

A JUBILEE JAUNT TO NORWAY

BY THREE GIRLS



F610 [Violet and Mildred
Crompton - Roberts.]

A JUBILEE JAUNT
TO NORWAY.

BY
THREE GIRLS.

Miss Violet Crompton - Roberts,
- Mildred Crompton - Roberts of
the same party have par "Three Girls"

SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE.

“WHAT is the preface to be about?” says Scroppit.

“Why have one at all?” asks Goggles.

“Well, other books mostly have prefaces, so why not our Jubilee Jaunt?” is the Counsellor’s reply, “and besides, we really need a preface in which to make some sort of apology and excuse for our attempt to inflict our adventures upon a confiding public.”

“Such a mad notion, and mere wishing to see their names in print!” we think we hear some cross old lady say.

The fact is that our own friends have so often laughed over our mishaps, when some comical story or other has cropped up, that we couldn’t help thinking that others might spend an hour some wet day in smiling over them too.

And then there really *does* seem to be a demand for light reading on Norway. Only the other day a lady said to the Counsellor,—

“I have written to Mudie’s, to ask him to send me books on Norway; as, like all the world, we mean to be in the fashion, and go there this autumn; and I can’t get any. I said in my note, nothing scientific, not a treatise on fishing, or a guide-book; but

something to tell me what to see, where to go, what clothes to take, and more particularly what other people have done when they got there. Either there are no books such as I want, or they are all being read, and are all 'out'!

The Counsellor suggested the only book on the subject she had ever read, viz., "Three in Norway, by two of them."

"Oh, yes! how my husband laughed over that," was the reply; "but there is too much about sport in it for it to be quite what I am looking out for, to take for my particular reading on the yacht."

This conversation occurred when we were very wavering as to whether to let our little book try its fortunes or not. On talking it over, we came to the conclusion that "Faint heart never won, &c." So here goes!

We must begin by saying how deeply indebted we are to Baedeker for a great deal of information, heights, distances, &c., &c., and to recommend his guide-book as quite the best according to our ideas. Bennett's guide is very good for those who travel exclusively by carriage, but not for general use.

We should be terribly sorry to hurt any one's feelings by any little jokes we may have made with regard to our fellow-passengers; and those who think they recognize a skit upon themselves in the following pages are almost certain to be mistaken, so seldom do we see ourselves as others see us.

We have purposely given fancy names to the ships on which we sailed, and to all friends and fellow-tourists whom we have had occasion to mention.

If we have unconsciously enlarged on what others

have written before us, our all-round ignorance, as our brothers would say, of any book on the same subject, and of the ins and outs of the literary world, must plead for us in excuse.

Nothing now remains to be said except that our best wish for any who read these pages is that they may have as pleasant a trip, or as jolly a jubilee jaunt as we ourselves enjoyed.

We have not often made reference to the Norwegian coinage, but for the benefit of any who may not quite understand it, we subjoin the following table.

The krone is worth 1*s.* $1\frac{1}{3}$ *d.*, and is divided into a hundred parts called ore. A sovereign is worth eighteen krone.

$\frac{1}{2}$ <i>d.</i>	=	$3\frac{3}{4}$ ore.	10 ore	=	$1\frac{1}{3}$ <i>d.</i>
1 <i>d.</i>	=	$7\frac{1}{2}$ ore.	20 ore	=	$2\frac{2}{3}$ <i>d.</i>
4 <i>d.</i>	=	30 ore.	25 ore	=	$3\frac{1}{4}$ <i>d.</i>
6 <i>d.</i>	=	45 ore.	60 ore	=	8 <i>d.</i>
1 <i>s.</i>	=	90 ore.	3 krone	=	3 <i>s.</i> 4 <i>d.</i>
5 <i>s.</i>	=	4 krone, 50 ore.	5 krone	=	5 <i>s.</i> $6\frac{2}{3}$ <i>d.</i>
10 <i>s.</i>	=	9 krone.	10 krone	=	11 <i>s.</i> $1\frac{1}{3}$ <i>d.</i>
£1	=	18 krone.	20 krone	=	£1 2 <i>s.</i> $2\frac{1}{3}$ <i>d.</i>
£5	=	90 krone.	50 krone	=	£2 15 <i>s.</i> $6\frac{1}{2}$ <i>d.</i>
£20	=	360 krone.	100 krone	=	£5 11 <i>s.</i> 1 <i>d.</i>
£100	=	1800 krone.	900 krone	=	£50.

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A JUBILEE JAUNT TO NORWAY.

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### INTRODUCTION.

*August 1st, 1887*—Pitter, patter ! splash, splutter ! It rains at Lillehammer as if it had never rained before ! Rains till we cannot help thinking of the days during the Flood, and wondering what sort of a time Noah had in the Ark ; and how his family employed their spare moments, of which there must have been a good many !

We have tried all sorts of ways of passing the hours since a rather early breakfast ; have put finishing touches to our sketches, have mended odds and ends of clothing, written letters ; and are almost reduced to reading some very old numbers of the “ Sunday at Home,” lent us yesterday by the landlord ; when the following bright idea suggests itself. Why not put on our macintoshes, brave the elements, seek out a “ Boghandel,” which is their playful name for book-shop in these parts, buy a note-book, and write an account of our doings in Norway ? If our adventures haven’t been exactly thrilling, they have been at times most amusing ; and we, like the authors of that capital

story, are also "Three in Norway," i.e. three girls. Our party consists of six, viz. Mr. and Mrs. Seir, Mr. R——, and we three, who have decided to call ourselves for the time being by the names of The Counsellor, Scroppit, and Goggles.

The Counsellor, as we wish her to be called from her habit of looking out routes, consulting Norwegian and Swedish Bradshaws (which she tries to make us think she understands), and constantly appearing with "Baedeker" under one arm and "Bennett" somewhere handy, is the eldest of the three. A German, whose knowledge of English "as She is spoke" was extremely limited, and who seemed to be under the impression that he was paying a very neat compliment, told her, whilst on this trip, that he should have taken her to be "Scotch any verr, since she was so fat!" She considers that after this, her outward appearance must be sufficiently *plain* to all.

Scroppit is very small, nearly five foot nothing, we tell her, when we chaff her about her height. She is a pretty girl, and one that fellow-travellers are generally most anxious to give a hand to over rocky ground or muddy places;—always ready to make a joke of any mishap, she thoroughly enjoys this—her first trip abroad.

Goggles, as she insists on being called in these pages, possibly because it is the most inappropriate name that could have suggested itself, is "sweet seventeen." The others are both a little more. Mr. R——, famous as perhaps *the* greatest tiger shot India has known, is nicknamed the "Brigadier" amongst us. He is *now* famous for his ability at a moment's notice

to put in twenty minutes' sleep, whenever the conversation flags, or the scenery becomes less picturesque, in short at any time, and in any place. We three have agreed to describe each other, and it is rather a hard task. Goggles found it easier to write her account in rhyme.

"The reader by now a description will ask,  
But to meet his demand is no easy task,  
Yet listen awhile and hear what we say  
About the three maidens who 'tripped' in Norway.  
The Counsellor, eldest, is both fair and tall,  
A contrast to Scroppit, decidedly small;  
They are both over age and amiable girls,  
And both likewise wear their fringes in curls.  
Goggles the youngest, nearly seventeen years,  
Looks German in face, and spectacles wears,  
The reader now being *au fait* with their look,  
We all of us think will shut up this book."

## CHAPTER I.

## THE START.

*July 14th, 1887.*—It had been rather a question whetherto see the Jubileeseason out to its bitter end, or to start early in July for Norway. The Midnight Sun waits for no man, or woman either ; and we knew it would be thinking of setting, like our ordinary everyday sun at home, did we stay for the big day at Sandown Park, or the Naval Review.—This last, every one told us, bid fair to be a sight, the like of which we couldn't see again, even if we lived *another* fifty years ! Still when the pros and cons had been discussed, the votes were all in favour of the North Cape ; more especially as town was getting insufferably hot ; and so the 14th of July saw us really off.

The start was effected from London about mid-day, and our only important stop was at Peterborough, where we picked up Scrappit. We reached Hull at six o'clock, and walking from the station, went straight off to the docks to see our luggage put on board, and get rid of it as soon as possible. Special care had been taken to procure the smallest regulation size cabin boxes, as a good deal of our time would be spent on steamers ; and we hoped to find these boxes just small enough to strap on to the back of a carriole should we go for a driving tour. On seeing our berths

in the Wilson line steamer *Hero*, we felt a little annoyed (perhaps unreasonably) to notice that the cabins were so constructed that it was impossible for them to contain any-sized cabin box. This entailed a certain amount of unpacking on deck, before seeing our luggage consigned to the hold, as we had stupidly not put quite all we wanted for the next three or four days in our bags.

This done, as there was still time to spare before dinner, we went to see some of the principal streets and sights of Hull ; the monument erected to Wilberforce, and the golden or rather gilded statue of William III. One of the streets is called "Green Ginger Street," which seems curious. Hull gave us the impression of being a very dirty, dingy town ; and some of the back streets through which we passed were swarming with ragged, unkempt children, all running about without a bit of shoe or stocking on. We were very merry over the last English dinner we were to eat for the next six weeks ; and sat talking till half past ten, when we found two flies were not to be had at that time of night in Hull, so all had to cram into one, to get down to the boat.

The *Hero* was to have left the docks at 11 p.m. and all had intended staying on deck till she started, but about midnight Goggles and Scrappit, feeling *very* sleepy, went below. They afterwards said that the cabin they shared reminded them of a specially small bathing-machine ; but it seemed to get larger each day, later on, as they got more used to stowing themselves away. That night Goggles had something of an adventure ; she lost the way to her cabin, and opening the wrong door, came upon a gentleman

quietly reading in bed. Happily he was so engrossed with his novel, that he never looked up; and beating a hasty retreat, she found her own door was the next one. Only two of our party stayed on deck till we were well out in the Humber, it was raining slightly, and was too dark to distinguish anything but the merest outlines of fellow-passengers. When the Counsellor sought her cabin, the lady, with whom she shared it was apparently dozing, so she made quick work to get into bed, and was soon sound asleep.

*July 15th.*—She woke about 7 o'clock and was debating whether to seize the opportunity of dressing first; as it was barely possible for *two* to stand, much less to move in their cabin, when her companion sprang out of her berth—the lower one. In the morning light she looked rather short, and stout, and plain; and the Counsellor was vaguely wondering what she did when she was at home, when the lady, whom we afterwards learnt was a Miss Rich, somewhat abruptly opened the conversation, saying,—

“Good-morning; do you notice my Jaeger’s underclothing? It is quite invaluable for travelling! I always wear it at home, where I do so much cycling, and it has the advantage of requiring to be so seldom washed!” (We insert this as a useful hint to those about to travel!)

At 9 o'clock the bell rang, and we all assembled for breakfast in the saloon. The day was glorious, the sun very hot, and the sea and sky so blue and calm, that Scappit, who had never been on the sea, except in a rowing-boat, before, said it was impossible even to imagine how any one ever could feel ill! Time passed pretty quickly, like it generally does at sea in

calm weather. We attempted a little sketching, to get our hands in for the scenery at the North Cape; but it wasn't easy to choose a subject with nothing but sea and sky all around us; and singularly few vessels hove in sight! It has often been said that many men are far more conceited than ladies, and this was brought home to us to-day by several gentlemen (apparently half asleep before) changing places and positions, and putting themselves into the most fetching attitudes they could think of, directly they saw us commence operations with our pencils. It seemed so funny that they should at once jump at the conclusion that we meant to draw *them*, for we were at first only trying to do part of the ship, with a few life-buoys and camp-stools for foreground. Goggles sympathized with the men, now assuming most uncomfortable, but most telling postures, saying, “Poor things! they are quite right not to wish to be made to look *worse* than they really are.”

As the day wore on we began to get more friendly with some of our fellow-passengers, principally with those who took advantage of the passing of the salt or the handing of potatoes at our one o'clock *table-d'ôte* luncheon, to make some chance remark. A few empty places were noticeable already, but all who sat at table seemed in the highest spirits and very hungry. How the fact of offering to lend one's field glasses on every available occasion leads to conversation! One very small man with a very large pair became quite communicative. The Counsellor took rather an interest in him, having tried to put him in a picturesque attitude in her sketch of the morning, but he was unconsciously most provoking, for when

one leg was drawn to her satisfaction, and she was about to begin the other, he invariably got up, turned round, or moved a few paces.

During the afternoon Scroppit had a good long sleep, never waking till the bell rang for us to get ready for six o'clock dinner ; after which it turned so bitterly cold that we were glad to go down to the hold to get out some warmer wraps. Looking rather doubtfully at first down the long steep ladder, we caught sight of a pair of bare feet and some white cotton knickerbockers, which we found belonged to the only *deck* passenger, who was trying to get warm down below. He appeared much interested in hearing us talk, although not understanding a word of English ; and watched us unlock the boxes, helping us drag them towards the patch of twilight shining on the middle of the floor. The hold was a dark and smelly place, and full of wooden things something like horse-troughs, which we learnt were emigrants' berths. The *Hero* had brought as many as 300 Norwegian emigrants to Hull, the first stage on their way to America.

When we had settled ourselves in our thick cloaks, the Brigadier brought up the gentleman who shares his cabin (his "stable companion," as he calls him), to introduce him to us. He turned out to be a Colonel W——, who knew something of mutual friends, and we had a long talk while we walked up and down the deck watching the sunset, which was very beautiful. With our minds running on midnight suns, we all took the exact time that it actually set on this our first day's journey northwards. We lost sight of the sun at 8.45 p.m., and after that, there was a very long twilight.

Goggles and Scroppit have started a most copious diary, and have found out that there are thirty passengers travelling first class, of which twelve are ladies,—also that the captain, although he looks like a foreigner, is really from Yorkshire.

An Englishman whom we learnt to distinguish by a peculiar shade of brown clothes which he wore, brought out a Norse phrase-book to-night and tried to teach us some sentences. We told him the only Norse word we knew was pronounced something like "smoky-piggy," and meant, "beautiful girl," and we were waiting to try its effect on the stewardess of the Norwegian boat, into which we should change at Trondhjem. Looking over his shoulder, Scroppit saw the name of "Smugg" on the phrase-book, and soon after made an entry in her diary to that effect ; as she had already mentioned him more than once, and it was so tiresome to say, "the man with the brown clothes!" We all agreed that Mr. Smugg was pleasant, although he possessed so ugly a name. The next day in the course of conversation, Mr Smugg asked if there was the least chance of his being mentioned in the diary, and when Scroppit said, "Well, perhaps ! as we are not in sight of land, there isn't much to write about yet, except the people we have met !" he said, "In that case you should know my name, it is Warmsbeye." Scroppit's face was a study ; but he shouldn't use another man's book, as it is very liable to lead to mistakes.

Mr. Warmsbeye has a young brother who suffers from *mal-de-mer* ; it is so very calm, that what would happen to him if it were rough, we cannot imagine. Poor young fellow, it seemed very hard, when we

came up from meals, to see him eating dry biscuits, looking rather green; and yet trying desperately hard to be jolly.

We have also noticed that a blighted-looking young man, who wears a Scotch cap, is ill, and doesn't show up at meals. We have dubbed him "the blighted undergraduate." He seems to be travelling with a companion, an older man with a large flaxen moustache, whom we have got into the way of calling his "keeper." Miss Rich is with two other single ladies; they appear to us seldom to speak to each other and never to any one else. We trust they are feeling more festive than they look.

None of us can agree as to the nationality of a man and his wife, who sit near us at table; she is, we fancy, in her own estimation quite the better half; but even she can only make the stewards understand her by means of signs, and we haven't been able to make out in what language she speaks to her husband yet. They look like a Portuguese bride and bridegroom,—perhaps time will show.

## CHAPTER II.

## NORWAY IN SIGHT.

*Saturday, July 16th.*—There has been a biting north-east wind all day, necessitating our putting on our thickest wraps. About 11 a.m. we came in sight of land, and then of course there was great excitement and much levelling of field-glasses, and doubts expressed as to whether the so-called land was not only a cloud after all; but it was not a doubtful question long, for we soon got near the coast, and could see the wild rugged-looking rocks. The scenery was very fine, but sketching was out of the question, as we passed everything so quickly.

Many people amused themselves with a sort of deck-curling. The game consisted of pushing flat circular pieces of wood with a sort of mallet into squares chalked out on the deck, each square counting so much.

A great many gulls followed the ship, they seemed very hungry, and kept up a constant squealing noise. The Mr. Warmsbeyes very kindly got us any amount of biscuit to feed them with, fetching it from some dishes which were always kept full in the saloon, in case any one should feel hungry bye-times. We amused ourselves for a long while this evening feeding the gulls as we sat on some coils of rope in the

stern. They flew so close that we actually threw pieces up in the air to see if they could catch them. They never quite performed this feat, though one old gull was, as the song says, "awful near it" several times. They must have wonderfully keen vision, for they scarcely ever missed a bit of biscuit, even when it was thrown in our seething track, stretching out into the far distance, and full of bubbles and eddies, which to our eyesight would have completely hidden a far larger object, directly it touched the water.

About 11 p.m. we steamed along the base of some very lofty cliffs, said to be 2700 feet high, the straits between them were too narrow for steamers to pass one another. We kept sounding a sort of fog-horn to let any vessels which might be about know of our coming. Several waterfalls were running down the sides of the mountains, looking in the twilight more like thin pieces of fluttering tape than anything else we could think of. We find we have already got into the region of no night, for we went to our cabins at midnight, and watched the day break less than an hour afterwards. The *Hero* stopped twice to land passengers during the night, first of all at a little village, at which we heard one of the sailors say, it was not usual to stop, but there chanced to be two passengers wanting to get out there, and secondly at Aalesund, where the two Mr. Warmsebeyes landed. They were going to join some friends who owned some shooting a little way up the country. Two little twin brothers also left the ship there; they were jolly little fellows, sons of a foreign steward, who had married an Englishwoman, and they were being sent over to be brought up by their Norwegian grand-

mother. We hear that in the vicinity of Aalesund, the ruins of the old castle of "Hrolf Grange," the ancient conqueror of Normandy are to be seen.

*Sunday, July 17th.*—We were horrified to wake this morning to find the breakfast-bell ringing, but by dint of some scrambling we got to the saloon before the others had quite finished. The sea was still fairly calm, but we rolled about a good deal, owing probably to the wind, which was high, and most bitterly cold. We sat on deck watching the scenery most of the morning, as there was no attempt at any sort of Divine Service, and passed several quaint-looking villages, composed of small wooden houses, painted in gaudy colours, red, white or yellow, the roofs generally covered with green sods. We were at times near enough to see cows grazing on the mountains; the little man with the big glasses tried hard to humbug us into believing that they were red deer. Most of the people who live in the cottages dotted about these bleak-looking valleys are engaged in the cod fisheries, and we see millions of cod spread out over the rocks to dry. Several sailing-boats came very close to us, and smelt most disgustingly; we were told that they are packed full of cods' heads on their way southwards to be made into manure.

Later on, we saw in the distance the *Columbine*, the boat in which Elizabeth Mowat was lost for a week. The two men who managed the smack, for it was little more, if we remember rightly, rowed to the assistance of one of their comrades, in difficulty over hauling in a net or something of that sort. Meanwhile a stiff breeze springing up, the *Columbine* drifted

away before the wind, with no one but the unfortunate woman on board; she was rescued just alive, after having been afloat for about a week. The vessel has been bought by some Norwegian gentlemen, and turned into a yacht.

We had a long chat with the captain this morning, and he became quite confidential, and showed us the photos of his family in his pocket-album; strange to say, his favourite daughter's name is the same as Scroppit's.

Colonel W—— told us of rather an amusing coincidence just as we sighted Christiansund. It appears that one of the passengers, a Mr. Vaughan, lands there, and proceeds some twenty miles up the fiord to a place where his father owns a salmon river and some shooting. The father has lately sub-let part of his fishing to two Englishmen, and Mr. Vaughan was saying, as they all sat smoking together, after we had gone to bed last night, that he wondered when these men meant to come out from home, and he did hope they wouldn't be utter cads when they did come, and so on. Presently one of the other gentlemen began making inquiries, and in a few moments Mr. Vaughan found he was talking to the very men. These two, having got the fishing through some agent, hadn't associated the name of Vaughan with it in any way. They chummed at once after this, and Mr. Vaughan suggested their all going up the fiord together, in a small steamer that Vaughan père was sending to Christiansund to meet him, which would save them a wait of twenty-four hours. Lots of the inhabitants came down on the rocks to wave to us as we neared the harbour, and Christiansund looked so pretty in

the bright sunshine, that we were quite sorry it was not our destination too. It was quite an excitement seeing all the baggage belonging to the three sportsmen transferred to the queerest little steam-tug imaginable. It looked almost smothered in gun-cases, cartridge-boxes, innumerable rods, and fishing paraphernalia, to say nothing of several chests of provisions, and a camp table.

In the afternoon we packed and read story-books till we came in sight of Trondjhem about 9 p.m. It was so light though, that it seemed as if it couldn't be much after five o'clock, and consequently tea-time.

The meaning of "Trondjhem" is the "throne of kings," the kings of Norway are all crowned in the cathedral there.

Perhaps we may as well mention here, that we have not yet arrived at the correct spelling of Trondjhem, we never see it spelt twice alike, and already know it as—

Trondjem.  
Thronjhem.  
Drontheim.  
Trondjhem.

## CHAPTER III.

## FIRST NIGHT ON SHORE.

*July 17th, Sunday.*—The Counsellor and the Brigadier were the very first to leave the *Hero*, and immediately on landing hurried to the *Orion*, which was lying close to us alongside the pier. They had made friends with the steward of the second class, a Norwegian who spoke English, and took him in tow to act as interpreter, as a rumour had gone about that the berths on the *Orion*, which starts to-morrow night, were not numbered, and that it was a case of first come first served for the best cabins. This they found, directly they applied to the captain, to be quite a mistake. A very good cabin had been reserved for Mr. and Mrs. Seir, and Mr. R—— had the upper berth which his soul loved; the three girls were to have their choice of berths in the ladies' cabin for four. The Counsellor hastily pinned one of Mr. Seir's visiting-cards on the two sofa berths and the odd upper one, and had hardly done so when a lady who had been on the *Hero* arrived on the same errand. She said the berth left was the very one she should have chosen, so all was arranged to every one's satisfaction. It is rather an important matter to have comfortable sleeping accommodation, when one

knows one will have to be on a ship for ten days or a fortnight.

They imagined they had been so quick that the others would hardly have had time to leave the *Hero*, but when they got back she was comparatively deserted, and to their surprise they learned, that none of their boxes had been examined, and heard that every one had rushed off to one or other of the two hotels, as it was believed they were very full already. By this time they both began to think lovingly of supper, seeing it was nearly ten o'clock, and walked quickly along what looked like the principal street, and likely to lead to the hotels. After walking five or ten minutes, their principal street got rapidly narrower, and they felt forced to ask their way; but how to make themselves understood? that was the question. At last the Brigadier noticed a respectable-looking peasant out with his daughter, and putting on his best smile, looked plaintively back towards the quay to intimate that he had just arrived, and said distinctly and interrogatively, "Hôtel d'Angleterre?" Finding these two only stared in a bewildered sort of way, the Counsellor repeated gently and more persuasively still, "Hôtel d'Angleterre?" Then all of a sudden the girl's quicker wit grasped the situation; and speaking rapidly to her father, she intimated that they would gladly show them the way, and started briskly off.

It was a good step, and both father and daughter kept gravely staring all the time, which made them feel dreadfully awkward; presently the Brigadier could stand it no longer, and saying, "I *will* get into conversation with them somehow!" he said to the

girl, "Is that your daddy, my dear? D-a-d-d-y, you know!" This remark brought them to an abrupt standstill, for both guides stopped, under the impression that the Brigadier thought they were being taken in a wrong direction; and looked very uncomfortable; till the Counsellor, dreadfully afraid that they should be taken somewhere miles away, repeated "Hotel d'Angleterre?" over and over till they started on again once more. They came upon the hotel soon after this, and were surprised when the peasant and his daughter suddenly shook hands with both of them, most vigorously, pointing to the house. They thanked them very much, and it really was most kind of them to come quite half a mile out of their way. The old man seemed rather offended at the *douceur* the Brigadier slipped into his hand, and not quite mollified when he pointed to the daughter and said, "For ribbons for her, you know, old boy!" as emphatically as he knew how.

At the "Angleterre" nothing was known of their party, and the only vacant room there was being kept for Colonel W——. "If they saw him, would they tell him, please?" The "Angleterre" people believed that all the passengers from the *Hero* had gone on to the "Britannia," which was just round the corner. On the steps of that hotel, truly glad were the wanderers to see Goggles and Scroppit, who rushed to meet the Counsellor, saying,—

"We have got three rooms, but with the greatest difficulty; come and hear all our adventures, and how we managed it, while you wash your hands for supper; unfortunately they say it cannot be ready for quite ten minutes."

"Well," said Scroppit, "to begin at the beginning, directly you left us, the porters of the two different hotels came on board, also an interpreter, who, as you may imagine, had plenty to do. They carried our luggage to the omnibus at once, as there seemed to be no custom-house officers about. All the same it was a long time before we could start to the "Angleterre" (where Mr. Seir had arranged we were to try at *first*, for rooms) on account of the Italian or Spanish lady, or whatever she is, for she began to get very excited over her luggage, and only being able to speak broken English in her calmer moments, she was perfectly intelligible now, and hopelessly confused the porters by shouting at them in a mixture of Italian and English, neither of which languages they understood in the very least.

"At last her luggage was arranged to her satisfaction and we started, she vociferating wildly to the last. She might have mislaid her husband, by the way in which she went on; but there he was, sitting rather dejectedly but outwardly calm, just in front of her."

"The man, who is almost a dwarf, and his wife, and sister-in-law, and the little man with the big field-glasses, who some one said was a doctor, were all in the omnibus too!" broke in Goggles at this juncture.

"Well," resumed Scroppit, "those shaggy little horses went very quickly, and we got much jolted, as the streets are paved with large uneven stones. The Italian lady sat next to me and kept up a running accompaniment all through the drive; she seemed satisfied if I nodded occasionally, as I couldn't hear

a word. When we arrived at the "Angleterre" we were told it was quite full, at which the Italian lady seemed to get into a perfect frenzy of excitement, but no one paid any attention to her, and off we jolted again, this time to the 'Britannia.'"

"When the 'bus stopped," interrupted Goggles, "none of the hotel people came out or seemed to take the least notice, but opposite the hotel, we saw a door wide open, with 'Dépendence' written up over it. The Italian lady saw it too, jumped out of the 'bus, and ran up the stairs. The next moment we saw her head at an open window above, and she shouted to us in broken English, 'Here are plenty of rooms, I have taken one for myself and mine husband, there is a nice room opening out of mine, containing four beds. Quick! quick! Shall I take it for your party?'"

"At this the little doctor turned to Mrs. Seir, and, speaking for the first time, said, 'Hadn't I better run up, taking two of your bags with me, and see if I can't secure some rooms for you?' He hardly waited for an answer, and returned almost before we realized that he had gone, saying, 'The accommodation there is quite impossible for your party, the rooms are all connected, so that the people in No. 6 have to pass through five rooms before getting to their own! While all the others squabble for these rooms, let me advise you to go straight into the 'Britannia,' and make what terms you can.' They went together, and we still sat in the 'bus, looking after the luggage. Just then several people who had walked up from the *Hero* appeared round the corner, and amongst them Mr. Seir and Colonel W——, to whom we confided our difficulties.

"The Colonel had a large Norwegian phrase-book, which he at once produced from his pocket, saying, 'There is sure to be something here, to help us in our search for rooms.' As is so usual with a conversation-book, he couldn't find anything the least like what we wanted, but read out such sentences as,— 'A pig in a poke,'—'Love at first sight'—'Out of sight, out of mind'—'I have slept very badly' (which it appeared highly probable we should do), and 'Adversity makes men wise'—but such philosophy was cold comfort compared with a good bed and a warm supper.

"Meanwhile Mrs. Seir had entered the hotel and said to the first person she saw, 'Is there no one here who understands English?' To her great relief the head-waiter replied, 'Certertainlee, Madame,' and after some trouble she got three rooms; and another bed is to be put into this one, which we three are to share!"

After a wash we went to the "Speise Salon" for tea, &c., and made a very good supper off reindeer's tongue, sausages of all sorts, lobster, brown bread and butter, and various other dishes. What joints there were looked very un-English; one of them was a huge bear's ham or leg, with the foot and toes left on; it looked horribly human, and we thought the sight of it quite enough. We couldn't go to bed immediately after supper, so had a short stroll up the street in front of the hotel, as it was such a beautiful night, and then went upstairs to bed.

Our room was very clean-looking; it had no carpet, but the boards were painted, and its chief ornament was a truly *magnificent stove*. The two

windows looked out on the little garden, in which some men sat smoking and drinking although it was nearly 1 a.m. Of course the chambermaid could understand no English, and we went through a regular pantomime, to ask for a second washstand and a candle; this last we could have really done without, only we hardly realized that at midnight in Trondjhem there would be quite light enough for us to see to unpack and undress by.

## CHAPTER IV.

## TRONDJHEM CATHEDRAL.

*Monday July 18th.*—We woke up in good time and were dressed about 9 o'clock. It was raining a little, and looked cloudy, but an hour later it cleared up, the sun came out, and we had a bright hot day. We repacked the first thing after breakfast, and put all that we should want for the next ten days into one box, and locked up the others, which are to be left at the hotel here, until our return from the North Cape. Then we all started out to see the town.

Some of the houses are built of thin planks, one lapping just over the other, in the bathing-machine style.

We see, by referring to "Baedeker," that of all the larger towns in Europe, Trondjhem is the most northern. It is situated on a line with the south coast of Iceland, which makes us think we ought to be feeling much colder than we do this sunny morning.

It has 22,600 inhabitants, many of whom seem to be wealthy and prosperous, and there looks to be rich and abundant vegetation, for so northerly a latitude, on the surrounding hills. The average temperature here is 42°, which is about the mean winter temperature in the south of England and Ireland. A very little bit of history may not be out of

place now, for as we walked along towards the cathedral we discovered that we were woefully ignorant of the history of Norway, having but a dim idea of the battles of Gustavus Vasa, who, we fancied, lived about 1500 A.D; and knowing nothing of what happened before his day, except that the Vikings flourished some time or other, more or less, "rather more than less," said Goggles. "I don't believe *any one* ever learns Norwegian history, though!" says Scappit, "they never did at *our* school!" We quite failed in the big book-shop, we soon passed, to get any history, novel or story having reference to Norway; but we have since gathered the following few bare facts relating to this country, and especially to Trondjhem in its earliest days.

