing in Norway more exquisite; the road follows the left bank for about 15 English miles. The shores are studded with villages and hamlets, clustered among groves of timber, which, encircling pastures and corn-fields, straggle up the sides of the hills, and richly clothe point and promontory jutting out into the Fjord, and headlands and islets breaking its outline. I counted no less than four or five churches on the western bank, a rare aggregation in this thinly-populated country, &c."—"Norway in 1848."

<sup>6</sup> *Öjlo* is charmingly situated at the foot of the Lille Miosen-Vand. Then follows "a scene of dreary grandeur; the dark waters of the unfrequented lake below, and a mountain of upwards of 4,000 feet in height (along the face of which the road is carried) above."

<sup>7</sup> At *Kuame* the ascent of the Fille-Fjeld is begun in right earnest, the road being often fearfully steep. The horses are not changed till Hæg on the other side of the Fjeld; but on the summit of the ascent, at *Nystuen*, there is a very comfortable resting-place, where, though it stands 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, all the wants of the weary traveller are supplied. There is a small lake just by, which furnishes trout of peculiar excellence. Just beyond the post-house at *Nystuen* a column marks the boundary between the provinces of Aggershuus and the Bergenstift. "Standing beside the marble pillar, I had a splendid prospect to the north, as far as the eye could reach, on a magnificent day, and myriads of mountain-tops were discernible covered with snowed to their very summits, all lighted up by a cloudless sky. The same day I fell in with multitudes of those little creatures, the lemmings, which, hiding their heads only, allowed themselves to be caught"—M.S. Note, R. K.

<sup>8</sup> Between *Nystuen*, and *Hæg*, for about 20 English miles, the plateau of the Fille-Fjeld is crossed, at a high elevation, in all its monotonous desolation. Snow frequently lies on the ground; vegetation is scant and dwarfish; and no animal life is seen, unless a herd of reindeer should happen to cross the traveller's path. Soon after commencing the descent *Maristuen* is reached, a roomy house, with good accommodations; the road now follows the course of the Lierdals-elv all the way to Lierdals-oren. The scenery of the pass is extremely wild; the cliffs tower to a great height, and huge masses of rock are scattered at the base; the torrent foams below, forming numerous cataracts, and receiving continual accessions from the cascades which discharge themselves from the summit of this Fjeld.

<sup>9</sup> Between *Hæg* and *Husum* the road continues rapidly to descend through most romantic scenery; the tourist should stop to see the curious old church of Borgund to the left of the road. It is built of timber, and of great anti-

quity, dating from the 11th or 12th century, in a style of architecture peculiar to these old churches of Norway, which seem to be modelled on a mixture of the Byzantine and what is commonly called the Gothic style. Another on a larger scale is seen at Hitterdal, in Route 4. Above Husum there is a fine specimen of Norwegian engineering, where the road is carried *en-échelon* down the steep scarp of the mountain.

<sup>10</sup> For LIERDALS-ÖREN, see Route 8. The passage from hence to Gudvangen is performed by boats on the Sogne-Fjord, for which see the observations in Excursion 4 connected with that Route.

<sup>11</sup> *Gudvangen* is approached through a deep and narrow inlet of the Fjord, a chasm in the precipitous cliffs rising 2,000 feet from the water's edge, and continuing up the narrow glen, after passing which, the road is carried to the summit at the head of the valley by a zigzag of great engineering skill. The Keel-Foss leaps from the summit of the cliffs into the ravine (2,000 feet.) a prodigious fall, but the body of water is trifling; altogether, however, this is a scene of surprising grandeur.

<sup>12</sup> *Fossevangen*.—For remarks on the road from hence to Bergen, see Route 5.

<sup>13</sup> BERGEN. See Route 1.

## ROUTE XVII.

### CHRISTIANIA TO TRONDHJEM, BY THE MJÖSEN-VAND AND THE DOVRE-FJELD.

This is the great north road of Norway; but the completion of the railway to Minde, on the Mjösen, will alter its earlier stages.—See the directions given in Route 16; instead, however, of landing at Hun, the traveller will proceed by the steam-boat to *Lillehammer*, at the head of the lake, which is about 65 English miles in length, and there join the post-road to Trondhjem. Forbud tickets should be dispatched by post, according to previous directions, the journey being divided into convenient stages for rest and refreshment; the journey may be performed in seven or eight days.

|                                      |                |  |
|--------------------------------------|----------------|--|
| Grörud, in Aker ..                   | $\frac{7}{8}$  |  |
| Skrimstad, in Skedsmö ..             | $\frac{7}{8}$  | Pay for 1 m.   |
| <sup>1</sup> Mo, in Sörum ..         | $\frac{3}{4}$  |  |
| Frogstad, in Ullensaker              | 1              |  |
| Risebrö .. ..                        | $1\frac{1}{8}$ |  |
| <sup>2</sup> Pirö, in Eidsvold ..    | $\frac{3}{4}$  |  |
| <sup>3</sup> Minde .. ..             | $1\frac{1}{8}$ | Embark here in steam-boat on the Mjösen-Vand. <sup>4</sup> |
| <sup>5</sup> LILLEHAMMER ..          | 9              |  |
| <sup>6</sup> Moshuus, in Öjer ..     | $1\frac{3}{4}$ |  |
| Holmen, in Throtten                  | 1              |  |
| Losnæs, in Fodvang ..                | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Pay for $1\frac{5}{8}$ m.                                  |
| Elstad, in Ringebo ..                | $\frac{3}{4}$  | Pay for 1 m.   |
| Oden, in Froen ..                    | $1\frac{3}{8}$ |  |
| Moen, in Söthorp ..                  | $\frac{7}{8}$  |  |
| <sup>7</sup> Viig, in Kuammæs ..     | 1              |  |
| <sup>8</sup> Solhjem, in Sels ..     | $1\frac{3}{4}$ |  |
| <sup>9</sup> Laurgaard .. ..         | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |  |
| Haugen, in Dovre ..                  | $\frac{3}{4}$  | Pay for 1 m.   |
| <sup>10</sup> Tofte, in ditto ..     | $1\frac{1}{8}$ |  |
| <sup>11</sup> Lie, in ditto ..       | $\frac{3}{4}$  |  |
| Fogstuen, on Dovre-Fjeld             | 1              | Pay for $1\frac{1}{4}$ m.                                  |
| <sup>12</sup> Hjærkin, ditto ..      | $1\frac{7}{8}$ |  |
| <sup>13</sup> Kongsvold, ditto ..    | $\frac{7}{8}$  | Pay for $1\frac{1}{4}$ m.                                  |
| Drivstuen .. ..                      | $1\frac{3}{8}$ |  |
| Rise .. ..                           | $1\frac{1}{8}$ | Pay for $1\frac{1}{2}$ m.                                  |
| <sup>14</sup> Ounc, in Opdal ..      | $\frac{7}{8}$  |  |
| Stuen .. ..                          | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |  |
| Sundseth, in Rennebö ..              | 1              |  |
| Bjerkager, in ditto ..               | 1              | Pay for $1\frac{1}{8}$ m.                                  |
| <sup>15</sup> Garlid, in Sognedal .. | $1\frac{1}{8}$ |  |
| Hov, in ditto ..                     | $\frac{3}{4}$  |  |
| <sup>16</sup> Soknæs .. ..           | 1              |  |
| Vollum, or Vollan ..                 | $\frac{7}{8}$  |  |
| Leer, in Flaa ..                     | 1              |  |
| <sup>17</sup> Mælhuus .. ..          | $\frac{7}{8}$  |  |
| Ust, in Leinstranden ..              | $\frac{3}{4}$  |  |
| <sup>18</sup> TRONDHJEM or DRONTHEIM | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |  |

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47 $\frac{5}{8}$  N. m. 333 $\frac{1}{2}$  E. m.  
2 D



<sup>1</sup> *Mö.*—This and the two next stations have been lately changed; they are taken from the *Reiseroute*, published at Christiania in 1852; in the old road-books they stand thus: Kloften, Lie, Raholt. The country to Minde is uninteresting, and the road execrable, it being cut up by the great commercial traffic to the Mjosen lake, by which the interior is supplied with groceries and other shop-goods; the railway which passes along this line, will, doubtless, absorb this, as well as the passenger, traffic, and the post-road be disused.

<sup>2</sup> *Eidsvold.*—On the right of the road is an old mansion, where the *Grund-lov*, or constitution of the kingdom, was framed in 1814, when, before the union with Sweden, the Norwegians made a noble stand against the combined European powers for their national liberties, which they succeeded in establishing.—See “Mr. Laug’s Works,” and “Norway, in 1848 and 1849.”

<sup>3</sup> Near *Minde* are the baths of Eidsvold-bakken, much resorted to in the summer. The company are entertained in a long and spacious building, a miniature of those of the same description at the German baths. The prospect from this spot over the Mjosen-Vand is very agreeable, and the little port of Minde below, the station of the lake steam-boats, gives it a busy air.

<sup>4</sup> The *Mjösen* is a magnificent sheet of water,—from its great extent an inland sea; the shores, bounded by gentle elevations, the slopes of which are partially wooded, and generally well cultivated, offer varied and pleasing views, but the scenery is not to be compared with the bolder features of the western lakes and fjords. If possible, the tourist should visit the Mjosen first, as it will appear tame on his return. For further observations on the Mjosen-Vand, see “Norway and its Scenery,” p. 109, and for places on its shores, Routes 18 and 19.

<sup>5</sup> LILLEHAMMER is a town (*Kjöbstad*) of rising importance at the head of the lake, being the entrepôt for the commerce of the rich valleys of Gulbrandsdalen and Hedemarken. There are some large distilleries, at which five million gallons of corn-brandy are made annually, the consumption of spirits in Norway being enormous. There is a good hotel in the open space near the church. The river

Laagen, which here runs into the lake, abounds in fine trout, which are commonly of 18lbs. weight, and are sometimes taken, it is said, of double that size.

<sup>6</sup> *Moshuus*.—The road now threads the windings of the celebrated valley of Gulbrandsdal, the garden of Norway, which, watered by the Laagen-elv, is 140 English miles long, extending to the foot of the Dovre-Fjeld. Rich farms, in excellent cultivation, contrast with the stupendous mountain ridges enclosing the valley, and the pine forests which, in places, clothe their higher declivities. The river Laagen forms numerous rapids and falls in its headlong course; in other places it has the stillness of a small and narrow lake. The interest is increased by crossing several lateral rivers, which discharge their waters into the Laagen, the road being carried over bridges of timber, of the most picturesque style, often at great elevations above the torrents beneath.

<sup>7</sup> *Vig*.—The famous Norwegian king, St. Olaf, was born here; pieces of the timber of his old mansion, employed in building the station-house, are still pointed out. The situation is charming, and it is a desirable resting-place.

<sup>8</sup> *Solhjem*.—Beyond this station, at Kringelen, on the top of a hill, is a monument commemorating the slaughter by the peasants of Colonel Sinclair and a body of Scots who were crossing the country to form a junction with the army of Gustavus Adolphus in 1612.—See “Norway and its Scenery,” p. 306.

<sup>9</sup> *Laurgaard*.—Here a cross road tuns off, leading to the Otte-søe and across the Sogne-Fjeld to Fortun.—See Route 8.

<sup>10</sup> *Tofte* is the first of the stations, called *Fjeld-Stuen*, founded in 1120, by King Eyestein, as refuges for travellers crossing the Dovre-Fjeld. Before reaching it the road passes the village and church of *Dovre*, which gives name to the district. On the right are seen the cluster of peaks called the Rundane-Fjeld.

<sup>11</sup> *Lic*.—The ascent of the Dovre-Fjeld commences here, being very abrupt, through the most desolate scenery imaginable. The traveller changes horses at Fogstuen, another of the Fjeld-Stuen and a most wretched place; and soon

after reaches the plateau of the Dovre-Fjeld, upwards of 4000 feet above the level of the sea.

<sup>12</sup> *Hjærkin*.—The peak of Sneehættan is seen, and may be easily ascended, from the neighbourhood of this station. Its height, according to Mr. Esmark's admeasurement, is 8115 feet, or nearly double that of Ben-Nevis. The station-house is very commodious, and supplied with every comfort. "One could stop here for any length of time in the very heart of the Dovre-Fjeld; there can be no lack of sport, and consequently of good feed, and no one can be more anxious to please than the station master."—"Captain Biddulph's Journal." For further particulars of Sneehættan and the road over the Dovre-Fjeld, see "Norway and its Scenery," pp. 296, &c. From Hjærkin a road turns off to the east, through Foldalen, and, crossing the Tron-Fjeld, meets the road from Christiania to Røraas (Route 20) at Tonsæt on the Glommen.

<sup>13</sup> *Kongsrøld*.—Good quarters here. The road now descends rapidly, and following the course of the Driva-Elv, is carried through a deep ravine, hemmed in on both sides with rocks, and frequently choked up with large masses. Dr. Clarke and the earlier travellers were in raptures with this scenery, comparing it to the finest passes in Switzerland; but those who have visited the western districts of Norway, think it inferior to much they have seen there.

