

weighed 13½lbs., the largest salmon I have caught. The Dee spring salmon do not average more than eight pounds. Lower down, heavy fish are caught in the autumn. On this visit I had what I consider a perfect gillie. His taciturnity was remarkable even for a Scotchman. When we got to a pool he showed me where to begin and end, and where the fish were most likely to lie, and then went and sat down, not rising even when I hooked a fish until it gave signs of exhaustion, but then he was on the spot, and did his business manfully.

The Invercauld Arms at Ballater, a comfortable and reasonable inn, has a splendid length of water, extending from two miles above Ballater nearly to Balmoral on the right bank, and marching with the Queen's and the Prince of Wales's fishing. It is let by the rod, fetching, in the best months, April and May, as much as £30 a month per rod. To this must be added the expense of a carriage. It is divided into three beats, which are taken in turns. In June the terms are lower, and you can go and return by the coach. In this month the fishing is often very good, and I do not know where fishing so good can be got on more reasonable terms. In July it is free to those staying in the hotel, but the fishing is not then usually of much count. In April and May the sport is often splendid, and I was told on good authority that two gentlemen the year I was there got 250 salmon in the month. They were crack hands, and took nearly all with minnow. I may here mention a circumstance that amused me. While I was at Ballater

the train which was to convey the Royal party was waiting at the station, and I, with others, went to see the carriages. An old domestic showed us over, pointed out the Queen's bed, and then turning to another he said, "and this is Beatrice's bed." I thought it illustrated the affectionate simplicity with which the Royal family are regarded by their servants.

We now return to Braemar. I tried the hotel waters once or twice for salmon, but without success. There are, however, plenty of salmon in the upper part towards the Linn, where they go with the intention of pushing up when the water is in suitable volume. The Linn is a chasm where the whole water of the Dee rushes through, contracted within the breadth of some six feet—a kind of extended Strid; a series of round swirling holes and rushing passages. In the pool at the bottom, and in these holes, you can see the salmon lying in hundreds, waiting to go up. How they accomplish the feat is a puzzle, for at the top is a fall of some feet. It is said that the fish never take bait while lying there, but they are nevertheless caught in a most unsportsmanlike manner, by means of a snap-hook and strong tackle. This, of course, is done by stealth, but, that it is attempted, proof positive was afforded some time ago. In very low water a log of wood was taken out with hooks enough in it to have set up a fish-tackle shop.

I received from Mr. Foggo one day a letter which cheered my heart. It was to the effect that the let of the Invercauld water was up at the end of June; that I was at liberty to go on it for the rest of my stay, and that if

I went to old Angus he would doubtless go with me, and would show me how to get them out if anyone could. You may be sure that I did not neglect this opportunity, for this length is undoubtedly the best on the Dee. It extends to Invercauld Bridge, about three miles. The last mile, however, is the really good water; it is all salmon pools; you are no sooner out of one than you are into another. It is always full of fish, which rest there on their way from the rough water below before they make for the Linn. The whole of it can be fished, too, without wading. I had nine days' fishing there before I left, and during that time caught twelve fish. I had one or two blank days, several days I caught two, and the last morning, fishing from eleven to two, I caught three. At this time of the year this was splendid sport. I took Angus with me the first day, and he put me up to all the good places. But after that I went alone, and gaffed all my own fish. I hate to have a man dangling at my heels. The fish are rather a serious burden, but if you are overweighted you can take the coach which passes over Invercauld Bridge. I wish those times would come again. On my second visit I could not get on this water, as the let was extended to the end of July.

With respect to tackle, a 16-foot rod is quite large enough, at anyrate for summer fishing. The best flies are Jock Scott, Butcher, Popham, Durham Ranger, black and silver Doctors, and Blue Jay. A large March Brown is said to be good, but I never did anything with it. Most of mine were caught with Jock Scott, which I varied



INVERCAULD HOUSE; BRAEMAN, 1705. V. 9.

in size according to the state of the water and the character of the stream which I was fishing. There is a fly used early in the spring called the Yellow Eagle, which is good in heavy water and towards evening. For summer fishing the great thing is to have small flies. The prawn is a deadly bait early in the season. Old Angus told me that it was introduced there by one of the gentlemen of the Queen's household. He met him and told him that he might as well throw his hat in, but changed his mind before the gentleman had done, for though a very poor fisherman he landed eight fish. John Brown is said to have killed eighteen in one afternoon with it. I never used it, for I had none, and if I had I don't think I should have tried it, for it seems to me unsportsmanlike to employ such a slaughtering bait in a splendid river like the Dee.