The early history of Norway seems to be very involved, and little more than a record of the everlasting fightings of petty chiefs, all struggling for supremacy.

The first of these who stands out as reigning over something like a united Norway is "Harald Hafayre" (the fair-haired), and his victories culminated in a great battle fought near Stavanger in 872 A.D. One of his direct descendants was "Olaf Tryggvason," who became a Christian, founded the church of St. Clement here in 996, and commenced building a palace at Trondjhem; but he did not live long to see the result of his work, for the king of Sweden was continually fighting against him, and he was defeated and slain at the great naval battle of "Svold" on the coasts of Pomerania, in 1000 A.D.

The inhabitants of Trondjhem prefer skipping over "Tryggvason" and considering "St. Olaf" as the real founder of the town in 1016. This St. Olaf,

another descendant of the original fair-haired Harald, having been baptized in either England or Normandy, returned from exile, and, after some trouble, succeeded in wrenching the kingdom out of the hands of the rulers of Denmark and Sweden, who appear to have shared it for nearly fifteen years. Olaf was helped by several minor inland kings, and finally established his authority over the country. Canute, the King of Denmark, who was also King of England, did not leave him long in peace, and his severity having made him unpopular, Olaf was obliged to fly to Russia. When he returned with a few followers in 1030, it was only to meet his death at the battle of "Sticklestad." This can be remembered by the word "Stickleback." His remains were brought to Trondjhem, and were placed in a reliquary on the high altar of St. Clement's church. Very soon Olaf's sanctity became rumoured abroad, possibly by the monks of St. Clement's Priory, in order to add to the popularity of their church; it was readily believed, and formally declared by a National Assembly, and hosts of pilgrims soon visited his shrine, coming from great distances and even from foreign countries. Near the high altar in the cathedral is shown a well, the water of which is said to have sprung up there, after St. Olaf's burial in the vicinity.

Now to return to our walk; we were much amused at some of the names written up over the shops. To judge by the names, most of these shopkeepers belonged to one huge family, and the family name was "Ass." We saw "Ole Ass," "Tawl Ass," "Hans Ass," and many, many more.

In England, such a name would be a burden to

the owner, but in Trondjhem there is quite a run upon it.

The king's palace next attracted our attention, it is very large and rather low and square-looking, and we hear it is the biggest wooden house in Europe. A little way beyond it, we found ourselves at the cathedral, which every one told us was *the* thing to see. Though it may be an Irishism to say so, the most curious part of the cathedral was the churchyard surrounding it. The vaults and graves of the various families are divided by low hedges, with either a gate or an open space left to go into the division by; and every grave has a small wooden bench painted white quite close to it, for the mourners to sit on; it looks curious, but it seems a nice idea. The mounds over each grave are very small, and the first impression one has, is that one is looking at a churchyard where only young children are buried, but even those over the graves of adults are never more than two feet or three feet long by about two feet wide. The small stone slabs on the mounds were all in a recumbent position slightly raised at the top or head of the grave.

Nearly all the graves had beautiful bouquets of flowers on them, placed in iron vases filled with water; we were astonished at the amount of flowers, until we heard afterwards that according to an ancient custom of the country, the people put fresh flowers on each grave every Saturday. To-day being Monday, they were all still very fresh. The favourite flowers used seemed to be pansies, which were all finer and larger than we usually see them in England; there were also a great many bouquets of pelargoniums and larkspur.

We then went into the cathedral, which is in process of rebuilding, and in the shape of a cross. Entering by a Norman arched doorway to the transept, where service is conducted during the rebuilding, we were much disappointed to see a very Lutheran-looking Church. Its former glories were probably defaced by some of those zealous iconoclasts of all beauty, at the time of the Reformation.

This transept with a tower and a chapter-house, were erected towards the end of the twelfth century, and about 150 years later the choir and the exquisite Gothic octagon or apse were rebuilt. This last is believed to be partly the work of English architects, and resembles many of our own cathedrals, more particularly Becket's Crown at Canterbury. This part of the cathedral is finished, and has been exquisitely restored, the greatest care having been taken to copy the ancient columns and the queer carvings on the pillars. There is no reredos, but over the altar is a most lovely and very large statue of the risen Saviour.

The guides were Norwegian, so we could only make rough guesses at what they told us; there were a great many people seeing over the cathedral, and most of them talked very loudly, and to our great surprise, the men kept their hats on! Some of the walls and pillars in the transept were covered with plaster, and done over with a sort of greeny distemper, which quite spoilt the look of them, their turn for restoration is coming. The cathedral contains but little stained glass, and all the windows seem small. The old carving on the pillars, consisting of most grotesque faces, some of them fascinatingly hideous, is decidedly curious.

We were afraid we had seen everything, and that there had not been so very much to see after all, when we suddenly discovered a dark underground passage, used for carrying masses of stone on trucks between the modern choir and the old nave, which is being used as a workshop during the rebuilding. Here there was a stall for the sale of photographs, some of which we were glad to purchase. After having thoroughly explored the cathedral, we sat in the churchyard for a short time, and talked to an English clergyman, who read aloud a description of the exterior from his "Murray," and we then returned to the hotel by a different route, stopping to cross a bridge, from which we got a very fine view looking down the harbour. All the houses are of painted wood, with red-tiled roofs, and look most picturesque. We were quite ready for *table-d'hôte* at 2 o'clock, and afterwards again sallied forth and tried to wend our way to the "Fisheries Exhibition" or the "Fiskernidstillingen" as it is called here.

We all rather funk'd the pronunciation of so long a word, as our knowledge of Norse is so extremely limited, and we asked to be directed to the "Exposition," but found no one understood French in the very least. By some fluke, after a quarter of an hour's walking, we suddenly found ourselves outside the Exhibition, which was gaily decorated with flags, and had a large model of a fish hanging up over the entrance. The show was held in the circus, admission fivepence each, and was a little like our "Fisheries," only on a very much smaller scale. The most interesting thing we saw was a comparatively new sort of harpoon to be shot at a whale from a gun,

instead of being thrown in the old-fashioned way. In a little sort of back yard were the jaws of a huge whale,—the bones bleaching in the sun did not seem to have been properly cured, and looked and smelt very nasty; though the Brigadier said this last was only our fancy.

An old sailor came up to us here, and entered into conversation, he spoke a very little English, had served on a British vessel, and told us that the whale the jaws belonged to was eighty-six feet long, and he had seen it caught. There were some very pretty eider-duck feather rugs at the "Fiskernidstilligen," and when we left the Exhibition we tried for some time to find the fur-shop to which the stall belonged. Going along we looked into the shop-windows; there are some very curious old silver shops, but the things did not seem very cheap. During our search we came across the British Consulate, which is a grocer's shop; and there we bought some chocolate to eat on the ship.

We three had arranged when we got back to the hotel, to take the small luggage, bags, bundles of rugs, &c., straight down to the *Orion*, put them on board, and then spend a couple of hours on the quay sketching the fiord with the distant mountains, which so encircled it as to make it look like a lake. We got a "trille," as the carriages with four wheels are called here (it was not unlike a very rough-and-ready Victoria), and were soon whirling down the unevenly paved road to the harbour. The Norwegians all seem to drive fast, especially down-hill. The *Orion* is a large vessel, and on this trip carries between eighty and ninety passengers. We went

straight to our cabin, which Scroppit and Goggles were of course very anxious to see. They say it is very crowded for four, but would be delightful for two, and when Scroppit got into bed to-night, she nearly shot out again, not being prepared for so much spring on her sofa berth. We all wondered what the lady who shared our cabin would be like, we didn't know her name, so for the time being, we spoke of her as "She," though she can't be said to have recalled Ryder Haggard's "She" to us in any way, at least up till now.

We hung up a few of our things, taking care, as we were first in the field, to secure the best pegs, and then we ordered something to eat by pantomime, and saying "Tāāy," which they seemed to understand. It was nearly 8 o'clock when we had finished tea, and learning we should start at 10.30 p.m., we hurried to begin our sketches, sitting on some timber within sight of the ship.

Surely the loafers of Trondhjem never had so delightful an evening! First one small boy looked on, then shouted to a friend to join him, and almost immediately twenty or thirty peasants came crowding round, pressing us so close, that we could scarcely move our arms, all making remarks, jabbering and laughing as if they hadn't had such fun for many a long day. An elderly man did his best to keep some of the rougher boys in order. We took pains to demonstrate to him by signs that it was impossible to go on sketching the landscape, if five or six figures stood up immediately between us and what we were drawing. Some of the men to seemed be rather cheeky in their remarks, but

happily we could only guess at what they were saying.

The Counsellor made an attempt to intimate that we had *much* enjoyed their society, but that we felt it was now time for them to be going home; by taking out her watch, pointing to the sunset, and then back towards the town and repeating "Göd natt" at intervals. But nothing would induce them to go, unless it was to return shortly with several friends.

The dissimilarity of our sketches, considering that we were all sitting on the trunk of the same tree, much amused us, it really was too funny.

Our circle of admirers followed us almost on to the ship, which was in the full bustle of the start when we returned to it. Colonel W——, who stays at Trondhjem on his way to Namsos, came to see us off. So easily are friendships made on board ship, that he seems quite like an old friend, and we are very sorry he isn't coming to the Nordland with us. He told us that our nicest companions, as far as he could make out were a Dr. R—— and his wife. The lady did a great deal of painting, and would perhaps give us some hints,—he thought our friend the Spanish or Italian bride was there, and we recognized several of our late fellow-passengers on the *Hero*. Colonel W—— was much amused at the sight of a middle-aged woman, got up something like "Little Buttercup" in H.M.S. *Pinafore*, whom he believed to be bringing home the sailors' washing, but she turned out to be a Miss Poppinjay, and a first-class passenger!!!

A great many peasants collected on the quay to see the start; some of the women were very quaintly

dressed, with coloured handkerchiefs tied over their heads, small knitted cross-overs of some bright colour, and plain full skirts, generally of a checked material. They wear their very fair hair brushed back from the face and parted down the middle, and have rosy cheeks, and washed-out blue eyes. The men wear soft grey wide-awake hats, are all fair, and all look very much alike. Following the custom of the country, we waved our handkerchiefs to Colonel W—— till we could see him no longer, and by that time we had left the old monastery of Munksholm (now a modern fortress) on our right, and soon lost sight of the town, at a bend of the fiord. We must leave for another chapter the account of our first night on board, &c.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE ARCTIC CIRCLE. 1

AFTER watching the scenery for a short time, we went down to a sort of supper consisting of ham, lamb, biscuit, and beer,—rather an odd mixture, but we were too hungry to mind; and then we went straight to bed. There seemed very little room in the cabin, but we managed somehow. We got the stewardess to give us another washhand-basin, and believe it is an old salad-bowl that isn't wanted, it looks just like it. If four of us had to take it in turns, in the morning to wash in *one* basin, we felt we should never get down in time for breakfast.

The screw made much more noise than that of the *Hero*, but we didn't roll at all, and about 1 a.m. we got to sleep.

*Tuesday, July 19th.*—By getting up soon after 8 o'clock, we managed to be ready in time for breakfast, and then having tidied the cabin, which wanted it sadly, we went on deck. Unfortunately it was wet and very misty, so we sat in the small ladies' saloon, and wrote letters. Those of the passengers who were not afraid of the weather, kept looking in, and passing and repassing; so this seems a good oppor-

tunity to give some little description of some of them as they tramp to and fro.

First and foremost, there are the Parsees, father and two sons; they are said to be swells in their own country, and immensely rich, but they are very ugly; and Colonel W—— warned us against making friends with them, saying if we once did, we should never be able to shake them off, and that they might make themselves very objectionable. In consequence we have carefully avoided getting into conversation with them, though they do not appear to be equally anxious to give us the cold shoulder. They kept looking into the little saloon in which we were writing, and leaning against the doorway, so we at once became very much interested, either in our letters, or in the particular rock or mountain we happened to be passing.

There are plenty of Americans on board, all with a very pronounced twang, there are Spanish, Portuguese, Germans, French, Italians and Russians, and there are a few English, most of whom came out from home with us on the *Hero*. The most remarkable of those whom we had not met before is a certain gentleman, who struts about in knickerbockers, and looks like an assistant in a second-rate shop. He is a veritable 'Arry, a regular cheap-tripper, and we intend to keep him at a distance. The little English doctor is on board, and we find the "She" who shares our cabin rejoices in the name of "Blakeley," and is travelling with a brother to whom she seems devotedly attached. They always walk about together, and sit side by side on deck, and this morning as she was ready first, he came outside our cabin door, or rather

curtain, for of course we never shut the door; and having whistled twice softly to announce his proximity, he said, "Are you ready, sister?" she answered, "No, brother, but don't wait for me to-day," he at once replied, "Oh! yes! sister dear, nothing would persuade me to commence breakfast without you!" We didn't know which way to look for laughing, while this very Quakerish conversation was going on.

Mrs. R——, the lady who sketches so nicely, was finishing an oil painting of Trondjhem harbour at the table just opposite ours, and after exchanging several mutual looks, we had a little talk, and found her particularly nice.

There are ninety passengers on board, and as only half that number can go in to meals at the same time, there are two breakfasts (at 9 and at 10 a.m.), two dinners (at 1.30 and at 2.45 p.m.), and two suppers (at 8 and 9 p.m.)

We settled to go in for the first edition of all the meals, as we thought the people who chose to eat with the second lot must to a certain extent have a *rechauffé* of the bits. The Germans and Americans mostly attend the second meals. The food was not very good as regards the meat, which was all veal; but there was an abundant supply of fish, salmon and lobsters, *ad lib.*; enough lobsters for every one to eat two whole ones, had they been so minded. Some melon was handed round between the two courses of meat, and we finished with a compôte of bilberries and cream.

At midday there was quite an excitement, for we sighted another vessel on its way back from the North

Cape, and both ships fired salutes. We were near a very peculiar mountain at the time, with a hole right through the middle of it. It is called Torghätten, and the hole is a sort of cleft or chasm, formed, we suppose, in ancient times by a subterranean stream, which went right through the mountain. Tourist steamers generally stop here for two hours, but as the weather continued bad, our captain decided to go straight on, and to visit Torghätten on the return journey.

A curious legend connects three islands on this part of the coast, though they lie by no means near each other. To begin from the South, as we are journeying northwards. First there is the island of "Lecko;" then about forty miles farther North that of "Torgen," with the famous mountain of "Torghätten" (market-hat); 105 miles to the north again is the island of "Hestmandsö." The story is that the giant "Hestmand" was pursuing a beautiful giantess of whom he was enamoured; the brother of the maiden attempted to rescue her, but his hat was pierced by an arrow shot by the amorous "Hestmand," then at a distance of 105 miles away. The sun shone through the hole made by the arrow, and for some reason not quite apparent, the lover, the giantess, and her brother were all turned into stone!!!

In the afternoon we felt we ought to take a little walk for our health's sake, so we put on our water-proofs and paced up and down the deck in the rain. Afterwards we attempted a sketch of the mountains, the "Syv Sostres," or "Seven Sisters," as seen obscured in the mist. Our little friend the doctor

(we don't know his name yet, but Scroppit was told that he is practising at Islington, and was a student at Guy's some twelve years ago), carried a table under shelter of the awning for us, and as it was wet, he rushed off to his cabin and fetched a towel to polish it up with. He and a nice-looking young French Count held umbrellas over us while we sketched, but the rain soon became heavier, and dropping through the awning splashed our paintings and gave them a spotty and quite diseased appearance. We held them in the engine-room to dry, it was nice and warm there, but strange to say even when dry, they were not exactly beautiful.

In the evening when we were close to the islands of "Threnen," and a little to the south of "Hestmandsö," we passed the Arctic Circle, and celebrated the event by the firing of a gun. Soon afterwards a shoal of large porpoises disported themselves by the side of the ship. A whale was said also to be on show, but no one saw it except the originator of the report.

About eleven o'clock we went to bed, although the broad daylight was calculated to make us feel very wide-awake. We want to be up early, as they say some of the prettiest scenery on the whole trip will be passed between six and nine to-morrow morning. A very small single cabin opens out of ours, over the door of which is written in Norse "For a young maiden." To our intense delight, a very fat elderly lady, sister to an artist, sleeps there; and somehow with that written over the door, we feel inclined to laugh every time we see her go in or come out.

To-night everything combined to keep us awake. For one thing there is a chain or iron bar perpetually knocking up and down in a ring, which keeps up a most irritating tapping immediately over our heads; secondly we were disturbed by appalling snorts and snores from the inner cabin, which made us laugh so much we nearly woke up the old lady, and felt wider awake than ever. These sounds, which made night hideous, subsided after a bit, and we were just dozing off when Miss Blakeley sprang out of her berth with a bound, exclaiming, "Oh! I've got a flea! Excuse me! I *must* catch it!" She then lit a candle, (we had covered the ports with dark green glazed calico to keep out the daylight) and she went a hunting! Unfortunately the result was not successful, and she was obliged to retire crestfallen. The next morning she told us it had remained with her all night! The knocking of that iron bar went gaily on, it was very disturbing; and at last we rang for the stewardess, and by a combination of signs made her understand we could not sleep in all that noise. She was a very 'cute girl named "Pedra," and soon after our hearts rejoiced to hear some sailors overhead consulting as to how best to stop it. The chain had something to do with the turning of the helm, but they managed by jamming a block of wood under the ring to prevent the knocking until nearly 5 a.m., when it began again.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE LÖFODEN ISLANDS.

*Wednesday, July 20th.*—We had quite meant to be ready by 5.30 this morning, but after our disturbed night we did not wake until long past six o'clock, when we scrambled into our clothes and hurried on deck as fast as we could. 'Arry, who was up, and to whom none of us had spoken as yet, pressed both tea and coffee upon us. It was set on a table on deck early every morning for any one to take who liked it. We drank our's "noir," as they use nothing but goats' milk, which we think is so nasty.

We tried sketching, but the mountains and rocks in these beautiful Löffoden Islands seem too vast for any but a real artist to attempt. Still, when we passed a more lovely bit than usual we could hardly help trying again. The waterfalls are very grand, and here we see glaciers for the first time. The mountains, covered with snow, their summits often enveloped in mist, come straight down to the water's edge; here and there we see a collection of peasants' huts painted bright red, with lichen growing on all the roofs, and only a hole for the chimney. Near these are still smaller huts, which we think must be places to dry fish in.

The following account of the huge fisheries carried

on here is Baedeker's, somewhat condensed :—"The famous Löffoden Fishery is prosecuted on the east coast of the islands from the middle of January to the middle of April. Millions of cod, which come here to spawn, are caught annually. The fish are then carefully cleaned, and either dried (Törfish) on the islands on wooden frames, or slightly salted and carried to dryer regions on the mainland, where they are split open, and spread out on the rocks to dry (Klipfish): The Törfish is chiefly exported to Italy and the Klipfish to Spain, where it is called 'Bacallao Seco' (from the Latin *baculus*, a stick). On some of the outlying islands the cods' heads are boiled with seaweed, and used as fodder for the cattle. During the three fishing months no fewer than 25,000 fishermen are employed on the Löffoden coasts. The annual yield averages twenty million fish, many of which are of great size, and the number has even reached twenty-nine millions. An average catch of from 5000 to 6000 cod per boat is considered a fairly good haul."

Sometimes these winter fisheries are attended with great loss of life, and boats have been found floating bottom upwards, with the fishermen's knives stuck into their sides, where they had been used by their owners to enable them to hold on for a while after the boat had capsized. Some boats are provided with handles, by which the men may hold on when in the water, on the chance of succour being near at hand. It is very cold to-day, with a nice dry air, and though dull at times, we have had no rain. Our hands get so cold whilst sketching that we are obliged to leave off every now and then to have a run up and down.

Mrs. R—— sat near us, and gave us lots of hints. The mountains are so precipitous that it looks as if the sheep and goats, which we make out occasionally through the glasses, could scarcely cling on, even to those jagged masses of rock.

The land between the snow-line and the sea is here and there slightly cultivated, a little yellow flower giving a touch of most vivid colour to the scene. We found on landing that these brilliant flowers were almost the same as our common buttercup; in the distance they looked like plantations of mustard in full flower. On coming up from the first dinner we found the second party waiting to go down, entertaining themselves with a very amusing game. A large duck had been drawn out in chalk on the side wall of one of the deck cabins, and each person with shut eyes had to start from a given point, and walking five steps forward, put in the eye of the duck; of course it was, on the principle of drawing a pig with one's eyes shut. Many people had put the eye in the tail, and it was really hard, with the movement of the vessel, to get it anywhere near the right place. After trying our luck, we spent an hour or two looking out some inland routes for possible trips to be taken on our return to Trondjhem.

The first lieutenant interrupted us to tell us that we were passing through the "sublime Raftsund," generally considered the most beautiful part of the whole trip. It is a narrow fiord separating the Löffoden and Vesteralen groups of islands, and lies between Ost Vaagö, on the west, and Hindo, on the east. The rocks are very precipitous, and some of the mountains have been compared to a row of shark's teeth.

Every one was on the tiptoe of expectation, and few settled down to anything particular this afternoon, for we knew that at five o'clock we were to land for the first time, and after only two days on board it is marvellous how eager every one is for a real walk.

Our landing-place was Harstadviken, on the island of Hindö, which is one of the largest on the coast, and has an area of eight hundred and sixty English miles. But we are concerned with only two and a half of those miles, the distance we have to go from the landing-place to the famous old church, the real object of our visit. What a lovely walk it was! We stopped at a cottage just before we got out of the village, to leave our collection of cloaks and umbrellas—(as the threatening clouds had all disappeared, and we found it so warm on shore); getting a woman, who stood on her doorstep watching all the strangers go by, to understand we wanted her to take care of them.

The road wound along the side of a hill, through what might be described as very rough pasture-land, had it not been that we are too far north to see cows, or anything to graze on it. The grass was full of wild-flowers, all of brilliant colours, and we kept stopping to gather great bunches. The little doctor was specially kind in helping us to carry our things, for all three of us had brought our sketching materials. He offered the loan of his field-glass case for the rarest of our flowers, telling us he preferred carrying the glasses loose, and we were just to fill the case, which he kept slung over his back, with anything we liked best. By-the-bye, Miss Blakeley, who seems to know so much about everybody, says he is a bachelor,

and his name is Wellesley. Still we do not quite pin our faith to her assertion.

There were so many windings in the road that we could not see the church until we were close upon it; and then despite its venerable antiquity of eight hundred years, it reminded us of nothing so much as of a huge barn. It has no tower and the roof is very sloping, to keep off the snow, we suppose. The interior was explored first of all; it is very quaint, and though now of course the service is Lutheran, there is still a relic of its Roman Catholic days in a very curious reredos, with horrible pictures of tortured martyrs on it, all looking most ghastly. We heard that there was an embalmed baby to be seen, and one of the ship's officers tried hard to persuade us to see the mummy of a man, but we were not very keen about either. The stone carving on some of the pillars is exquisite, and the church had been decorated for a wedding with garlands of pink and white paper roses.

After seeing the interior, Mrs. R—— and we three went to sketch in the churchyard, which is full of high wooden Latin crosses, and as the population about here seems scanty, it is very likely the cemetery for miles round. We got on swimmingly till the time arrived when a glass of water was needed, and then we all tried our hardest to make a little peasant boy, who stood watching us, understand what it was we wanted.

To Goggles and Scroppit is due the glory of success at last! Scroppit picked a dock-leaf with a large dew-drop on it, and put her brush first on the dew-drop and then on the paint-box; and Goggles

drew a tumbler full of water most artistically on the fly-leaf of her sketch-book. The two ideas combined flashed upon the boy, and he suddenly started running to a cottage hard by, and soon returned with a tray, a carafe and two glasses. We got on finely after this. All the rest of the party had strolled back towards the ship, and we were alone with the exception of Mr. Seir, who was busy sketching some very curious old hinges on one of the church-doors. Presently Goggles and Scroppit joined him, and Mrs. R—— and the Counsellor, too busy even to speak, painted steadily on.

All of a sudden a bell rang out clearly, across the water.

“The *Orion* is starting!” both exclaimed at the same instant, “every one else is on board!”

What a run they had for it! The Counsellor leaving a much valued penknife, which she never ceased to regret all through the trip, behind her in her haste. After running, with short intervals to get their breath, for nearly a mile and a half, they felt much relieved to come up with Mr. Seir and the two girls, as they then knew they would not have to bear the whole brunt of the captain’s wrath on their two luckless heads. Scroppit and the Counsellor hurried on in front of the others to get the cloaks, &c., we had left at the cottage, feeling what a bore it was to have brought them at all. They were so tired with their long run, they didn’t feel inclined to load themselves with wraps, though now it was only for the last quarter of a mile between the village and the ship. When they got to the cottage the woman signed to them that she had nothing of theirs! For a moment

they wondered if she meant to keep the whole lot. Could she have anyhow thought we meant to make her a present of them? There was nothing for it but to retreat baffled, when the idea of some one having noticed how late we were, and having fetched them for us, flashed across both our minds, and we exclaimed in one breath, “The little Doctor!” “I believe he has carried the whole lot back for us himself!” and that was what it turned out to be.

We were the last boat-load to leave the shore, and a crowd of villagers had assembled to see us off. We quite delighted them by waving our handkerchiefs as we had noticed the natives do on the quay at Trondjhem; they were most eager to return the compliment, but on looking back, we only saw *one* handkerchief, and concluded that it was the only one the entire crowd could muster! They made up for it, though, by a most enthusiastic waving of their large hats. The men, that is to say, for the women all wear coloured handkerchiefs tied under the chin.

We found the captain, both then and always, courtesy itself, and nothing was said to us for being so late, though the steamer started directly the boat that brought us had got clear.

## CHAPTER VII.

## WHAT THE SUN DOES.

EVERY ONE seemed glad of supper at nine o'clock, and then we all turned out on deck to watch a most glorious sunset. The prevailing tones of the sky were gray and yellow; brilliant blood-red colouring seems to be reserved for more southern latitudes, for we never saw even orange-coloured clouds farther north than Trondjhem.

The sunset was at its best about 11.30 p.m. and exactly at midnight a gun was fired and flags were hoisted, the Union Jack at the top of all, much to our delight; though the Americans said of course theirs ought to have been highest up. It was a most exciting time, one Englishman started "Rule, Britannia," but on account of the natives of other countries, it didn't go far.

It is very hard to describe the midnight sun. "Mind you write and tell us exactly what it *does*," many of our friends had urged us, as if on the stroke of twelve o'clock they expected the sun to spin rapidly round, or turn a somersault, or *do* something equally queer. Well! the sun *does* nothing very peculiar, it is what it refrains from doing, i.e. that it does *not* set, that is the extraordinary part. Imagine yourself on a ship at anchor, looking west or straight

in front of you; there is a broad expanse of sea a little to your right hand, behind you will be the rugged coast, and to your left the long narrow fiord, between the islands and the mainland, that the steamer has just traversed. You watch the sun as it slowly, slowly sets, the islands and the coast look a rich dark purple, and the shadows cast by the ship, masts, &c., grow longer and longer. After a bit, when the sun has sunk to apparently twelve feet from the horizon, it stops, and seems to remain stationary for about twenty minutes; then the very sea-gulls hide away; while the air all on a sudden strikes chilly; each one has an awed expectant 'feeling; and surrounding even the "Tourist Steamer" broods a silence that may be felt. Soon the sun very slowly rises once again, and the yellow clouds change with his uprising to even greater beauty, first to the palest primrose, and then to a blush-pink. The sky, which was just now rose colour, becomes gray, then pale emerald green, and lastly blue: rock after rock stands out, caught by the sun's bright rays, and the reign of day has begun once more.

The mate told us that had we been ten days earlier or later in the year, the sun would have appeared to touch the horizon, rest on it some little time, and then rise. Still earlier or later, half the sun is seen to disappear before it rises again.

After the long winter of no sun at all, the day on which it is known that a little bit of the top of it will pop up for three or four minutes, is most anxiously looked for, and naturally enough.

We think we should rather like to see the sun then,

though those long weeks of quite dark days must be terribly dreary and mournful!

The old Scandinavians believed that the gods Juul and Thor were respectively the gods of light and darkness, and that in December they had a battle, and the god of light got the worst of it. Eventually, however, Juul proved the victor, and the days began to lengthen. A Juul or Yule-log was burnt in mid-winter, in honour of his victory in saving the world from darkness; and from this we gather that the old custom of burning the Yule-log at Christmas-time was brought to England by the Vikings.

A little before 1 a.m. there was a general breaking up of the party assembled on deck; and exchanging "Good-mornings" in the broad daylight, we retired to our various cabins.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE LAPP ENCAMPMENT.

*Thursday, July 21st.*—We overslept ourselves this morning, as we were very tired after being up and about for nearly nineteen hours yesterday. As had been agreed on the walk home from Harstad Church last night, Mrs. R., Scroppit, and the Counsellor hurried over their breakfast in order to land in the first of the ship's boats which went to the Tromsdal, or rather to Stortenaes, a hamlet on the coast, at the entrance of the Tromsdal valley, from where a walk of a mile and a half would bring us to the Lapp encampment. Some of the Americans took the one carriole that was to be seen, and others jogged along on Norwegian ponies. The equestrian performances of some of the foreigners amused us immensely.

The Portuguese lady rode; she was more subdued than usual, having been very ill in the night. We preferred walking, and found some lovely wild flowers along the lane, which wound through a very pretty wood of stunted birch-trees. The sun shone brightly on the silvery trunks of the birches, and lit up great tufts of oak fern of the tenderest green imaginable. The damp earthy scent of the wood was delightful, all the colouring around us spoke of early spring, and it required a real effort to feel that

it was not an April morning that we were revelling in, but Midsummer, the 21st of July, and "Goodwood Cup" day in England.

"How they will be grilled at it, poor things!" we thought; our letters received at Trondjhem told us that the drought and the great heat still continued.

Goggles and Mrs. Seir drove from Stortenaes, and had taken a little Norwegian girl up with them. This girl, aged about thirteen, appeared to be travelling quite alone, she spoke a few words of English, perhaps half a dozen.