<sup>14</sup> *Oune*.—There are good accommodations here, as well as at Sundseth, two stages further on. The valley gradually widens, and the scenery becomes less bold and picturesque. Here a road turns off to the west, and following up the Driva-Elv, then descends the right bank of the Sundals-Elv to the Fjord, where travellers embark for Molde or Christiansund. Our road to Trondhjem makes here a bend to the east.

<sup>15</sup> *Garlid*.—"The scenery between this station and Hov is peculiar and unlike anything I had seen. The road is good, but hilly, and every succeeding hill commands a great extent of fir-forest, stretching over a very undulating country. The peculiarity is that a village crowns every eminence, while the whole country besides appears only a fit abode for wild animals."—"Price's Journal."

<sup>16</sup> *Soknæs*.—After leaving this station, the road descends

the valley of the Gula-Elv, which in some parts is very picturesque. Here the road from Røraas to Trondhjem is joined.

<sup>17</sup> *Mælhus*.—The beautiful valley of the Gula-elv continues all the way; it is highly cultivated and well peopled; with the broad and glittering stream in the middle, and commanding fine views of forest-clad mountains. "The whole antiquity of the nation is crowded together in this valley; it is the cradle of the land."—Von Buch. See "Norway and its Scenery," p. 290.

<sup>18</sup> *Trondhjem*.—For particulars, see Route 11.

## ROUTE XVIII.

## CHRISTIANIA TO LILLEHAMMER, BY WEST BANK OF THE MJÖSEN.

This and the following Route fall in at Lillehammer with the great north road to Trondhjem; but they are seldom adopted since the establishment of steam-boats on the Mjøsen. They may be useful to tourists who, after an excursion on that lake, wish to return by land in order to vary the journey; and more extensive views of the lake are, of course, commanded from its elevated shores than from the deck of a steam-boat. Of the two, Route 19, on the east side of the lake, is preferable, both in point of scenery and because the road on the eastern bank is very bad. From Christiania to Eidsvold the distances are given in Route 17; but the railway will supersede those stages.

|  |    |                 |                            |
|--|----|-----------------|----------------------------|
| Pirö, in Eidsvold                        | .. | 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ |                            |
| <sup>1</sup> Hammeren, in Hurdal         | .. | 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ |                            |
| <sup>2</sup> Garsjö                      | .. | $\frac{7}{8}$   | Pay for 1 m.               |
| Grönnen                                  | .. | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | Pay for 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ m. |
| <sup>3</sup> Alfstad, Lunden, or Sogstad |    | 1               |                            |
| <sup>4</sup> Hun, or Hund                | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |                            |
| Sveen, in Birid                          | .. | 1               |                            |
| Rotterud, or Grytestuen                  |    | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ |                            |
| Vignæs; cross the Laagen to              |    |                 |                            |
| LILLEHAMMER                              | .. | 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ |                            |

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15  $\frac{3}{4}$  N. m. 110  $\frac{1}{4}$  E. m.

<sup>1</sup> *Hammeren*.—The road coasts a small lake called the Hurdals-sø.

<sup>2</sup> At *Alfstad* there is an obelisk with a Runic inscription. The *gaard* or mansion here is said to have been the residence of a king named Alf.

<sup>3</sup> Between *Garsjö* and *Lunden* a high Fjeld is crossed. The views of the *Mjösen-vand*, with its bays and promontories, its cultivated banks, woods, villages, and churches, on this stage, and occasionally throughout the route, are very beautiful.

<sup>4</sup> *Hun*.—There is a comfortable inn here. See the observations prefixed to Route 16.

## ROUTE XIX.

CHRISTIANIA TO LILLEHAMMER, BY EAST BANK OF THE MJÖSEN.

See Observations, prefixed to Route 16.

|                                    |                               |  |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------|--|
| To Eidsvold, as in Route 17 ..     | 5 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>8</sub> |  |
| <sup>1</sup> Morstuen .. ..        | 1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>8</sub> | Pay for 1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> m. |
| <sup>2</sup> Korsodegaarden .. ..  | 1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>8</sub> | Pay for 1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> m. |
| Noklebye .. ..                     | 1                             |  |
| <sup>3</sup> Thorshoug, in Vang .. | 1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub> |  |
| Bjærke, in Furnæs ..               | <sup>7</sup> / <sub>8</sub>   |  |
| Fangberget, in Ringsaker ..        | 1                             |  |
| Mø, in ditto .. ..                 | 1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>8</sub> |  |
| Freng, in ditto .. ..              | 1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>8</sub> |  |
| LILLEHAMMER .. ..                  | 1 <sup>4</sup> / <sub>8</sub> |  |

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15<sup>3</sup>/<sub>8</sub> N. m. 107<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> E. m.

<sup>1</sup> *Morstuen*.—The road passes so near the *Mjösen-Vand* that in some places its little waves dash the wheels of the carriage; at others the road mounts high above its steep and rocky banks. There are fine views over the lake, with a magnificent back-ground of lofty mountains. The province of Hedemarken is here entered, remarkable for its rich soil, high cultivation, and the wealth and independence of the farmers.

<sup>2</sup> *Korsodegaarden*.—From this station Route 20 diverges to the eastward, meeting the Glommen river, and continuing to *Røraas* and *Trondhjem*.

<sup>3</sup> *Vang* stands on an inlet of the lake at its broadest part; the Island of Helgeo, the only one on the lake, about the size of Curwen's Island on Windermere (which the Mjösen somewhat resembles), lies off the mouth of the inlet; On the island are the ruins of a castle built by Hako IV. Near Vang formerly stood the city of Stor-Hammer. It is said to have been a Norsk mile in circumference, and to have contained a palace, a cathedral, and many churches and monasteries. It was ravaged and destroyed by pestilence and fire in the fifteenth century, and no vestige of it remains, except some picturesque ruins of the cathedral.

## ROUTE XX.

### CHRISTIANIA TO TRONDHJEM, BY THE GLOMMEN AND RÖRAAS.

The distance by this route to Trondhjem is about the same as that over the Dovre-Fjeld, Route 17. It is little frequented, but may be useful to tourists who wish to change their line of road in going to Trondhjem or returning; or to include a visit to the copper mines at Röraas, and the encampment of Lapps in that neighbourhood. The Glommen also is a noble river, the largest in Norway, its course to the sea extending more than 300 miles, and this road ascends its banks for two-thirds of the distance. In the lower part of its course it waters a fine district; and although the province of Osterdalen, through which the road ascends it northward, is wild and uncultivated, there are magnificent pine forests, and the hunting and shooting is said to be excellent. It is almost the only part of Norway in which the elk is now found.

|                                   |    |                 |                       |
|-----------------------------------|----|-----------------|-----------------------|
| Korsödegaarden                    | .. | 7 $\frac{5}{8}$ | See Routes 17 and 19. |
| West Løken, in Romedal            |    | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ |                       |
| Sigstad, or Aanestad              | .. | 1               |                       |
| <sup>1</sup> Grundsæt, in Elverum |    | 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ |                       |
| Aasæt                             | .. | 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ |                       |
| Soknæs                            | .. | $\frac{7}{8}$   |                       |
| Ophuus, in Stör-Elvedalen         |    | 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ |                       |
| Messelt, in ditto                 | .. | 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ |                       |

|  |                |                           |
|--|----------------|---------------------------|
| <sup>2</sup> Vestgaard, in ditto ..        | 1              |                           |
| <sup>3</sup> Akre, in Hither Reen-dalen .. | $2\frac{3}{8}$ | Pay for 4 m.              |
| Bergsæt, in Over Reen-dalen ..             | $1\frac{7}{8}$ |                           |
| <sup>4</sup> Engen, in Tönsæt ..           | 3              | Pay for $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. |
| <sup>5</sup> Nedby, in Tönsæt ..           | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Pay for 2 m.              |
| Tolgen ..                                  | $1\frac{7}{8}$ |                           |
| Ös in Tolgen ..                            | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |                           |
| <sup>6</sup> RÖRAAS ..                     | $1\frac{3}{8}$ |                           |
| <sup>7</sup> Roen, in Aalen ..             | $1\frac{3}{4}$ | Pay for 2 m.              |
| Hov, in ditto ..                           | $1\frac{1}{4}$ | Pay for $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. |
| Grödt, in High Aalen ..                    | $1\frac{1}{8}$ |                           |
| Langedet, in ditto ..                      | 1              |                           |
| Kirkvold ..                                | $1\frac{5}{8}$ |                           |
| * Bogen ..                                 | 1              |                           |
| Rogstad, in Stören ..                      | 1              |                           |
| <sup>8</sup> Vollum, or Vollan ..          | $1\frac{1}{4}$ | See Route 17.             |
| TRONDHJEM ..                               | $3\frac{7}{8}$ |                           |

47 $\frac{3}{8}$  N. m. 331 $\frac{1}{2}$  E. m.

<sup>1</sup> *Grundsæt*.—At this station the road approaches the Glommen, which is here a fine majestic stream, not less than 200 yards broad. The road is excellent, and the views varied and picturesque.

<sup>2</sup> *Vestgaard*.—The high road here crosses the Glommen, which it joins again at Tönsæt, about 40 English miles further north: but there is a horse-road to the same point which follows the windings of the river all the way. The main road, diverted to the east by high mountains which close in upon the right bank of the river, after crossing it, passes over very high ground till it descends into Reen-dalen and strikes the Stor-so.

<sup>3</sup> *Akre*.—This station, in the valley of the Rena-elv, a stream which flows into the Stor-so, is reached after the long and hilly stage just mentioned.

<sup>4</sup> *Engen*.—All these stages are very hilly. The road still follows the course of the Reena-elv, and passes at the foot of the Tron-Fjeld, 5761 feet high.

<sup>5</sup> *Nedby, in Tönsæt*.—"This is quite a large village, and the posting house is like an inn. The Glommen is here about as broad as the Towy at Carmarthen."—"Captain Biddulph's

Journal." Here the route regains the valley of the Glommen, and the road from Hjærkin, through Foldalen, mentioned in Route 17, joins it. There is also a more direct road from hence to Trondhjem, by which the detour to Røraas is avoided. It goes by Evikne, crossing a high Fjeld before it descends into the valley of the Orka-elv, and joining the great north road, Route 17, at Garlid. There are regular stations, which are given in the last authorized tables, as follows:—

|                          |    |               |
|--------------------------|----|---------------|
| Lundsæter .. ..          | 1  |               |
| Tönsæt .. ..             | 1½ |               |
| Stöen .. ..              | 1  |               |
| Evikne .. ..             | 2  | Pay for 2¼ m. |
| Möen, in Dö .. ..        | 1  |               |
| Næverdøl, in ditto .. .. | 1½ |               |
| Garlid .. ..             | 2¼ | Pay for 3 m.  |

<sup>6</sup> *Røraas*.—This town, though it is situated 3000 feet above the level of the sea, in a most dreary and inhospitable district, has a considerable population, depending entirely on the copper mines, which are here worked and smelted. There are good accommodations at the *Landsman's*, an intelligent person, who is also the station-master. From Røraas an encampment of Lapps, on the Swedish frontier, with their herd of rein-deer, may be visited. See "Norway and its Scenery," p. 119.

<sup>7</sup> Before arriving at *Röen* the route leaves the Glommen, which is here a mountain torrent with numerous falls and rapids, and has its source in the elevated Aasund-Söen, a little to the right. Soon afterwards the road falls in with one of the tributaries to the Gula-Elv, and follows its windings through the glen, and afterwards the noble valley, of the Gula, till the river falls into the Trondhjem-Fjord. About Röen, therefore, is the watershed between the rivers which discharge themselves into the Skaggerack on the south, and those which fall into the northern ocean by the west of Norway.

<sup>8</sup> *Vollum*. Here the road from Røraas joins Route 17, the great northern road to Trondhjem.



## ROUTE XXI.

## CHRISTIANIA TO MOLDE, BY ROMSDALEN.

To tourists from Christiania, no more interesting tour can be suggested than that which this route offers either in itself or combined with the return by the Sogne-Fjord and Lierdals-øren, over the Fille Fjeld. Routes 10 and 16; or, extended to the Hardanger and south-western districts, by Routes 5 and 6, taking them the reverse way. Our present route embraces the lake scenery of the Mjosen, and crosses so near the foot of the Dovre-Fjeld, that by a short excursion its wild passes, and the Fjeld itself with Sneehættan, may be included in the tour. For this excursion the tourist should make his resting place at the comfortable station of Hjarkin, two stations beyond Lie or Lid. Here our present route branches off from the great northern road, following the first course of the Laagen-elv, and then of the Rauma-elv all the way to Veblungsmæs on the Romsdal-Fjord, which the tourist is recommended to make a resting place. The scenery in this part of the route, which is throughout charming, increases in grandeur on the approach to Romsdalen, through which wild and picturesque valley the road is conducted. There are regular stations all the way, and the journey may be performed in a carriage with horses bespoke by the *förbud*. From Molde, continuing the tour above sketched, the traveller will take the Bergen road, Route 10, as far as Lærvig, on the Sogne-Fjord, which he will ascend in boats to Lierdals-øren; and from thence may return to Christiania, over the Fille-Fjeld. If, however, as before suggested, he proposes to include the Hardanger and objects connected with it, such as the Voring and Rjukan-Foss in his circuit, another branch of the Sogne-Fjord will land him at Gudvangen, and taking the post-road to Vossevangen, he will cross to Eide on the Hardanger-Fjord, according to Route 5. That and the several other routes in the first, or south-western group, may be consulted as to the most eligible course of completing the intended circuit, bearing in mind that if the traveller has no wish to return to Christiania, all those routes centre in

Christiansund, from whence he may have an opportunity of embarking for England. This, however, should be previously ascertained, and the arrangements made accordingly. This extended tour may be accomplished in a month, with a reasonable selection of the most interesting points.