Goggles said the drive was very exciting, for the road, which she so called by courtesy, was cut in the side of a hill, and consequently with a precipice on one side, to which they went very near. In these critical moments the two men who ran alongside them (they didn't know why, unless it was to help the driver, whack the horse, should it refuse to go at all, after the fashion of a donkey-boy at the sea-side) clung on to the carriage to steady it.

There was a pair of shaggy ponies with very long manes and tails to their trille, which was driven with reins of rope. The road was full of holes, and in places great stones were right in the way of the wheels. All these little *contretemps* escaped the eyes of us pedestrians, who had been walking quickly and briskly all the way.

The Lapp encampment, which we found to be about two miles straight inland from where we had left the boats, looked very picturesque, and a truly curious people are the Lapps. They are all short, and have flat faces and fair hair, their complexion is very brown and dried-up-looking, and some of the

children's eyes appear to be bright green. They dress entirely in skins and furs, and look as if they had a decided aversion to a matutinal or even a monthly tub; altogether they are pleasanter at a distance than near. As we approached their dwellings, every one beset us to buy curiosities, pin-cases and spoons made of reindeer horn and boxes, fur shoes, skins, photographs, &c.

To our surprise we were offered some postage stamps by a Norwegian boy (we had thought the Lapps too uncivilized to have heard even of the penny post), who told us we could post letters at Tromsö on the opposite side of the fiord. We satisfied some of the most eager by making a few purchases, and then had a little more time to look around us.

Two or three hundred reindeer were herded in a large enclosure, the deer were very much smaller than our imagination had pictured them. We expected a reindeer to be nearly as large as an elk, though we must often have seen both at the Zoo; but it is so easy to forget! When they run, their knee-joints make a most extraordinary rattling noise. It sounds as if their horns were loose and shaking one against another. They seemed very timid. Presently some of the tourists arranged themselves in a group to be photographed amongst the Lapp huts, and we, anxious to avoid being taken, went some little way from the encampment, which was very close and smelly, in order to sketch a hut, looking of a little more importance than some of the others. We wanted some of the Lapps who stood round us to go and sit in front of their house, so that

they might figure in the picture; but this they refused to do, except for money, and they stated the sum they expected. They seem to have been quite spoilt by the number of tourists coming to see them, and are dreadfully mercenary.

The hut we drew was round, and much the shape of an old-fashioned bee-hive, covered over with sods, which were kept down by a few large stones. There was a hole in the middle of the roof to let the air in and the smoke out. The door was made of two or three planks roughly fastened together, and merely laid over the hole by which the inhabitants crept in and out. Scrupit made a very good drawing of a young Lapp beau; she did it without his knowing it, while Goggles and the Counsellor kept him quiet by showing him their watches, one of which he appeared very anxious to buy, and also a case of golden-eyed needles, of which they explained the use. He gave us to understand he had never seen a needle before, and we made him happy by presenting him with the packet.

The Lapp mothers carry their babies in a boat-shaped cradle made of leather. The baby is fastened into it by two leathern flaps being laced together over its body, and leaving only its head and neck free. The cradle is slung round the women's necks, and hangs down in front on a level with their waists, so that they can see the child all the time, but have the free use of their hands for other work.

We gave a little pyramid of pins (they came originally from Gorrings in the Buckingham Palace Road) to a Lapp mother, who let the baby suck it, and didn't know what it was for, till we pinned two

parts of her bodice together for her. The women wear very short petticoats and high leathern boots. Near the hut we were drawing were some stakes driven into the ground, with other sticks laid on the top of them, and on these, lots of skins were hanging up to dry. Farther off a pot was to be seen slung gipsy fashion, suspended from three sticks. Being daughters of Eve, of course we looked into that pot. Something was simmering over the embers of a wood fire, but whether they were cooking soup or soaking bark for making shoes, we couldn't determine. We tried to draw a very cross-looking elderly female relative of the young Lapps, who had become possessed of our needles; but she seemed to consider being sketched very *infra dig.* or quite an insult, by the way she stalked away and shut herself up in her hut.

About this time the little doctor came up with the photographer from Tromsö, who told us he had taken some very successful groups of the other passengers; and the doctor begged us to be photographed, "just the artists of the party, it wasn't like being done with the common herd," he said. So we got into position, with Mrs. R—— and a German bride, who drew a little in the centre of the group, and asked the photographer, who spoke the Lapp language, to ask some little children if they would like the fun of sitting in the foreground. They gravely replied they should expect threepence each for doing so, and wouldn't sit for less; we paid them, and were all but ready, when a dog, like those used for keeping the reindeer together, sauntered by, and the Counsellor said, "Oh! do ask one of those children to make the dog lie

down by her!" "Not for less than sixpence extra," answered the child, by means of the photographer who interpreted. We thought the little wretches so mercenary, that we refused to give a halfpenny more, so the dog did not come into our picture.

It is hard to say how it was, perhaps the photo being taken was too much of an interruption; but whether it was that or no, we three were no longer in a mood for sketching, and when some one suggested exploring one of the very steep sides of the valley to get a view, as there were two hours before we need be on board for dinner, the idea was received with acclamations! Leaving Mrs. R——, who was hoping to finish a picture with sufficient detail to make a large oil-painting from it afterwards, we three started on a voyage of discovery, escorted by the little doctor, and carrying our painting things in a sky-blue neckerchief belonging to the Counsellor.

## CHAPTER IX.

## TOBOGGANING ON A GLACIER.

WE started straight up the side of the valley, hoping to go far enough to ascend one of the Tromsödalen Peaks, by following the course of a waterfall. For about a mile we scrambled up a slope which we felt to be "as steep as the side of a house." It was very hot climbing; we are all wearing thick dresses on account of the cold weather on board, and we had to stop several times to rest.

Soon some patches of snow became visible near us here and there, the air got more and more exhilarating, and when we turned to look back upon the Lapp encampment, the whole thing might have been an enclosure belonging to a doll's-house. Some of the walking was over very rough ground, and no one could have been kinder than the little doctor in helping first one and then another over the great stones, and giving us a hand to jump the waterfall which we had to cross pretty often in order to get up at all. At times on the side of the stream on which we happened to be, a great cliff would quite bar our progress. We were too hot for it to be wise to drink much, but the sparkling water looked so inviting, and the sun kept beating down so fiercely, that we felt bound to stop occasionally, though we had to lie

down nearly flat to bring our mouths on a level with the water.

All four of us were very keen on getting higher and higher, forgetting how the time must be going, and we thought crossing the little patches of frozen snow great fun.

At the same time we kept steadily bearing to the right, as we knew that was the direction of the fiord, and every few minutes as bit by bit was climbed we expected to catch sight of the sea.

The little doctor told us a lot about the flowers he picked for us on the way, and Scrapit (perhaps the most downright of the three) took the opportunity to ask him his name, as it seemed quite ridiculous not to know it now we were so friendly. Miss Blakeley had told us that his name was "Wellesley," and that he was a bachelor. So judging by her usual correctness of detail in the family histories of our fellow-passengers, which she always had at her fingers' ends, we were not surprised when he told us his name was "Naylor," and that he was a widower, and had left two little boys at school in Brecon, to come for a well-earned holiday in these latitudes.

As we were talking all of a sudden a sharp turn brought us to the side of a great glacier; or rather Scrapit and Goggles were persuaded it *must* be a glacier, though it was really only an immense mass of frozen snow, some two miles wide and more than three-quarters of a mile from the upper to the lower part.

We came upon it on our right hand, and it stretched upwards and downwards for about half a mile each way from where we stood, while it seemed to go round the mountain, so that we couldn't see across it

at all. We stopped a little bit aghast at so much snow to cross, for the sun shining brightly on it made it most dazzling, and we had to keep rubbing our eyes as they ached with the glare. Goggles, who was wearing glasses, could scarcely see at all, so the Counsellor asked Dr. Naylor to take her sister entirely under his charge, leaving Scrapit and herself, by the aid of an impromptu alpenstock which he had cut, to jog along behind as best they could. But then a fresh difficulty presented itself, for Scrapit, who was getting a little frightened as she slipped at almost every step, pointed out that both Goggles and herself were wearing lawn tennis-shoes. Of course they had no heels, and the little grip they once possessed was now quite worn away by the climb over the stones of the watercourse!

There was nothing for it but to proceed, so we began crossing the slope very slowly and carefully at first, stamping holes in the snow with our boots and with the alpenstock to make a place for the other two to put their feet in. Every step forward was more alarming, and both girls kept saying they knew they should slip "right down to the bottom of the glacier." After a bit the little doctor called a halt, and pointed out that there was some very boggy ground where the snow ended, consequently there was no possibility of our shooting over a precipice, and he added, he really thought the best way would be for us to toboggan down the snow till we reached that marshy ground and strike a fresh line for the coast and the ship on a lower level.

Goggles had no idea what she was in for, when he spread out his macintosh, which he had been carrying it

slung over his back the whole time; and putting it on the snow, he asked her to sit well in the middle of it, and do just as she was told.

The agreement was that having seen those two get to the bottom in safety, Scrapit and the Counsellor, who had no cloak or anything to sit on, were to hold tightly to each other and let themselves go. Dr. Naylor thought *he* had better take the umbrellas and the handkerchief full of painting materials, &c., so we put everything on the macintosh, and breathlessly watched the start. They were down at the bottom in half a minute, but instead of going straight, as they and we had anticipated, they spun round and round perpetually the whole way down. Of course everything flew off at a tangent; and we saw, when we had time to look at anything but those two, an umbrella here, a hat there, a stick a little farther on, and a paint-box, which had toboganned bravely on its own account for some distance, still farther afield.

However *they* were at the bottom all right; and shouted to us it was great fun, and we had better be quick and come on. But nothing would induce Scrapit to spin round and round like that, she said, so the Counsellor, after trying in vain to persuade her, had to make what steps she could in the ice; and their descent was very, very slow, and most dignified compared to that of the other two, while they kept making zigzags to pick up various articles strewn about in all directions.

In doing this they were puzzled to notice tracks of recent footsteps on the glacier, which was odd, as we seemed to be far higher than even the Lapps would go, unless after a strayed reindeer, or on some shooting ex-

pedition. Talking of shooting, we found, on comparing notes afterwards, we had all had an undefined dread of coming suddenly upon a bear. The chances are he would have run away from such a redoubtable quartett all armed with umbrellas. Had we seen one, we should all have suddenly remembered a pressing engagement in the opposite direction. Our spirits rose when we were once more together safely on terra-firma, but we had still a long way to go on the spur of the mountain, though now there wasn't the spice of danger to make the tramp exciting, as there had been on the glacier.

We had to cross several waterfalls on stepping-stones, getting pretty well splashed at times. It was a matter for congratulation that there were plenty of means of quenching our thirst, though we regretted that there was none of satisfying our hunger, and we all began to get so *very* hungry. This made us wonder what was going on on board the *Orion*, and we came to the conclusion that every one must have returned to the ship long ago, for the one o'clock dinner, ordered then because of our unusually early breakfast. We expected most of the passengers would have gone to Tromsö, on the other side of the fiord, to see the town and make purchases, and that consequently when we at last arrived, there would be no one to look at our very bedraggled appearance; and no one to be over-anxious at our prolonged absence.

When we once caught sight of the fiord, and saw the *Orion* riding at anchor, we made straight for her through the brushwood and everything that came in our path. At the landing-stage we saw all the boats which brought us in the morning, slung up on the ship,

and there was nothing to be seen but a rickety old native boat tied to a stake, with two oars lying in it, but not a vestige of a boatman, and no cottage within a quarter of a mile.

This boat had no steering-gear of any kind, but we were too tired to be particular, so we got into it at once, and made for the ship, the Counsellor and the little doctor taking an oar each. We rowed till we were very hot and very tired, but the ship didn't seem to get much nearer; on the contrary we found we were drifting with the current away from both it and the shore. Then the little doctor tried to scull with the oars, but after a few strokes, said he had sprained his wrist some little time back, and he was afraid he couldn't scull against that current; so the Counsellor, who found rowing in a tub of a boat with no rudder, no joke, and very different to playing at rowing on the Thames, made superhuman efforts, first putting more strength into one oar and then trying harder with the other. This brought us near enough to the ship to discover several people leaning against the bulwarks watching us, and when we got within shouting distance every one called out directions as to what we were to do. "Pull right!" "Pull left!" "Back water!" &c. When it is remembered no one had any idea there was a strong current, it will be easily seen that this advice was more exasperating than helpful. Finally some one had the sense to ask the mate to send a couple of sailors to help us, and we were towed in. This was rather ignominious, but discretion is the better part of valour, and though nothing would have made us acknowledge it, we were really too dead-beat to row many more strokes.

The rest of our party were naturally annoyed at our prolonged absence, but when we explained how very much more difficult our climb had been than we had at all anticipated, they were somewhat mollified, and started off to see Tromsö, leaving us to change our wet, muddy clothes, and get a meal. But no account of Tromsö can figure in these pages, for when we were once more tidy, we still felt we were rather in disgrace in the eyes of our friends, so we persuaded the little doctor to go and see that town on his own account, leaving us to rest on deck, and to look through several books of views that the photographer who took the groups at the Lapp encampment this morning had brought on board, in the hope of finding some purchasers.

The French Count told us this evening that not caring to spend his time with the Lapps, he had made an expedition into the mountains, in the hope of finding something to shoot at, and that it must have been his footsteps we came across on the glacier. His opinion is that we walked quite nine miles.

The mountain we climbed was 4630 feet high, and the view from the top, or as near the top as we got, was splendid. Altogether it was very jolly, and our first approach to an adventure will always be looked back upon lovingly, even when we are home in prosaic London once more. The following lines convey what we imagine to have been Goggles' feelings on reaching terra-firma after her tobogganing experiences:—

As I try, my fear concealing,  
How shall I describe the feeling  
When upon your back you're wheeling  
Down the slippery Tromsodal!

As we shoot now left, now right,  
 Holding on with all our might !  
 Sliding down the snowy height  
     Of the mount of Tromsodal.

Whirling, twirling, oh ! so fast !  
 Scudding now the boulders past,  
 But arriving safe at last  
     Down the slope of Tromsodal.

The other two were far away,  
 And look'd as though they'd be all day  
 Plodding down the snowy way,  
     Of the heights of Tromsodal.

Slowly ! oh ! how slow they came,  
 The pace was scarcely worth the name,  
 Scrapit was getting rather lame,  
     After the stones of Tromsodal.

They had to stop to get my hat,  
 Cutting a zigzag after that,  
 At which our hearts went pit-a-pat !  
     They nearly slipp'd on Tromsodal.

Their safety was the alpenstock,  
 Protection lent a friendly rock,  
 Across the slide it made a block,  
     The slippery slide down Tromsodal.

At length their feet have touch'd firm ground,  
 And we again are homeward bound;  
 Only too glad we turn round  
     From fascinating Tromsodal.

Our precious flowers, alas ! are lost,  
 Our sketches here and there were toss'd,  
 But we the glacier safe have cross'd,  
     So now farewell to Tromsodal.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE FRENCH PROFESSOR.

THERE are many odd people on board, but we all agree one of the funniest is the French Professor. It is really very extraordinary, but something in our cabin must fascinate him, for we are always meeting him in the narrow passage leading to it. Every one has heard of the Lowlander who wore a kilt because his feet were so large it was impossible for him to get them through his "trews;" well, that pair of legs weren't "in it" with the Professor's. He waddled along just like a duck; and when we could do it without being noticed by the other passengers, it was a great amusement to walk behind him up and down the deck, trying to imitate his peculiar step. He is very learned in all antiquities, old fossils, &c., and so old-fashioned is his wife, that he might pursue his antiquarian researches among her bonnets, as all of them are "curios" and "reliques" of a by-gone age. Poor little woman! She has the most profound reverence for her big-footed husband, and thinks to counteract his old-fashioned ways by an assumption of elderly skittishness. She is by way of being very smart in her own estimation, and one day

we overheard her discussing Parisian dresses for more than an hour with another French lady, and explaining how envious her neighbours were when at rare intervals she received a box from Paris, and how she consequently set the fashions in the little provincial town in which they lived.

The Counsellor is firmly convinced that the Professor has caught sight of her wire dress-improver hanging up over her berth, and looks upon it as some rare object with which he has never yet been made acquainted; and he is waiting for us to be well out of the way to make a dive into our cabin, and see what strange creature this may be.

One of us is always dashing either in or out to fetch something, and sees him retire in the greatest confusion, but to return again anon with indomitable perseverance worthy of a better cause.

Two little American children are rather a bore, the little girl, "Jeannie," is a sweetly pretty child; but very rude and ill-mannered, specially to her mother, who spoils her dreadfully. Her poor little governess hardly ever appears without the following query being hurled at her head:—"Miss —, where are Jeannie's rubber-shoes?" or "Miss —, Jeannie should have her overcoat on or off," as the case might be. We should like to pitch Jeannie's rubber-shoes overboard. An American lady, who seems to be travelling by herself, has been all through this trip before, three years ago, and then owing to the sea-fogs and the rain they never saw the Midnight Sun once. She was very plucky to make a second attempt on her next visit to Europe; and we are very glad she has now been so successful. The Captain

tells us he has hardly ever known such favourable weather on a trip to the Arctic regions before.

Miss Rich, the lady who patronizes Herr Jaeger's underclothing, has struck up quite a flirtation with the "keeper" of the blighted undergraduate. They walk up and down, arm-in-arm, and we believe they whisper "soft nothings," at least they look as if they did.

'Arry is still cock of the walk in his own estimation, and is fought shy of by most people. He dresses in knickerbockers, and we believe that he is under the impression that he looks like a Highland laird.

The Germans all keep very much to themselves. One German lady smokes very large cigars; we have seen her with a huge one before breakfast even; it looks so disgusting!

The Miss Poppinjay whom Colonel W—— took to be the sailors' washerwoman, is quite a character. We have never spoken to her, but we hear she talks a good deal about her money, which she carries with her wrapped up in a stocking. She wears a lindsey-woolsey gown like an under-housemaid, and her head-gear consists of a black merino hood with a little frill of bright purple all round it. The old artist with his elderly wife, and still more ancient sister, who sleeps in the little cabin opening out of ours, seem nice quiet people. The sister's name is "Sarah," and she affords us a great deal of amusement. The sole of her boot came half off to-day, and she held her foot up in a most comical way, while she asked our advice as to how best to remedy such a disaster! We gravely suggested the ship's carpenter with a

hammer and tin tacks; or some boiling glue; or her wearing another pair. We believe she eventually had recourse to the last expedient.

It rained heavily while the others were at Tromsö, but cleared up for a short time later on, when the indefatigable photographer took a group of the whole of the passengers, with the officers and crew. We were so much at the side, that we fancy we must be out of focus; but we are to see the proof on our return here from the North Cape.

The rain came on again after supper, and we all went to bed early, as the Captain said he felt sure there would be no midnight sun visible this evening. He promised, should the clouds break, he would have a bell rung to let us know.

Miss Blakeley and Scroppit were half asleep, and the others just getting into their berths, when the bell rang.

Simultaneously we heard a hurrying of many feet, everybody but ourselves seemed to be getting up; and we felt we could not be so lazy as to view it only from the port-holes. So we put on ulsters over our dressing-gowns, and did our best to look fairly presentable in less than no time. A motley crew had assembled on deck; Mrs. R—— and some other ladies had their hair hanging loosely down their backs; but the most noticeable feature of the ladies' dress was the total absence of bustle! This universal flatness impressed the Counsellor so much, that she wasn't happy until she had run down and donned hers.

That stormy sunset was one of the loveliest we saw. On one side, the orb of day was sinking,

surrounded with streaks of beautiful yellow mist, which made a perfect contrast to the grey of the clouds, while rocks and shore grew pink in that golden light. At the very same time on the other side of a mountain the dawn was breaking with lovely tints of the softest pale blue, merging into primrose at the horizon; above was the blue sky dotted here and there with silver clouds. The sea was of a wondrous azure, and the top of every dancing wave sparkled with gold. The light of the sun shone upon the faces of the passengers, and made those parts of the ship which were painted white look a vivid rose colour. At twelve o'clock a gun was fired, and the flags were hoisted as before, and after a little talk, general "Good-nights" were said, and we sought our berths for the second time.

*Friday, July 22nd.*—The vegetation is fast disappearing, as we journey northwards, and during the night we passed the last cluster of trees, stunted birches they were; of course we have been beyond the region of firs and pines long ago, and there is now very little green to be seen, almost nothing but the grey lichen which the reindeer feed on. They must feed on it inland though, for it grows in such scanty patches near the coast, that we haven't seen enough to make a meal for half a dozen of them. Beyond Tromsö the coast is very desolate, and Baedeker tells us that a patch of grass which might be covered with a copy of the *Times* is hailed as a meadow, and attracts a colony of several families.

We were on deck for a few minutes rather early this morning, and the first thing that attracted our attention was a very pretty and decidedly English-

looking yacht anchored close to us, just off Hammerfest. She looked so graceful, by the side of the clumsily-built luggers, that we couldn't help being rather envious of those on board, particularly when we turned round, on the ringing of the breakfast-bell, to hear 'Arry bragging about something or other in anything but subdued tones. However, we know by experience that such a particularly well-chosen party is imperative to make yachting enjoyable, when people are cooped up together for any length of time, that we are probably really having more fun on our old *Orion* amongst *bonâ-fide* tourists. Hammerfest is the most northern town in Europe, and looks from the ship to be little more than a village, though its population is 2100.

The inhabitants carry on an extensive trade with Russia and Spitzbergen. A column in granite, called the Meridianstøtte, has been erected on a hill at the back of the town, to commemorate the measurement of the number of degrees between Ismail on the Danube and this place. No one found time to visit it but the Professor, who saw that and nothing else, so we heard, and found it very interesting.

We thought we ought to do some shopping in the most northern town in Europe, but there was very little to buy. The shops are of a most primitive order, and many signs had to be gone through with the shopkeepers. There were some nice Lapp costumes, walrus tusks, and fur rugs for sale, but they didn't look very well cured, and a little roll for work or to keep pencils in, which Scroppit took up, was literally swarming with animalculæ. The whole place reeked of dry cod and cod-liver oil. We

went into a large shed, where the drying and pressing process was going on. The dried cod looked as if no amount of soaking could make it anything but perfectly useless for human food; it had the appearance of long narrow shreds of bark. Let us hope it is more appetizing when seen in Billingsgate.

Mr. Seir bought some queer, round boxes made of birch-bark, which we heard had come from Russia; they were painted red, and had most comical birds on them. The Counsellor purchased a very pretty pale-green one picked out with salmon colour. It was the size of a small waste-paper basket, so she thought it very cheap for eightpence, the others had been sixpence-halfpenny. The nicest thing in Hammerfest is the Roman Catholic church, it is the cleanest building we have been in, in Norway. Round the walls are very pretty bas-reliefs in either painted wood or plaster, representing the Stations of the Cross. They were much more works of art than one generally sees in a little church, in an out-of-the-way *village*.

Perhaps we owe an apology to the Hammerfestians for speaking so disrespectfully of their town; but it was really nothing more. We were only too glad to return to the ship about eleven o'clock, to breathe fresh air once again. The horrible smell of cod-liver oil which pervaded the whole place seemed thick enough to be cut with a knife. Scroppit enjoyed a good snooze for a couple of hours before dinner, but the other two, who were beginning to feel the effects of sitting up till nearly 2 a.m. every night, couldn't manage a wink of sleep. Later on, the

Counsellor was so thoroughly done, for want of rest, that she said Bird Rock or no Bird Rock, she must go to bed, if she was to climb the North Cape to-night and sit up till 4 a.m. afterwards. She was fortunate enough to sleep soundly till awoke by the firing of guns to startle the birds at Svøerholt, and she watched the flight of thousands and thousands of gulls from the cabin window.

Goggles, who was on deck finishing a sketch of the Lapps, said that the mountainous island was simply covered with sea-gulls, and when startled by the rocket we fired, they rose like a great silver cloud. Many ladders were to be seen placed in niches all up the face of the rock, to enable the natives to get the eggs. Svøerholt is inhabited by one family only, the members of which get their living by selling both birds and eggs: The birds are used for fodder, and prepared for this purpose by being buried for a time, and then dug up again and packed in casks.

A couple of hours later we passed the most northerly point of Norway situated on the mainland. The North Cape is itself part of an island. Our tea-supper was rather earlier than usual to-night, for we were due to arrive at eight o'clock, and every one wanted to be ready to commence the ascent soon after.

## CHAPTER XI.

## NIGHT ON THE NORTH CAPE.

THE ship's boats landed us in a little bay, where the rock is less steep than in any other part, and where a track has been cut to the top of the mountain. It is kept in repair by the Norske Turistforening or Norwegian Alpine Tourist's Club. The Counsellor and the Brigadier started later than the others, and took the climbing rather quietly, feeling they had all night to do it in. It was very steep in parts, but it was its being so dreadfully slippery, owing to the melting of the snow and recent heavy rains, that made the way so particularly bad. It amused us to watch some of the travellers toiling up, especially the Papa Parsee. After ascending nearly half a mile we came to a path cut in zigzags, and with a rope balustrade to hang on to, going as far as a comparatively flat plateau, which every one at first took to be the top. But it turned out that there was a walk of nearly two miles after that, over ground covered with stones and boulders.

On this plateau the way is shown by white posts connected with wire. Mists come on so suddenly in these parts that at times travellers would be quite lost, were it not for these wires by which to feel their way, and the rope balustrade lower down. About half-way across this flat part, they were startled by

Miss Blakeley shouting something to them, that they couldn't understand. She and her brother were a little way on in front, inseparable as usual. Suddenly they began dancing, waving their arms like windmills, and swinging their cases of field-glasses round and round over their heads in a most ludicrous fashion. At first the Counsellor stopped, too surprised to make anything of it, and then the Brigadier said, "Have they gone suddenly mad? or can that be only their way of expressing their delight at having reached the top? I always thought the brother a sensible man." So saying, they very soon caught the others up, who pointed them out a very curious phenomenon, by making them turn round due south. The level rays of the sun were so dazzling that we were obliged to open our umbrellas when going northwards. For the last two days, for some reason we don't understand, the sun has been exactly in the north when it *rises* instead of in the East. Well, to hark back, we now stood exactly between the level rays of the sun and a large bank of mist or cloud; our shadows were distinctly marked or reflected on the cloud, only they were about seven times life-size. It was a most curious sight, and quite accounts for any amount of waving of arms and umbrellas. A minute or two later the mist dispersed, and the effect of course instantly vanished. No one saw it but the Blakeleys and we two. The Counsellor remembers a picture in a book called "The Universe," of precisely the same sort of optical phenomenon, seen from the top of the Brocken in the Hartz mountains.

When they arrived really at the northernmost point, they saw most of the tourists sitting round a

column which has been erected in commemoration of the visit of King Oscar II. in 1873. At this point the Cape is a sheer precipice right down to the sea, and some people tried to throw pieces of rock down, to hear them splash in the water below.

It was very cold, and every one was glad to put on wraps; while a sailor who had carried up some of the heaviest over-coats was in great request. There was something wonderful in the feeling that we had now nothing between us and the North Pole but that great Arctic Ocean, which was to-night as smooth as glass, and washed the rock below with a monotonous splash.

There was a great contrast of the sublime and the ridiculous, for an enterprising peasant keeps a chest of bottles of champagne up there during the six weeks of the tourist season; and all around could be heard the popping of corks while every one drank to their next merry meeting. Ever since landing at Tromsø, where she bought the materials, the energetic and excitable Portuguese lady, whom we before took to be Italian, has been working very hard at making a Portuguese flag. She heard that no ship had ever hoisted one in these waters at midnight before, and she did not like to see the flags of other nations waving, and feel her own was not amongst them. She embroidered it really beautifully, both sides exactly alike. This flag was hoisted with great rejoicing on her part, by some of the gentlemen, on the top of the granite column, with the aid of umbrella-straps.

When the sun rose, every one got very elated, what with the time, the place, and the champagne; and most people clinked their glasses singing, "Auld

Lang Syne," some forming a ring and holding hands in the orthodox style. The English mounted the steps of the obelisk and sang "God save the Queen," followed by "Rule Britannia;" then the Americans had their turn, and gave us the "Star-spangled Banner," or something like it; and then the Germans (they were a very large party) sang their National Anthem. It sounded very well, and they certainly kept much better time than the English.

When the sun was high in the sky, we turned round to commence the descent, and in doing so noticed three Englishmen who had just arrived, and who looked rather disgusted to see all this merry-making, which had something that reminded one of Hampstead Heath or Margate Sands in it. We had kept out of it as much as was polite; and had taken a stroll along the edge of the cliff, only to come suddenly upon Miss Rich and the keeper sitting behind a rock, with the blighted undergraduate making a very uncomfortable-looking third.

The *Orion* steamed round the North Cape and fired a gun, when she was just below, as much as to say, "Here we are again!" The view of the Cape is of course grandest from the sea, and in one of Longfellow's poems, which seems to be less well known than many of his others, it is so quaintly and so well described that perhaps we may be pardoned for inserting it at length.

#### THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.

Othere, the old sea-captain,  
Who dwelt in Helgoland,  
To King Alfred, the lover of truth,  
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,  
Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,  
Like a boy's his eye appear'd;  
His hair was yellow as hay,  
But threads of silvery grey  
Gleam'd in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere;  
His cheek had the colour of oak;  
With a kind of laugh in his speech,  
Like the sea-tide on a beach,  
As unto the king he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,  
Had a book upon his knees,  
And wrote down the wondrous tale  
Of him who was first to sail  
Into the Arctic Seas.

"So far I live to the northward  
No man lives north of me;  
To the east are wild mountain-chains,  
And beyond them meres and plains;  
To the westward all is sea.

"So far I live to the northward  
From the harbour of Skeringes-hale,  
If you only sail'd by day  
With a fair wind all the way,  
More than a month would you sail.

"I own six hundred rein-deer,  
With sheep and swine beside;  
I have tribute from the Finns,  
Whale-bone and reindeer skins,  
And ropes of walrus-hide.

"I plough'd the land with horses,  
But my heart was ill at ease,  
For the old sea-faring men  
Came to me now and then  
With their sagas of the seas.