The following are the stages from Lie to Molde; the rest will be found in the routes referred to.

|                                |    |                  |                            |
|--------------------------------|----|------------------|----------------------------|
| From Christiania               | .. | 29 $\frac{5}{8}$ | Route 17.                  |
| <sup>1</sup> Holager ..        | .. | 1 $\frac{5}{8}$  |                            |
| Holseth ..                     | .. | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$  |                            |
| <sup>2</sup> Læsjo-Iærnværk .. | .. | $\frac{7}{8}$    |                            |
| <sup>3</sup> Molmen ..         | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$  |                            |
| Nystuen ..                     | .. | 1                |                            |
| Ormeim ..                      | .. | 1                | pay for 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ m. |
| Fladmark ..                    | .. | 1                |                            |
| <sup>4</sup> Horgheim ..       | .. | 1                |                            |
| Veblung-næset ..               | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  |                            |
| Torvig ..                      | .. | $\frac{3}{8}$    |                            |
| Alfarnæs ..                    | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  |                            |
| Sollesnæs ..                   | .. | $\frac{7}{8}$    |                            |
| Dværgnæs ..                    | .. | $\frac{7}{8}$    |                            |
| Strande ..                     | .. | $\frac{1}{4}$    |                            |
| MOLDE ..                       | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$    |                            |

44 $\frac{1}{4}$  N. m. 309 $\frac{1}{4}$  E. m.

<sup>1</sup> *Holager*.—Here the Laagen-Elv flows out of the Læsjo-Vand, and the road begins to skirt its northern shore. It is a singular natural phenomenon that both this river and the Rauma-Elv have their sources in the same lake, although one discharges its waters into the Skaggerak, which washes the south coast of Norway, and the other into the North Sea. The elevation of the lake must be considerable, probably not less than 2000 feet above the level of the sea.

<sup>2</sup> *Læsjo Jærnærk*, or "Iron Works," from an old foundry.

<sup>3</sup> *Molmen*.—Between this and the last station the road coasts two small lakes, the largest of which has the name of Læsjo-skogen, in Munch's Map. The scenery is varied and

picturesque all the way down the valley of Romsdalen, which the river and the road here follow.

<sup>4</sup> *Horgheim*.—Soon after passing this station, the grand features of this celebrated valley commence and continue all the way to Veblungsnæset. See Route 10 for the continuation of the route to, and an account of, *Molde*.

## ROUTE XXII.

## CHRISTIANIA TO KONGSVINGER, ON THE SWEDISH FRONTIER.

This is the most direct road to Stockholm; the first three stages from Christiania being the same as in Route 17.

|  |    |                |              |
|--|----|----------------|--------------|
| Grörud, in Aker ..                       | .. | $\frac{7}{8}$  |              |
| Skrimstad, in Skedsmö                    |    | $\frac{7}{8}$  | pay for 1 m. |
| <sup>1</sup> Mö, in Sörum ..             | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$  |              |
| Langbakke, in Ullensaker                 |    | $1\frac{3}{8}$ |              |
| <sup>2</sup> Raaholt, or Herberg, in Næs |    | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |              |
| Korsmö, in Ödalen ..                     | .. | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |              |
| Sundby, in ditto ..                      | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$  |              |
| <sup>3</sup> KONGSVINGER ..              | .. | $1\frac{1}{8}$ |              |

8 $\frac{1}{2}$  N. m. 59 $\frac{1}{2}$  E. m.

<sup>1</sup> *Mö*.—Half-way between this and the next station our road turns off from that which leads to Minde, at the foot of the Mjösen-vand.

<sup>2</sup> *Raaholt*.—Before coming to Næs the road crosses the Vormen-Elv, which issues from the Mjösen-Vand at Minde. The Vormen joins the Glommen a little to the right of this road, which follows the course of the latter river all the way to Kongsvinger, through a level and fertile country. About one English mile from Raaholt is the Fon-Fossen, a considerable Fall. At this place the roar of the waters is heard from the road; but it is not often visited.

<sup>3</sup> *Kongsvinger* (Kings-vinger) was formerly a frontier fortress of great strength. The citadel stands on a high point of land, washed on two sides by the Glommen. It was of great importance during the long series of wars between Sweden and Norway, but since the union of the two

kingdoms, it has been dismantled. The Swedish border is crossed about 20 English miles from Kongsvinger. It is marked by boundary stones or pillars, a line of which extends from near Stromstad, on the southern, to the Tana-Elv at the northern, extremity of the Scandinavian peninsula. "They are all numbered and fixed, as appears by Forsell's [and other] maps, at intervals of from a half to one Norsk mile, the whole extent of the frontier."—"Captain Biddulph's Journal."

### ROUTE XXIII.

#### KONGSVINGER TO RÖRAAS AND TRONDHJEM.

There are roads on both banks of the Glommen as far north as Grundsæt in Elverum, where they join Route 20. The stages on both are given, completing the line of the valley of the Glommen, south to Kongsvinger. Of the two, that on the left bank is preferable; in both, Skulstad,  $\frac{7}{8}$  m., is the first stage.

| <i>On Right Bank.</i>   |                | <i>On Left Bank.</i>    |                |
|-------------------------|----------------|-------------------------|----------------|
| Næs, in Grue ..         | $1\frac{1}{8}$ | Nord, in Brandvold ..   | 1              |
| Holmrydningen, in ditto | $1\frac{1}{8}$ | Bold, in Grue ..        | 1              |
| Lövaasen, in Hof, ..    | $\frac{3}{4}$  | Anstad, in Hof ..       | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Dengen, in Aasnæs       | $\frac{3}{4}$  | Kongelbæk, in Aasnæs    | $\frac{3}{4}$  |
| Braskerud, in Vaaler .. | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Vaaler .. ..            | 1              |
| Berger, in Elverum      | $1\frac{3}{8}$ | Elsæt .. ..             | $\frac{5}{8}$  |
| Grundsæt, in ditto ..   | $1\frac{1}{4}$ | Houm, in Elverum ..     | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |
|                         |                | Grundsæt .. ..          | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| N. miles $7\frac{7}{8}$ |                | N. miles $8\frac{3}{4}$ |                |

### ROUTE XXIV.

#### CHRISTIANIA TO LAURVIG AND FORSGRUND.

This route connects Christiania with the principal towns on the west bank of the Cristiania-Fjord and with Frederiksværn, the principal station of the Norwegian navy.

At Porsgrund it joins Route 4, which proceeds west to Christiansand.

|                                     |    |                |   |
|-------------------------------------|----|----------------|---|
| Næs, in Asker                       | .. | $1\frac{5}{8}$ |   |
| Gjellebæk                           | .. | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |   |
| <sup>1</sup> DRAMMEN                | .. | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |   |
| Ostre, in Sande                     |    | 1              |   |
| Revaa, in ditto                     | .. | $\frac{7}{8}$  |   |
| <sup>2</sup> HOLMESTRAND            | .. | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |   |
| Solleröd, in Undrumsdal             |    | $1\frac{3}{8}$ |   |
| <sup>3</sup> Fyldpaa, near TÖNSBERG |    | $\frac{3}{4}$  | Fyldpaa to Tönsberg $\frac{1}{2}$ m.      |
| Sörbve, in Stokke                   | .. | $\frac{7}{8}$  |   |
| Haukeröd                            | .. | 1              |   |
| Maamjordet                          | .. | $1\frac{3}{4}$ |   |
| <sup>4</sup> LAURVIG                | .. | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Laurvig to Frederiksværn $\frac{5}{8}$ m. |
| Vasbaatten                          | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$  |   |
| Kokkersvold, in Eidanger            |    | 1              |   |
| <sup>5</sup> PORSGRUND              | .. | 1              |   |

16 $\frac{3}{8}$  N. m. 114 $\frac{5}{8}$  E. m.

<sup>1</sup> *Drammen*.—See Route 9.

<sup>2</sup> At *Brusseröd*, between Holmestrand and Solleröd, a road turning off to the left leads to *Horten*, a town becoming of some importance from its naval arsenal and school. Distances: *Horten*,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  m.; *Horten* to *Kjær*, 1 m.; *Kjær* to *Fyldpaa*,  $\frac{3}{4}$  m. The rocks near *Holmestrand* are grand, and the town finely situated.

<sup>3</sup> *Fyldpaa*. The town of Tönsberg is pleasantly situated on a small branch of the Fjord, half a mile north from this station. It was anciently a place of great trade and importance, and one of the largest towns in Norway; but it long since fell into decay. Jarlsberg, the seat of the Counts Wedel Jarlsberg, stands near Tönsberg. This family is one of the last of the noble families of Norway which has retained its rank, all titles of honour having been abolished by the democratic constitution of 1814, with a reservation in favour of the present possessors and their children.

<sup>4</sup> *Laurvig* stands at the head of a large bay, backed by rocky hills, in some places covered with woods, in which a few small oaks, a species of timber confined in Norway to

the neighbourhood of the south coast, are mingled with pines and birch. There are also groves of beech. The town contains about 4000 inhabitants.

<sup>5</sup> *Frederikstævn*.—A strong castle, at one extremity of the bay on which Laurvig stands; and here there is a sandy beech, a great rarity on the coasts of Norway. The fortress has a garrison, and is mounted with heavy cannon, and is the principal station of the Norwegian navy, consisting of only one frigate, a few corvettes, brigs, and schooners; its principal strength being in gun-boats, of which there are 140, heavily armed. *Sandasund*, a little port to the eastward, at the entrance of the Christiania Fjord, has become of some importance, from the steamers calling at it.

<sup>6</sup> *Porsgrund*.—See Route 4.

## ROUTE XXV.

## CHRISTIANIA TO DROBAK, MOSS, AND FREDERIKSTAD.

This route connects the towns on the east side of the Christiania Fjord. A steam-boat leaves Christiania every Tuesday and Friday morning, from May till August, for Frederikshald, calling at all these towns, and returns on Monday and Wednesday: a very pleasant way of making the excursion, from the varied beauties of the Christiania Fjord. The stages by the land route are as follows:—

|                          |    |    |                 |
|--------------------------|----|----|-----------------|
| Prinsdal                 | .. | .. | 1               |
| Melbye, in Aas           | .. | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| <sup>1</sup> DROBAK      | .. | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ |
| Korsegaard               | .. | .. | $\frac{5}{8}$   |
| Sundbye                  | .. | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$   |
| Soner                    | .. | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$   |
| <sup>2</sup> Moss        | .. | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ |
| Dillingen                | .. | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Carlshuus                | .. | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ |
| Kjølbergbrö              | .. | .. | 1               |
| <sup>3</sup> FREDRIKSTAD | .. | .. | $\frac{3}{4}$   |

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11 N. m. 77 E. m.

<sup>1</sup> *Drobak* has a population of 1500 souls, and a considerable export trade, principally in deals.

<sup>2</sup> The town of *Moss*, environed by pine-woods, stands on a little bay, where a torrent rushes precipitously into the Fjord. On this stream, at intervals, are placed a great number of saw-mills, which convert the pine-logs into "deals" with astonishing rapidity.—See "Norway and its Scenery," p. 147. Moss has a population of 4000, and a large export trade, supplied by the saw-mills.

<sup>3</sup> *Frederikstad*, at the mouth of the main branch of the river Glommen, a town of 4000 inhabitants, was formerly of considerable importance as a frontier garrison in the wars with Sweden; the fortifications still remaining, but being now neglected.

## ROUTE XXVI.

### CHRISTIANIA TO FREDERIKSHALD AND SWINESUND,

This route, crossing the Swedish frontier at Swinesund, is the road either to Stockholm by the south bank of the Wener lake, or to Gothenburg by Uddevalla and the Falls of Trollhättan. It was formerly the usual way of entering Norway by land routes, and is still the only practicable one in winter, when the navigation is stopped by the ice. The stages are the same as those in Route 25, as far as Carlshuus, where the road branches off from that to Frederikstad. A steam-boat makes the voyage twice a week from Christiania to Frederikshald.—See particulars in Route 25.

|                             |                  |    |                 |
|-----------------------------|------------------|----|-----------------|
| Carlshuus                   | ..               | .. | 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Haraldstad, in Tune         | ..               |    | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| <sup>1</sup> SARPSBORG      | $\frac{1}{4}$    |    |                 |
| Öjstad, in Skjeberg         |                  | .. | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Vestgaard, on the SWINESUND | ( <sup>2</sup> ) | 1  |                 |
| <sup>3</sup> FREDERIKSHALD  | $\frac{3}{4}$    |    |                 |
| Hogdal, in Sweden           | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  |    |                 |

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13 $\frac{1}{2}$  N m. 92 $\frac{1}{2}$  E m.

<sup>1</sup> *Sarpsborg*, a town on the Glommen, formerly of some consequence, but destroyed in the Swedish wars. The site, with the adjoining estate of Borregaard, having been purchased by an English merchant, Sir John Pelly, has recently, it is understood, been sold to Mr. Sewell, both having extensive commercial connections with Norway. The town is rebuilt, and, being well situated for an export trade in timber, is again rising to importance. The Fall of the Glommen, called the Sarps-Foss, is very magnificent, from the vast body of water it discharges, though the height is not considerable, and the number of saw-mills detract from the picturesque effect.

<sup>2</sup> *Swinesund* is a narrow Fjord, forming, with the rocky barriers on both shores, the frontier between Sweden and Norway. It is approached by a long and precipitous descent, and all its features are very picturesque.

<sup>3</sup> *Frederikshald*, on a lower branch of the Swinesund, is a frontier town of considerable size and trade, the population being 4000. The fortress called Frederiksteen, formerly esteemed impregnable, is built upon an escarped rock, is inaccessible on three sides. Charles XII. of Sweden was killed while besieging it in 1718.—See “Norway and its Scenery,” p. 143.



## SECTION III.

ROUTES BY STEAM-SHIPS, FROM ENGLAND, FROM THE  
CONTINENT, AND ROUND THE COAST OF NORWAY.

I. The communications by steam direct from England to Norway and Sweden, hitherto conducted by Messrs. Thomas Wilson, Sons, and Co., of Hull, will for the future be in the hands of the North of Europe Steam Navigation Company, whose offices are at 84, King William Street. For the present, the station will remain at Hull, with communications during the season to Christiania every fortnight, and to Gothenburg weekly, the boats starting from Hull on Saturday. The fare to Christiania is 4*l.* 4*s.* for the best cabin, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* fore cabin; the voyage being performed in about sixty hours. The boats leave Christiania on their return every Tuesday fortnight. It is, however, in contemplation to have a direct *weekly* communication, both with Christiania and Gothenburg, by larger and more powerful steamers, and the station will probably be moved from Hull to Grimsby. Information respecting the Company's arrangements from time to time can, of course, be readily procured at their offices.

II. There is now a line of steam navigation established between Hamburg, Christiansand, and Bergen. A new and powerful steam-boat is building in England for this Company. The boats leave Hamburg every Thursday, and reach Christiansand in about thirty-five hours. They touch at Stavanger on the voyage from Bergen, returning to and from Christiansand to Hamburg every Saturday. Tourists whose design is to visit the western districts of Norway in the first instance, can meet the Hamburg line by the boats direct from London to that place, in case the Hull steam-boats should still fail of calling at Christiansand; or they may take the "overland route" to Hamburg, as pointed out in the preliminary observations.

III. There is a Norwegian steam-boat every week be-

tween Copenhagen, Gothenburg, and Christiania, from the middle of April to the end of October.

IV. Another Norwegian steam-boat plies weekly during the season between Christiania and Kiel, at the bottom of the Great Belt, calling at Nyborg, in the island of Funen off the coast of Jutland. The voyage is performed in about forty-eight hours, the boats, by the latest accounts, leaving Kiel every Saturday, and Christiania every Tuesday. To join these boats by the "overland route," through Belgium and Germany, the principal stages are Ostend, by steam-boat, *first* day; Cologne, *second* day; Hanover, *third* day; Hamburg and Kiel, *fourth* day; there being a line of railway the whole distance from Ostend.

V. There is communication during the season every week between Christiania and Christiansand, the boats calling at Sandesund, at the entrance of the Fjord, where they meet the steam-boat from Kiel; so that tourists intending to proceed at once to the west of Norway may thus fall in with the group of routes connected with that part of the country.

VI. A steam-boat leaves Christiansand for Bergen every week, at present, and, calling at all the intermediate ports, performs the voyage in two days, returning in the same manner.

VII. Steam-boats start from Bergen once a fortnight for Trondhjem and Hammerfest, calling at the intermediate places, and returning in the same manner. These boats will likewise during the present season proceed northwards from Hammerfest, doubling the North Cape and calling at Gjesvær, within 2 N. miles of the Cape, continuing the voyage to Vardö and Vadsö, on the east coast of Finmarken, and touching at Stangenæs, at the mouth of the Tana-Fjord; the whole circuit from Christiania being performed in seventeen days. The Table subjoined, contains the stations, with distances and fares. All the Norwegian steam-boats carry mails, and are commanded by officers of the royal navy who, in general, speak English. The table, accommodations, and society are good, the charges for diet moderate, and the voyage may be performed with comfort, the course for the greater part lying under shelter of the numerous islands which lie off the coast; the scenery being, of course, the

finest of the kind. A detailed account is published every year, under the authority of a department of the Norwegian government, containing particulars of the days and hours at which the steamers start, and call at the several stations, in all their voyages for the season, which commences in April and ends in October.

TABLE

OF THE ROUTE OF THE COAST STEAM-BOATS, WITH DISTANCES,  
AND FARES.

| Stations.                  | N. M. | Fares. |     |
|----------------------------|-------|--------|-----|
|                            |       | Sp.d.  | Sk. |
| CHRISTIANIA.               |       |        |     |
| Dröbak .. .. .             | 4     |        |     |
| Holmestrand .. .. .        | 8     |        |     |
| Horten .. .. .             | 8     |        |     |
| Moss .. .. .               | 8     |        |     |
| Vallö .. .. .              | 10    |        |     |
| Sandæsund .. .. .          | 13    |        |     |
| Sandefjord .. .. .         | 16    |        |     |
| Frederiksværn .. .. .      | 16    | 2      | 48  |
| BREVIG .. .. .             | 20    | 3      | 0   |
| Langesund .. .. .          | 19    |        |     |
| Kragerö .. .. .            | 21    |        |     |
| Riisøer .. .. .            | 25    |        |     |
| Haven, near Tvedestrand .. | 28    |        |     |
| ARENDAL .. .. .            | 31    | 4      | 75  |
| Grimstad .. .. .           | 34    |        |     |
| Lillesand and Humlesund .. | 37    |        |     |
| CHRISTIANSAND .. .. .      | 41    | 5      | 105 |
| Kleven, near Mandal .. ..  | 47    |        |     |
| Farsund .. .. .            | 53    |        |     |
| Flekkefjord .. .. .        | 59    | 8      | 15  |
| Rægefjord, in Sognddal ..  | 60    |        |     |
| Egersund .. .. .           | 63    |        |     |

| Stations.        |    |    |    | N. M. | Fares. |     |
|------------------|----|----|----|-------|--------|-----|
|                  |    |    |    |       | Sp.d.  | Sk. |
| STAVANGER..      | .. | .. | .. | 76    | 10     | 30  |
| Kobbervig        | .. | .. | .. | 78    |        |     |
| Haugesund ..     | .. | .. | .. | 80    |        |     |
| Mosterhavn       | .. | .. | .. | 85    |        |     |
| Lervig           | .. | .. | .. | 87    |        |     |
| Teröen..         | .. | .. | .. | 91    |        |     |
| Bukken           | .. | .. | .. | 94    | 12     | 105 |
| BERGEN           | .. | .. | .. | 97    |        |     |
| Skjærjehavn      | .. | .. | .. | 107   |        |     |
| Sauesund         | .. | .. | .. | 113   |        |     |
| Færesund ..      | .. | .. | .. | 117   |        |     |
| Moldöen          | .. | .. | .. | 124   |        |     |
| Larsnæs          | .. | .. | .. | 132   |        |     |
| Egsund           | .. | .. | .. | 135   |        |     |
| Aalesund ..      | .. | .. | .. | 139   | 19     | 30  |
| MOLDE..          | .. | .. | .. | 148   |        |     |
| CHRISTIANSUND    | .. | .. | .. | 155   | 20     | 15  |
| Ædö ..           | .. | .. | .. | 159   |        |     |
| Haven            | .. | .. | .. | 165   |        |     |
| Bejan ..         | .. | .. | .. | 170   |        |     |
| Rödbjerget ..    | .. | .. | .. | 174   |        |     |
| TRONDHJEM        | .. | .. | .. | 177   | 22     | 105 |
| Valdersund       | .. | .. | .. | 178   |        |     |
| Sud-Krogöen      | .. | .. | .. | 180   |        |     |
| Björöen (Namsen) | .. | .. | .. | 186   | 24     | 0   |
| Nord-Krogöen     | .. | .. | .. | 191   |        |     |
| Gudvig           | .. | .. | .. | 196   |        |     |
| Brönösund        | .. | .. | .. | 202   |        |     |
| Alstahæug ..     | .. | .. | .. | 208   |        |     |
| Kobberdal        | .. | .. | .. | 212   |        |     |
| Anklakken ..     | .. | .. | .. | 218   |        |     |
| Rödö ..          | .. | .. | .. | 221   |        |     |
| Stöt             | .. | .. | .. | 226   |        |     |
| Gildeskaal       | .. | .. | .. | 230   |        |     |
| Bodö             | .. | .. | .. | 235   | 28     | 45  |

| Stations.              |    |    |    |    | N M. | Fares. |     |
|------------------------|----|----|----|----|------|--------|-----|
|                        |    |    |    |    |      | Sp.d.  | Sk. |
| Kjerringö              | .. | .. | .. | .. | 239  |        |     |
| Grötö                  | .. | .. | .. | .. | 244  |        |     |
| Skraaven               | .. | .. | .. | .. | 249  |        |     |
| Svolvær                | .. | .. | .. | .. | 250  |        |     |
| Stejlo                 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 258  |        |     |
| Lödingen               | .. | .. | .. | .. | 255  |        |     |
| Sandtorv               | .. | .. | .. | .. | 259  |        |     |
| Harstad-havn           | .. | .. | .. | .. | 263  |        |     |
| Havnik                 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 264  |        |     |
| Kastnæs-havn           | .. | .. | .. | .. | 268  |        |     |
| Klöven                 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 272  |        |     |
| Gibostad               | .. | .. | .. | .. | 275  |        |     |
| TROMSÖ                 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 282  | 36     | 0   |
| Karlsö                 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 189  |        |     |
| Havnæs                 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 294  |        |     |
| Skjervö                | .. | .. | .. | .. | 285  |        |     |
| Loppen                 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 299  |        |     |
| Hasvik ..              | .. | .. | .. | .. | 303  |        |     |
| Oxfjord                | .. | .. | .. | .. | 305  |        |     |
| Talvik ..              | .. | .. | .. | .. | 311  |        |     |
| Bösekop (Alten)        | .. | .. | .. | .. | 313  | 39     | 105 |
| Kaafjorden             | .. | .. | .. | .. | 314  |        |     |
| HAMMERFEST             | .. | .. | .. | .. | 325  | 39     | 75  |
| Giesvær (North Cape)   | .. | .. | .. | .. | 331  |        |     |
| Stangenæs (Tana-Fjord) | .. | .. | .. | .. |      |        |     |
| Vardö ..               | .. | .. | .. | .. |      |        |     |
| Vadsö                  | .. | .. | .. | .. |      |        |     |

There may, perhaps, be some unimportant changes in the stations, or fares, which may always be ascertained from the Annual Tables.

## SECTION IV.

TRAVELLING POST.—RATES OF PAYMENT FOR HORSES,  
&c.—THE SKYDS LAW.—THE FORBUD, &c.

The rates of payment for horses and boats have been reduced by a recent ordinance of the Storthing. The following Tables are calculated according to the new regulations.