"Of Iceland and of Greenland,  
And the stormy Hebrides  
And the undiscover'd deep;  
I could not eat nor sleep  
For thinking of those seas.

"To the northward stretch'd the desert,  
How far I fain would know;

So at last I sallied forth,  
And three days sail'd due north  
As far as the whale-ships go.

“To the west of me was the ocean,  
To the right the desolate shore ;  
But I did not slacken sail  
For the walrus or the whale,  
Till after three days more.

“The days grew longer and longer,  
Till they became as one,  
And southward through the haze  
I saw the sullen blaze  
Of the red midnight sun.

“And then uprose before me,  
Upon the water's edge,  
The huge and haggard shape  
Of that unknown North Cape,  
Whose form is like a wedge.

“The sea was rough and stormy,  
The tempest howl'd and wail'd,  
And the sea-fog like a ghost  
Haunted that dreary coast ;  
But onward still I sail'd.

“Four days I steer'd to eastward  
Four days without a night :  
Round in a fiery ring  
Went the great sun, O King,  
With red and lurid light.”

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,  
Ceased writing for a while ;  
And raised his eyes from his book  
With a strange and puzzled look  
And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain  
He neither paused nor stirred,  
Till the king listen'd, and then  
Once more took up his pen  
And wrote down every word.

“And now the land,” said Othere,  
“Bent southward suddenly,  
And I follow'd the curving shore,  
And ever southward bore  
Into a nameless sea.

“And there we hunted the walrus,  
The narwhale and the seal ;  
Ha ! 'twas a noble game !  
And like the lightning's flame  
Flew our harpoons of steel.

“There were six of us all together—  
Norsemen of Helgoland ;  
In two days and no more  
We kill'd of them three score,  
And dragg'd them to the strand !”

Here Alfred, the truth-teller,  
Suddenly closed his book,  
And lifted his blue eyes  
With doubt and strange surmise  
Depicted in their look.

And Othere, the old sea-captain,  
Stared at him wild and weird,  
Then smiled, till his shining teeth  
Gleam'd white from underneath  
His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,  
In witness of the truth,  
Raising his noble head,  
Stretch'd his brown hand and said,  
“Behold this walrus-tooth !”

LONGFELLOW.

The descent was very easy with the help of the rope ; and Scroppit and Goggles, escorted by the Brigadier, ran on some way in front. When they got to the edge of the plateau, the appearance of the three strangers was accounted for, by their seeing the yacht, that was the admiration of every one at Hammerfest, at anchor in the bay. These gentlemen didn't stay very long at the top of the rock, for they caught up the two girls just as they had got to the steepest part ; and one of them gave Scroppit a hand when it was more slippery than usual.

He was rather curious to know something about the incongruous party they had been watching, and

soon got into conversation. When Scrapitt mentioned the names of the friends with whom she was travelling, it turned out that Mr. C——, the owner, had met the Seirs at Corfu, some years previously ; and he asked the girls to go on board, and see all the odd things they had picked up on their travels.

They hardly knew what to say to this proposal, and were still hesitating when the Counsellor arrived ; half swinging herself down the zigzag path so as to catch them up ; Goggles, introducing her, drew her into the group, and Mr. C. begged her to accompany the others to see over the yacht, saying, "Your friends don't like to go till all your party is assembled ; but the *Orion* will probably start directly the last of the passengers are aboard, and then it will be too late !" The Counsellor knew Mr. and Mrs. Seir could not be down that mountain for twenty minutes, so she consulted the Brigadier as to whether it would be "quite the thing" ? He, to Scrapitt's intense delight, had just been mistaken for her father by Mr. C—— ; and as he thought he would be sufficient chaperon—and the girls were assured their terribly muddy boots didn't in the least matter—they started in the yacht's gig, which was waiting. On the way one of Mr. C——'s friends discovered he had been previously introduced to the Counsellor at a London ball, less than a month ago ! It was really extraordinary meeting friends like that at one of the most out-of-the-way places in Europe, and Goggles remarked, it was just like one of those incidents put in a book, which everybody smiles at, as being far too unlikely ever to have happened.

The yacht looked most comfortable and pretty,

and we had seen over it, and had been persuaded to drink some more champagne, "if only to compare it with that we had had on the rock," when a large boat-load of some of the Americans going to the *Orion* passed rather near, and little Jeannie, who could not make it out at all, shouted in her small shrill voice, "Oh ! I say ! are you going to stay there for ever and ever ?"

The Seirs were in the next boat-load, and directly we pointed them out, Mr. C—— rowed to the *Orion*, renewed his acquaintance with Mrs. Seir, and brought her back with him. Then we went on a second tour of inspection, and saw all the rugs, and skins, and curios they had collected on their travels ; and they insisted on our again having a parting glass of champagne, and some biscuits, the latter of which were very acceptable, as it was then 3. a.m.

We seemed to have been only a short time on the yacht, when it was signalled from the *Orion* that they were preparing to start immediately, so as we did not want to take Jeannie's hint and stay "for ever and ever," they quickly rowed us back. The tourists had been amusing themselves all this time with deep-seafishing, mostly for cod, which could be pulled up as quickly as a baited line was lowered. We saw some very large fish caught, but it seemed very cruel to go on catching and killing them only for the sport of pulling them up, for there were soon so many wriggling about on deck, that to get rid of them they must have been thrown back into the sea.

We went below as soon as the North Cape was fading away in the distance ; but couldn't resist stop-

ping occasionally in the midst of our undressing, to give a slight tug to two lines which were dangling in a most tempting way just outside our open port-holes, and laughed to imagine the disgusted face of the ardent angler, when, after winding up what looked like nearly a quarter of a mile of twine, he found there was nothing on the hook after all. Some people didn't go to bed, as it only wanted three hours to breakfast-time; we had had half a mind to follow their example; only the thought of how cross we should all be to-morrow if we got no sleep whatever, prevented us.

## CHAPTER XII.

## A WHALER AND SUNDAY AT SEA.

*Saturday, July 23rd.*—Miss Blakeley and the Counsellor got up to breakfast this morning, but Goggles and Scrapit went in for a good long sleep, and had some tea and bread and butter in bed, with some raisins saved from last night's dessert, to give their breakfast a relish. They then dressed quietly, profiting by the unusual time and space in the absence of the others, to perform more than usual ablutions, by which they took a rise out of the Counsellor, who was also seeking an opportunity for an exceptionally good wash. They were just putting the finishing touches when Mr. Seir called to them to come up quickly and see some whales.

The *Orion* was cruising about to give the passengers an opportunity of watching a whaler at work. It was quite a small ship, and to one of the masts a small platform, which looked exactly like a barrel painted white, was attached, and in that a man stood on the look-out all the time they were in pursuit. We couldn't see much of the whales, but a little splash and a puff of smoke above the sea; and very rarely a bit of black back. The whaler once shot from a harpoon gun like that we had seen in the Fishery Exhibition at Trondjhem, but missed;

and after that they "lost the scent," or else such a large ship being near, made the fish shy, and the men sulky; so we resumed our course without any incident to speak of until the evening, when we saw some lovely scenery and a beautiful glacier in the Alten fiord. (This fiord is considered one of the most beautiful in the Nordland.) Great waterfalls were rushing down the mountains, which were on an average four thousand feet high.

The ice of the glacier looked beautiful and was bright green, and the sea below it was the same colour, only of a deeper hue. We stopped opposite it a short time for Mrs R—— to make a sketch. Some very poor-looking people came alongside in boats, and the stewards gave them bits of bread and broken meat, as they could not give them anything for their fish, which was of too coarse a sort to buy.

A most interesting novel has been written by Marie Corelli, called "Thelma," the scene of which is laid mostly in this lovely Alten fiord. The great feature of the sunset to-night was that there was a slight shower of rain about 11.30 p.m., and a most glorious rainbow appeared, quite the loveliest we have ever seen. It was very large, and quite perfect, rising from the water at both ends of the arch. We could also see a second rainbow, but much fainter and far away.

*Sunday, July 24th.*—Miss Blakeley was very anxious we should have the morning prayers, and undertook all the arrangements for it; asking an Irish clergyman, the only one on board, to conduct the service, and an American, who was great at the piano, to play the hymns and chants. At twelve o'clock nearly all the English and several Americans collected in the big

saloon, and we specially noticed that the three Parsees were there, and seemed to pay a great deal of attention. Little Doctor Naylor always to the fore in anything that is going on, seemed to drop naturally into the place of clerk, and led the responses; the hymns were "All people that on earth do dwell," and "Eternal Father, strong to save."

It was not an easy matter to preach to such a mixed congregation as that with whom the Irish parson had been associating and enjoying himself for the past week; and we thought him very wise to steer clear of any doctrinal argument, and to be "all things to all men"—neither high, low, nor broad church. He took for his text the words "Our Father," and gave us a short and very good sermon. Good as it was, the Counsellor, who was sitting at the very end of the saloon facing the door-way, found it very hard to prevent her thoughts from wandering. First the foreigners kept passing up and down the gangway to and from their cabins, and stopping to look in and hear a few words on their way; then little Jeannie ran in with her hair down her back and a dressing-jacket on; we thought she would ask the clergyman what he was doing. To our great relief she didn't, but ran back again, finished her toilet, and then sat on Mrs. Seir's knee till the sermon was over. Then Miss Poppingjay, who had put on black kid gloves in honour of the service, was so affected by the sermon, that she wept, leaning her head in her gloved hands on the table; and it wasn't in human nature, as the tears trickled through, not to think what her face would look like all streaked with black, when we rose for the blessing.

Again she felt inclined to wonder if the Parsees thought our religion compared favourably with theirs, and how "fire-worship" was carried out in this nineteenth century; and then the Counsellor's thoughts flew back to the last service she had assisted at on the sea, which was on H.M.S. *The Iron Duke*, where the congregation was all split up into small sections, wedged in between the huge guns. How an officer near the end of that other sermon, held up a coin to intimate that there would be a collection; and how when she and another girl, not seeing they were being made fun of, fumbled in their pockets; while the midshipmen guffawed audibly; and the clergyman hastily finished, thinking he had made some ridiculous slip of the tongue in his discourse. At this point in her meditations she started, as the Irish parson gave the blessing, the little doctor gave a loud "Amen," and every one dispersed.

Dr. Naylor told us just before dinner how he had been up at 5 a.m., when we passed Tromsø, and had bought and taken away the negative of the "Artist Group" photographed at the Lapp Encampment, together with the four or five copies we had ordered. So the other passengers who thought it a good photo will not be able to write for duplicates to add to their collections. The large group taken turned out an immense success; the mate has the proofs, and takes orders for copies, which will be sent to England. People have already ordered more than a hundred copies, our party alone wanted eight.

About three o'clock in the middle of the second dinner, the ship suddenly stopped, and every one, of course, wanted to know the reason why. The captain told

us he wished the people then in the saloon to get through their dinner comfortably, for we were presently going into some rough water. And shortly afterwards so we did, and a great many people began to look very uncomfortable, and to retire below. None of our party were at all ill, but Miss Blakeley was bad for an hour or two. After supper we went for a good walk on deck; it was very blowy, but nice and fresh, and some of the spray came over on to the deck and gave us a good splashing.

The ship rolled so, that it was difficult to walk straight. Dr. Naylor suggested our playing games to keep us from thinking about being ill. He and Mrs. R—— joined us, and we tried to walk from one end of the ship to the other, all on one plank, first naturally and then like the French Professor. Every one was earlier in going to bed to-night, and we retired just before midnight.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## A REAL GLACIER.

*Monday, July 25th.*—We had rather a short night, for we were roused by the bell at 4 a.m., and were soon dressed and on deck, partaking of coffee and biscuits, while the boats were being lowered to take us to see the great Svartisen glacier, the largest in Europe and ninety-five miles in circumference. Unfortunately there was a regular downpour of rain, and a good many passengers decided to remain on board, Mr. Seir amongst them.

Whilst we were dressing, feeling terribly sleepy, a knock was heard outside our cabin-door. Miss Blakeley, always prompt, and thinking it was her brother, drew aside the curtain, to see the old artist wrapped up in an ulster or dressing-gown. He asked if she would kindly tell "Sarah" *not* to get up, as his wife had decided that it was too wet to attempt going to the glacier.

"Certainly!" said Miss Blakeley, and going to the inner cabin, where she still slumbered peacefully, called "Sarah! Sarah!! Sarah!!!" We all laughed, and then Miss Blakeley turned round and said, "Well! what am I to do? I have no idea of her *other* name." A slight push woke her at last, and when she heard "Your brother-in-law says, don't get

up on account of the wet," she didn't seem at all sorry to turn over and go to sleep again.

Meanwhile we walked to the glacier, which took us about twenty minutes. It was a magnificent sight seeing such huge masses of ice, and was much finer than any we had seen in Switzerland, with the exception of Chamounix.

Some people, at the risk of breaking their ankles, tried to walk a little way on it, but we were contented to stand just on the edge. We were soaked to the skin before we got back to the steamer, where Mr. Seir had some glasses of hot grog ready for the whole party, after partaking of which we went to bed again (it was then scarcely 6 a.m.), and slept peacefully whilst our clothes were being dried, until nearly ten o'clock. Whilst we visited the glacier some of the sailors cut down great boughs, or rather whole young birch-trees, with which to decorate the stern of the ship, in honour of our successful trip to the North Cape. This is always done, we don't quite know why, but it looks very pretty, and gives a delightful shade now the sun seems to get hotter every day as we get into more southern latitudes.

Goggles had a long talk with the little Norwegian girl after dinner, and says she is improving in her English quite wonderfully. Then she did some knitting, whilst Scroppit and the Counsellor looked out some routes in the guide-book.

At five o'clock we landed at Torghätten, and walked, or rather climbed by a very steep path, till we arrived at the huge rock, with the hole right through it. The French professor made an attempt to ascend, and Mrs. R.— and the Counsellor tried to cheer him into

renewing his exertions ; but he said it was no use, and he ought to have been wise enough not to attempt a scramble of that kind at his age. There were two or three peasant girls with little tables, selling milk and lemonade by the way ; and they seemed to do a good trade, as most of us were very hot and thirsty before we got to the rock.

When we at last arrived, Mrs. Seir sat down to rest and Mrs. R—— to make a sketch, while we clambered right through to the other side of the cavern. It was by no means easy ; great boulders and loose stones blocked the way, and we were in constant jeopardy of spraining our ankles ; but the view, when we got to the other end, amply repaid us for our trouble. Mrs. R—— is quite wonderful, she caught us up as we stood trying to get cool and admiring the view, having finished her drawing from the other end ; and sat down to sketch it from this side. There was another table at this end of the tunnel, and we felt we ought to buy something from the two very pretty peasants who stood by it, as we saw the hill up which they had climbed with their wares was quite three times as steep as that by which we and the other peasants had come. The younger of these two girls shook hands with us most confidently when some money was given to her.

We thoroughly enjoyed the scramble, sometimes having to jump from rock to rock, and stopping now and then to gather wild flowers, which grew very plentifully (specially a pretty fluffy sort of thing like a small cotton-plant), and the ferns which grew everywhere. Mrs. Seir is collecting some roots of these Nordland ferns, and keeping them in a little

case or pocket made of birch-bark, that the driver of their trille at the Lapp Encampment presented her with. A great deal of shouting went on in the cavern, in order to hear the wonderful echo.

As we came out the first lieutenant stood waiting, as he always did, to see that none of the passengers loitered or were left behind. "I suppose *you* have been through the cavern so often that you didn't care to go again to-day ?" said the Counsellor. "No, lady," was the reply, "I come this far, plenty, plenty times ; but I never have gone through ; the stones roll and are so big, and I must have a regard unto my boots, lady !" The said boots came some way up above his knees, and had no doubt been very expensive to buy in the first instance ; we honoured him for giving so truthful an answer, when it would have been so very easy to make half-a-dozen excuses. Our experience of Norwegians, so far, is that they are intensely truthful and honest.

After tea we pressed some of our flowers, and walked up and down the deck, and felt so sorry to think it was our last evening on board, and that we were parting with so many new friends. Every one was busy signing his or her name on slips of paper to be pasted under the groups taken at Tromsö and stuck into albums at home. Just before going to bed Dr. Naylor showed us a capital card-trick, which after seeing several times we at last found out.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## A CHAPTER OF GOOD-BYES.

*Tuesday, July 26th.*—After breakfast at 8.30, we finished our packing, seeing the stewards, &c. "Pedra," our stewardess, is quite unhappy at parting with us, and "Hansen," the boy who spoke English, and always brushed our dresses and cleaned our boots, seems equally disconsolate. We went on deck in time to hear a farewell speech, made by one of the passengers on behalf of all the others, ending with three cheers for the captain, which were most heartily given, as he is a great favourite with all; and nothing could have exceeded his kindness and consideration throughout the trip.

We arrived at Trondjhem about ten o'clock, and the scene on board was very amusing; the foreigners embraced at parting with much feeling, specially the men. Any who had been playing at a little flirtation looked properly dejected, and all were genuinely sorry to part from the ship and the people with whom they had seen so much. It seems to us quite a month since we left Trondjhem instead of being but a week and a day.

We walked to the Hotel "Britannia," where rooms had been engaged against our return, and find we three share an apartment exactly underneath that we had

when we were here before. There we much enjoyed a regular good wash and "brush up," washing our brushes, &c., and putting on some light lawn-tennis dresses that we hadn't been able to take with us on the *Orion*.

Mr. Seir had invited the little doctor and Mr. and Mrs. R—— to dine with us, and a little before two o'clock we joined them in the garden. They had noticed our brushes drying in the sun on the window-ledge; and chaffed us, saying that we all three literally smelt of soap. After dinner we had coffee in the summer-house, and amused ourselves watching three men try to make a pith ball bob up and down in the fountain, as it was meant to do. The water came in jerks, and each sudden jerk sent the ball right away into a shallow basin of gold fish. To watch the solemn faces of those three men, their very lives might have depended upon the gyrations of that ball!

It seemed strange to be able to sit out of doors without a wrap on, as though we had suddenly jumped from winter to summer, or spring rather, for it was not really *hot*, though very different to the North Cape atmosphere.

Mr. R—— and Dr. Naylor went to see over the Lepers' Hospital this afternoon, the Counsellor stayed in to copy an oil-painting of Mrs. R——'s, of Svaerholt or the Bird Island, and the rest made an expedition to the fur and silver shops where several purchases were made. Quite half our late fellow-passengers left the railway station here about six o'clock this evening and went straight through to Christiana and Stockholm by the night express. Those of the Americans who were doing the "grand tour" meant, after a hasty

glance at the two capitals, to go straight on to St. Petersburg.

On finishing our supper we went down to the quay to see the *Orion* start for Bergen; the R—s were to leave her at Molde to-morrow, but Dr. Naylor and many of the others went on to Bergen, and took the next ship from there to Hull, by which means they could be back in London, having done the whole trip in less than three weeks.

As Norway is becoming more "the rage" every year, those who have but a short time to spend on an autumn holiday may like to know a few practical details with regard to the best way of spending three or four weeks to include all the glories of the Nordland, which is still known only to the few. First, with regard to time; in 1887 the midnight sun could be seen at Tromsø from May 19th to July 24th; and at the North Cape from May 12th to July 31st. Consequently the start should be made between the middle of May and the first week in July, which gives us a margin of six weeks. Secondly, with regard to expense; the Wilson Line steamers leave Hull for Bergen, weekly, and the passage is performed in twenty-seven hours. Fare—first class, 4*l.*; return ticket, 6*l.* Food, per day, 6*s.* 6*d.* extra.

The steamer direct to Trondjhem leaves Hull also weekly. Fare—first class, 7*l.* 7*s.* Food included.

A return ticket is issued to Trondjhem for 9*l.*, available to return from Bergen, Stavanger, or Christiana. The large tourist steamers of the Bergenske or Nordenfjeldske Company, may be joined either at Bergen or Trondjhem. All the tourists go first class, and the return fare on the steamers from Bergen to the

North Cape and back, varies from 16*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* to 12*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.*, according to the sort of cabin chosen. The largest ladies' cabins hold six, and the largest gentlemen's cabins eight; a berth in one of these is of course the cheapest. These rates include stewards' fees, a really liberal table, and half a bottle of very drinkable claret at dinner. A bottle of beer might be bought for 1*¼d.* The incidental expenses were almost nil, as the ship's boats always landed the passengers and brought them back to the ship, and the excursions were never so long as to make the hiring of a horse or trille really necessary. Judging by our experience, thirty pounds would be a liberal allowance for one person for a three weeks' tour going where we went.

|                                                | £     | s. | d. |                 |
|------------------------------------------------|-------|----|----|-----------------|
| Ticket—Hull to Trondjhem, returning from       |       |    |    |                 |
| Bergen or Christiana . . . . .                 | 9     | 0  | 0  | 4 days.         |
| One night at Hotel . . . . .                   | 0     | 15 | 0  | 1 day.          |
| Trondjhem to North Cape and back to            |       |    |    |                 |
| Bergen . . . . .                               | 14    | 10 | 0  | 9 days.         |
| Hotel at Bergen, two or three nights . . . . . | 2     | 0  | 0  | 4 days.         |
| Food on boat from Bergen to Hull . . . . .     | 0     | 6  | 6  | 2 days.         |
| Incidental expenses . . . . .                  | 3     | 8  | 6  |                 |
|                                                | <hr/> |    |    |                 |
|                                                | £30   | 0  | 0  | <u>20 days.</u> |

Thirdly, with regard to clothing. No alteration in dress was ever made for supper, as many excursions took place after that meal; and all through Norway and Sweden in the hotels the dinner-hour is in the middle of the day. We think two dresses plenty to take for the trip, one of them should be if possible a blue serge. We all wore sailors' hats and changed the white ribbons when they were dirty or burnt brown with the sun. The following is the sort of list we

should make out of things to take, were we going the same trip again ; i.e. for about a month :—

|       |                                                    |
|-------|----------------------------------------------------|
| Item. | One dress, serge.                                  |
| ”     | One dress, dust colour.                            |
| ”     | One warm cloak, with close-fitting cap to match.   |
| ”     | One shady hat.                                     |
| ”     | A dust-cloak for carriage-driving.                 |
| ”     | Macintosh and umbrella.                            |
| ”     | A rug.                                             |
| ”     | A pair of deck shoes, besides strong boots.        |
| ”     | Enough linen to last for ten days without washing. |

## Part III.

## CHAPTER XV.

## WE JOURNEY INTO THE INTERIOR.

*Monday, July 25th.*—We were surprised to see at breakfast the remains of our old friend the bear's leg mentioned before. It was much reduced in size, but the toes looked as ghastly as ever, and now it resembles a human arm. After this meal we mended and tidied up our wardrobes, and then got ready to go for a drive to see the famous Lerfos Waterfalls. Mr. Seir and the Brigadier preferred to walk, as we were told it was about three miles off ; so the four of us went in a two-horse “shay,” with rather peculiar springs. The road along which we drove was very pretty and bordered with such an abundance of lovely wild flowers, meadow-sweet, ragged-robin, vetch, ox-eyed daisies, and beautiful briar roses of a deep crimson colour.

They make hay in a very curious way here. After cutting it, they hang it up in layers on an impromptu sort of railing made of sticks and ropes ; so that at a distance a hayfield looks as though it were full of hedges, each about three feet high. It seems a good plan for drying it quickly, and in a high wind it gets well blown about. The different fields and portions

of land are not divided by hedges or ditches, but simply by a landmark, which is a red post stuck in the ground, with the name of the owner, and how much land, garden or whatever it may be, he possesses, written upon it. It seemed to us that near Trondjhem, at all events, it would be very easy for a man to "remove his neighbour's landmark."

Before we got half-way to the falls, which we found to be nearly five miles off, it began to pour with rain, so the hood of the shay was put up, and our umbrellas came into requisition as well. The road was full of ruts and very rough in parts, and two or three times we thought we must have been over; but the driver evidently hadn't the same opinion, for he rattled along quite unconcernedly.

At last we arrived at a small inn where vehicles always stop, so we dismounted; and leaving our hats inside the carriage, pinned our skirts up round our waists under our waterproofs, much to the amusement of some little peasant girls who appeared, bare-footed, to conduct us to the falls. The walk took us about five minutes but that was long enough to get our feet wet through, as the ground was fearfully muddy and sloppy. The falls, which reminded the Counsellor of those of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, are most magnificent; but seem to be thought hardly anything of by the natives, hotel-keepers, or fly-drivers.

There is a second fall half a mile away from the first, but it was so wet and slippery that we could not go to it, neither could we climb about and see the falls from various *points de vue*, as we should have done if it hadn't poured cats and dogs. The

heavy rain reminded us of that at Svartisen, which seemed to fall with such force as almost to knock one down. On our return to the carriage we found the top had been covered with a tarpaulin, which greatly added to our comfort as we packed ourselves in again.

It was 3 p.m. when we got back; rather late for the two o'clock dinner, but they served it to us all the same. We were much surprised to find the gentlemen had not returned; not having seen them anywhere, we thought they must have turned back directly the rain came on.

When at last they arrived, it turned out they had lost their way and gone to the other waterfall. Of course they were soaked through, and well covered with mud, as they had both slipped down. In the evening we went again to the fur-shop, where silver and all kinds of antiquities and photos can be bought.

On our way back we passed the market; cheeses of every variety and butter seemed the principal produce. We saw no fruit except some very large gooseberries. All the vegetables (except potatoes) and fruit we have seen here are tinned; except some wild strawberries which we had to-day for dinner with lovely thick cream. The milk and cream which we get in Norway is very rich, specially the goat's milk. After supper we finished our packing, and were consequently rather late in getting to bed.

*July 28th, Thursday.*—We had a hurried breakfast and started by the slow train from Trondjhem at 9 a.m., on our way eventually to Christiania,

proceeding by slow stages so as to see as much of the country as possible. We settled ourselves in a saloon carriage with a Norwegian officer and a German gentleman for companions. Towards the middle of the day it got almost unbearably hot. We passed through most grand and lovely scenery all the way ; the line ran along the side of the river Gula (splendid for salmon-fishing), high mountains were on either side, covered with birches and forests of fir-trees, which increased in height and size as we went farther south.

Great waterfalls dashed down between the pines and over the rocks, and sometimes we saw hay-fields and a few log-huts here and there. About one o'clock we reached Singsass, a very pretty little village, where the train stopped for thirty minutes, so being very hungry, we enjoyed our lunch, at the station, salmon of course formed part of the *menu*, and was beautifully fresh.

The scenery got more and more lovely as we went inland, and we kept congratulating ourselves that we had not taken the express, which travels only by night. At 8.30 p.m. we got to Tonset, where the slow train always puts up till the next morning. We all felt stiff and tired with travelling for twelve hours ; and the moderate-sized wooden house, dignified by the name of the Jerbane, or Station Hotel, looked quite inviting ; it was like an old fashioned farmhouse, and surrounded by out-buildings, sheds and stables.

We three share one long room, having gone through the usual pantomime as to an extra bed, washstand, &c. The "young lady" who waits upon us soon

understood our wants ; she is rather unlike other Norwegian girls, having a curly fringe. After changing our dresses and having supper, we went for a walk down to the river Glommen, the largest river in Norway ; and paid a visit to the "Apothek," which seems to be the only shop in the place ; we were not sorry to get to bed about 11.30.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## CARRIOLING WITH PETER.

*Friday, July 29th.*—The train we travelled by yesterday left here again at 6.10 this morning; but we were so tired that we decided to stop for a day and enjoy a rest. The beds at Tonset are quite devoid of blankets, and throughout Norway we have found that the sheets are made much too narrow to tuck in; on board the *Orion* we had to remake our berths every night, or would never have been able to have slept in them. We were awoken by a great noise, the whole house appeared to shake in a most alarming way. It proved to be an extra washstand being carried up the narrow rickety stairs to Mrs. Seir's room.

At breakfast we tried to make the landlord understand we would like to take a drive to explore the country, and he presently fetched a young sailor, the only man in the village who understood any English. After a little bargaining as to price, this sailor said he knew of two or three farmers who could be induced to spare one of the horses working on their land; and he offered to bring us a trille and a carriole and take us to see the surrounding country.

At 11.30 the vehicles drove up in fine style; the trille led the way; in it were two horses of different

size and colour, one of which had never been in harness before. The said harness was of a most ramshackly description, and constantly needed re-adjustment. The driver of the carriole intimated he could not accompany us, so as the Brigadier and Mr. Seir had decided to rest, and see the beauties of Tonset, Mrs. Seir and Scroppit packed into the trille, Goggles sat beside the driver, and the Counsellor drove the carriole, on the back of which was strapped our luncheon basket.

Goggles found the sailor a most amusing man to talk to. He told her his name was Peter, and he had been to Glasgow and Cardiff, and also to the East Indies and to China; but he was now at home for a short holiday, staying with his parents, whom he pointed out to us in a field hay-making. He had never been to the place he intended taking us to, and he amused us immensely by offering to take one rein of the carriole, should any of us be afraid to go alone in it. He also said he knew very little about driving himself, but he had "plenty of good-will."

Goggles and Scroppit took it in turns to sit on the box, and Scroppit was hardly settled, when Peter, who was determined to talk and make the most of his holiday, asked her if she knew "Glarstown"? Never having heard of such a place, she said, "No, I think not." Peter was much surprised, and said, "I mean Glarstown, THE man in England." We hadn't the pleasure of the ex-Premier's acquaintance, and think we rather fell in Peter's estimation in consequence. He also asked after the *other* great Englishman "Spurgeon," as if England had produced but two!

Meanwhile Goggles found her first few minutes in the carriage rather alarming, for three reasons. *First*, the horse will go full tilt down all the hills. *Secondly*, the reins are round and of twisted leather like fine rope, and have a way of slipping through one's fingers! They were so long we found it advisable to wind them twice round our waists, to prevent them from getting under the wheels. *Thirdly*, the horse being higher than the carriage, he liked to rest his tail inside on one's knees, and consequently the reins got entangled every few minutes; however, we just pulled up his tail by leaning forward, and he trotted on as if perfectly used to it.

It was very enjoyable driving quickly through the keen air in that mountainous district, but after going for some six or seven miles, hunger induced us to stop for luncheon. Peter took the horses to a farm-house, while we walked a little way up the hill to find a suitable place to picnic. Our coachman soon caught us up, and went on in front with the basket. He seemed very hungry, and turned round once or twice to say, "How slow you walk!" He seemed highly entertained to see us spread out the cloth and unpack the contents of our hamper, and took up his position a little way off, though not so far but that he could join in the conversation. The Counsellor sent him, after a bit, to the farm for some extra bread, for we had not counted upon his *enormous* capacity when packing our basket; he brought back two sorts of wafer cake, one sour, and one sweet and ornamental. We thoroughly appreciated a tinned tongue we had brought all the way from England with us, and agree we never enjoyed a luncheon more.

When it was time to be starting homewards Peter was sent on in front to get the vehicles ready. We had often heard that Norwegians were very slow, and took their time about everything, but were hardly prepared, when we arrived at the farm-house, to find Peter still gossiping with the inmates, and that he had not begun harnessing the horses; not that very much harness seems to be used with the carriages, except ropes and wooden pegs stuck in loops here and there, which usually jerk out on going down hill.

The drivers rest their horses when they arrive at the top of a hill, and let them take breath in order to rush down the other side as hard as possible; it is rather alarming just at first, but one gets used to it, and happily the horses are as a rule sure-footed.

Scrappit had time to make a very pretty sketch before it suited Peter's convenience to be ready; and when we again started she thought she would like to try the carriage. Carriages remind us very much of a large spoon on wheels; you sit in the bowl and stretch your legs out along the handle. Once in, Scrappit's courage failed her, her talents do not lie in the same direction as Jehu's did, and so she prevailed upon the Counsellor to sit on the narrow plank behind, which is really intended to strap the luggage on to, and drive her from the back, as if she were in a hansom cab. It was great fun, but a case of hanging on by the skin of her teeth for the Counsellor, when we galloped down hill. Peter was even more loquacious after lunch than before, and tried to teach us several Norwegian words. He made some ludicrous attempts to pronounce the word "Squirrel,"

we saw lots in the woods, but finally he gave it up as quite beyond him.

We passed a church on the top of a mountain, on the way home, and he told us it was the only one for miles round, and that many people who lived twelve miles away attended the service regularly, and walked the twenty-four miles every Sunday. He also told us the people of Tonset, his native town, were not very enterprising, and that since his childhood only three young men had left the place to seek their fortunes in the wide world, he being one of them.

After tea, which the Counsellor made for us from our own private store, we sat in the porch and sketched till supper at nine o'clock, when we packed and went to bed, as we have to be called at 5 a.m. to-morrow. The food at this little inn is fair, but the meat is invariably put through a sausage-machine, which is disagreeable, as one doesn't know what bits and odds and ends it may be made of. We are very glad we have a second rolled tongue and a tin of pressed beef in the hamper to fall back upon in case of an emergency.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## LILLEHAMMER.

*Saturday, July 30th.*—We left this morning by the six o'clock train for Hamar, where we take the steamer across Lake Miosen to Lillehammer, said to be situated amongst the prettiest Norwegian inland scenery. The Brigadier travelled the first few hours in a third, so that he could sleep full length. He is so good at sleeping, when he would have us think he is engrossed with the scenery, that his little naps have become quite proverbial. It rained a little quite early, but cleared up soon after seven o'clock, and turned out to be a beautifully bright day.

As we journeyed on, the scenery, although very fine, from being grand became nearly flat. Lovely wild-flowers, of brilliant colours, grew at the base of the mountains, and we noticed a great deal of reindeer moss, and suppose that it was because we are too far south for there to be any reindeer to eat it.

At 2.30 we reached Hamar, and had dinner, salmon, of course, followed by some very tough meat, finishing up with wild strawberries and cream. The latter we couldn't dwell upon as we should have liked, as we had to rush off to catch the boat. We stopped at several small villages, from which boats came out

either to bring passengers on board or to land them. The lake is very large, seventy miles in length, and with pretty undulating scenery, something like that of Lake Neuchatel.

After three hours and a half, or at 7.45 p.m., we reached Lillehammer, and drove in an open omnibus to the Ormsrud Hotel, which is in the principal street, and on high ground, though it doesn't actually overlook the lake. The proprietor spoke English, and could give us a choice of rooms; they all opened out of one another, and on to a wide balcony which ran partly round a courtyard at the back of the inn. After supper we had a short walk, and then went to bed, pretty well tired with our long day, notwithstanding our naps in the train.

*Sunday, July 31st.*—We had breakfast soon after nine o'clock in the Speise-salon, which is a large room approached from our balcony, and with three windows at either end. Last night we locked the door before getting into bed, expecting that as we were to be called at eight the hot water (a most unwanted luxury) would be set down outside. We left the windows which looked upon the balcony open, with the blinds drawn down. This morning, on waking, we were astonished to find one of the blinds up, and three jugs of what had once been *hot* water on the floor under the window; evidently the slavey found all her efforts to rouse us perfectly useless, but was not to be done, and finding the door locked, she had inspected us through the window! Last night, just as we were ready for bed, the door burst open; it had never come into our heads to lock it, and a man rushed in, he had mistaken the number of his room

apparently, for he seemed quite horror-struck, and with an exclamation we took to be an apology, he went out even quicker than he came in. There are five or six people in the hotel, but they all seem to be Norwegians.

At 11 a.m. we went to the Lutheran Kirk, as there is no English service here. The church is a handsome brick building lined with wood, and has a tall spire. It was very full; there was no kneeling during the service, and the pews were so narrow that to kneel was all but impossible. The people sat nearly all the time, only standing for what we took to be a sermon, but which was more probably the reading of the Gospel. The organ was fairly good, but the hymns rather funereal, and there was a very long sermon at the end of the service. Of course we didn't understand a word, so as we were sitting near the door, we didn't stay until the very end. The preacher was a fine-looking man, and the Geneva gown he wore, with a sort of lace collar and lappets made up like an Elizabethan ruff, were very becoming. The churchyard was beautifully kept; each grave looking like a flower-garden. Some of the flowers were specially fine, they seem to grow to such a much larger size here than in England; large fuchsias, which we should consider wonderful in a hot-house, blooming in the open air; also carnations and picotees. There was a seat near each grave, like at Trondjhem, and the graves were divided by hedges of flowering shrubs.

When we got back from church the hotel-keeper advised us to go and see a very pretty waterfall about a quarter of a mile off, and sent one of his men with

us for a guide. We found wild strawberries on the way; they grow in great abundance about here. After dinner we settled ourselves at a small table on the balcony, and wrote any amount of letters, and did a little reading.

Goggles and Scrapit are getting disheartened at writing their diaries; but each persuades the other not to give up. The great event of the evening was that we had toast for supper! the first we had had since we left the Wilson Line steamer. The Brigadier thought of it, told them exactly how to make it, and ordered it as a delicious surprise and addition to the usual Norwegian supper.

*August 1st, Monday.*—Such a wet day! This is the day referred to in our Introduction, when, in sheer despair at the weather, we determined to write an account of our travels.

It took so little to amuse us this morning that we all rushed to the window as Mrs. Seir exclaimed, "There goes an old woman driving the three leanest pigs I ever saw in my life!"

Scrapit and the Counsellor had a regular dress-making morning, trying to redrape the latter's blue serge skirt; while Goggles mended the largest Jacob's ladder ever seen in a pair of stockings! After midday dinner, as it still poured steadily, the Seirs, the Brigadier and Goggles sat down to whist, and played for two or three hours, till the other two brought them some very good tea they had made in the Counsellor's *Etna*.

The tea was brought from England, and the milk and sugar procured from our chambermaid.

After we tea-makers had made a fresh brew for

ourselves, we tucked up our petticoats, and, armed with macintoshes and umbrellas, sallied forth to the post-office. Once wet through, we didn't mind how far we went; and so had a good long walk, going some way out of the town. We met the whist-players at a silversmith's shop near the hotel, on our way home. This shop was full of lovely things, gold and silver filagree ornaments, copies of very old silver spoons, and some beautiful wood-carving; these last were something like the Swiss ones, only the designs used were bolder and larger. Wood-carving seems to be peculiar to mountainous districts, at least finding so much of it in both Switzerland and Norway would lead one to think so.

Amongst us we made a good many purchases, and Goggles and Mrs. Seir afterwards walked to an "omnium gatherum" shop, or general dealer's, evidently the "Whiteley" of the place. The names of the wares were written along the top of the windows; but most of them seemed to be quite unpronounceable articles, and they couldn't even guess what the words, which were teeming with double "s's" and double "y's" and double "z's" might mean. Two cotton handkerchiefs were bought there, like those the women wear tied over their heads, and then they had to return quickly to change their wet things before our evening meal. At supper we had a delightful surprise, there were some people besides ourselves! Amongst others there was one Englishman (quite elderly, alas!) who told us that he was spending several months in this country, trying to find materials for a novel, the scene of which is to be laid principally among Norwegian peasants.

He told us some interesting things about weddings, and also of the enormous number of cakes indigenous to Norway. Fifty or sixty different kinds!! We had had some very elaborate ones, instead of puddings, on the *Orion*. He said that last winter, when the mercury had long been frozen, and the thermometer was 79° below freezing-point, his dog was running gaily along on the ice, when all of a sudden it got into a hole, and was frozen to death before he could help it out, which was in less than two minutes! This sounds like Baron Münchhausen's tales; but we repeat it just as it was told us over the supper.

To-night several young men, whom we imagined must be medical students, or something of that kind, sat and smoked on the wide balcony just outside our bedroom window, and serenaded us with some sweet Norwegian songs. It was rather a bore their being there though, as we felt, when going to bed, that our every movement might be depicted on the white blinds, as we were forced to have the candle behind us, and we feared the effect on the balcony must be something like that of a magic-lantern.

*August 3rd, Tuesday.*—It was perfectly lovely before breakfast to-day, and Goggles and the Brigadier had a walk between 7.30 and nine o'clock. The silversmith of whom we had purchased several curiosities in the wet yesterday, seemed to take a great fancy to our party, and wanted to be quite friendly. He arrived about 10 a.m., ostensibly to escort us to the Upper Waterfall, which he told us we should have the greatest difficulty in finding without a guide.

The way proved so direct that we imagine he came for the sole purpose of improving his English, and of seeing a little more of us. The falls are very fine, and five in number. On the way, which was through woods, we picked any amount of wild strawberries, bilberries, and whimberries.

The Counsellor and Scrapit wandered away from the others over some very slippery rocks to get a more perfect view of the falls, and came suddenly upon two young men fishing, who begged them to throw a fly, just once to bring luck. They spoke English very slowly, but fairly well, which means that they besprinkled their phrases with English nouns and Norwegian verbs; yet somehow they made their meaning intelligible. We stood talking for a few minutes; but the rest of the party having disappeared, Scrapit was obliged to defer landing a trout, of which she was assured there were plenty, to some future occasion. As we tried to catch up the others it came on to rain, but not heavily enough to matter much; and after some climbing we arrived at the top of the rocks overlooking the largest of the falls, and sat down to rest and admire the lovely view. But we couldn't stay long, even to pick the wonderful berries which grew in thousands at our feet, for the rain came down more heavily, and we had to hurry home by a steeper and quicker way, which led us over two or three rustic bridges.

After luncheon the two gentlemen failed us, they both said they had a pain (possibly the result of all those berries eaten this morning); and the question was, what should we four ladies, who felt game for anything, do? It ended in the Brigadier and the

Counsellor interviewing Mr. Ormsrud in bed, as to what man and what carriage he could trust us with? Poor man, a sharp attack of rheumatism had kept him in pain all night; and we left him to try and get a little sleep, before having to be all smiles to welcome some people coming by the evening boat, who had written for rooms. Lillehammer is the terminus of the Miosen Lake steamboats, and is situated at the northern end of the lake, so that from Hamar, where we left the train, we had really been going north again. It is a great rallying-place for tourists in summer, because it is the starting-point from Christiania of the Gudbrandsdal valley carriole road to Molde on the coast. At Dombaas, which is at the other end of the Gudbrandsdal, the road divides, so *that* through the Romsdal (the grandest and most celebrated route in Norway) may be taken to Veblungnaes on the Molde fiord; or else that over the Douvrefield to Stören and Trondjhem, which is sometimes preferred.

We did much less driving than tourists in Norway usually do, partly because six was rather a large number to go about in separate carriages, and partly because on this particular trip it had been decided at starting that we would not lay ourselves open to roughing it, one of the party being rather an invalid.

If it is intended to make a long driving tour, it is best to hire a carriage from Bennett's at Christiania, who will send them to meet travellers anywhere; or else to buy a carriage outright. In this case, some sort of awning to keep the sun off is indispensable, as with a fresh horse no one can drive and hold up an umbrella too. Horses are procured at the "fast"

or "fixed" stations, which are villages or farm-houses, whose proprietors are bound to supply horses whenever they are needed, to go on to the next fast station, which is from six to sixteen miles off. They are liable to a fine if they keep the traveller waiting more than half an hour.

But we have made a digression to speak of drives in general, from our drive in particular of this afternoon, which took place in a sort of caleche lined with red turkey twill. At first some other vehicle was suggested, but the landlord said he would rather we had this one, because the cushions were so soft! The others must have been hard indeed!!

Goggles sat by the driver, the same dejected-looking young man who guided us to the nearer Falls after church on Sunday; he knew no English, and never whistled or sang, so he was not nearly so amusing as Peter had been. In the Counsellor's opinion the "village idiot" was driving us, but the horses seemed so extremely quiet, that we speedily came to the conclusion that any idiot could drive them, so it didn't matter which of our party was called upon to take the reins.

It is a splendid road to Fosse Garden, the first fast station in the Gudbrandsdal Valley; we followed the foaming Lougen River all the way, and went for miles along an avenue of fir-trees which almost met over our heads. We passed several wild raspberry bushes, and stopped to get some ferns up by the roots. Some of the cottages on the steep hill-sides were propped up with stones, where the floor stuck out away from the slope. They looked as if any one jumping or even treading heavily in them must make

them give way altogether, and roll down into the river below.

We got back about six o'clock and went for a walk, as sitting so long had made us both stiff and chilly; and we were looking into a shop window when to our great surprise we saw Miss Blakeley and her brother. They told us they were staying at the other hotel, the Victoria; they had carried here from Molde, where they left the *Orion*, and had enjoyed it immensely, and they intended making their way to Hamar and then to Christiania, where we shall probably meet them again. It is just a week since we said "good-bye" to them, but it seems much more, as we have all done such a lot since then.

When we got back to the hotel we found several fresh people had arrived, as the steamer was just in. Amongst others are four English gentlemen, who have come from Christiania to-day, and intend carrying fifty miles to-morrow to some place where they are going to fish. They were having supper at the same time as we were, and seemed much excited over the prospect of good sport.

We have to start to-morrow morning at 8.30; so we hope to go to bed in good time, as there is all our packing to be done before we undress to-night.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### MISS POPPINJAY TO THE FORE AGAIN.

*Wednesday, August 3rd.*—Last night, before they went to bed, the Counsellor and Goggles gave some pretty silk handkerchiefs to the three maids who waited on us at the hotel. We showed them how they ought to be worn, saying "church" and "Sunday," which happened to be amongst the very few words we knew; and they were most delighted, and shook hands with us heartily all round. A few minutes later, when we had quite forgotten them, sundry giggles were heard outside our door, and one of the girls came in beaming with joy, to show us the effect of a huge bow tied under her chin; which was to her mind the most becoming way of wearing the long red sash we had presented her with. The colour matched her cheeks exactly.

This same maid must have been rather surprised this morning as she was laying the cloth for breakfast, to see Goggles and Scraffit, who couldn't quite explain what they wanted, collar twenty-four slices of cut bread and two dishes of butter. We wanted it to make twelve sandwiches of the remains of our rolled tongue, cut into thin slices over-night, i. e. two sandwiches apiece for our luncheon on the steamer, on

which we should have to pass the greater part of the day.

After waiting a few moments the girl put her head in at our bedroom door, and mildly inquired if we would not like a little "tay," to wash it all down with we suppose she meant, thinking we were going to eat all that, and then come in to breakfast afterwards. We paid her liberally for what we had taken, as the bill had been settled over-night, and proceeded to breakfast, which we were only in the middle of when Mr. Ormsrud came in to say he was afraid we must hurry, as it was 8.30, and the boat left at 9 o'clock. He then presented each of us four ladies with a very pretty bouquet of fresh-gathered mixed flowers, and shook hands with us all round.

The Norwegians seem very fond of flowers, and plants in blossom are to be seen in the windows of all the smaller houses. There was a fair-sized garden at the back of the courtyard at the hotel, in which red currant bushes flourished more than anything else.

We drove to the quay in the open waggonette, and were in good time on the *Kong Oscar*, which was to take us to Hamar again, and then on to Eidsvold, where we intended catching the train to Christiania. The Counsellor's last moments at Lillehammer were spent in looking for the "idiot," to give him a *douceur*, at last he was discovered hidden behind heaps of luggage.

The first people we saw on the steamer were the Blakeleys, and they sat down at once near us and began to tell us how and where they had parted with various mutual acquaintances who had been on board the *Orion*.

"Of course you remember Miss Poppinjay," said Miss Blakeley. "I shall never forget her 'get-up' as long as I live, with that black hood bordered with violet, that she always wore, and the black and white cotton peignoir that she was so fond of coming down to breakfast in! We two rather chummed after a fashion, and she told me that she had lost all her relations within the last three years! Poor old thing! Well, she got out at Molde, as she wanted to do the Romsdal, and she asked the artist and his wife, and Sarah, dear old Sarah! if she might make the fourth in their carriage, offering to pay a quarter of all expenses incurred. But the artist didn't like her, and they wouldn't have her with their party at any price; so what does she do, but hires a carriage, and tells her driver to keep close behind the other carriage all the way! Of course they stopped at the same places to sleep and eat, so they might as well have gone together, in the first instance. My brother and I met her at a little inn on the return journey, we being on our way here; she called out directly she saw us, and said in a most mysterious way that she had something of the greatest importance to tell me.

"Well, what is it?" said I, wanting my supper, and not particularly caring to bother with her just then.

"Have you a room we could go to? one never knows how much English these people understand," she rejoined.

"Only my bedroom, of course," was my reply, and she said 'That will do,' and followed me up.

"When she had carefully closed the door, all she had to tell me was, 'Do you know, all the sheets here are wringing wet? a deaf and dumb woman told me so.'

"'But how could she?' I asked.

"'Oh! she pointed to some water, and then to the bed, and of course I knew she meant they were *quite* wet.'

"I soon settled that question by putting my looking-glass into the bed, and covering it up for two or three minutes. When I took it out there wasn't the slightest indication of damp upon it, and I came to the conclusion that the poor old lady must be going quite off her head."

Miss Blakeley also told us that when she was last in this country, she talked to a lady who hoped to publish a book called "One and a half in Norway," and this lady said, "Our conversation would be in it; all *my* remarks put into print, you know! just fancy that!" said Miss Blakeley, with great emphasis.

Scrappit nudged the Counsellor behind the fair narrator's back, and whispered, "Wouldn't she be astonished if she had the least idea how often she has been mentioned in *our* diary? Would she know herself, I wonder, if ours were ever published?"

So the time passed, in talking and looking at the scenery. The captain, who spoke English, was much taken with the Counsellor's watch, which she wore in a strap on her wrist. He patted it gently as if he feared it might go off in some mysterious way; and afterwards he showed his watch, of which he seemed

very proud; it was a gold one, and had a long inscription on the case, and the king and queen, or so he said, had presented him with it, some years previously.

It was a glorious day, and we enjoyed the trip immensely; it takes seven hours and a half to traverse the whole of Lake Miosen from Lillehammer to Eidsvold; the scenery is very like that on some of the Swiss lakes, though no snowy mountains are to be seen in the distance.

We stopped at several small stations, to pick up and drop passengers; a good many soldiers came on at one place, which created rather an excitement; but not nearly so much as when an old woman arrived with two large baskets of cherries for sale. There was a great rush for them, and very few bunches were left after the first five minutes: happily the Counsellor and Scrappit spotted her when she was still some way off in a small boat, and took care to be close to the gangway when she stepped on board.

We reached Hamar about one o'clock, and here the Blakeleys said "Good-bye," as they meant to stop the night. The steamer waited twenty minutes, so we three with the Brigadier landed, and walked up the principal street. Hamar seemed quite a small place, and it was scarcely worth any one's while to stop there. When we started again we found a nice secluded spot on deck, and had a picnic luncheon of the sandwiches which we had cut before breakfast, together with some very good wine they supplied us with from the buffet. We much preferred this (as it was *very sultry*) to the regular hot *table-d'hôte* two o'clock

dinner that the gentlemen said they meant to go in for.

The most finely dressed lady that we had seen since we left London came on board this afternoon, she continued waving her white parasol to a friend for quite a quarter of an hour after the steamer had started.

At the landing-stages the employés all take off their hats and make most profound bows to the captain, quite in the dancing-master style. They leave their heads uncovered for a much longer time than Englishmen would do. We noticed several logs or trunks of trees floating promiscuously about in the lake as we neared Eidsvold; the peasants fell the trees, which float down with the stream, and are left in the water until called for. Eidsvold is quite at the end of the lake; we got there about 4.30 p.m., and had just time for a cup of coffee at the station, before the train started for Christiania.

The Brigadier went in a third class (which was much better than many of our seconds), so that he might lie down at full length. We had a carriage to ourselves with the exception of one Norwegian, who had his hair closely cropped, and standing out straight on end. This is the case with a great many of the men we have seen. Some gates leading into fields from the railway had "Lak Grinden" written on them. At first we guessed that this was the name of the proprietor, but when we saw a great many more, and all with the same inscription, we came to the conclusion that it meant either "railway boundary," or "beware of the trains!"

The railway journey was very hot, although it was

after 5 p.m. The thermometer in the carriage was 24° Reaumur, and do what we could, short of holding up a parasol, we could not dodge the warm sunshine, which made the dust on our dresses sparkle with light and heat, and our tempers rise.

We were glad to buy some raspberries at a wayside station, and we noticed how specially well-dressed the station officials all were, they looked quite gentlemanly in their smart and well-fitting uniforms. We reached Christiania at 7.30, and thought the station very large and bustling, after the wayside ones we had been accustomed to lately.

Mr. Seir found a porter who could speak English a little, and asked him if the goods station were far off, as we wanted to call for our heavy luggage, which had been sent direct from Trondjhem. We learnt it was some distance away, and shut at this time of night, so we sent on our bags and rugs to the Victoria Hotel, walked there ourselves, and got very good rooms on the third floor.

Scrappit and Goggles share a room next door to the Counsellor's, which opens out of a small sitting-room. After supper we had a walk, till nearly eleven o'clock. We couldn't see the town very well, as it was getting dusk, though it was not dark enough for the streets to be lighted up, and returned quite ready for bed. Scrappit was very distressed that she couldn't leave her window open, but it looked to on a red-tiled roof, and she was too afraid of cats (not only peering in, but perhaps jumping on to her bed below), to do so with comfort.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE IDIOT AT THE VICTORIA HOTEL.

*Thursday, August 4th.*—Breakfast this morning was served in a curious sort of place, half tent and half room; all one side of it was an open balcony and looked into the courtyard, and this part was very prettily decorated with flowers. The walls were hung with fur rugs, flags, floral arrangements, and cases of jewellery, all advertisements from different shops in the town; while from the ceiling were suspended huge stuffed birds looking as though they might swoop down on our heads at any moment. The whole effect was very curious.

There seem to be a good many English here; we have met an acquaintance already, an ex-cavalry officer, who tells us he starts on a walking tour towards Trondjhem in a day or two. After breakfast we unpacked the heavy luggage which had arrived from the goods station; it is quite a treat to have all one's clothes to hand again, instead of depending only upon a small bag. We find though, that we have become such experts at packing these bags, that we can get quite three times as much into them, as we thought possible when we left England.

It is a *very* hot day, so we took things quietly till nearly one o'clock, which, when we come to think of it,

seems rather a foolish time to have gone out, but we wanted to get up some sort of an appetite for dinner, which takes up the best part of the afternoon unfortunately.

We walked to the principal street and through the market, and saw a great deal of fruit, principally gooseberries, currants, and cherries; these last were particularly fine, so we purchased two baskets.

*Table-d'hôte* dinner took place at 2.30, the fashionable hour throughout the country, it is a strange and very uncomfortable time to have it, as if it is at all late in beginning, dinner isn't over till four o'clock, and that so shortens the afternoon; and if we breakfast at nine, we want something about 1.30 o'clock, so altogether it seems a mistake. The table is laid in a permanent tent pitched in the courtyard, with a galvanized iron roof, and it is prettily decorated inside with flags and artificial flowers.

In Baedeker we read that there is an excellently managed lunatic asylum near Christiania; and perhaps it is as well, as there seem to be many idiots still at large; at least a young man who sat next to the Counsellor at *table-d'hôte* to-day behaved remarkably like one. He was very dark, with long waxed moustaches and fidgety, nervous-looking hands; and he apparently couldn't understand a word of English, for he never took the slightest notice when we asked him to pass anything, but regarded everything and everybody with a vacant stare.

Our party were all together at one end of a long table, the young man was next the Counsellor, and beyond him were six empty places. He looked so extremely dull and forlorn whilst we were all laughing

and talking, that she, knowing foreigners always leave it to the lady to open the conversation, hazarded a remark in German. He seemed very confused at this, and as we saw he knew even less Norwegian than we did, as he made signs to the waiters for all he wanted, we put him down in our minds as a Russian.

“Have a go at French!” urged Scroppit from the opposite side of the table, but the Counsellor answered that he really wasn't interesting enough for her to bother with him any more, and before dinner was over he abruptly left the table. In the smoking-room to-night this same young man spoke in most excellent English to the Brigadier, not recognizing him as belonging to our party. Mr. R—— was so indignant with him for having behaved so rudely in pretending to misunderstand us, and all for the sake of some stupid wager, as we suppose, that he turned on his heel, and remarked in either Hindustani or Persian (at both of which languages he is a great swell). “You do then, I see, speak the language of the baboon!” It is a strange coincidence that while at the Tivoli Gardens to-night, our first, our very first idiot friend, “the blighted undergraduate,” and his keeper met Mr. R——, and Mr. and Mrs. Seir; he shook the Brigadier warmly by the hand, although they had never spoken when on board the *Orion*, but any of the passengers seem quite like old friends when we meet them now.

As soon as *table-d'hôte* was over we set out for one of the shorter excursions in the neighbourhood of the town, to the Ekeberg, and found we could go by the tram as far as Oslo,—which was nearly half way.

A very amusing thing happened as we were walking up to the Market Place, where the trams start from; the Counsellor caught sight of one, which seemed to be going where we wanted to, and hurried to it, arriving some little time before the rest of us. Seeing a man in the conductor's usual place, she frantically waved to him, to keep the tram from starting, and was going to ask him how long it would take us to get to Oslo, when she saw he was smoking, and guessed he could not be the conductor after all. It turned out that he was a gentleman, and tramping on his own account, but he spoke a few words of English, and was most kind and polite, as all the Norwegians are.

There was no conductor to the tram, only a driver, and every one put their money into a glass box at one end. If you wanted change, you placed your money on a brass stand, which could be pressed outwards towards the driver. Goggles put down a krone, and received twenty-five ore in exchange and seven or eight brass square pieces, which she at first took to be coins. She thought the driver had mistaken our number, that she had only paid for two or three instead of five of us, and was going to try and explain, when the gentleman with the cigar came to the rescue, and gave back all the square pieces with the exception of one, telling us twenty-five ore was the right change, as the greatest fare was fifteen ore per person. On leaving the tram, we thought we ought to give the square piece, which was a sort of ticket, back to the driver; but he told us to keep it. Only those who wanted change received these square pieces, which are very

like coins, and we are keeping ours as a curiosity.

Our Norwegian friend escorted us to where the road began to ascend the hill, pointing out the house in which he lived on the way. He was quite chatty when he found some of our party spoke German. There is a great similarity between Norse and Low German, at least the Counsellor thinks so, and often falls back upon it, when her few words of Norwegian cannot be understood. On our way up the hill we passed several poor-looking cottages and some barberry bushes, the berries of which were a yellowish green. Here the mountain-ash berries are beginning to turn scarlet, and not a week ago we saw these trees in the Løfoden Islands just bursting into flower! We passed two small farms, and rested on some large stones at the top of the hill to admire the view.

It was truly lovely to see the fiord spread out at our feet, looking most dazzling in the brilliant sunshine, dotted over with islands, and full of the quaintest little bays and indentations. By shading our eyes from the sun, we could count the spires of nine churches, and could make out the chief buildings, and a good many ships in the harbour, some of which were very large vessels. The town lies in a valley, and at the back of it rise tier after tier of pine-clad hills till they join the mountains which fade away in the distance.

Our climb had been a hot and dusty one, and we made up our minds to return by another road, and descend the hill by the path through the pine woods in front of us, and see if we could not catch one of the

little steamers which ply from Christiania across the fiord in all directions. On our way we met some gentlemen, and asked them to direct us to the steamboat pier; one of them was *most* anxious to retrace his steps and show us. We hardly like to ask our way in this country, because we find those we ask almost insist on coming with us, and in many cases we haven't been able to prevent their doing so. The path led us through most lovely pine-woods, where we noticed squirrels playing about, down to the hamlet of Kongshaven. Here we had a little time to wait at the diminutive landing-stage; but presently a bustling little steam-tug called the *Ceres* puffed up and we got on board. The *Ceres* brought the Kongshaven letters, and we saw them put into a wooden box, fastened to one of the stakes which helped to support the railing to the miniature quay. This box had a lid, but no lock or fastening of any kind. The people come down, turn over the letters and parcels, and take out their own.

We had a most pleasant jaunt, for we had got on to the outward-bound steamer instead of that returning direct to Christiania; and we had a little trip all down an arm of the fiord, and were on the boat for three quarters of an hour, for the payment of something like twopence each. On nearing Christiania we noticed several fine ships, and amongst them the *Rollo*, in which Miss Blakeley and her brother go to Hull to-morrow. We got back to the Victoria just after eight o'clock, and in very good time for supper. Here it consists of a variety of meats cut into small slices and garnished with jelly; and the table looks as if it were set

with an unusually large collection of *hors-d'œuvres*, a prelude to the dinner to follow, only it doesn't follow. One eats dreadful mixtures. Of course there is always salmon, both smoked and cooked, slices of sausages, radishes, prawns, jam (if asked for), sardines, perhaps a chicken the size of a pigeon, and tea and coffee. Everything is in such little dabs, that you want to have a go at seven or eight different things before you begin to feel at all satisfied.