TABLE  
OF PAYMENTS FOR ONE HORSE, FROM TOWN AND COUNTRY STATIONS,  
PER NORSK MILE.

| Distance.            | At ordinary stations in the country. |      |     | At fast stations in the country, and town stations, not fast. |                 |                 | At fast stations in towns. |      |     |
|----------------------|--------------------------------------|------|-----|---|-----------------|-----------------|----------------------------|------|-----|
|                      | Sp. d.                               | Mks. | Sk. | Sp. d.  | Mks.            | Sk.             | Sp. d.                     | Mks. | Sk. |
| $\frac{1}{8}$ mile   |                                      |      | 3   |   |                 | $4\frac{1}{2}$  |                            |      | 6   |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ .....  |                                      |      | 6   |   |                 | 9               |                            |      | 12  |
| $\frac{3}{8}$ .....  |                                      |      | 9   |   |                 | $13\frac{1}{2}$ |                            |      | 18  |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ .....  |                                      |      | 12  |   |                 | 18              | 1                          | —    | —   |
| $\frac{5}{8}$ .....  |                                      |      | 15  |   |                 | $22\frac{1}{2}$ | 1                          | 6    | —   |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ .....  |                                      |      | 18  | 1   | 3               | —               | 1                          | 12   | —   |
| $\frac{7}{8}$ .....  |                                      |      | 21  | 1   | $7\frac{1}{2}$  | —               | 1                          | 18   | —   |
| 1 mile ..            | 1                                    | —    | —   | 1   | 12              | —               | 2                          | —    | —   |
| $1\frac{1}{8}$ ..... | 1                                    | 3    | —   | 1   | $16\frac{1}{2}$ | —               | 2                          | 6    | —   |
| $1\frac{1}{4}$ ..... | 1                                    | 6    | —   | 1   | 21              | —               | 2                          | 12   | —   |
| $1\frac{3}{8}$ ..... | 1                                    | 9    | —   | 2   | $14\frac{1}{2}$ | —               | 2                          | 18   | —   |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ ..... | 1                                    | 12   | —   | 2   | 6               | —               | 3                          | —    | —   |
| $1\frac{5}{8}$ ..... | 1                                    | 15   | —   | 2   | $10\frac{1}{2}$ | —               | 3                          | 6    | —   |
| $1\frac{3}{4}$ ..... | 1                                    | 18   | —   | 2   | 15              | —               | 3                          | 12   | —   |
| $1\frac{7}{8}$ ..... | 1                                    | 21   | —   | 2   | $19\frac{1}{2}$ | —               | 3                          | 18   | —   |
| 2 miles              | 2                                    | —    | —   | 3   | —               | —               | 4                          | —    | —   |

The station-master's fee (tilsigelse) is in all cases 4 sk. per stage for each horse, besides the above payments. A "fast station" is one where horses are always ready. A carriage and harness are charged 6 sk. extra, a country car and harness 4 sk., and bridle and saddle 2 sk., per Norsk mile.

**TABLE**  
**OF PAYMENTS FOR TWO AND THREE HORSES AT THE ORDINARY RATE**  
**OF COUNTRY STATIONS.**

| Distance.               | Two Horses. |        |     | Three Horses. |        |     |
|-------------------------|-------------|--------|-----|---------------|--------|-----|
|                         | Sp. dol.    | Marks. | Sk. | Sp. dol.      | Marks. | Sk. |
| $\frac{1}{8}$ mile .... |             |        | 6   |               |        | 9   |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ ".....    |             |        | 12  |               |        | 18  |
| $\frac{3}{8}$ ".....    |             |        | 18  |               | 1      | 3   |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ ".....    |             | 1      | —   |               | 1      | 12  |
| $\frac{5}{8}$ ".....    |             | 1      | 6   |               | 1      | 21  |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ ".....    |             | 1      | 12  |               | 2      | 6   |
| $\frac{7}{8}$ ".....    |             | 1      | 18  |               | 2      | 15  |
| 1 mile .....            |             | 2      | —   |               | 3      | —   |
| $1\frac{1}{8}$ ".....   |             | 2      | 6   |               | 3      | 9   |
| $1\frac{1}{4}$ ".....   |             | 2      | 12  |               | 3      | 18  |
| $1\frac{3}{8}$ ".....   |             | 2      | 18  |               | 4      | 3   |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ ".....   |             | 3      | —   |               | 4      | 12  |
| $1\frac{5}{8}$ ".....   |             | 3      | 6   |               | 4      | 21  |
| $1\frac{3}{4}$ ".....   |             | 3      | 12  | 1             | —      | 6   |
| $1\frac{7}{8}$ ".....   |             | 3      | 18  | 1             | —      | 15  |
| 2 miles ....            |             | 4      | —   | 1             | 1      | —   |

For fast stations in the country, and ordinary town stations 12 sk. per mile, and for fast stations in towns 24 sk. per mile (one mark), must be added to the calculations in this table, besides the payments for carriages and harness. Until the recent alteration in the Skyds-law, the charges were 48 sk. per mile from ordinary town stations, and 72 sk. per mile from fast stations in towns, instead of 36 and 48 respectively, the reduced charges. The statement in the Introductory Chapter, under the head of "The Service by Post" requires correction in this particular.

TABLE  
OF RATES OF PAYMENTS FOR BOATS.

|                                      |                    |          |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------|----------|
| 4-oared boat .. ..                   | 12 to 15 feet keel | Sk.<br>8 |
| 6-oared boat .. ..                   | 15 to 18 feet keel | 12       |
| 8-oared boat .. ..                   | 18 to 30 feet keel | 16       |
| 10-oared boat .. ..                  | 30 and over        | 24       |
| For every boatman ..                 | .. ..              | 28       |
| Where there is a licensed company .. | .. ..              | 30       |

The "tilsigelse" of 2 sk. to the station-master for each boatman is now abolished, as well as all difference between the rates of payment for boats between town and country stations. In Norway, each rower pulls two oars; so that a four-oared boat requires two men; and so of the rest. No distinction is now made between a row-boat and a sailing-boat. The boatmen have no claim to "drikke-penge," but in long stages by water a promise of "schnapps" will sometimes quicken their exertions, which are not very vigorous. In navigating the Fjords under sail, the traveller should never allow the sheets, or halyards, to be made fast, on account of the sudden squalls which frequently occur. The ropes should be held in the hand ready to be let loose instantly, otherwise there is danger of being capsized by the gusts of wind rushing down the gorges of the Fjelds.

#### SKYDS LAW.

Travelling post in Norway, as before observed, is regulated by law. The regulations of the Ordinance of the 6th June, 1815, and others, so far as they generally affect English travellers, have been already mentioned. It remains to notice those of the Ordinance of the 24th September, 1851, which has made some changes, besides a reduction in the fares for horses and boats.



By Section 2, it is ordained that the Amptmand shall determine the number of station horses and reserve horses to be kept at the fast stations. On less frequented roads the number of horses may be fixed at two or three, provided the station-keeper secures to himself the means of procuring a sufficient number of reserve horses to meet the requirements of the road. Instead of the time formerly allowed, the traveller must in future wait three-quarters, or one hour, at the stations not fast, if required [*i. e.*, when horses are not pre-engaged by forbud].

By Section 9. In addition to the cars and other conveyances which the station-masters in the country are required to furnish by a former Ordinance, station-masters in towns and at fast stations are further enjoined to furnish carriages, and travelling cars on springs, with cushions and leather aprons, for which 6 sk. per mile is allowed.

By Section 14, it is ordained that the traveller who keeps the horses or boat he has ordered waiting one hour beyond the time appointed by himself shall pay at the rate of one-quarter of a mile for every horse, or every boatman, and half as much for every additional half-hour they are kept waiting up to the regulated payment for one mile. The "skyds," whether horses or boatmen, need not wait more than two hours and a half for the traveller, who, arriving after that lapse of time, must pay the waiting money he has forfeited, before he can be provided with fresh skyds.

[If the traveller is detained at a previous station, and brings a certificate to that effect, which the station-master is required to give, or by the weather, or an accident, he is not liable to any penalty for the delay. And also by the old law of the 6th June, 1815, still in force, if the forbud arrives three hours before the time at which horses or boatmen are required to be at the station, and they are not there when the traveller arrives, the owner of the horses or the station-master making default, is fined one sp. dollar for the delay.]

By Section 11 *a*, two persons may travel with one horse, on payment at the rate of a single fare and a half, carrying with them luggage of the weight of 24 lbs. and 36 lbs. respectively. If two persons travel entirely without luggage, and they provide a separate conveyance for the skyds-karl, they pay one fare only. In the latter case, they may

put luggage to the amount of 192 lbs. weight on the car occupied by the driver. [The weight of luggage allowed for a single traveller with one horse is 64 lbs.]

By Section 4 of the Law of the 6th June, 1815, if the traveller has the reins in his hands, and is himself driving, should any accident occur, he is responsible for the damage done. Drivers are required to keep on the *right* side of the road, and not occupy more than one-half, under the penalty of 1 sp. dollar. If the traveller ill-uses or over-drives the horse, the station-master, on complaint of the post-boy, and with the assistance of two others, is to assess the damage, which must be deposited (subject to an appeal) before he is supplied with a fresh horse.

By Section 6 of the same Law, the traveller must pay all tolls for roads or bridges, in addition to the skyds money.

## THE FORBUD.

Directions for sending the forbud are given in the preliminary chapter. The charge is, 24 sk. per mile, the ordinary rate of payment for one horse. If the forbud tickets are sent by post, only 4 sk. for each station is paid. Tickets may be procured in blank at all the principal towns, according to the following form.

*Form of Forbud Ticket, with the blanks supplied.*

|  |              |                |                   |
|--|--------------|----------------|-------------------|
| paa Skyds  | kafferskedet | [Jonsrud]      | bestilles :       |
| figer  | [een]        | Hest med Soele |                   |
| figer  | [tre]        | læs Hest [e]   |                   |
| at staae foerdig   | [Ons]        | dagen den      | [6te Juli,] 1853. |
| [Vor-] midtdagen Kl. [otte.]                                       |              |                |                   |
| Med Forbudet (der betales ved Undertegnede's Underskrift) følger : |              |                |                   |
| [een Kaffert, een Sæk.]  |              |                |                   |

A. B.

[Christiania] den 4de Juli, 1853.

*The Form translated, as filled up.*

At the Skyds Station *Jonsrud* are ordered,

Say, *one* horse with harness.

Say, *three* loose horses.

To stand ready, *Wednesday*, the *6th July*, 1853.

*Forenoon*, at 8 o'clock.

With the Forbud (which is to be paid on the arrival of the undersigned) there comes *one portmanteau, one bag.*

A. B.

*Christiania, 4th July*, 1853.

Directions have been already given for calculating the rate of travelling, so as carefully to fix the time of arrival at the several stations. The tickets must have the traveller's signature, and should be numbered, and duplicates kept, or a correct list, with the days and hours for each station

## SECTION V.

## THE LANGUAGE.—VOCABULARY OF COMMON WORDS AND PHRASES.

DURING the many centuries in which Norway was subject to the kings of Denmark, the Danish idiom of the old Norsk tongue, superseded the Norwegian dialect, not only in official and other writings, but in the common usage of the people. Originally, the language of the three Scandinavian countries was called *Danske Tunge*; the variations arose in the developments of later periods. At present, the Norwegian language, as it is written and spoken in good society, is identical with the Danish, although the pronunciation is somewhat different, varying also with provincial dialects. Referring to the preliminary chapter for a suggestion of a simple mode of acquiring such words and phrases as may suffice for the tourist's most necessary demands while travelling through the country, the present Section is intended to offer him some further assistance.

Almost all Norwegian documents, forbud tickets, tables of routes, &c., which the tourist will have occasion to use, as well as newspapers and books, are, like German publications, printed in Gothic letters. These are so familiar, or so easily decyphered, that they will occasion little difficulty; but the small letter k (*e.g.* in *iffe*, *ikke*, *not*) may perhaps puzzle a stranger, and the capitals D and Q, O and Q, may be mistaken for the letter D, *D*.

The Danish alphabet contains twenty-seven letters, omitting *w*, and adding *æ* diphthong and *ö* as distinct characters. *K* and *Q* are used indiscriminately, and Dr. Rask, in his grammar, rejected the *Q* altogether as superfluous. The diphthong *æ* has rather the sound of *ai* than that which we

give it. The *ö*, with two dots over it, is pronounced like the French diphthong *œ*, in *œil* or *œuf*. The double *aa*, which frequently occurs, has the sound of our *oa*, as *Aagaard*, pronounced *Oagoard*. *E*, which is invariably sounded when final, conveys the sound both of the French *é*, *fermé*, and *é, ouvert*. The open *e* is exactly like the diphthong *æ*, as in *Herre*, gentleman. The simple *o* has also both open and close sounds, as *Kop*, a cup, *Bröder*, brother. The vowel *j* has the sound of our *y* consonant, as *Fjord*—*Fyord*; while the Danish *y* is pronounced like the French *u*. The pronunciation of the consonants scarcely varies from our own, except that *d* following a consonant has no perceptible expression, and serves merely to increase the sound of the preceding consonant, as *Fjeld*, a mountain range, pronounced *Fyell*; *Fjord*—*Fyör*.

In such a work as this it would be useless to attempt to make the grammatical inflections comprehensible. They are in general very simple and correspond with the English, and a short study of Rask's Danish Grammar would prepare the tourist for the practical learning already pointed out. There is also a small portable edition of an English and Danish dictionary, lately published at Leipsic which would be useful. Both these works can be procured at the foreign booksellers in London. A short and easy Norsk, or Dansk, grammar calculated for the use of English travellers by an intelligent Norwegian scholar, Mr. Edward Wittrüp, of Arendal, is now in course of publication by Mr. Cappelen, at Christiania, which will doubtless be also sold in London.

One or two observations may prevent some mistakes. It may be well to remember that *s* is not the sign of the plural number in Dansk, as it is in a large class of English words, but of the *genitive* case, as we say "the journey's end," but the genitive of words signifying inanimate substances is generally rendered, as in English, by *af*, as *Taget af Huset*, the roof of the house; while the plural of nouns in Dansk is formed by *e* or *er*, as *Dag*, day, *Dage*; *Kong*, king, *Konger*. Again, foreigners are sometimes perplexed by the way in which the definite articles are made the terminations of nouns substantives as often occurs in naming objects in their journey, as *Elv*, river, *Elven*, the river; *Dal*, a valley,

*Dalen*, the valley; *Hörunger*, the name of a mountain, Hörungurne, the Hörunger mountains. The articles form perhaps the greatest peculiarity in the Danish language, and as they are necessary in the simplest intercourse, it may be as well to name them. There are two, *en* for the masculine and feminine genders, and *et* for the neuter. When prefixed, in which case they are not joined to the substantive, they constitute the indefinite articles, and when affixed they become the definite: thus, *Hest*, horse; *en Hest*, a horse; *Hesten*, the horse. *Ne* is always the definite article of the plural, as *Heste*, horses, *Hestene*, the horses; genitive, *Hestens*, of the horse, *Hestenes*, of the horses. Before adjectives, the demonstrative pronoun *den*, *det*, *de*, is employed as the definite for the neuter, common, and plural, as *den gamle Stol*, the old chair; *det skønne Land*, the fine country; *de Hvide Heste*, the white horses.

The personal pronouns are *Ieg* (pronounced *yei*), I; *du*, thou; *han*, he; *hun*, she; *vi*, we; *I*, you; *de*, they. The third person plural *De* is used in addressing a person, instead of *du*, or *I*; and in writing to another, the words *De*, *Dem*, and *Deres*, are commenced with capital letters. To do otherwise would be esteemed a mark of disrespect. The objective cases of personal pronouns are *mig*, me; *dig*, thee; *ham*, him; *hende*, her. Plural, *os*, us; *vores*, ours; *eders* (jer) yours. The possessive pronouns are *mit*, *min*, *mine*, my, mine; *dit*, *din*, *dine*, thy, thine; *sit*, *sin*, *sine*, its, his, hers, and theirs, in the neuter, common, and plural, respectively; and *vort*, *vor*, *vore*, our, ours; *jert* (jer), *jere*, your, yours.

## NUMERALS.

- |                         |                                |
|-------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Een, <i>one</i> .    | 10. Ti, <i>ten</i> .           |
| 2. To, <i>two</i> .     | 11. Elleve, <i>eleven</i> .    |
| 3. Tre, <i>three</i> .  | 12. Tolv, <i>twelve</i> .      |
| 4. Fire, <i>four</i> .  | 13. Tretten, <i>thirteen</i> . |
| 5. Fem, <i>five</i> .   | 14. Fjorten, <i>fourteen</i> . |
| 6. Sex, <i>six</i> .    | 15. Femten, <i>fifteen</i> .   |
| 7. Syv, <i>seven</i> .  | 16. Sexten, <i>sixteen</i> .   |
| 8. Otte, <i>eight</i> . | 17. Sytten, <i>seventeen</i> . |
| 9. Ni, <i>nine</i> .    | 18. Atten, <i>eighteen</i> .   |

|                               |                     |
|-------------------------------|---------------------|
| 19. Nitten, <i>nineteen</i> . | 60. Tredsindstyve.  |
| 20. Tyve, <i>twenty</i> .     | 70. Halv-fjerds.*   |
| 21. Een og Tyve.              | 80. Fjirdsindstyve. |
| 22. To og Tyve, &c.           | 90. Halvfems.*      |
| 30. Tredive.                  | 100. Hundrede.      |
| 40. Fyrretyve.                | 1000. Tusende.      |
| 50. Halv-treds.*              |                     |

|                        |                             |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Den Förste..The first. | Den Tredie..The third.      |
| Den Anden..The second. | Den Fjerde..The fourth, &c. |

Den Förste Gang....The first time.

Den Anden Gang....The second time.

Eengange..Once. Togange..Twice. Tregange..Thrice.

The Norwegian method of reckoning by *halves* is rather puzzling to a stranger. Thus "Klokken er halvtre" means that it is half-past two o'clock, or *halfway between two and three*. So "Halv-tredsindstyve," *fifty*, signifies that it is halfway from forty towards three times twenty, or sixty, which is fifty.

If a stage be a mile and a-half, you may perhaps be told that it is "Halvanden Mil," or *halfway towards the second mile*; but more probably that it is "Sex Fjerdings," or six quarters. If the distance be half a mile and one-eighth, they will call it "Fem Ottendeel," or five-eighths. If the traveller be told that the stage is "Halv Sex Fjerdings," he must not fancy it to be only three-fourths, or *the half of six*; he will find it to be five-fourths and one-eighth, or *halfway from five towards six*, upon the principle before explained.

## DAYS OF THE WEEK.

|           |          |          |           |
|-----------|----------|----------|-----------|
| Monday    | Mandag.  | Friday   | Fredag.   |
| Tuesday   | Tirsdag. | Saturday | Løverdag. |
| Wednesday | Onsdag.  | Sunday   | Söndag.   |
| Thursday  | Torsdag. |          |           |

\* Short for Halv-tredsindstyve, Halv-fjerd-sindstyve, Halv-femsindstyve. Femti is also used for *fifty*; Sexti, for *sixty*; Sytti, for *seventy*; Otti, for *eighty*; Nitti, for *ninety*.

The months are written nearly as in English. The following words may conveniently find a place in connection with computations of time and distance.

|                     |                  |
|---------------------|------------------|
| Mid-day             | Mid-dag.         |
| To-day              | Idag.            |
| To-night            | Inat.            |
| Yesterday           | Igaar.           |
| To-morrow           | Imorgen.         |
| In the evening      | Iquell.          |
| Early               | Tidlig.          |
| Late                | Seen.            |
| Long (time)         | Længe.           |
| Long (space)        | Long.            |
| Short               | Kort.            |
| Quick, directly     | Snart. Strax.    |
| Slow                | Langsom.         |
| Two, three o'clock. | Klokken To, Tre. |

## VOCABULARY.

1. *Common Expressions of Civility and on Casual Intercourse.*

|                                |                                     |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Good morning.                  | God Morgen.                         |
| Good evening.                  | God Aften.                          |
| How do you do?                 | Hvorledes befinder De Dem?          |
| I come from ——                 | Ieg kommer fra ——                   |
| I am going to ——               | Ieg reiser till ——                  |
| I am an Englishman.            | Ieg er en Engelskmand.              |
| We travel to see the country.  | Vi reise for at see Landet.         |
| Norway is a beautiful country. | Norge er et smukt Land.             |
| You are a fine people.         | De er et bravt Folk (Scotch, braw). |
| I cannot talk Norwegian.       | Ieg kan ikke tale Norsk.            |
| I can only speak a few words.  | Ieg kan kuns tale nogle faae Ord.   |
| I do not understand that.      | Ieg forstaaer ikke det.             |
| You must speak slowly          | De maae tale langsomt.              |



Do you understand me?  
 What is your name?  
 What o'clock is it?  
 Be so good as to —  
 Many thanks.  
 Thanks shall you have.  
 Thanks for the meal.  
 The mistress is kind; obliging.

The daughter is pretty.  
 The girl is civil.  
 Gentleman.  
 Lady.  
 Young Lady.  
 (If of an inferior class).  
 Good day.  
 Good bye! Farewell!

Forstaaer De mig?  
 Hvad hedder De?  
 Hvad er Klokken?  
 Vær saa god at —  
 Mange Tak.  
 Tak skal De have.  
 Tak för Maden.  
 Huusmoderen er særdeles  
 forekommende.  
 Datteren er smük.  
 Pigen er artig.  
 Herre.  
 Frue.  
 Fröken.  
 Jomfru.  
 God dag.  
 Adje! Farvel!

## 2. *At an inn or resting-place.*

Can I get anything to eat?  
 I am hungry: I am thirsty.  
 Give me dinner.  
 „ supper.  
 „ breakfast.  
 Is there fresh meat.  
 salt meat.  
 ham or bacon.  
 fish.  
 eggs.  
 potatoes.  
 „ wheaten bread.  
 Give us whatever you have.  
 Give me oat-cake and butter.  
 „ milk and cream.  
 „ old cheese.  
 „ oatmeal porridge.  
 „ coffee.  
 „ sugar.  
 „ tea.

Kan Jeg faa noget at Spise?  
 Jeg er sulten: Jeg er törstig.  
 Giv mig Mid-dags Mad.  
 „ Nat Mad (or Aftens  
 Mad).  
 „ Frokost.  
 Er der Kjöd?  
 „ Flesk.  
 „ Skinke.  
 „ Fisk.  
 „ Æg.  
 „ Potates.  
 „ Hvede Bröd  
 Giv Os hvad De har.  
 Giv mig Flad-bröd og Smör.  
 „ Melk og Flöde.  
 „ Gammel Ost.  
 „ Bröd.  
 „ Kaffee.  
 „ Sukker.  
 „ Thee.

|                            |                             |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Give me brandy.            | Giv mig Brændeviin.         |
| „ white wine.              | „ Hviid Viin.               |
| „ beer.                    | „ Öl.                       |
| „ salt.                    | „ Salt.                     |
| „ pepper.                  | „ Peber.                    |
| „ mustard.                 | „ Sennep.                   |
| Bring me a knife and fork. | Skaf mig en Kniv og Gaffel. |
| „ spoon.                   | „ Skee.                     |
| „ plate.                   | „ Tallerken.                |
| „ cup.                     | „ Kop.                      |
| „ glass.                   | „ Glas.                     |
| Chair.                     | Stoel.                      |
| Table.                     | Bord.                       |
| Kettle.                    | Kjedel.                     |
| Pot.                       | Gryde.                      |
| Frying-pan.                | Stege-pande.                |
| The fire. (provincial.)    | Varme.                      |
| To boil.                   | Koge.                       |
| To fry.                    | Stege.                      |
| Immediately.               | Strax.                      |
| Quickly. (provincial.)     | Snart.                      |
| Slow.                      | Langsom.                    |
| Ready.                     | Færdig.                     |
| Clean.                     | Reen.                       |
| Dirty.                     | Smudsig.                    |
| Nothing.                   | Intet.                      |
| Not.                       | Ikke.                       |
| Yes; No.                   | Ja; nei.                    |
| And; or.                   | Og; eller.                  |
| In; with.                  | I; med.                     |
| From here; to.             | Herfra; til.                |
| Much; more.                | Meget; mere.                |
| Little.                    | Lidet.                      |
| To get.                    | Faae.                       |
| To procure.                | Skaffe.                     |
| To walk; to ride.          | Spadsere; ride.             |
| Take away.                 | Tage bort.                  |
| To fetch.                  | Hente.                      |
| Come here.                 | Kom her.                    |
| Husband.                   | Mand.                       |
| Wife.                      | Kone.                       |

|                                      |   |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| Son.                                 | Sön.  |
| Daughter.                            | Datter.                                     |
| Boy.                                 | Dreng.                                      |
| Girl.                                | Pige.                                       |
| Children.                            | Born.                                       |
| Servant.                             | Tjener.                                     |
| Interpreter.                         | Tolk.                                       |
| Can I sleep here to-night?           | Kan Ieg ligge her Inat?                     |
| Can I have a night's lodging?        | Kan Ieg faae Natte Quarteer?                |
| Are our rooms ready?                 | Ere vore Værelser istand?                   |
| Is my bed made?                      | Er min Seng redet?                          |
| Sheets; coverlid; pillow.            | Lagener; Teppe; Pude.                       |
| Washing-bason; soap.                 | Vaske-bolle; Sæbe.                          |
| Bring some water.                    | Skaft mig Vand (vulgar,<br><i>Vatten</i> ). |
| „ a towel.                           | Haandklæde.                                 |
| „ a candle.                          | Lys (a light).                              |
| Put wood on the fire; stove.         | Læg Brænde paa Fyren.                       |
| Shut the door.                       | Luk Døren til.                              |
| Open the window.                     | Aaben Vinduet.                              |
| Clean my boots.                      | Borst mine Stovler.                         |
| Wake me early to-morrow.             | Væk mig tidlig imorgen.                     |
| To rest.                             | Hvile.                                      |
| To be sick or ill.                   | Blivesyg.                                   |
| To lie down.                         | Ligge.                                      |
| Sleep well!                          | Sov godt!                                   |
| What have we to pay?                 | Hvad have vi at betale?                     |
| Give me the bill.                    | Giv mig Regningen.                          |
| Right.                               | Rigtig.                                     |
| Here is the money.                   | Her ere Pengene.                            |
| Change money.                        | Vexle Penge.                                |
| The bill is too high.                | Regningen er for høi.                       |
| Extravagant.                         | Ubillig.                                    |
| One dollar three marks is<br>enough. | En Daler og tre Mark ere<br>tilstrækkelig.  |
| I wil not pay more.                  | Ieg vil ikke betale mere.                   |