We three stayed at home this evening as we were rather tired, and the others went to the Tivoli Gardens and met the blighted undergraduate. We spent some time writing up our diaries, and got so engrossed that although we had meant to be so early, it was 11.30 before we went to bed. We sometimes discuss the name of the combined diary. "In case a publisher could anyhow be induced to take it, you know!" says the Counsellor. To-night she suggested how would "Notes in the Nordland," or "Scramblings in Scandinavia" do for a title? "I think 'Knocking about in Norway' would be more to the point," said Goggles, "and would be most original if we spelt it without the 'K,' as alliteration seems to be all the 'go' for titles of books now-a-days."

## CHAPTER XX.

## SIGHT-SEEING IN CHRISTIANIA.

*Friday, August 5th.*—We breakfasted punctually at 8.30, and soon after started off for a long morning's sight-seeing, hiring two carriages by the hour, one to hold four and the other two. First of all we drove to the Botanical Gardens, through the fruit, vegetable and hay markets, which are held in large open squares. The Gardens are some way out of the town, and we thought them rather disappointing; there were some fine flowers, but they were not well arranged, and the grass was very untidily kept. Different sorts of vegetable marrows were trained round a few arches of wood, under which we walked. We went through the glass-houses, but they were poor and small. The most interesting things there were some handsome shrubs, covered with brilliant scarlet berries hanging in clusters like bunches of grapes. They seem quite common about here, and we had noticed them planted at all the railway stations from Eidsvold, the day before yesterday.

Mr. Seir ordered some to be sent to England, as none of us have ever seen them there, not even at Kew.

We then drove back to the town, and stopped at the Houses of Parliament, or "Storthings Byning."

The building is of brown brick, and was only finished in 1866. In one of the two assembly-rooms we noticed a picture of the meeting of legislators at Eidsvold in 1814, to protest against the "Peace of Kiel" and the Union of Norway and Sweden,—then proposed instead of the union of Norway and Denmark, which had existed for more than four centuries. The picture chiefly interested us on account of the old-fashioned national dresses in it.

After seeing many committee-rooms, &c., we walked to the King's Palace or "Slot," which stands in the Slots Park on a hill in the west end of the town.

Outside the palace is an equestrian statue of Charles XIV., the present king's grandfather, with the inscription "Folkets Kjaerheldig min benonning,"—"The people's love is my reward." We thought the large square building rather massive and ugly. The principal staircase is very broad, and some of the rooms are beautifully decorated with landscapes by Flinto; others are hung with pictures which were presented to the king and queen on the occasion of their Silver Wedding in 1882. The old man who acted as guide took us all over the palace, and into the private rooms as well, and we saw there photos of the family hanging up, and some water-colour sketches done by two of the young princes. There is a billiard-room in the palace, with a picture of a great battle (fought in the days of the Vikings) in it, and we also noticed pictures of the Coronation in Trondjhem Cathedral of the present king and his brother; the old-fashioned dresses in these pictures were most interesting. We saw some of the bedrooms, and went on the roof for the view.

We then walked to the University, which is close to the palace. It was founded by Frederick VI. in 1811.

The museum, which occupies one of the wings, is very interesting; and there is a good collection of antiquities, many of which were found in the Vikings' boats when these were excavated. After going through the Zoological Museum we came to a shed behind the University, which contains the two Vikings' ships, or rather what remains of them,—for both are in a very dilapidated condition. They are most curious; one was dug up at Gokstad in the Sandefjord in 1880, and is supposed to date from the ninth century. It is 76 feet long and 14 to 16 feet broad; and is built entirely of oak, the boards being nailed together with large iron nails; holes are bored at the sides for the oars to be put through, and from the number of the holes it appears that sixteen rowers sat on either side. Apparently there was no deck, only a few loose boards thrown across it at intervals, so that when the weather was bad, the sailors had to stretch a canvas over part of the vessel for shelter; we saw the remains of some canvas and cords, and the supports for this sort of impromptu tent.

There were many other curious things found in the ship, among them four sleeping-berths, which are in shape exactly like the bedsteads now used by the Norwegian peasants. Those we had in the inn at Tonset were of the same kind; they are very low and put together, so as to be easily taken to pieces again. The following is a short paragraph copied out of a pamphlet that we bought together with some photographs of the Viking ships. Scrapit copied it for

the benefit of her ignorant friends at home, or so she said,—so the better-informed with regard to the interment of Vikings must please skip it.

“When the chief was dead, and a spot for his mound had been chosen near the sea, his ship was drawn by his horses up on to the beach, and then it was partly imbedded in potter’s clay, with the stern towards the sea. The next thing was to make the sepulchral chamber, which was built of timber, where-upon the mast of the ship was cut off on a level with it. Then the man was put into this wooden sepulchre, lying on his bed, dressed in his best clothes, with his weapons and other valuables. The sepulchral chamber was then shut and covered with birch-bark. The ship’s inventory and a few of the man’s possessions to be buried with him, were placed in the ship. His horses and dogs were killed and laid alongside, but his peacock, a memento of his foreign travels, had a place in the ship itself. Then the whole of the ship, with the exception of the sepulchral chamber, was covered with potter’s clay, with a layer of moss and twigs on the top, upon which the mound was raised.

“The metallic ornaments discovered in the ship (now in the Christiania Museum) fix the time of burial at the seventh century. At this period (the latter iron age) a burial in a ship or boat was no uncommon thing. So perfect a vessel from the age of the Vikings does not exist as that from Gokstad. Who the buried man was, is not known, but the size of the mound and the unusual grandeur of the burial proves him to have been a chief of great distinction.”

Some weapons and ornaments of the Middle Ages

claimed our attention after this, and we were quite sorry we had not more time to examine them. In this department there was a room of coins, and among them a Jubilee medal of our George III. Though we were interested, we began by this time to feel rather tired and decidedly hungry ; so we took a fly back to the hotel.

At luncheon we sat near the Blakeleys ; they start for home in the *Rollo* this afternoon. About five o’clock we went out shopping, and strolled about till eight. We bought some silver filagree jewellery, which is very fascinating, and some carvings.

The great things in the way of old curiosities to be bought are tankards, some of them two or three hundred years old. The mug part of the tankard is made of earthenware or china, and more rarely of silver : the breakable ones are clamped together with very rough-looking bands of iron. They all have silver lids, more or less chased, with an old coin let into the centre of the lid, and a silver lion rampant, or something of that sort, where the lid is hinged on to the mug. These real old tankards are getting rapidly rare. The Counsellor bought a very curious one, the mug part was of china with a flower on it, and looked as if it might be old Chelsea, and in the silver lid was a gilt Danish coin rather larger than an ordinary half-crown, of the date of 1619. Mr. Seir bought a wooden tankard, the best out of the only three old wooden ones we could find in the whole of Christiania ; and in Trondjhem he bought one made entirely of silver, with small pegs let into the inside of it, at a distance of about an inch one above the other. This mug must be two hundred years old at the very least,

and we all think that the saying "Take a peg," must have its origin in these mugs, where one drank literally down to the peg.

We find the flies in our bedroom a horrible nuisance at night; they are of a particularly disagreeable species, which sting venomously; last night we burnt incense in the form of a small heap of that delightful-smelling concoction known as "Keating's Insect Powder!" Still the smell wasn't as bad as the flies, and it did keep them off. No one should go to Norway without a supply.

Hung on pegs against the wall of the courtyard, so that we pass them whenever we go backwards and forwards to *table-d'hôte*, are baths of all shapes and sizes, some of the smaller ones being not much larger than saucers.

To-night the Counsellor thought she would order a bath, so when the bell was promptly answered by the waiter (the chambermaid never by any chance did so, and we were told her duties ended with making the beds), she inquired if there was a bath-room on the third floor, the waiter said "No," but volunteered to show us where there was one, and so we all three followed to see. He led us along many passages, and down several staircases, and at every turn our hearts sank at the idea of ever traversing all that distance back in our dressing-gowns. When we finally left the Bureau and the front door behind us, we thought it was past a joke, and so asked for a big bath, the very biggest they had, to be brought to the Counsellor's room instead.

About 10.30. it arrived, and with it only a small can of hot water; we remonstrated with the waiter,

but he seemed so astonished that *more water* could possibly be wished for, that we gave up all hopes of getting any, and were just leaving our sitting-room for the night, when through a dulled glass window that looked into the passage, Goggles caught sight of the face of a strange man peering in at us! A moment later he knocked, and he turned out to be the fireman who had brought an answer to our unprecedented request, in the shape of a bucket of hot water! We certainly scored in the end, and perhaps the next English visitors who ask for a tub in their room may fare the better for our having so opened the eyes of the Norwegians with regard to our requirements. Mr. Seir tells a story of asking for a bath in some outlandish German village, and being brought a water-bottle and a pie-dish!!!

*Saturday, August 6th.*—Breakfast at 8.30, after which we three went out and had a good long morning looking about in the shops, and making various purchases. About 12.30 we began to feel an aching void, so went to a Conditorei and had some lovely tarts of raspberries whipped up with thick cream, and some other fancy cakes. We were very surprised to find how cheap everything was, our whole lunch, and we all had as much as we could eat, cost about 5½*d.*

We went on our way rejoicing again after this, and only got back to the hotel just before half-past two for *table-d'hôte*. As soon as it was over we hired a carriage and drove round an arm of the fiord to Oscarshall, the king's Summer Palace; it is a castellated building painted white and surrounded by beautiful trees. The rooms are not very large, but

there are a great many modern curios to be seen—presents to the king, &c. In one little room the wedding-dresses of two crown princesses were shown. One had been made about 1860, and the other in 1873. The oldest was the prettiest and much the most like what is worn in the present day. Upstairs the uniforms of four deceased monarchs are exhibited on dummies; they presented a most ludicrous appearance with their wickerwork faces. One of them had only a coat on; had they not looked so ridiculous, they would have been rather ghastly.

When we had seen the Palace, we drove to the old wooden church, which has been brought from Gol in the Hallingdal and re-erected in the grounds at the back of the Palace. The exterior has been renovated here and there, but the interior and the altar are entirely of the original old wood, and date from 1200. The church has no windows, and it was so dark inside, that we could scarcely see the curious paintings, carvings and tapestry. An old farm-house brought from Hove in Thelemarken stands near the church. It contains all sorts of exhibits relating to Norwegian peasant life, wedding-dresses, jewellery, cooking-utensils and furniture. We noticed some old tankards, and a great wooden coffee-pot, which the Custodian pointed out to us, saying, "When your Prince of Wales was here, I showed him round, and he took up that coffee-pot and said, 'Why, the carved face on this is very like old Gladstone's!'" This little anecdote was probably invented solely for the amusement of English visitors. It looked rather threatening for the drive home, but happily it kept fine.

After supper we wrote in our diaries and were sur-

prised to find it was nearly eleven o'clock; the time passes very quickly, and although it is far darker here than at the North Cape, yet having dinner at 2.45, and supper about 8.45 p.m., we find it always later on in the evening than we think possible.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## FROGNERSAETER.

*Sunday, August 7th.*—Steady rain as we looked out on the courtyard at about 8.30 a.m. Evidently we can have no excursion to-day to Frognersaeter, from where the most lovely view of Christiania and the surrounding fiords may be seen. It is very disappointing. The Brigadier sprained his leg somehow last night. Mr. Seir has rigged him up a leg-rest out of the wooden stand for the portmanteau, and the arm of the sofa in his bedroom, and we left him fairly comfortable with several newspapers and "Three in Norway, by two of them," to read, when we started off to the Anglican church. By this time the rain was much less heavy, and so the Counsellor and Scroppit preferred walking, to being more or less tightly packed in a fly.

The English church is in the Möller Gaden, and is about fifteen minutes' walk from the Victoria Hotel. The congregation consisted of sixty-five people. (Scroppit counted.) This seemed a large number, as few people stay in Christiania for any length of time, at least so we should think, in fact we were surprised to hear that they had service there all the year round, and not merely in the summer months. The sermon was excellent, the only drawback to the "go" of the

service being that the hymns and canticles were sung so exceedingly slowly. Why is this so often the case on the continent? If the harmonium be weak and unable to support the voices, surely the quicker the singing the less noticeable would be the poverty of the instrument, and the brighter and better the service.

Between church time and *table-d'hôte* it came down "cats and dogs," as the saying is. There was something really invigorating in the way it poured, so determined, brisk, and cheerful was the rain.

After dinner we wrote letters and painted till about 6.30, when we began to feel like tea, so we started making a brew in our "Etna"! It is rather a delicate proceeding to boil a kettle over methylated spirit, on a table strewn with papers, sketches, and odds and ends, and while we were laughing over some small joke, the kettle boiled over for the second time, and spoilt a scissors-case, a match-box, and a bright red leather prayer-book, which the steaming water caused to curl up in the most quaint contortions, making it look not unlike a boiled lobster (this is with a slight stretch of the imagination), before we could rush to the rescue. The prayer-book is ruined, but it looks so intensely comical, that we can't feel as unhappy about the accident as we ought. At last we got the kettle to behave properly, and made some very good tea, which raised our drooping spirits. After supper the rain almost left off, so Mr. Seir and the Counsellor went for a walk round the harbour, the rest of us felt too lazy, so we sat in the reading-room looking at photos, and listening to a most amusing conversation going on between a party of Yankees who were sitting near us.

*Monday, August 8th.*—Breakfast was at eight o'clock this morning, and directly after, some of our party saw General Dash off by train to Lillehammer, *en route* to the Nordland. He intends to walk several hundred miles accompanied by a very comfortable-looking trille, and has engaged a servant who will act as valet, courier, interpreter, and driver of the vehicle, a *multum in parvo*. The general is a great walker, he tells us, but adds, "I always like to do everything in thorough comfort." We wonder how many miles of his walking tour will be traversed inside that trille?

Before *table-d'hôte* we had a grand separating of luggage, in order to send what we shall not need during our short stay at Stockholm direct to Gottenburg, where we are to catch the Wilson Line steamer for Hull on the 19th inst. A simply glorious afternoon followed yesterday's down-pour, and to-day's dull grey morning giving place to brilliant sunshine, and making the fiord look of as deep a blue as the Mediterranean, we decided that we could not do better with our last hours in Christiania than by making an expedition to Frognersaeter. The excursion takes nearly four hours, and the cost of a carriage to hold three or four persons is fourteen krone.

The Brigadier drove the Counsellor in a sort of light Victoria, and by some chance, although starting first, they got behind the other carriage, believing themselves all the while to be ahead. The road passed the Slots Park, and some very fine houses in gardens that form the Belgravia of Christiania, and then it wound up and down past small farms, cultivated land, unripe corn-fields, and picturesque cottages, till we reached the outskirts of the great pine forest.

There is something indescribably grand in the solitude of these Norwegian forests; and yet nothing melancholy, for the sunbeams cling lovingly to the underwood, once having succeeded in the hard task of penetrating the dark, weird-looking foliage. They appear to revel in so sweet a resting-place after their recent struggle. There they lie in a golden patchwork, cheering and warming the moist brown earth, and giving life and colour to the grey lichened rocks, the clumps of purple heather, and all the varied undergrowth of thousands of strawberry plants, bilberry bushes, brambles, ferns, and mosses of the delicate green of spring. There is something so buoyant in this feeling of spring-time, that directly we leave the larger towns comes across us again and again. We feel as if we had, with no trouble to ourselves, really succeeded in stopping old Time's hurrying footsteps, and that all the glory and boundless possibilities of summer are before instead of behind us, as if we should find June on our return instead of September.

When we got to Froggersaeter, which is the rustic summer residence of Consul Heftye, 1400 feet high, and five English miles from Christiania, the view was so lovely, embracing the many fiords as it did, that it was quite overwhelming, and baffles all description. We sat for some little time in the verandah of the Consul's house, looking at the view, and expecting to see the carriage with the other four drive up the hill. Half an hour passed, and it never came, and at last the Counsellor got so cold that she went to look for a wrap in their "Victoria," and there in the stable-yard was the carriage that had brought the others, waiting

empty. "They must have started to walk to Tryvandskøide, half a mile higher up the mountain, where the wooden tower or scaffolding is, and where the view is so much more lovely than here," was the Counsellor's first thought. She had quite counted upon their waiting for her, as the Brigadier's sprained leg still prevented his walking, and now she would have either to give it up, or go alone.

After telling Mr. R—— how matters stood, she started, not without just a qualm as to whether there was the least chance of losing the way, or of some wild cat or something darting out and frightening her in the dark forest, and she was rather relieved, after twelve or fifteen minutes' sharp walking, to meet the others returning. Scrupitt very kindly turned back with her, and they were repaid by a truly glorious view from the top of the wooden tower, extending as far as the snow-clad mountains of Thelemarken and of Hallingdal, the highest in southern Norway. The Counsellor thinks she counted nine inland lakes, and besides there was the wonderful fiord, dotted with islands and stretching out and broadening, till in the far, far distance it met the sea. It is perfectly easy to drive to the base of this wooden scaffolding, which is erected to enable one to see over the tops of the tall pine-trees, and we were sorry we believed the drivers of our carriages, who said it was impossible. Had we but known, the Brigadier might have driven himself there quite easily.

The drive home was very pleasant, and passed very quickly, the Brigadier telling the Counsellor most exciting stories of his adventures during the

Indian Mutiny all the way. We got home about nine o'clock, and were quite ready (as usual) for supper. We have all come to the conclusion that the Norwegian air gives one a perfectly appalling appetite.

We went upstairs about 10.30, and finished our packing; and cut a lot of tongue sandwiches for our lunch to-morrow. To do this we had to open another tin, and Scrupitt volunteered to do it, having felt rather elated with her former success in that department; but "pride goeth—" &c., and though she made a beginning, her attempts to get round the tin were all in vain, and the Counsellor tried with the same result. Finally we handed it to Mr. R——, through his bedroom window, and after much hard work and slightly cutting his hand, he succeeded in making a hole in the tin through which we could poke out the tongue. We forget whether we mentioned the fact that most of these bedroom windows open on to the landings instead of, or as well as out into the air; it is rather stuffy on hot nights, and not particularly light during the day. We cut a lot of tongue, and told the waiter to bring us plenty of bread and butter early in the morning, and then were glad to get to bed.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## THE SLOW TRAIN TO SWEDEN.

*August 9th, Tuesday.*—Scrappit got up at 5.45 a.m., and directly she was dressed went to the Counsellor's room and helped her cut the bread and butter to make the sandwiches. We breakfasted soon after six, as the train left at 7.20 for Karlstad, where we shall arrive about tea-time, and where we are to spend the night.

\* \* \* \* \*

9 a.m.—We are off in the slow train to Sweden, where nothing breaks the stillness but the peaceful snoring of one of the party—we will not mention names! In fact we are all rather sleepy after getting up so early.

“There was a young lady of Weedon,  
Who went by the slow train to Sweden,  
But when she got there, she said, I declare  
I will take the next train back to Weedon!”

The old nonsensical rhyme seems somehow to run in one's head, keeping time with the steady jolting as we creep along in the bright morning sunlight; above the turbulent Glommen, wildly rushing through the valley in eddies and rapids, which amount almost to waterfalls; and yet every now and again so broad and calm that the Counsellor consults

“Baedeker” to see if we have not come across a lake or the head of some very deeply-indented fiord. Occasionally we see contrivances for stopping the immense quantity of timber that is floated down each season, and for forcing it towards one of the banks.

Each owner marks his particular trees, and his agent is supposed to collect them miles and miles away down stream. We saw a quantity of these trunks being fished for by men at Eidsvold, and came to the conclusion that it would be very easy for the first comer to take all the best timber, under the idea that the marks had been rendered illegible by contact with rocks and stones, and the all but shipwreck that some of these floating masses must have suffered in the torrents.

Every railway station *en route* looks gay with trees covered with clusters of bright scarlet berries, like those that we were so taken with at the Botanical Gardens at Christiania.

We pass a good deal of corn already cut, and the sheaves, which are exceptionally large, are all stacked in rather a curious way. Each sheaf is raised on a post or stick, which post is itself tied round with some of the straw. The entire erection looks something the shape of a huge hammer. Besides watching the corn-fields and the river, with its masses of floating pine-trunks, the time is beguiled and the monotony relieved by the passing of several luggage trains, all bearing loads of timber; in fact, there seems to be an endless supply along the entire line, miles and miles of it, reminding us, by its continuance, of the apparent miles of volunteers that passed before her

Majesty at the Jubilee Review at Aldershot, on July 9th, exactly a month ago to-day, by-the-bye.

We are both hot and tired, but a break comes at last in all journeys, however tedious; and eventually we arrive at Charlottenburg, which is on the frontier, and where we have to change; and wonder if we shall have much bother in getting through the customs. However, on the Counsellor replying to the question "Cloting?" (clothing) in the affirmative, and dangling all the keys to show that she is quite ready to open any box, our numerous packages receive the chalk cypher that passes them, and we find we have never crossed a frontier with so little trouble before.

As we leave Charlottenburg we notice two very elderly ladies, presumably spinsters, dressed in crinolines, and shady soup-plate shaped hats; these with their other garments, which are all antiquated, make them look like the fashion plates of 1865. They are busily engaged playing croquet in a most earnest manner, on a lawn about eleven by eight feet, and are far too engrossed to look up at us over the low hedge, even when the train sluggishly crawls out of the station. Sweden, over the frontier, looks very much like the Norway we have left, but we notice many more cows feeding near the line, and there are more clearings in the forest which have slowly developed into plots of pasture-land.

We thoroughly appreciate our sandwiches after leaving Charlottenburg, and now the scenery gets less picturesque and almost flat compared to that we have been accustomed to, while we pass sixteen or seventeen small lakes and eventually get to Karlstad,

situated at the influx of the Klarelf—into Lake Wenern.

Here we walked to the Stadshotellet, and ordered rooms for the night; this hostelry was near the station and our boxes were wheeled there on a truck. On the way the porter dropped the luncheon-basket, breaking most of our biscuits to fragments: most strange to say, the bottle of wine was not smashed, but the cork came out. In his hurry, the porter put it back again just as it was, and as he jolted the truck over the cobble stones, the wine oozed out, and would have made a horrible mess of our wraps and things, had not Goggles happily noticed it. Our rooms at the hotel overlook a river which runs into Lake Wenern; we hope we shall be able to walk to the lake, but it may be miles away.

After a wash we thought we would have a turn, and something to eat at a pastrycook's, returning in time for the usual Norwegian supper.

We read Karlstad is a "rising commercial place." This is odd, as at the only two shops we have visited, they are absolutely incapable of making out a bill. In the confectioner's we all tried experiments, as some of the cakes looked most doubtful.

In any case we wanted something to wash the stodgy ones down with, so seeing "Marsala" printed in large letters amongst the names of other wines on a card, we asked for some. This simple demand completely floored the shopman, never in his imagination's wildest flights had he thought of such a thing being asked for. That card had probably hung there for years and years. In his dilemma he sought the advice of his better half in the back parlour, and she,

or so we fancied, advised his trying round the town. During his absence of ten or twelve minutes we surveyed the shop, and admired a large case of sweetmeats tied up with crêpe, for distributing at funerals. Those intended to be given away at a child's funeral had a wax or sugar baby reposing in the middle of a bow of crêpe !

Finally the confectioner returned with a bottle labelled "portvin," and as he pointed to the card where Port Wine and Marsala and several other names were written, we quite understood that he wished to say, he thought as long as he brought any wine mentioned on that list, we should not at all mind which it was. The port, which he charged for at the rate of 2*d.* a glass, tasted of burnt sugar and turpentine. When we wanted to pay, the man was nearly ten minutes more puzzling out what we owed him, first by himself and then with the aid of his wife.

The other shop we went into was a "Boghandel," called in Swedish "Bokhandel," where we bought two railway books—the "Sveriges Communicator," and one other. The Counsellor here purchased a bright blue-handled knife from a card, on which "75 ore each" was plainly marked. We don't know if the young man was completely overcome by our personal appearance, or whether it was one of the ways of doing business in this "rising commercial town," but nothing would induce him to take more than "25 ore" for this knife ; so after three attempts to tender the full payment, we left ; concluding that he thought the sight of us amply repaid him for the loss of the odd 50 ore. After our shopping we agreed to separate,

as the Seirs were interested in the town ; the Brigadier, who was still unable to walk much, thought of taking a boat ; and we went for a long walk by the river, hoping to arrive at the lake. We noticed on the way that though log huts are still to be seen, tiles are used instead of sods for the roofs, and the peasants' costumes are different too ; the women wear black caps bordered with red, instead of white handkerchiefs on their heads.

We never got to the lake, but in a very secluded spot we had a most enjoyable paddle in the clear water, which was so shallow as to leave several small islands dotted about the river.

At eight o'clock we came in for supper, served in a sort of large summer-house at the end of the garden ; it was prettily decorated with flags, and we could listen to music all the while, for a very good string band was hard at it on a raised platform at the other end of the room. The Scandinavians are all fond of music, and the lower classes here enjoy it much more than they seem to do in England. In the tiny garden there was a fountain, and as we passed out from supper, Scroppit tried to turn the cock to make it play higher. She couldn't quite manage it, but an elderly gentleman came to her assistance and made it go up and down several times ; we fancy he thought this was our very first experience of fountains, that such things were not known in our country ; and that he half expected Scroppit (who did nothing but blush, while we struggled to restrain our laughter), to clap her hands with childish glee ! We watched a most beautiful sunset for some time and went to bed soon after 10.30.

*Wednesday, August 10th.*—We breakfasted at 9.30, and after packing our bags, &c., we walked to our friend the “Conditorei,” and bought some of his best cakes to eat in the train. Karlstad is a very quiet place, and not very interesting, with nothing to tempt one to stay longer than just to break the journey. Our train left at 11.21 a.m., and arrived at Stockholm at 10.10 p.m., so we had a good long bout of it.

At 2.30 we reached Laxa, a small station where we waited half an hour and had dinner, finishing with most delicious raspberries and cream. Wherever we go (except quite in the North) we find raspberries and wild strawberries in great abundance. There is another wild fruit which we often get here like a very large yellow raspberry, it has a pleasant and slightly acid taste, and we hear that no one has ever tried to export it to England; they call it the “möltebær,” and with plenty of sugar and cream, it is scrumptious! The Swedish for “Ladies’ waiting-room” struck us as being rather odd, it is “Dam-Rum.”

In the Bradshaw we bought at Karlstad a very small crossed knife and fork is printed against the time the train arrives at the various stations at which something to eat is going on. We thought it a capital plan, especially for the information of travellers totally unacquainted with the language like ourselves.

We passed the afternoon in reading and knitting, while the train went along the side of several large lakes. Soon it came on to rain, and it was pouring when we reached Stockholm, and quite dark. We bundled into an omnibus and drove to the Grand

Hotel, which overlooks a very narrow fiord, in connection with the Baltic. We find that here they actually have a lift, and feel we are in the most civilized place we have seen since leaving London. We went to bed directly after supper, as it was the past midnight.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## WE EXPLORE STOCKHOLM.

*Thursday, August 11th.*—We slept peacefully until quite late this morning, breakfasted a little before eleven o'clock, and soon after started out to see the shops; but we hadn't got far when it began to rain heavily, and so we partly retraced our steps and went straight to the Northern Museum. This is a very extensive one, having been greatly added to lately, and is in three separate buildings. All the attendants (peasant women, dressed in the picturesque costume of Dalecarlia) are handsome girls, and showed off the costumes to advantage. There are fifty rooms full of interesting curiosities, so we had a good deal to see.

One particularly odd thing was a chair made out of the trunk of a tree, with a lot of human teeth driven into it; this, we were told, was a superstitious way of disposing of decayed teeth for the purpose of keeping off tooth-ache in the future. Fancy being thus constantly reminded of the aches one endured in the past every time one sat down!

In the first part of the museum we saw a collection of the interiors of peasants' cottages all over Norway, with their various costumes, furniture, beds, ornaments, &c. In one or two houses preparations were

being made for a wedding, and some of the peasant brides looked lovely.

There was a very good group of Lapps with stuffed reindeer, and fir-trees sprinkled with make-believe snow, which reminded us of the Encampment at Tromsö. A real dog was chained to one of the sledges in this group; at first we thought him stuffed like everything else, but he presently growled and showed his teeth in rather an alarming way. Poor beast, no wonder he is surly, being chained to a dummy man all his life, whom he must feel inclined to tear to pieces, from sheer ennui.

There is a very sad-looking scene being enacted in one cottage, a Swedish mother and father are seen taking a last farewell of a dead baby in a cradle, its little coffin is on a chair close by.

We stayed in the museum till close upon five o'clock, when Scrapit, the Counsellor and Mr. R—— discovered they were feeling very hungry, having had nothing since breakfast.

The Brigadier had hitherto taken only a languid interest in the antiquities of Norway, but he joyfully quickened his steps at the notion of *food*. Arrived at the Conditorei's, he sank into the nearest vacant chair, and rolling his eyes (as he *alone* can roll them) he sent us into fits of laughter by vehemently exclaiming, "My soul longeth for bread!" Happily that longing could be soon satisfied with cakes and tarts, which we devoured more quickly than elegantly, and then bethought us of the others, who could not be persuaded to tear themselves away from the curiosities, and who had looked at us somewhat reproachfully when we had at first alluded to the

aching void within. We were forgiving enough to take them a bag of biscuits, and then we left them quite wrapped up in weapons of the early "flint age," or something equally exciting, and started to walk home.

As the rain was nearly over, we could stop to admire some of the beauties of Stockholm on the way. It is called, as every one knows, the "Venice of the North," and is not so very unlike that city, except that on either side of the many canals which connect the ramifications of the fiord, there are handsome boulevards or at the least a good broad foot-path. These adjuncts to the water-ways we think a great advantage, and they take away but very little of the picturesque effect.

On all these canals there are bustling little steam tugs cutting about in all directions. There are several bridges, but it takes some time to drive round and over them to the other side of the town, whereas by walking and being ferried across a couple of canals at the cost of  $\frac{1}{4}d.$ , or two ore, one can get about very quickly. There are also two or three services of trams which go all round the town. The buildings are large and white, and very like those in Paris, specially in those avenues leading off from the Arc de Triomphe; and the cafés remind us also of the life in the big French towns.