### 3. *At a Station and on the Road.*

|                 |                |
|-----------------|----------------|
| Station-master. | Skyds-skaffer. |
| Post-boy.       | Skyds-karl.    |

|   |   |
|---|---|
| Station-master's fee (4 sk. for each horse).  | Tilsigelse-pengo.                         |
| Drink-money (to the boy, <i>ad libitum</i> ). | Drikke-pengo.                             |
| Where is the Day-book?                        | Hvor er Dag Bogen?                        |
| Pen; ink.                                     | Pen; Blæk.                                |
| Paper; letter.                                | Papiir; Brev.                             |
| The stage.                                    | Skiftet.                                  |
| How much must I pay for each horse?           | Hvor meget skal jeg betale for hver Hest? |
| I will have three horses.                     | Jeg skal have tre Heste.                  |
| Where do we change horses?                    | Hvor skifter man Heste?                   |
| How many miles is it from here to —?          | Hvor mange Mile er det herfra til —?      |
| Is there a good inn on the road?              | Findes gode Gjæstgiversteder paa Veien?   |
| Is the road good; hilly?                      | Er Veien god; bakket?                     |
| Middling good; flat.                          | Meget god; flad.                          |
| Easy road; heavy road.                        | Let Vei; tung Vei.                        |
| Shew us the way.                              | Viis os Veien.                            |
| I will travel on horseback.                   | Jeg vil gjøre Reisen til Hest.            |
| Can I get a horse directly?                   | Kan jeg faae en Hest strax?               |
| Presently; <i>toute a l'heure</i> .           | En-tima. (provincial.)                    |
| I have but little luggage.                    | Jeg har kun ubetydeligt Tøi.              |
| Car (or cart).                                | Skyds-kjære.                              |
| Carriage (generally).                         | Vogn.                                     |
| Axle-tree.                                    | Axel.                                     |
| Shafts.                                       | Armene.                                   |
| Spring.                                       | Fjeder.                                   |
| Wheel.  | Hjul.                                     |
| Wheel screw.                                  | Skru Nögle                                |
| Grease.                                       | Smör.                                     |
| Whip.   | Swöbe.                                    |
| Harness.                                      | Sele.                                     |
| Saddle.                                       | Sadel.                                    |
| Girth.  | Sadelgjord.                               |
| Bridle.                                       | Bidsel.                                   |
| Stirrups.                                     | Stigbøile.                                |
| Horse-shoe.                                   | Heste-skoe.                               |
| Portmanteau.                                  | Koffert; Vadsæk.                          |
| Box.  | Kasse.                                    |

|   |  |
|---|--|
| Bag.  | Sæk.   |
| Strap.  | Rem ; Strop.                                       |
| Buckle.                                       | Spænde.  |
| String.                                       | Snor.  |
| To tie.                                       | Binde.   |
| To fasten.                                    | Fæste ; sætte fast.                                |
| Is there a ferry ?                            | Er der nogen Færges ?                              |
| Is there no boat here ?                       | Findes ingen Baad her ?                            |
| Can you procure me a boat ?                   | Kan man skaffe mig en Baad ?                       |
| With two rowers.                              | Med et Par Roer-Karle.                             |
| Put my carriage on board.                     | Tag min Vogn ombord.                               |
| Carefully.                                    | Vær forsigtig.                                     |
| The wind is high.                             | Vinden er stærk.                                   |
| contrary.                                     | contrari.  |
| Is there any danger ?                         | Er der nogen Fare ?                                |
| The horses were ordered for<br>three o'clock. | Hestene vare bestilte til<br>klokken tre.          |
| Where are the horses ?                        | Hvor ere Hestene ?                                 |
| Drive on.                                     | Kjör til ! skynd paa !<br>Frem !                   |
| The horse is lame.                            | Hesten er halt.                                    |
| A clever (active) horse.                      | En rask Hest.                                      |
| You must drive fast, or I<br>shall be late.   | Du maa kjöre fort ellers<br>kommer Jeg for sildig. |
| Shall we have fine weather ?                  | Skal-vi have smukt Veier ?                         |
| What town is that ?                           | Hvilken By er det ?                                |
| mountain-range ; hill.                        | Fjeld ; Bakke.                                     |
| What do you call that river ?                 | Hvad kalder Du denne Elv ?                         |
| Water ; lake.                                 | Vand ; Söe.  |
| Rock ; waterfall.                             | Bjerg ; Foss.                                      |
| The country.                                  | Landet.  |
| Field.  | Mark.  |
| Cornfield.                                    | Ager.  |
| Meadow.                                       | Eng.   |
| Grass.  | Græs.  |
| Hay.  | Hö.  |
| Wheat.  | Hvede.   |
| Rye.  | Rug.   |
| Barley.                                       | Byg.   |
| Oats.   | Havre.   |
| Cattle.                                       | Creature.  |

|   |                  |
|---|------------------|
| Cow.                                    | Ko.              |
| Sheep.                                  | Faar.            |
| Pig.                                    | Sviin.           |
| Dog.                                    | Hund.            |
| Wood or forest.                         | Skov.            |
| Tree, piece of wood.                    | Træ.             |
| Stick.                                  | Stok.            |
| Birch.                                  | Birk.            |
| Ash.                                    | Ask.             |
| Scotch fir ( <i>pinus sylvestris</i> ). | Furū.            |
| Spruce fir ( <i>pinus abies</i> ).      | Gran.            |
| Flowers.                                | Blomster.        |
| Farm-house.                             | Gaard.           |
| Barn.                                   | Lade.            |
| Dairy hut ( <i>chalét</i> ).            | Sæter.           |
| Parsonage.                              | Præste-gaard.    |
| A mother-church.                        | En Iløved-Kirke. |
| A church attached.                      | En Annex-Kirke.  |

#### 4 *Fishing and Shooting.*

|                 |                        |
|-----------------|------------------------|
| Fishing-rod.    | Fiske-stang.           |
| Fishing-line.   | Fiske-snor.            |
| Reel.           | Snelle.                |
| Hook.           | Angel; Krog.           |
| Fly.            | Flue.                  |
| Artificial fly. | Flue-angel; Flue-krog. |
| Boat.           | Baad.                  |
| Oar.            | Aare.                  |
| Rower.          | Roers-karl.            |
| Drawing net.    | Næt.                   |
| Small net.      | Garn.                  |
| Salmon.         | Lax.                   |
| Trout.          | Forelle; Örret.        |
| Grayling.       | Syk.                   |
| Pike.           | Gjedde.                |
| Gun.            | Skydegevær; Gevær.     |
| Rifle.          | Riffel.                |
| Gunpowder.      | Krudt.                 |
| Shot.           | Haglepose.             |
| Bullet.         | Kule.                  |

|               |           |
|---------------|-----------|
| Reindeer.     | Rensdyr.  |
| Elk.          | Elsdyr.   |
| Bear.         | Björn.    |
| Fox.          | Ræv.      |
| Wolf.         | Ulv.      |
| Hare.         | Hare.     |
| Bird.         | Fugl.     |
| Capercaillie. | Tiúr.     |
| Black cock.   | Urhane.   |
| Ptarmigan.    | Rype.     |
| Hazel hen.    | Hjerpe.   |
| Plover.       | Vandhöne. |
| Snipe.        | Sneppe.   |

### 5. *Articles of Dress, &c.*

|                   |               |
|-------------------|---------------|
| Coat.             | Kjole; Frak.  |
| Overcoat.         | Over-kjole.   |
| Trowsers.         | Beenklæder.   |
| Hat.              | Hat.          |
| Cap.              | Hue.          |
| Pocket.           | Lomme.        |
| Shirt.            | Skjorte.      |
| Handkerchief.     | Handtørklæde. |
| Boots.            | Støvler.      |
| Shoes.            | Skoe.         |
| Gloves.           | Handsker.     |
| Socks.            | Strømper.     |
| To wash.          | Vadske.       |
| To iron.          | Stryge.       |
| To mend. (patch.) | Lappe.        |
| To buy.           | Kjøbe.        |
| To sell.          | Sælge.        |
| Needle.           | Synaal.       |
| Scissors.         | Sax.          |
| Thread.           | Traad.        |
| Button.           | Knap.         |

## SECTION VI.

## SHOOTING AND ANGLING IN NORWAY.

MANY Englishmen resort to Norway every year for shooting and fly-fishing; particularly the latter. Inclosures and cultivation, a crowded population, exclusive rights, and the enormous rents required for moors, deer-forests, and fishings within the British islands, compel them to seek fields where game is more abundant and there is freer action. The wild character of the greater part of the surface of Norway, its innumerable lakes and rivers, and vast forests and Fjelds, combined with increasing facilities of communication, have naturally attracted them to a country offering such advantages to the lovers of sport. Some whose expectations were too highly raised have been disappointed; a few only have carried off the great prizes. Some causes of this disappointment will become apparent in the course of the following observations, intended principally for tourists proposing for the first time to engage in a sporting excursion to Norway, and wishing to learn something of its capabilities. Clever and amusing books have been written on different branches of the subject, which may be consulted with advantage by those who desire to prepare themselves carefully for their enterprise. To a compendium of the most useful information contained in such works, some hints and suggestions may here be added, as the result of personal observations and of communications from persons of experience in both countries.

Beginning, as usual, with a word of caution to inexperienced travellers in Norway, it may be suggested to the tourist, that, though he may be a fair shot or a practised



angler, he had better relinquish all idea of combining such pursuits with his travels, unless he is disposed to make them his principal object. Game is not so plentiful in Norway that it can be knocked down by the roadside, or on a casual halt in the stages of a tour; and, though almost every lake and river abound with trout, salmon-fishing in perfection is confined to some particular rivers, and very brief opportunities. Travellers remark how very few birds of the commonest kind are seen in Norway, while deer are only to be found in the depths of the forests and on the high Fjelds. It is from false and exaggerated impressions on this subject that disappointment has arisen. The sportsman and angler will probably traverse a great extent of country, and have peculiar opportunities of becoming familiar with the wildest scenes, but this object must be secondary to his main purpose, which will be found to demand great devotion of time, as well as much perseverance and sometimes great hardihood. Besides, no one can take the field, or try his luck on the waters, in Norway, with any hope of success, unless he is furnished with an outfit which, in the one case, is weighty, and in both peculiarly exposed to accidents in travelling through such a country. The tourist, therefore, must not fancy that he can add the enjoyment of a few days' shooting or salmon-fishing to the pleasure he proposes himself in a trip to Norway, unless he has leisure to devote at least a week or ten days to these pursuits at some suitable station, and is properly equipped for them, as well as prepared to encumber himself with the necessary implements of his sport during the rest of his journey. He is therefore recommended not even to burthen himself with a fowling-piece. A common fishing-rod for trout, if his tastes be that way inclined, will be no great incumbrance, and may often furnish him with an hour's amusement, as well as supply a meal for which he would otherwise be at a loss.

#### SHOOTING.

Of grouse, the birds most interesting to sportsmen, there are several varieties in Norway, many of which are found in great abundance. The wood-grouse, capercaillie, or cock

of the wood (*Tiår*), a noble bird, of the size of a turkey, is met with in all the pine forests, but seldom in any great numbers, and more in the northern than the western districts. They are shot in the trees by the peasants in a most unsportmanlike manner in the close season, despite of the game laws. The black-cock (*Urhane*) lies in the higher pine-forests and the birch-woods to the verge of the open Fjelds, which also harbour the hazel hen (*Hjerpe*), the most delicately flavoured of Norwegian birds. The white grouse is found in the upper birch-woods at the height of from three to four thousand feet. This variety is distinct from the red grouse of the British islands (*Tetrao Scoticus*), which is unknown in Norway. Osterdalen (Route 20) and Land and Aadalen, in Walders (Route 16) abound with birds of the wood. The Ptarmigan (*Rype*) is not preserved by law. It is to be met with everywhere on the open Fjelds where it subsists on the berries of the Alpine plants; but a Norwegian naturalist has informed us that they are found in most unequal numbers in different years, and are most common on the more level tracts in the "Amts" of Nordland and Finmarken, when they are somewhat overgrown with shrubbery of the birch-tree. Plover are seen everywhere on the upland moors, where they rise under your feet, startling you with their plaintive cries. The ptarmigan is a stupid bird, flying but a short distance and perching among the grey rocks of the high Fjelds. The cock of the wood and other birds of the forest cannot be found without dogs. A good treatise on these birds appeared in the last numbers of the "Illustrated Christiania News," 1852.

Partridges are only found at some places in the south of Norway. Wild fowl of every description are plentiful on the west coast, and numbers of woodcocks about the great Fjords of those districts. Snipes are to be met with wherever the ground is suitable. At the end of August or beginning of September, there are immense numbers of them at the northern extremity of the Ojeren-vand, about fifteen English miles from Christiania, and close to the new railway; and also at the head of the Hitterdals-vand, and in Lower Telemarken. (Route 4.) These are also good places for shooting wild ducks. Hares are found everywhere; in some places in great abundance, particularly in the

island of Smölen near Christiansund (Route 11), in which there are also plenty of ptarmigan and some red-deer. The white hare (*Lepus Borealis*) is we believe common; but we have never been fortunate enough to see one, except in the specimens preserved in the museums of Norway. A couple of well-bred setters are the best dogs to take on a sporting excursion in Norway; they will do all the work required either in the forest or on the Fjeld. They should be used to feed on barley-bread, and may be conveniently conveyed in a strong net lashed under a carriage. The arm should be a good double barrel-gun, with a large bore for bullets if they are required. The sportsman should carry a sufficient stock of powder and ammunition, carefully packed, as well as his guns, in waterproof cases to secure them from damage by getting wet.