The Grand Hotel is a large one, and we think very expensive after Norway, at least the prices are quite as high as in the best Parisian hotels. Every meal, including breakfast, has to be paid for at the time, and so of course the waiter expects to be remembered at every meal, which we thought a nuisance; and

the worst part is having such a collection of small bills,

Our bedroom windows all look out on the front, where we get a beautiful view of the King's Palace just across the water. In the evening, when the whole town is lit up with gas and electric light, and these lights are reflected in the water, it looks lovely. We didn't go out after dinner, which we had ordered for a change *à l'Anglaise* at 7.30, but played whist afterwards until bedtime.

*Friday, August 12th.*—This morning, to our great disgust, it was pouring as hard as ever, but soon after breakfast we enveloped ourselves in mackintoshes and started out to explore. We first went across to the King's Slot (a splendid palace, built in the Italian Renaissance style, begun in 1697 and finished in 1753), and were shown all over it, including the private apartments of the king and queen, the crown prince and his brothers.

The ceiling paintings and tapestries in some of the rooms are very fine, also the sculptures. Prince Gustav's rooms were beautifully draped with silks from India and Japan, picked up on his foreign travels, and in one large smoking-room there was a smaller snuggerly partitioned off, the boards of the partition being draped with Japanese embroideries, beasties, and curios. Some copies of *Punch* and one of Thornhill's catalogues were lying about. Prince Oscar's bedroom was also a little room partitioned off in the middle of a big one; it was hung round with tapestry, and in it was what we were told was the Queen's favourite "text" framed, and a copy of the statue of the Risen Saviour in Trondjhem

Cathedral. It all looked so cosy, and such a pleasant contrast to the bare, stiff-looking state apartments, the only ones shown to the ordinary traveller in our English palaces.

One of the state rooms was that of the Knights of the Seraphim order, the highest in Sweden (corresponding to our order of the Garter), and founded about 1276—1290. The panels of the walls were painted with the gold and enamel chains of the order, and their banners of white silk with Seraphim's heads embroidered in gold. We hear most of the European crowned heads belong to it.

The king's and queen's apartments were full of magnificent presents given them by other sovereigns, mostly on the occasion of their silver wedding.

When we came out of the Slot, the sun was shining, and we walked back to the hotel for luncheon. Afterwards we three girls started on a tour of the town on our own account, doing exactly what *we* liked, which, like the majority of the human race, we much appreciated. First we ferried across the fiord in one of those delightful little steamers which ply between that part of the town built on the mainland, and that on all the various islands hard by, at the cost of less than 1*d.* for the three of us. Then we sat in two other boats, which we hoped would go round the town, but the captains intimated that they were going some distance, and our Swedish was not up to asking how long the trip took, and whether we could get out at an intermediate station, so we gave up the idea of boating, and thought it would be safer to go all round the town in a tram.

These trams are most delightful; in fine weather

they run open-air ones, and the passengers sit four on a seat, all facing the horses. The officials are all young, good-looking men, and wear white gloves and smart, well-fitting uniforms; on going round a corner, the driver rings quite a tune on the bell hung in front of him. We went three quarters of the way round the town and paid 1*d.* each, that is to say 10 ore, and stopped where we saw there was a huge lift to take people up to the heights of Södermalm, the southern quarter of the town, built on a rocky crag. Of course it is possible to drive up to Södermalm, but the way is very steep, and bears the characteristic name of "Besvärsgata" (Fatigue Street). We seemed to go up nearly half a mile in the lift, and Scruppit was very relieved to get out at the top, as she couldn't help thinking of the possibility of some part of the machinery giving way, and then where should we all be?

In less than a minute we were up above the houses, and the people below looked like dolls. We were deposited on an iron viaduct, from where a splendid view of the town was to be seen, the sun was just setting, and lit up everything with a golden haze. After a bit we walked along this viaduct to Mosebäck, a café built on a terrace from which there is a still more lovely view. We could imagine we saw the actual Baltic, but it was only the fiord covered with sails, and busy with traffic, widening as it reached the sea. Our only regret was that the rest of the party were not with us to enjoy it too. We returned by the lift, a far more unpleasant sensation than ascending had been, and then walked quickly back to the hotel, to see the others just starting for a drive round the town.

Mr. R—— told us he had been in a steamboat, and the others had spent the whole afternoon in a curiosity shop. They intimated that we need not be back for another hour and a half, so we started out again.

This time we took a steamer to the "Djurgard," a large park on an island, to which it took us about ten minutes to go. There were several cafés and a sort of boulevard, which we had to pass before getting to the park, and we stopped on the way to go in and see a wonderful Show, as the picture of it on the outside had excited our curiosity. We saw there, in a tent, a most marvellous bull from Turin, nearly eight feet high; its keeper did not nearly reach its shoulder. The animal seemed very gentle and quiet, and specially well proportioned. After going a little farther, we came upon an open tram, which seemed to be going in the right direction, and thought we would take it home. We rather pride ourselves on our bump of locality, and the Counsellor was trying to ask the Conductor if we should not be right to get out at a certain turning, when a fat, curly-haired Norse gentleman leant forward and told us what we wanted to know. His English, though limited, was intelligible, and when we got out of the tram a little farther on, he insisted on doing so too, and on conducting us right up to the door of the Grand. The Counsellor found that he could talk more fluently in German than in English, so they got quite confidential in that language.

The Norse individual informed her that he was a doctor of philosophy and of theology, and as to-morrow was one of his leisure days, he would be

delighted if we would honour him by accepting his escort, and allow him to call for us in the morning, to show us the beauties of the town. We were ungrateful enough to decline his offer with many thanks, though we felt sure it was most kindly meant; and we explained that we were not doing Scandinavia entirely on our own account, but that we were hurrying home to rejoin the rest of our party at a nine o'clock supper. There is no *table-d'hôte* supper or breakfast at the Grand, so you order it just when you like. We played whist afterwards, till bedtime.

*Saturday, August 13th.*—This morning we had not done breakfast, when we were told that Stadsminister L——, to whom we had had a letter of introduction, was in the reading-room, waiting to see us. He was a very kind-looking old man, and spoke excellent English; and when we had answered some questions about mutual friends, he told us what to see and what to avoid; and said how sorry he was he could not accompany us on any expeditions, but that for the next few days state business required him to spend the greater part of his time with the king. He pressed us to dine with him any night next week, but as none of us had brought any evening dresses, we made some civil excuse. He left, promising to come and see us again some time to-morrow or the next day.

About eleven o'clock we three with Mrs. Seir went out shopping, and walked through the market to the Riddarholms Kyrka, which has a curious perforated iron spire 290 feet high. This church has been used for centuries as the burial-place of the kings and highest nobles of Sweden, and with the exception of

the royal funerals, no service has been held in it for eighty years. The walls are covered with beautiful paintings of the armorial bearings of the dead knights of the Seraphim order (among them we noticed that of the late Prince Leopold) and the pavement is formed entirely of tombstones. There are several vaults on either side, which we looked into through a grating. We saw the green marble sarcophagus containing the remains of Gustavus Adolphus, killed at the battle of Lutzen in 1632. That of Charles XII., who died in 1718, is of black marble, with a lion's skin wrought in brass thrown over it, together with a crown, sceptre, and sword. Near the roof great bunches of old flags, looking like masses of rags, were stuck up; they were enclosed in wire netting, which was a good thing, as the least puff of wind might have reduced them to dust and ashes.

Photographs were sold in the church, but they did not give much idea of it, and so we didn't get any.

On coming out, we went to the Riddarhus (Knight's house), a very imposing-looking brick building, with Latin inscriptions and allegorical figures on the façade. The parliaments were held here up to 1866. The large room where the upper chamber used to sit is adorned with armorial bearings of Swedish nobles, they simply cover the walls, and have the effect of patch-work. We noticed one was that of a Scotchman, a Douglas, and he must have been admitted into the order in 1600, or else that date on his escutcheon referred to his death. The seats for the late members didn't look very comfortable, they were covered in blue rep, and had no backs.

In a room below we saw portraits of all the Marshals of Sweden (from 1627 to 1809) who had been Presidents of the Upper Chamber, and among them one which has been added quite lately, that of General Levenhaupt, who was beheaded for his want of success in the war against Finland in 1743.

In the afternoon we all went for a trip on the water to Drottningholm, the royal palace on the Löfo, one of the most lovely of the many pretty islands of Lake Malären. Drottningholm means the Queen's Island, and is so called because the palace there was commenced building for the queen of John III. at the end of the sixteenth century. We couldn't go inside, as some of the royal family were there, but were allowed to walk in the grounds and adjoining park, which is lovely. There was nothing to keep visitors at any distance from the palace, except a low wooden ornamental railing, and we passed close to a footman who was carrying a tray of tea-things, we supposed for some of them to have tea out in the garden. We had left our mackintoshes on the steamer, which waited for about an hour, as it seemed inclined to be fine, but just as we had got a little way into the park it came down in torrents, soon making huge pools of standing water on the gravelled paths. We each selected a tree and flew to it for protection, but the heavy rain penetrated the thick summer foliage in an incredibly short space of time, and we found we were almost worse off under the trees than out in the open.

We all got dreadfully wet; Goggles says her umbrella was not much protection, for though the slits in it had been mended, she had torn a fresh one that morning in brushing some mud off it. The

Counsellor's green foulard silk dress was completely ruined, as all the green ran into the white pattern in great blotches, to say nothing of the rain cockling it all over.

When the storm subsided, we emerged from our various trees, looking like drowned rats. The steamer left the island at six o'clock, so we had just time to wring ourselves out and retrace our footsteps. The sun shone in the most aggravating way as we left the pier; though we are rather ungrateful to say so, as we were very glad to be dried by its beams. We came home by tram from the landing-stage, so as to lose no time in changing our wet clothes, and had dinner about 8.30, finishing the evening with whist.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## SUNDAY IN THE VENICE OF THE NORTH.

*August 14th, Sunday.*—We were awakened soon after six o'clock this morning by a confused hubbub going on in the street below; vehicles were rattling over the uneven stones, steamers appeared to be constantly arriving and departing; while ever and anon strains of very lively martial music were wafted up through the open window. We were too lazy or too tired to do more than wonder at this unusual disturbance on a Sunday morning, till the chambermaid called us at eight o'clock. She seemed to be extremely surprised at our having slept with the window open, so much so as to lead us to suppose that no one in Stockholm could ever have done so before.

On tumbling out of bed we naturally went straight to the window, and from it watched four large steamers start, crowded with holiday-makers bent upon enjoying some excursion.

Two of the ships had bands on board, and all the trippers left the quay with any amount of shouting and waving of kerchiefs to those left behind. The Swedes and Norwegians wave on any occasion of parting, if it is only to go just to the other side of the road! Such a lively scene was being enacted just below us, that we found we were much hindered in

our dressing, standing by turns at the window to report progress of what was going to happen next. Every one seemed most happy and very well behaved, but still it was hardly in accordance with *our* ideas of a Sunday morning.

While we were sitting at breakfast one of us noticed the Stadsminister looking about for our party, and on going to the reading-room, the Counsellor found he had come in answer to her letter about the wonderful vessel. We didn't mention before, that when we came in from the Riddarhus yesterday, Mr. Seir had asked the Counsellor to write to the Stadsminister and to say that Mr. R—— and himself had heard of a wonderful steamer which had just been finished building, near Stockholm. Nothing of it was visible above the water except the funnel and an air-shaft, and apparently it was very like the wonderful submarine vessel that Jules Verne writes of in his "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," at least, so they heard. The Counsellor was to be careful to mention that neither of the two gentlemen were in the navy, or had anything to do with navigation, but was to say they would like to be taken over this invention, if it were anyhow possible.

On our way back from Drottningholm yesterday this identical ship was pointed out to the Brigadier by a fellow-tourist, and when he and Mr. Seir saw it, they found it so different to what they had anticipated, that their only desire now was to get out of wasting a morning in going to see it. The Stadsminister said he had come about it, as we had supposed. He personally had never heard of this wonderful ship, but he had seen the "Adjutant of the King's Navy," who had

promised to make all sorts of inquiries, and if possible this gentleman would himself escort us over the boat to-morrow. He then pressed us again most kindly to dine with him, saying no one should be asked to meet us but the afore-mentioned Adjutant-Commander W——, and assured us that nothing could be better than our high dresses, when we explained we really could not accept his kind invite, having brought no clothes for evening wear.

At last it was settled that three of the party would be very pleased to dine to-morrow at 7.30. Soon after this we started off to church, which was in the Rörstrands Gata, up at the farther end of the Drottning Gata, at some distance from the hotel. We stopped once or twice to ask our way of one of the policemen who have already excited our admiration. As a public body, the Stockholm police are the smartest set of men we have ever seen. They wear becoming and beautifully fitting uniforms trimmed with gold lace, which is also the trimming of their very military-looking cap. They all look between the ages of twenty and thirty-two, are all tall and fair, and specially good-looking. Mr. Seiris so taken with their appearance that he has commissioned us to ask the Stadsminister by what system they are recruited and enlisted.

The English church is built entirely of red sandstone, including the spire; it is a larger church than that at Christiania, but the congregation was much smaller, between thirty and forty people we should say, and yet there are many more English in Stockholm.

Before the sermon the clergyman made an appeal

to this effect:—"Many of the people who usually made up the congregation were away at this time of year, and he consequently depended on the kindness of the visitors for the music at the evening service. Would anybody tell the verger, at the conclusion of the morning service, that they were willing to play three hymns on the organ at five o'clock? He had never yet been disappointed after making a like appeal for several weeks past, and he trusted to be equally successful to-day." We were all sorry we had never learnt to play the organ, even a very little knowledge of that instrument would prove of real use on like occasions.

Leaving the church, we turned sharp to the left in order to see another part of the town on our way back to the hotel, we crossed the railway, and found ourselves close to a very narrow branch of the fiord, and to a steam-launch station. We had hardly got there when a tiny steamer came in sight, as opportunely as if the captain had known for the past week that he had to look out for us there, just at that particular moment. We went as far as the boat could take us, and got out just at the back of the Riddarhus, from where we quickly walked back to the hotel to luncheon. The streets and public gardens were swarming with people, and the peasants all looked nice in their Sunday best; the girls are darker than the Norwegians, and it is much more the fashion here for the old national costume to be worn. The girls wear many-coloured horizontally striped aprons, which cover the whole of the front of the skirt. Their hats or caps are of black felt, with a ruching of scarlet braid, they come in a high peak just above the forehead, and are very becoming.

From our windows we saw the Guards marching past the palace, escorted by crowds of people. Perhaps the king has been to church in the town.

Last night, having occasion to fetch something from the Brigadier's room, we had noticed that it smelt very strongly of apples, and this morning the mystery was explained, for on returning from church whither the gentlemen had not accompanied us, we found plates of fruit in our various rooms, cherries, peaches, grapes, gooseberries, and a melon. This delicate attention accounted for our having lost him in the vicinity of the Fruit-Market, on our way back from Drottningholm yesterday.

Having heard a great deal about the way in which the Swedes keep Sunday, we thought we would like to see a little more of it for ourselves, so about four o'clock we took a small steam-launch from Stromparterre (the café on the bridge, leading to the Slot), and started on a second expedition to the Djürgard (deer-park), a lovely place, full of beautiful walks in all directions, among grass and sunny glades and oak woods. It is an island two miles long and about a mile in width, and is now the great place of resort and amusement for the people, who attend the numerous cafés, sing, dance, listen to the bands, see the shows, and otherwise amuse themselves.

No spirituous liquors are allowed to be sold, and the peasants were most orderly in their merry-making and dancing. The merry-go-rounds were in full swing, and altogether one saw it was a gala day.

We walked all round the island, having once to take shelter in a shed from a sudden shower. Some of the woods were full of lilies of the valley, though of course they were not in flower now.

Croquet was being played, it is quite *the* fashionable game here, as it was in Norway, and in both countries lots of shop-windows exhibit gorgeously painted mallets and balls.

In one of the prettiest parts of the park stands Bellman's Oak, where the popular poet used to sit and compose his poems. On the anniversary of the erection of a bronze statue in his honour, his songs are sung by choirs and guilds, who march through the park in procession, with bands of music and wreaths of flowers. We can't say anything about his poetry from personal experience, as unfortunately we are quite incapable of reading it in the original.

We went home by tram, and when the rest of us alighted near the hotel, Mrs. Seir and the Brigadier went all round the town by tram, as we three had done on Friday. We dined at the Rydberg Hotel which faces the Norrebro, the bridge leading to the Slot. We are rather sorry we did not stay there, instead of going to the Grand, as, although both belong to the same proprietor, the food is better there, notwithstanding that you pay less for it, and the waiters are very much more attentive. Several officers were dining at little tables near ours, they wore pale greyish blue uniforms, most gorgeously trimmed with gold lace.

We went for our coffee to Strömpaterre, a café and gardens on a projection from the Norrebro, and listened to some very good music till bedtime.

It seems so strange to think as we write our diaries to-night, that if all goes well, we shall be actually at home in London by this time next Sunday evening.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## A SWEDISH DINNER-PARTY.

*Monday, August 15th.*—This morning we went out soon after breakfast, to do some shopping; it was a beautifully bright day, and looked as though it could have no intention of raining; we hadn't gone far though before it began to pour (showers come on so suddenly); so after sheltering in various shops, more particularly in one where carvings (copies of the old Norwegian wooden tankards), and costumes, and beautiful embroideries (said to be done by Swedish ladies in reduced circumstances) are to be purchased, we returned home for our mackintoshes, and then went to lunch at the Rydberg Hotel.

After luncheon the rain stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and we spent the afternoon in buying presents, &c., &c., as we start on the homeward journey to-morrow, and so this was our last chance.

Mr. Seir, who is a collector of miniatures, bought a small one which took his fancy, and we purchased several pretty embroidered aprons, and two complete peasants' dresses for wearing at a Fancy Ball at home.

A very curious paper-weight similar to that we had seen on the king's writing-table was also bought, it consists of an oblong piece of thick copper with five copper coins stamped on it, which by some mistake

were never cut out of the block of copper, but the whole thing passed out of the Mint as a coin.

Talking of presents, we mustn't forget to mention three, which were given to us. When we returned from Frognersaeter we each found in our rooms an oblong parcel with our Christian and surname written in full upon it. Goggles said she quite thought hers was a packet of seidlitz powders, and wondered what new joke was being played upon us. Each parcel contained a copy of a real old Norwegian sugar-spoon, which had been gilt and had had our several initials and the date engraved upon it.

Each spoon had chasing of a different design, so even without the initials we had no excuse to quarrel over which belonged to which. At first the giver was a profound secret, but it soon leaked out that the Brigadier, who had appeared to take a great interest in pretending to learn off our full names by heart, two or three days before, had presented us with them as a remembrance of our jolly trip and the first piece of plate towards setting up housekeeping on our own account.

About seven o'clock we returned to the Grand, and soon after, Mr. R—, Mrs. Seir, and the Counsellor started off to dinner with the Stadsminister.

The others packed some of the larger boxes, which we did not think of opening again, and, after dining with Mr. Seir, played whist all the evening with dummy. The following is the condensed account of a Swedish dinner-party given us by the others when they returned a little before eleven o'clock.

"Herr L——'s flat is only two houses off this, and once arrived there, we were shown by a man dressed

like a butler into a sort of anteroom, where we changed our shoes, and pinned on the sprays we had bought at the florist's. We were in the middle of this, when a most gorgeous individual entered and divested himself of his cap and sword, he wore a pale blue uniform with a lot of gold lace about it, and we felt he could be no less a personage than the 'adjutant of the king's navy,' whom we had been told we should meet.

"The Stadsminister received us very kindly, apologized for the adjutant's unavoidable absence, and introduced us to another friend, whose name we didn't catch. This one was in plain evening dress, and we kept wondering what had become of our fine military friend. We had to pass through two or three reception-rooms to get to the dining-room, and there at last we saw him, but we were *not* introduced, for, only fancy, he turned out to be—the footman!

"The dinner was very like an English one, consisting of a great many courses. He gave us some very good wine, and we noticed it is the custom to keep the glasses always exactly full, if we took but a sip of champagne, the glass was filled up again instantly. The only drawback to general conversation was the presence of the friend whom Herr L—— always spoke of as his 'colleague.' The latter's knowledge of English was extremely small, and our conversation had to be translated to him as it went on.

"Amongst other things the Stadsminister told us a piece of news which will not be known to the public till to-morrow. Whilst he was with the king at Drottningholm this afternoon, his Majesty received a private telegram, saying that a lady had been arrested crossing over to the Isle of Wight with something

very heavy in her boxes, which was thought to be dynamite, and it was supposed that she was in league with other persons unknown to attempt the life of the Queen. We were most surprised that an incident of this sort should immediately be telegraphed to the crowned heads of Europe, but the Stadsminister assured us that it was always the case.

"Two or three days later we learned that this lady was an amateur sculptor, and that what had been mistaken for dynamite was most harmless modelling clay.

"The gentlemen gave their arms to the ladies after dessert, and when in the drawing-room we were told that the 'Colleague' would take his coffee with us, as he didn't smoke; and the other two would rejoin us after they had had a cigar.

"It was up-hill work getting on with that Colleague," said Mrs. Seir. "We had to speak in the simplest phrases we could think of. Something in this style, 'We-are-going-to-Go-then-burg-by-the-Go-ta-Can-al-to-mor-row.'

"After repeating this several times, I saw the Counsellor in such a fit of the giggles over a photograph-book, that I tried something else, and said, 'Do-you-think-we-talk-quickly?'

"At last he understood, pointed to the Counsellor, whom he had taken in to dinner, and said, 'Her do!'

"When the others joined us, Herr L—— told us how sorry he was that the theatres were shut, but said it was always so in the summer, as the season is in the winter.

"He drew a most fascinating picture of the fun of

sleighbing and skating all over the fiords, which are sometimes frozen till the end of April. 'If you would only return for a month in the winter,' he said, 'I could guarantee you any amount of fun and a ball for the young ladies pretty well every night.

"Soon after this we left, and here we are. He is a charming old man, and we only hope he will keep his promise of looking us up when he next visits London!"

We soon went to bed after this, as the others' story had made such a break in the whist, it scarcely seemed worth while to start another rubber.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## THE GOTA CANAL.

*Tuesday, August 16th.*—Breakfast was supposed to be at eight o'clock this morning, as a matter of fact it was just nine when we went down, for we had waited to strap up the rugs and finish off odds and ends of packing. After breakfast the Counsellor presented the chambermaid with the dress she had got wet through in on Saturday, and which was too much spoilt for her to wear again. The girl was at first rather bewildered, and didn't understand, so she called a passing waiter to interpret; when she fully comprehended that it was for her, she was *most* delighted, tears stood in her eyes as she said, "A silk dress, silk! and for me?" It was quite a pleasure to see any one so grateful, she shook hands affectionately all round, and nearly kissed the Counsellor. All the servants we have come across have been most kind-hearted and obliging.

Paying the bill by cheque, which we were forced to do, having spent so much money here in presents and etceteras, took some little time, and more was devoted to running round to a favourite shop of ours, fortunately close to the hotel, and buying some native embroidery to match some that we already had.

At 10.20. a.m., we had to leave the Grand, and go

to the Gottenburg steamer, but as the luggage was being brought down, one of us found time to do what we had all talked of doing several times, but had always "put off till to-morrow," because it was at a distance of only a hundred yards from the hotel. This was to walk to the garden just outside the National Museum and see Molin's famous statue, of which so many models are sold in the shops. It is a very handsome bronze, called the "Baltespännare" or girdle duellists, and represents one of the old Scandinavian duels, when the combatants were bound together with their leathern belts, and fought to the death with their knives. It is said that so frequent were quarrels in those old days, that women used to carry a winding-sheet to banquets, in which to wrap their husbands, where such quarrels were likely to arise. Four reliefs on the pedestal tell the story of the origin of the combat and its fatal result.

The first is called Drinking, and the translation of the Runic inscription is the following:—"Not so good as good they say it is, is *ale* for the sons of men; for the man knows in his mind always less, the more he drinks."

The second—Jealousy.

"Mighty love makes fools of the sons of men."

The third—The Combat.

"They draw the knife out of the sheath, the edge of the sword, to the satisfaction of the evil spirit."

The fourth—The Widow's Lament.

"Solitary am I become like the aspen in the grove, poor in relations as the fir in branches."

At 11.5 we steamed off from the quay near the

Riddarhus in the *Ceres*, bound for Gottenburg, amid profuse wavings from those on shore.

This ship is beautifully fitted up with the chairs in the ladies' deck-cabin covered in pale blue Utrecht velvet, and most of the first-class cabins contain two sofa berths, each covered with the same material. The cabins are small, but possess a most unusual and delightful quantity of hooks. Of course the ships that go through the canal cannot be very large, on account of the narrowness of the seventy-five lochs through which they have to pass. Scroppit and Goggles share a cabin, and the Counsellor has a little Swedish school-girl in with her, who unfortunately doesn't understand a word of English, German, French, or anything but Swedish, happily she is to get out somewhere to-morrow. There is on this ship a very good arrangement to keep one into one's sofa berth, which we have never seen before; it consists of a flap or valence about a foot deep, of striped holland, with some strong elastic run into the hem at the bottom, the top of the flap is sewn on to the framework of the berth itself. When you are in bed, you pull up this flap and slip the two rings sewn on at either end of the elastic on to two hooks fastened into the wall at the head and foot of the berth, and on a level with the top of the pillow. It prevents the clothes from slipping, and is altogether an excellent invention.

We hardly had time to thoroughly explore our cabins, before we had to run up on deck to see the last of Stockholm, with its beautiful suburbs.

The *Ceres* went nearly as far as Drottningholm, and then turned down an arm or branch of Lake Malären

to the right, and after passing through some lovely wooded scenery for nearly three hours, reached Sodertelje where the Canal proper begins. Goggles took her knitting and went on deck, it was rather windy, so she tucked her ball of wool under her jacket, thinking it would be safe there. She read as she worked, and presently found her wool was coming very tightly, and, jumping up, she saw her unfortunate ball far away in the lake! With Scroppit's help she dragged it in, but when they had pulled in what looked like about a quarter of a mile of it, it unfortunately broke, and the rest is left in Lake Malären, and will perhaps attract and choke some imprudent fish. What was saved, they carefully washed and hung up in festoons round their cabin to dry, and now it looks quite ready for use again.

The captain is a nice jovial old Swede, he speaks English well, and we have just passed a church, which he tells us is the oldest in Sweden, he doesn't know its date, but says it was used in the time of the heathens, which is a trifle vague and ambiguous.

Before the two o'clock dinner, we patronized the Smörgäsbord or little side-table, on which is placed thin slices of reindeer meat, various *hors-d'œuvres*, butter, and thin pieces of wheaten and rye bread, also a sort of flat hard bread or biscuit, called "Knäckenbrod," of the thickness of oat-cake, it is made of coarse rye, and flavoured with aniseed. This last we had had in addition to the wheaten bread all over Norway, and very nasty we found it. Besides these appetizers, for that is we suppose their object, large decanters containing different kinds of spirits are to be found on the Smörgäsbord; some of our party tried

most of these on different occasions, and pronounced them very good.

About four o'clock we stopped for a few minutes at Sodertelje to pass through the first lock; lots of old women were there selling biscuits and gingerbread, for which the place is specially famous, and we were so close to the sides of the lock, that they could hand them to us on deck.

Some parts of the canal are so narrow that weeds and rushes were growing within two feet of the ship on either side.

We had the usual tea-supper about eight o'clock, and then walked up and down the deck for some time. There was a lovely sunset, reminding us in colour of midnight at the North Cape. Afterwards the light faded and died away to give place to a beautiful star-bespangled sky, and it grew very chilly. We spent some time watching some of the deck passengers, a good many of them are Russian Finns emigrating to America, they looked so cold and uncomfortable huddled up together, trying to get to sleep and to keep each other warm. Amongst them were several women and children, and two or three young men were so specially attentive to the girls they had with them, that we thought they must be newly married couples, on their way out to seek their fortunes in the far West.

Goggles writes of our first night on the *Ceres*:—"We went to our cabins soon after 9.30, but, oh! we had such a disturbed night. We got to bed most comfortably, but not to sleep. No sooner had we stopped at one lock than we came to another, and another, passing thirty-one in all. It was impossible to sleep,

as the noise of rushing water, chains rattling, ropes creaking, and people stamping about and shouting overhead was too great. The captain slept soundly though, and snored tremendously; his cabin is next to ours, and Scraffit feels sure there can only be a very thin partition between her head and his. About 12.30 a.m., we were still awake and grumbling at the incessant row, when the Counsellor came quietly into our cabin (hers is next door on the other side to the captain's), and she came to ask if we had the 'Keating' anywhere amongst our possessions, as she couldn't find it, and was nearly devoured by a certain obnoxious species of insectivora, in vulgar parlance—fleas. The young Swedish girl slept all the afternoon, and went to bed very early, she was dreadfully alarmed when she saw the Counsellor prepare to leave the cabin to visit us; she seized hold of her, and we imagine she thought something was wrong with the ship, and she was going to be left alone, while we all went to the bottom: after much pantomime she was pacified, and made to understand that the Counsellor would return anon. We had a great hunt for the invaluable 'Keating,' but couldn't find it, so after a little chat, during which we pitied each other all round, while we watched the people on the bank, whom we could see through the port-hole quite distinctly, she returned. It seemed in the morning that we had hardly slept at all, but we suppose we must have done in the end, as quite early we got into Lake Roxen, where there was comparative quiet.

*Wednesday, August 17th.*—We got up about eight o'clock, after our very disturbed night. It is quite

possible that the whistling, shouting, letting off of steam, and the men running up and down, just outside the open port, really made no more noise than it does by day, but when one was feeling rather done up and longing to go to sleep, it was almost insupportable. Add to this that in some of the blankets there appeared to be dozens of fleas (though it is only fair to say that nothing connected with the cabins could *look* cleaner than they did), and it will be easily seen that one's rest could hardly be said to be peaceful.

After breakfast we sat on deck writing, it was a bright sunny morning, but there was a high wind, and the ship rolled a good deal. The scenery round Lake Roxen is very pretty, the lake is seventeen English miles long and six broad, so we were some time getting across it.

Constant excitements in the way of passing through locks and pretty villages are rather interrupting to our letters. From Lake Roxen the steamer ascends 120 feet, and to do this, passes through fifteen locks at short intervals.