## DEER-STALKING.

For this most exciting of all European field-sports, the bold and hardy sportsman has greater scope in Norway than in any other country, except perhaps among the chamois hunters in the Tyrolese mountains, or the higher Alps. The elk, (*Elk-dyr*) the antlered monarch of the North, is extinct throughout the greater part of Norway, but is still found in the eastern districts of Hedemarken, particularly in the parishes of Osterdalen, Solöer, and Løiten. (Route 20). There are some also in the forests in Land, in the southern part of the county of Walders, and in the commons of Aadalen. (Route 16.) By late accounts they seem to be spreading still more to the westward, and as there is a heavy fine for killing an elk out of season, it may be hoped that this noble animal will not be entirely extirpated by the peasants. Mr. Asbjørnsen has written valuable essays on the elk and reindeer, published in the "Christiania Illustrated News."

Red-deer, in any considerable numbers, are now almost exclusively confined to the islands on the west coast, particularly the large island of Hitteröen, off the Trondhjem Fjord, and that of Smölen near Christiansund. Some are, however, still left on the continent of Norway about

the Sönd-fjord and Nord-fjord, in Romsdal, Söndmör and Nordmör (Route 21), as well as about the grounds of Lysekloster (the convent of Lyse), in the Bergenstift. (Route 5.)

Reindeer (*Rensdyr*) abound on the higher Fjelds, at and about the snow level, in every part of Norway; the long chain of mountains, in particular, which lie between Trondhjem and the Bergenstift being their proper *habitat*. Their best range is perhaps on the plateau of the Fjeld between Fortun and Lom. (Route 8.) They are also seen in great numbers on the high Fjelds above Justedalen, and between Opdal, Lesjö, and Romsdalen. (Route 21.) The boundless plateau of the Hardanger Fjeld affords them secure retreats, and they may be found more readily on its eastern flank near Lier and Argehovd at the northern extremity of the Mjös-vand. In Nordland and Finmarken they rarely appear, but they are met with on the Dovre-Fjeld (Route 17), as well as on the Fille-Fjeld. (Route 16.) A still better place to find them in numbers is the Rundane-Fjeld (The Rounds), a branch of the Dovre-Fjeld dividing Gulbrandsdalen and Osterdalen. Mr. Belton gives an interesting account of an excursion among the snowy peaks of this Fjeld in pursuit of the reindeer.—“Two Summers in Norway,” vol. i., p. 158.

The reindeer being very shy, and ranging over the vast solitudes of these high Norwegian alps, at an elevation of from four to five thousand feet, the stalking them requires considerable powers of endurance as well as great activity; while it is an enterprise which will amply repay the sportsman who is possessed of these qualifications, and no others would of course attempt it. The best stations for the resting-place and depôt are Fortun (Route 8); Veblungs-næset (Route 21); Hjærkin (Route 17); and Reien or Nystuen (Route 16). At these places experienced hunters can be obtained as guides; provisions must also be procured, and arrangements made for spending, probably, several nights on the Fjeld. In this case, there is no resource but to obtain shelter in the nearest “læger,” or huntsman’s hut, which is nothing more than four walls of loose stones with flat ones for the roof; but as even these are not always to be reached, Captain Biddulph recommends deer-stalkers on

the Fjeld to be provided with a light tent. See the postscript to "Norway in 1848-9," which may be consulted with advantage for general directions on this subject. It may be added that, for deer-stalking on the Fjeld, dogs are quite useless, except perhaps a lurcher, to secure a wounded deer. The best arm is a two-grooved rifle, 14-bore, with a double or single barrel according to the sportsman's strength, the double barrel being of course the most serviceable. The guide must not be allowed to carry a gun; but *two* good telescopes should be provided, with one of which he should be furnished. The reindeer may perhaps be stalked to within sixty yards, or it may not be possible, as they are very wild, to get a shot at them nearer than two hundred yards; and it may take many hours and even days to follow the trail, *Dyr-schack*, over the snow till the herd is found. The sportsman—no one indeed in a wild country, should omit carrying a small compass in his waistcoat pocket. His dress should not be of a conspicuous colour: the cap, jacket, and trowsers being of shepherds' plaid, or any black-and-white mixture.

#### ANIMALS OF PREY.

Bears are to be found in most parts of Norway, but hunting them is seldom successful except in the latter part of autumn, with the assistance of good deer dogs, and in spring, by placing carrion in the forest, and shooting them from a tree or a log hut; a common practice requiring no extraordinary courage. It is far otherwise, and very dangerous, to face them single handed, as Mr. Lloyd was in the habit of doing. See his work on "The Field Sports of the North." Wolves, which also abound, are generally hunted in winter, and when the snow is deep, on skates. The *gaupe*, a species of lynx, is found in the wilder forest districts. Standing about two feet high and five long, and strongly made, it is a far more formidable animal than the wolf, and is hunted with dogs. The beaver is still found in Norway, but having become nearly extinct, killing them is prohibited during a term of years, two of which are yet unexpired. They are only to be seen at present in Lower

Telemarken and Raabygdelaugset, but it is said that they are also to be found on the Swedish frontier. The glutton, an animal of strange uncouth appearance, allied to the marten by the teeth and head, but with feet approaching in character those of the bear, is to be found generally throughout the country. The western districts of Norway abound in noble birds of prey—the golden eagle, the sea-eagle, the osprey, the jer-falcon, or Icelandic falcon, so famous in olden time. The peregrine-falcon is common in most parts of the country.

#### ANGLING.

*Salmon.*—There are scarcely any of the innumerable rivers of Norway, of proper size, which salmon do not enter, and they would doubtless all be even better supplied than they are with this noble fish, if it were not for the falls near the mouths of many of the largest rivers, which prevent the salmon from ascending on their annual passage from the sea to their spawning beds; thus stopping their passage also to the thousand streams which feed the larger rivers. Another limit to the success of the angler in a country so intersected with rivers and streams, is the very short season during which the waters are in a proper state; for they are rendered turbid by the melting of the snow on the Fjelds in the early part of summer, and are often again disturbed by the breaking up of the ice in the mountain lakes at a later period. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, English anglers have met with splendid success in salmon fishing in Norway. The Namsen, north of Trondhjem (Routes 12 and 17), has long been considered the best of the Norwegian rivers, and next to it the Alten river, near Hammerfest. (Route 13.) They may also be reached by the coast steam-boats, for which see the Tables subjoined. These favourite waters are, however, so frequented by first-rate English anglers, that the best fishings are rented by gentlemen who make regular visits to them every year. Others are generally pre-engaged for the season; while the demands of the farmers who claim rights on the banks of the rivers, particularly the Namsen, are most exorbitant. Next to these, the Gaul-elv, which

flows into the Fjord near Trondhjem, is, perhaps, the best salmon stream in Norway. There are, besides, the Nid-elv, also flowing into the Trondhjem-Fjord, and the Orke, in Orkedalen, on the road to Molde. (Route 10.) Further south, we have the Rauma-elv, the fine river which takes its course through Romsdal, for which the station is Veblungsnæset (Route 21), before mentioned as good quarters for deer stalking; and the Driva-elv, below Drivstuen. (Route 17.) On the road to Bergen the Lierdals-elv is recommended, and salmon have been taken in one or two of the rivers which fall into the Bergen Fjord; but the rivers on this part of the west coast are generally too short in their course, and too near the Fjelds, to allow of good salmon fishing. Incomparably the best salmon river in the south of Norway, and perhaps the second in all Scandinavia, is the Laagen-elv, near Laurvig. (Route 14.) There are also the Drammen river, in the same neighbourhood, and the Mandals-elv, near Christiansand, and no doubt there is fair fishing in some of the rivers between Mandal and Stavanger. (Route 1.) These southern rivers should be first tried by tourists who are bent on a fishing excursion to the north, as the water in them is clear at least a fortnight earlier.

The observations in Section 1, respecting landing at some point on the south coast, are especially worthy of notice by those who take this course. As the Laagen-elv just mentioned is much resorted to by English anglers, it is very possible that the new comer may find there the same obstacles from pre-occupation which he will almost surely meet with on the Namsen, Alten, and Guul, the still more frequented rivers of the north of the kingdom. A new comer will sometimes be viewed with jealousy by experienced anglers, who are apprehensive of any interference with their favourite waters; and he will probably be discouraged by unfavourable accounts of rivers, which either have not been fairly tried, or the reporters wish to reserve for their own amusement. But let him not despair. The other rivers enumerated, and doubtless many more, as yet untried, which by luck or skill he may make his own, enjoying the first fruits of his discovery, will satisfy any moderate expectations he may form. The times are probably gone by when from 2000 to 3000 pounds' weight of

salmon could be taken by a single rod, in one river, and in a short season; but those who are not gluttons in their sport may well be content with a success far inferior as to quantity.

The difference between fishing in strictly preserved waters, instead of taking the chances of new or more open rivers, seems to be something like that between a *battue* in well-stocked woods, and shooting over a rough and wild country; between counting the "head" of game bagged in a day's sport, instead of reckoning, with a more generous feeling, the less palpable returns of a field which has put the sportsman's skill and powers of endurance to a severer test. Anglers will also recollect that by the rules of their art, success depends upon the state of the weather and the water, and they must not hastily decide against a promising river, because, at a particular period, the salmon will not rise to the fly, or because others have met with a similar disappointment.

It was formerly the general custom of English anglers in Norway to give all the fish they took, beyond what they required for their own consumption, to the occupiers of the land on the bank of the river from which they fished, and in unfrequented parts of the country this acknowledgment of the owner's rights may still suffice. But the system of demanding money payments for permission to angle has been gradually extending itself, and the demands made in this way are frequently most extortionate.

*Trout Fishing.*—It would be vain to attempt to particularise the thousand rivers and lakes of Norway, most of which contain trout, more or less plentifully. Moderately sized streams and lakes are by far the best for the angler; but waters discoloured by the melting of the snow are even more unfavourable to trout than to salmon fishing. The heaviest trout will invariably be found lying at the foot of falls, especially if they are situated a little above an extensive lake. Below the Hund-Foss, between Lillehammer and Moshuus (Route 17), trout are occasionally taken of thirty pounds weight, and commonly of fifteen to eighteen. Sir Humphrey Davy caught a great many sea-trout in the rivers between Mandal, Christiansand, and Arendal. The Vor-men-elv, near the new railroad station at Minde, is full of



trout, and the small lake near Nystuen on the Fille-Fjeld (Route 16), abounds with fish of the colour of a salmon, and of exquisite flavour. The district of Telemarken, round the Gousta-Fjeld (Route 4), is also celebrated, not only for the picturesqueness of its scenery, but for the excellence and abundance of its trout.

The principal fishing-tackle makers in London are now so well acquainted with what is required by an angler for the Norwegian rivers, that they may be referred to for what is best adapted to the purpose; nothing of the sort can be procured in Norway. Everything for salmon fishing should be of the best quality, the rods and lines of the strongest, with large flies; brilliant and decided colours being the most killing. Messrs. Jones and Co., of Jermyn Street, St. James's, and other tradesmen in that line, are in constant communication with first-rate English anglers connected with Norway, and their information may be depended on. Mr. Jones has printed a little work, adapted to its title: "The Salmon Fisher's Pocket Companion;" and there is also a work published at Drammen, by Mr. Hutchinson, an English angler, resident there, under the title of "Fluefiskeriets Anvendelies Norge," "The Practice of Fly Fishers in Norway," which may be useful to those who have obtained some knowledge of the language; while Mr. Belton's entertaining and instructive volumes, "Two Summers in Norway," convey in a most agreeable manner much and varied information on this subject.

#### GAME LAWS.

By an Ordinance of the Storting, dated 4th August, 1845, the following restrictions and penalties are enacted for the preservation of game.

Elk and red deer can only be shot between 1st August and the 1st November; the penalty for illegally killing an elk being 40 sp. d. (9*l.*), and for red deer 20 sp. d. Reindeer are not suffered to be killed between 1st April and 1st August; the penalty being 10 sp. d. Hares are protected from 1st June till 15th August, under a penalty of 2 sp. d. Capercaille, black cock, and hazel hens are not to be killed

from 1st April to 15th August. Water-fowl, except birds of passage, are forbidden to be killed in spring, between 1st April and 1st July; the penalty being 1 sp. d. The penalties are to be recovered by information lodged with the district officer, which the offender is summoned to answer, when he may at once pay the fine, or disputing it, will be heard in answer to the charge. One-half of the penalties go to the informer, the other to the poor. They can little affect the English sportsman, as it is not very likely that he will be shooting in Norway in the close season, or that the fines would be rigorously enforced against him in the wild districts, to which he would probably resort.

THE END.



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