At one time we were about to pass through a lock when we met another steamer, also bent upon going through; as there is only just room for one at a time (and sometimes that is a tight squeeze), we had to back, and allow the other to pass; we were really half an hour before our time, so the captain said he would wait, and we could go on shore for a walk if we liked.

We had stopped at the pretty village of Husbyfjöl, where there is a "bestämmande sluss," or regulating lock, used for the purpose of regulating the water in

the canal. The captain tells us that the water has never been known to be as low as it is now, on account of the extraordinarily little rain they have had for the past three years.

As we left the steamer, we saw some very handsome birch logs being taken on board to be used for stoking the engines. The houses about here are still painted that Indian red which gave such a picturesque look to the villages all over Norway.

As we walked to inspect the inn and some half-dozen cottages which made up the village, our only compatriot on the *Ceres*, an elderly gentleman, caught us up, and pointing to what looked like the general and only shop, said to the Counsellor, "What is the meaning of the word 'Jernhandel,' written up over that far cottage door?"

After a minute's thought, she answered, "What I am saying is mere guess-work, but it might mean 'Ironmonger's shop,' as we see 'Jernbahn' written up all along the railway, and that probably means the "iron way.""

We were strolling along very slowly, and were still at some distance from the cottage, so Scroppit, who was plied with the same question, was suddenly struck with a very bright idea, and said, "Jernbahn is only written up near the stations, and probably means a station, so I should say Jernhandel means a Stationer's shop."

As we at last got there some scythes and other iron instruments of sorts solved the problem, and showed us that inductive reasoning may sometimes be at fault.

On leaving Husbyfjöl, we steamed through

Lake Boren, which is about nine English miles long and quite half that distance in width. The shores are beautifully wooded with birch and scotch fir, looking most lovely in the bright sunshine. We seemed to pass through it very quickly, and soon reached the Borensult, one of the most exciting places on the whole canal. There the *Ceres* had to mount up forty-nine feet, passing through five locks. We got out at the first of these, and walked up the hill, trying to look back and sketch the steamer, which proved too difficult for any of us, as she was never still for an instant, and presented a most curious appearance as she slowly toiled up the huge steps cut on the face of the hill.

Scrapit and Goggles made some pretty drawings of some of the peasant children who tried to drive bargains as they sold saucers of raspberries to the passengers, most of whom had thought this a good opportunity to get a little walking exercise.

Soon after this we got to Montala, where the little Swedish school-girl left the ship. As far as we could make out, she had no money, for she never came to any of the meals, and Mr. Seir was so distressed at this that he ordered her a good breakfast, and we talked to her by signs while she ate it about mid-day.

While we were at dinner we entered Lake Wetter, the most beautiful of all the Swedish lakes; at times we couldn't see land on either side of the ship. This lake is eighty miles long and about twelve broad, the peasants believe it to be connected by a subterranean channel with the Lake of Geneva and the Black Sea.

To confirm this legend the captain told us a ridiculous story to the effect that a man had been drowned in Lake Wetter, while his body was picked up near Geneva. There are three dear little puppies on deck in a sort of coop, they are very pretty to look at, but smell frightfully!

Three Swedish ladies are on board with us, and one of them speaks a little English, two of them play duets on a very good piano in the saloon, and give us impromptu concerts. Later on in the afternoon we got to Tåtorp, and there dropped the two pianists, young Swedish ladies that Mr. Seir had been trying to teach a few words of English to. They were very nice-looking, and quite thought they understood us, saying "Oh! yes!" in a very sing-song tone to all our remarks and questions. They said, "Oh! yes! the friends with whom they were going to stay, played lawn tennis, and that their own rackets were in their boxes." We don't think they have ever heard even of lawn tennis, much less seen it played.

They were to stay at a very handsome château across the lake, and we could see a small rowing-boat in the far-far-offness evidently coming for them, as we dropped them and their belongings on the edge of the lock and steamed away.

The only other incident that enlivened the somewhat sleepy August afternoon was the calling of the Counsellor to the curtained doorway of the Brigadier's cabin, when he gave her a very large melon, a Stockholm purchase, but which, as he said, had been forgotten, and was he feared decidedly over-ripe.

The only way to describe that melon was that it was *dawsy*, if the term is understood (we don't know

if it is a dictionary word), just like a sleepy pear. All the same the afternoon was so hot, and thinking of all the emigrants huddled together, anywhere and everywhere out of the sun, we thought we couldn't throw it straight overboard without giving some one a chance of the best parts of it. So borrowing three plates, Scroppit and the Counsellor cut up about twenty-five large slices (it was a *huge* melon) and finding their way through the second class to where the emigrants were all sitting between decks, we somewhat timidly proffered our fruit. To see the way those faces lit up and some of the eyes brightened was really a treat; one or two fumbled in their pockets, we suppose for a stray copper, and said, "Che costet? Che costet?" (we write it phonetically). When we got them to understand that we were *not* the first-class stewardesses, and that it was quite a free gift, didn't they fall to! There was so much laughing, and talking, and questioning, that we came to the conclusion that melons were probably rare in Scandinavia, and that the Finns and some of those who came from the most outlandish places had never seen or heard of one before. There was a glorious sunset to-night, with a most lovely rosy after-glow, which must have lasted nearly thirty minutes.

The part of the canal we were passing at the time reminded us a little of the prettier parts of some of the Dutch canals. At eight o'clock the mate told us we were fifteen locks off Lake Wenern, which we shall be crossing a great part of the night.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## TROLLHÄTTEN AND GOTTENBURG.

*Thursday, August 18th.*—We congratulated ourselves this morning on our peaceable night, we only went through three locks and then got into Lake Wenern, which was nice and smooth, so we slept most comfortably. Scroppit was up betimes and on deck to see the most of the huge lake, for we were due to leave it at 9.30. We rolled about a bit before breakfast, but later on, as we neared the confines of the lake, it got quite calm again.

Lake Wenern is 100 English miles long and about 50 miles broad. A large wooded island, where deer and all kinds of game is preserved for the king's shooting, was pointed out to us.

To the south-east of Wenersborg, where we joined the canal proper again, rises a steep wooded hill called the Halleburg. We hear that on this hill there is an "Attestupa," or artificial round composed of huge stones, a place from which, legend says, old and infirm people used to throw themselves in ancient times to avoid the supposed ignominy of dying in their beds.

About eleven o'clock we got to Trollhätten, where the wonderful falls are, and where there are naturally enough a large number of manufactories, whose

owners avail themselves of the motive power afforded by the falls. We went to see over one of these, a kind of paper-works, where we saw very stiff mill-board made out of the pulp of crushed wood. After this we took a carriage, as it was terribly hot to do much walking, and started off to the falls. Plenty of time was allowed us to see them comfortably, as the *Ceres* had to pass through a series of eleven locks which took between two and three hours. There are three main falls, and they are certainly very interesting, but hardly as grand as we had been led to expect. The most interesting part of the excursion was seeing the old locks, some in ruins, and some still used for small sailing-boats, that had been built from time to time.

Eight smaller locks are still in working order, and *our* steamer went through the eleven large new ones, a sort of huge staircase by which she descended 144 feet between Lake Wenern and the North Sea.

The Counsellor tried to sketch part of the hill-side, but the amount of perspective required to draw accurately the old and the new series of locks ascending side by side made it a very difficult task.

When we re-started we still went through lovely scenery all the way to Gottenburg, where we arrived about 5 p.m. We would most strongly recommend this Gota Canal trip to any one who visits Stockholm. It only takes two and a half days, is far more beautiful and interesting, far cheaper, far less tiring, and takes about the same time as the long, tedious railway journey, if that be broken, and a night spent somewhere on the way.

We put up at the Hagland's Hotel, where we had some difficulty in getting rooms that we liked; most of them either went with a large sitting-room, which they wanted to charge very heavily for, or else they looked out on to a house which was half built, and which we felt sure the workmen would begin to work at hammer and tongs about 4 a.m. to-morrow. At last we all selected very tolerable rooms. In the one chosen for us three, the beds in which Goggles and Scrupitt are to sleep are in a sort of curtained recess, which Goggles likens to a cupboard, or the Black Hole of Calcutta. We had a short walk before dinner, which was served in the Göta Källare Hotel, next door. There is no coffee or dining room in this hotel, and very few bedrooms in the Göta Kälare, so they are run by one manager on a sort of combined principle. The electric-light arrangements were very amusing, it kept flickering, and we were left in total darkness two or three times during our dinner.

Gottenburg, or Göteborg, or Gothenburg, is full of canals and shipping, they have had a great dearth of rain here lately, and the water in all of them is consequently very low, and the smells are horrible.

In the evening we had another walk, and found our way into a sort of park or enclosed public garden. There was a large café in it, where a very good concert was going on. It was very crowded, but after a bit we got a little table, and had some coffee, listening to a most beautiful solo on the flute the while. We couldn't find out the musician's name, but feel sure if only he came to London, he would make his fortune at once.

On our return home, the smells seemed worse than ever, and we committed the foolish mistake of opening our bedroom window. It was but for a moment, but the odour that entered was dreadful, and we were forced to sprinkle eau-de-Cologne, and burn brown paper, to try and get rid of it; this done, we managed to sleep very fairly after all; though we rather rejoice to think of the fresh air that we shall have on the open sea to-morrow night.

*Friday, August 19th.*—Mr. Seir woke us up this morning at seven o'clock in mistake for 8 a.m. So we had breakfast fairly early in the same room as we dined in last night. Afterwards we agreed to see the town in detachments until the starting of the steamer at one o'clock.

Goggles went shopping, and to the Slottskogs Park with Mr. and Mrs. Seir, and Scroppit, the Counsellor, and the Brigadier made their way along the canal to the post-office, where we found, safe and sound, a packet containing some silver spoons forwarded to us by the silversmith at Lillehammer; but there were no letters or papers, and no tidings of the packet of ferns from the Nordland, which we had stupidly left behind us in the Victoria Hotel at Christiania, and repeatedly written for in vain.

The *Valiant*, Wilson Line steamer, was lying just off the quay, and the Counsellor and Brigadier being anxious to secure upper berths, as they have a great horror of any one being ill on the top of them, we hailed a boatman who was rowing backwards and forwards to the vessel and plying for hire, and were soon on board.

We three girls were to be in a cabin with three other ladies, of whom more hereafter.

The Brigadier was assured that though his companion had already obtained the coveted upper berth, he was "such a pleasant-spoken young gentleman," that the steward felt sure he would willingly take the lower one, should the gentleman so urgently desire it. With this information we departed, fairly satisfied, and when on terra-firma once more, took the nearest tram, in order to see as much of Gottenburg as possible during the remaining two hours of our stay on shore.

We find that although we are now in Norway again, we don't feel much more at home with the language than we did in Sweden.

The tram conductor appeared much amused at all three of us choosing to sit on the rail which enclosed the platform at the back of the vehicle, so as to see where we were going; as, what with passengers continually jumping up and down while the tram was moving, and the sudden jerks with which it sometimes stopped, we were in constant jeopardy of being precipitated head over heels backwards. However, we reached our journey's end in perfect safety (it was as far as the tram went), and then we immediately got out and into the one about to start on the return journey. This occasioned some chaff between the two conductors, and a laugh at our expense, but as we couldn't understand a word, we did the best thing under the circumstances, which was to start an opposition joke on our own account.

We had proceeded but a little way homewards, when an elderly peasant woman got in, carrying one

of the most beautiful children we had ever seen. She told another passenger, who translated what she said to us, that the child had broken its leg, and she was taking it to the doctor's to be set. From the very anxious face of the nurse, we fancied the child's parents must be away from Gottenburg, and did not know of the accident; but we hadn't time to find out any particulars.

There were crowds of people on the quay when we finally arrived, having returned to the hotel for our small mountain of luggage, for that was what it had accumulated to, about thirty-four small packages. Our *heavy* luggage was really very little, as we only took one small box each; but the amount of presents, and curios, &c., &c., which we were carrying home in various baskets and wooden boxes, to say nothing of a hamper of wine and two luncheon-baskets, was simply appalling to any but the female mind!

The *Valiant* looked black with people, and the quay was densely packed. We found we were to take about 650 emigrants on board; they are principally Finns going to Chicago. Their friends and relations were blocking up the way to the small tug, waiting to take us on board, and all seemed scrimmage and confusion. It was really quite melancholy, when we moved slowly from the harbour; as several hundred of the emigrants' friends were there to see them off, the waving of handkerchiefs was a perfect sight. Several very sad partings took place, and when the last rope was let go and the anchor weighed, the emigrants on board set up a dismal shout, almost a groan, which was responded to from the shore again and again.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## HOMEWARD BOUND.

THE first thing we did was to come down and appropriate a few of the most convenient hooks in our cabin.

Goggles, who didn't know, was rather horrified to find that our cabin holds *six*, but it is a good size, and seemed fairly airy; one of the other three females seems a nice person, we haven't seen much of the other two yet. We have secured two upper berths and one lower one; there are two port-holes to our cabin and a small lavatory attached.

The initials on one of the three females' bags is G.O.M. We were rather startled at first, and curiously enough have just heard that her husband was once Secretary to the Grand Old Man. This ship is large and very long and narrow, and we hear there are 703 people on board.

We sat down to lunch about two o'clock, but everything seemed still in such confusion that we didn't begin until nearly three. It was very funny, but it was also three o'clock when we had finished; as the clock was then put back an hour to make us right with English time, so we had a longer afternoon than we had anticipated.

It was quite a relief, when we came on deck after

dinner, to find several of the emigrants had forgotten their grief and were dancing to the music of a shaky old concertina played by an equally shaky old man.

The Swedes danced beautifully and most gracefully, for ten minutes at a time a couple would waltz round and round without ever stopping to take breath. One fat old couple, probably husband and wife going out to join a married son, and see their grandchildren in the States, were especially energetic. They kept splendid time, and the step looked just like our *trois-temps waltz*; but a Swedish gentleman told us that it was their usual national dance, anyway it looked very jolly, and we felt as though we should have quite enjoyed a turn! It was wonderful how well those common rough-looking men danced, and many Englishmen, who profess to be "all there" at it, might have learnt a lesson from the young Finns in the way to hold their partners.

A gentleman took us to see the emigrants' part of the ship and into the women's sleeping-place; they are all densely packed together, with lots of babies and little children, like herrings in a barrel. It's all very well so long as we have a smooth passage, there is hardly any motion to-day, but they will have a hard time of it, if it is rough, poor things!

A concert was going on in the first-class saloon this afternoon, with the piano and a violin, the violin wasn't up to much though, or possibly it was the skill of the player that was wanting. There are fifty-seven first-class passengers, but we shan't have much time to make their acquaintance as this is such a short voyage.

Amongst them we have already discovered two

M.P.'s (Liberals), the wife of one of them sleeps in our cabin; two doctors from Finland, going out to attend the Medical Congress at Washington; two not very juvenile Irish girls with their mother; and certainly not least noticeable, a lady with her baby. The baby was decidedly fractious, the mother was a Swede married to an American, and she had acquired the regular Yankee nasal twang.

She didn't seem a lady, but perhaps we ought to give her the benefit of the doubt; both she and the baby slept in the saloon; she had applied for a berth after they had all been let, and had insisted on performing the voyage somehow or other, at least so we were told. The baby squalled a good deal, and it seemed a disagreeable idea that they should both be in bed, behind a very flimsy curtain, while we were having breakfast. As Grossmith has it in one of his comic songs, "the mother and her child were there," and we felt it.

Towards evening it began to be rather rough; the wind was very strong and very cold. We walked up and down the deck for some time, and it was so dark, that we thought it must be ten o'clock when it was really quite an hour earlier.

We have made friends with the lady whose initials are G.O.M. She is old, but by far the nicest of the three in our cabin. She had never been in a cabin shared by others before, but always with her husband, so we had to show her the various hooks, available for brush and comb bags, &c. We pin some of our things on to the curtains of our berths, and have various other dodges to stow our possessions neatly away now that we are such old travellers.

We wonder how we shall manage to sleep, and feel quite sure the others mean to be ill, they all look so thoroughly prepared for it ; but we must now put by our writing, and leave for 'to-morrow an account of our experiences and of Scroppit's first really rough night at sea. With the exception of her, we are all fairly hardened, but still seeing others suffer from *mal de mer* is quite disagreeable enough.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## ROUGH WEATHER AT SEA.

*Saturday, August 20th.*—When we went down last night, we found that two of the other females in our cabin were in bed, so we had more room to move than we expected ; but unfortunately they had an intense objection to fresh air, and had closed both the port-holes, which after all were only the size of saucers. We stealthily opened these when we thought the others were asleep, but on scenting the fresh air, they woke up immediately to complain of the draught, and said that the ports had been shut owing to the stewardess's orders. Not quite believing this, we asked that lady, and she said that when the decks were washed early in the morning, the water ran into the cabins if the windows were then open ; but if we liked to have them open all night, the steward would come in at 4.30 a.m., and shut them. We agreed to this arrangement, and Mrs. G.O.M. sided with us, so we were four to two, and the motion was carried, much to the disgust of our stuffy companions.

When we were in our berths and had put out the electric light (with which the ship is lighted all over) we began to toss and roll about tremendously ; the two helpless females imagined they were going to be

ill, and called feebly for "Steward," "Steward" (the stewardess was much too busy to be able to come, unless it was for a very urgent case). We fear we three were not very sympathetic, but rather annoyed at being disturbed in this way. Scroppit, to whom it had the charm of novelty, says she was chuckling quietly when on peering round her curtains, she saw in the dim light, which came in at the doorway, the steward fumbling about in his endeavour to alleviate the distressed ones, the whole thing seemed so ludicrous that she leant back in her berth and indulged in a burst of what she supposed would be considered most ill-timed merriment.

The Counsellor wedged herself firmly in with shawls, and slept pretty comfortably, waking up at intervals to say in a thoroughly sleepy voice, "Can I do anything for you?" when the groans and moans were more appalling than usual.

There was not much sleep for Goggles and Scroppit that night! It continued very rough, and we tossed and rolled about rather uncomfortably; the monotony was occasionally varied by sounds proceeding from the berths of the other three females, though fortunately for us the noise of wind and waters prevented anything less pleasant being distinctly heard. At 3 a.m. the steward came in to shut the ports, as there was such a heavy sea on.

At 7.30 we got up; the others had totally collapsed by this time, and announced their intention of staying in bed all day. We got horribly battered about while attempting to perform our toilettes, as the sea was still as rough as it had been all night. One

accident happened which *might* have been serious, but wasn't.

A small lavatory adjoined our cabin, and under each basin in a cupboard was a huge metal jug in which the water for washing was kept. Goggles managed, with the Counsellor's help, to lift up the great thing, which was fearfully heavy; and poured some water into her basin. She left the jug for a second standing on the washstand, thinking that even an earthquake could hardly upset it, but alas! a sudden lurch of the boat did, and down it came with a tremendous crash, sousing the Counsellor, who was all but dressed, and covering the tiled floor of the lavatory with about three inches of water!! It was a regular flood! Poor Goggles waded about, baling it up with a tumbler, and mopping it up as well as she could with as many towels as she could muster, and the Counsellor had to change some of her things while hanging them up to dry. She was in great distress to know what to do for a petticoat, for our extra ones were of course in our boxes in the hold. An extra petticoat is the very last thing anybody would ever think of carrying about in a bag, but most fortunately Mrs. G.O.M. chanced to have one, and she was kind enough to offer the loan of it. Needless to say it was gratefully accepted.

When we were dressed we went on deck for a blow before breakfast, there were many vacancies at table and very few of the ladies turned up at all; most of those that did could only fancy tea and toast. After breakfast we went on deck and tried to read, as painting or sketching was quite out of the question, also writing. The emigrants looked rather unhappy. We

watched some of them struggling to wash in some tin basins fixed on to the side of the ship. Certainly they did not look like dancing now. Happily none of *us* felt at all ill, and yet we were decidedly uncomfortable, for one thing it was so cold, half our time was spent trying to dodge the east wind, and the movement of the ship made our books joggle so, that reading was all but impossible. We had at last to walk up and down to amuse ourselves, and varied the monotony by having little chats with those of the emigrants who could understand us.

We tried to induce the two creatures in our cabin to get up to dinner, by painting in glowing colours the delights of being on deck, but all to no purpose, they wouldn't stir. We wanted to get the place well aired, for as nothing would persuade them to have a breath of air let in, the atmosphere felt as if we could have cut it with a knife, and can be better imagined than described.

Dinner was at two o'clock, and after that there was more rolling about till five, when it got calmer, and the Counsellor went to finish a sketch in the saloon, and Scroppit faced the horrors of our cabin, and got an hour's sleep. As the Counsellor sketched, a Swedish gentleman who sits opposite us at meals got into conversation with her; and after a bit he said, "People find it so hard to make out your party, whether you are all relatives. Is now the young lady who sat near you at breakfast your sister?" "No," was the reply, for the question referred to Scroppit, "no relation at all, only a friend." "Ah, then," said the Swede, putting his fingers to his eyes to indicate spectacles, "then *she* is your sister what wears the umbrellas!" The

Counsellor doesn't know how she managed to keep her countenance, she never even smiled; but how we all roared over that remark when we were together after tea! The Swede was very anxious to improve himself in the English tongue, but when he got into difficulties he had recourse to French.

He showed the Counsellor a good many puzzles, which, when she was hard up for amusement after a long and tedious day, helped to pass the time very well.

Here are three of them, the first came in very appropriately as the table was being laid for supper at the time.

1.  $\frac{P}{\text{allons}} \quad G. \quad a.$
2.  $Un \ 10 \ A \ \infty.$
3.  $\frac{\text{oooooooooooo}}{C^8}$

And one more which is supposed to be a partially defaced inscription on an old monument sent to a party of savants, who gave themselves great airs, for them to decipher.



The answers to these are given at the end of the chapter. The captain of the *Valiant* comes less up to our ideas of a naval officer than any we have ever met. He is extremely polite, rather sarcastic, and fairly pleasant to talk to; but he looks like a regular London dandy as he walks mincingly up and down the deck, as if he did not feel quite at home there. He is a great contrast to the ideal rough, cheery downright sea-captain, full of courtesy to ladies and tenderness to children, who too often remind him of those little ones at home, that he is forced to see so seldom, to leave so often, and sometimes for so long.

It promises to be a calm night, and quite early tomorrow we shall be in sight of the Yorkshire coast, and almost home!

*Sunday, August 21st.*—On getting up this morning we found we were in sight of land, and just entering the Humber. Crowds of small smacks passed us on their way to the North Sea fisheries, while all around the dancing waves sparkled in strange contrast to the time-worn, brown sails.

The other occupants of our cabin revived on hearing of land in sight, and commenced to dress on the strength of it. We got up long before they did though, and were on deck some time before breakfast.

Every one was earlier than usual and in excellent spirits, though not a few must have been sorry that their pleasant autumn holiday was so nearly over.

Mr. Seir sat in the captain's place at breakfast, as he could not leave the navigating of the vessel to come down to it. That meal over, we packed

our bags and watched our luggage being got out of the hold. We still had some tins of pressed beef and biscuits and some tea in our luncheon basket, and so we thought we could not do better than give them away to the emigrants, some of whom seemed to have very large families, and to be extremely poor. One father of five was delighted when Goggles gave his children some biscuits. He patted her on the back, and the children seized her hand in true Scandinavian fashion. They were pleased with the meat, but didn't quite understand what the tea was at first.

The fat lady who slept in the berth beneath Goggles, and moaned all day yesterday, was eating French bonbons this morning, and offered some to the Counsellor. About twelve o'clock we came in sight of Hull; it looked dirty still. A steam-tug, called *The Defiance*, brought the custom-house officers on board, and then a scene of confusion and general excitement took place, every one wanting to be first, and to have their luggage chalked without being examined. We gave up our keys, and the officials only looked in two of our boxes, for which we were truly thankful; not that we had anything to declare, but it is such a bore to have one's nicely packed boxes rummaged into.

All the emigrants had come up on deck to see England. They do not land until Monday, but will be allowed to leave the ship to take a walk, when she gets into docks this afternoon. By this arrangement they are saved having to pay for a night's lodging on shore, will proceed by special train to Liverpool on Monday, and go straight on board the America-bound steamer. It was amusing to notice when the

luggage was being transferred to the tug what a great difficulty the sailors had in getting a huge crate off the ship at all. It was an enormous wooden trunk, and we were told it contained the entire trousseau, house linen, &c., of an engaged young lady who was taking more than the Pantomime and proverbial "Six of everything" out to America, where her wedding is shortly to be celebrated.

As we shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. G.O.M., and wished them good-bye, the Counsellor said to the lady, "So very many thanks for your most kind loan." She referred of course to the petticoat. Mr. G.O.M. couldn't make it out at all; he is rather touchy and fussy, and we think he suspected his wife of having been weak enough to advance one of us a 5% note!! As they moved away, we heard him say, "Loan! what's this? what? what? what's this, my dear? Do explain."

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 199.

1. Allons souper, j'ai grand appetit.
2. Un ami en mille (un 'a' mis en mille).
3. J'ai dansé sous les orangers=(g dans c sous les 'o's rangés).
4. C'est ici le chemin des ânes.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### "FARVEL."

As the tug steamed off from the *Valiant* and the passengers turned back to look at the last link between England and Norway, she seemed black with people, and many emigrants with whom we had got quite friendly waved their caps.

In the streets of Hull we met many nicely dressed people on their way home from church, and thought how very un-Sunday-like we must be looking ourselves, with our travelling-dresses, showing the wear and tear of six weeks; our arms laden with bags and our other most precious possessions.

After lunch at the Station Hotel, we filled up the time till the train left for London at 4.30, by walking to the Beverley Park. The Swede who had asked about the "Umbrellas" worn by Goggles, looked so very much as if he would like to accompany us that we asked him to do so. While we were walking he said to the Counsellor, "Do you know Miss Mary Jones?" "Which Miss Jones?" "Oh! she is an English lady, who I did see in Sweden, I don't know where she live, but I thought some one could tell me here in England. You don't know of her, yet she was very pretty! Strange!" We had to explain that there were many "Jones" in England and still

more in Wales, but tried to cheer him up by saying it was quite possible he might run up against her in London all the same.

Here comes the train, and now our trip is really over; we have shaded our eyes from the sun at midnight, and feasted them on snowy mountains in the height of summer, have tobogganned safely down the frozen snow of the Tromsödal, and smelt the dried cod of Hammerfest, have carried with Peter, and viewed the innumerable mountains from Frognersaeter, and Sweden with its lively capital and smartly dressed peasants, and now our trip will soon be a matter of ancient history, and it is time to lay aside our pens.

The peal of bells at Doncaster sounds more "Sunday at Home" like than anything we have heard for weeks. While the long shadows steal over the fields, the sight of people trudging down the shady lanes to Evening Church, seems to add to that home-like feeling; and much as we regret beautiful Norway, we cannot be altogether sorry that we are back in time to enjoy what we trust will be a really jolly autumn in Old England.

FARVEL.

## A JUBILEE JAUNT TO NORWAY.

*THE SCOTSMAN. August 27th, 1888.*

"Books on Norway are nowadays in demand by the many tourists who flock every summer to the fjords. Somehow, though there are not a few such books to be had, and guide-books are rapidly multiplying, travellers seem to have difficulty in finding just what they want. 'Three Girls' who made the Norwegian tour last year have undertaken to supply the 'felt want,' and have written a very bright and lively account of their 'Jubilee Jaunt to Norway.' The book is in no respect like a guide-book, and it is of course confined to what the 'girls' themselves saw and experienced. But it is not only highly entertaining, but really contains a great deal of the very information which tourists want to find out, and cannot find in the guide-books. Even those who have no intention of visiting Norway, will find this an amusing and interesting volume.

*NORWICH MERCURY. August 25th, 1888.*

"'Three Girls' are responsible for a new book just published under the title 'A Jubilee Jaunt to Norway' (London: Griffith, Farran, and Co.). This book is the narrative of a jaunt to the North Cape, and through Norway to Christiana, and thence to Stockholm, of three English young ladies, two of whom had travelled much, though not in Norway. It is manifest that the book is a first literary effort, because there is no attempt to set down anything in language in any other than purely conversational English. But the young lady who may be supposed to be the editor of the diary, leaves no one in doubt as to her meaning, and her concise sentences are much more agreeable in a work of the kind than wide digression or fanciful speculation would be. It is an entertaining narrative, and there is not a dull page from the beginning to the end of the book. The reader is told just as much as one cares to know about places. There is no want of agreeable variety, for the 'three girls' have the faculty of making the most of every approach to a humorous situation. These agreeable narratives of travel—sketches full of life and spirit, with quite enough description of scenery, towns, and people, make the book excellent reading. As the Norway tour is becoming more and more popular, there can be no question that it will enjoy a well-deserved popularity among those who want to be amused, and who prefer to leave the worry of accumulating facts to people having a taste for the thing. 'A Jubilee Jaunt' is moreover just as pleasing a book for the stay-at-home reader as it is for the would-be tourist, and we venture to say it will win for the three girls quite a hearty reception from the younger generation of readers."

LAND AND WATER. *September 1st, 1888.*

"*A Jubilee Jaunt to Norway by Three Girls.* (Griffith, Farran, Okeden, and Welsh, London and Sydney).—This is a very light and pleasant sketch of a very light and pleasant trip to Scandinavia, made last year by apparently three very light and pleasant young people. The charm of this little volume is its utter absence of affectation. The young and lively ladies have just jotted down what they saw and where they went in the simplest and most straightforward style without the shadowiest pretension to research, learning, or comment. They give a very good idea to intending trippers as to how to go to work, and to them, especially lady voyagers, we can thoroughly recommend the book, with its list of necessary garments, its hints as to taking one's own packet of tea, its mention of the best hotels, many of the principal objects of interest, and the pleasantest way of seeing them. The little book is quite readable, interesting, instructive, and reliable, as far as it goes, and leaves no doubt on the reader's mind that the three girls thoroughly enjoyed their jaunt."

THE MORNING POST says:—

"The book is fairly written so far as a certain lightness of style and contagious good spirits go. It is with the matter rather than the manner of the work that fault is to be found. The three girls have pluck and energy, and are not troubled with bashfulness. Let them use such qualities in a worthier object than the present and they will find a willing audience to listen to their adventures."

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GRIFFITH, FARRAN, OKEDEN, AND WELSH,  
West Corner St. Paul's Churchyard, London; and Sydney, N.S.W.