*On Reading the Menu
of the Manchester Anglers Dinner.*

*That Turtle clear, although 'twas mock,
With glass of choicest Rhenish hock,
Was well selected to commence,
And pander to the diner's sense,
And then La Royal Printanier,
I wish the Deuce I had been there.*



Menu Card for the Annual Dinner 1887
(not in the Manuscript Book but included here for
clarity)

That Turtle clear, although 'twas mock,
With glass of choicest Rhenish hock,
Was well selected to commence
And pander to the diner's sense
And then La Royal Printanier
I wish the Deuce I had been there?
To taste those oysters in the sauce
And slice of cod fish too of course
And then some Matelotte of Eel,
Those Tartar Sparlings too I feel
Were tempting little morsels rare,
Bur why the Deuce was I not there?

The round of beef I almost see,
And turkeys fat with celery,
Oh! just one cut from off that haunch
Fit lining e'en for priestly paunch,
Madeira sauce with ham! Oh! dear
But "d—n it" why was I not there?

Would then have been about the thing
Before that Pudding Diplomate
Appeared upon the feasters plate,
Or Maraschino Jelly clear
But hang it, why was I not there?

A Woodcock's back and Pheasants wing

Would then have been about the thing
Before that Pudding Diplomate
Appeared upon the feasters plate,
Or Maraschino Jelly clear,
But hang it, why was I not there?

To finish then with Cream Vanille,
Upon my soul you had your fill
Without Compote of peach besides,
Why sure you must have burst your sides
Nor room have had to take Dessert
Confound it, why was I not there?

Then followed toasts the Queen the first,
A good excuse to quench the thirst
The goblet then is filled to brim
The Prince of Wales to drink to him
And children of the Royal pair.
It was a shame I was not there.

The Presidents and Councils health,
Long may they live in joy and wealth
And then just one more glass of Chammy
To drink to whom you ask? Why Damme
The Fishermen of Manchester
By Jove! I wish I had been there.

The reply

Alas! my friend 'twas hard indeed,
You could not join us at our feed
Nor share with us the flowing bowl
That cheered the heart and raised the soul,
But never mind one hope we share
When next we dine, may you be there,

New Zealand

In submitting this paper to your acceptance I feel an apology is due for the time that has elapsed between my promise to you & its fulfilment, but the truth is that, chiefly owing to the state of my health, I have had, until this season, but very scant experience of angling in New Zealand, & even my local knowledge is now but limited. However, I cannot defer any longer, & must first ask your consideration for my shortcomings.

The first thing that strikes the angler fresh from home lakes & rivers is the large average



TROUT FISHING IN OTAGO, NEW ZEALAND.

BY J. O. MACKENZIE.

IN New Zealand the first thing that strikes the angler, fresh from the home lakes and rivers, is the large average size of the trout. Here half pounders and even pounders are of small account, and although in most of the smaller streams they are plentiful enough, the capture of these small game is looked upon as a waste of time and trouble. My first trout was caught in this wise:—I was on a visit to a Mr. Kitchener, brother to the Suakin commandant, who owns a station ten miles up the Shag River Valley; the river just skirts his garden. Seeing signs of trout about, I put up my nine-foot rod, and, hitching on a fine cast and one small spider, threw into some rough water where the stream cascaded into a rocky pool. The river was dead low, and clear as gin; the time three p.m. in December (June at home). On my second throw I had a fellow fast, and, after some minutes' play, grassed a fine-conditioned trout scaling an ounce or two over two pounds. As the day was bright and very hot, I was content, and hied me home with my capture, which, on

sight, drew from my host the remark, "Ah! a nice little fish." Thought I—"If this is a *little* one, how about the big 'uns?"

We have two classes of rivers in New Zealand, rain-fed and snow-fed. The former, save when in flood, run clear and resemble much our Scotch and Yorkshire trout streams, some flowing placidly through cultivated valleys, their banks clothed with hawthorn, alder and willow, others careering through rocky gorges for miles in a succession of roaring torrents and deep black pools. Our snow-fed rivers are altogether different; they run lowest in winter, and are comparatively unaffected by rain, but come down in full flood during a spell of hot weather, especially one accompanied by a north-west wind. Like all glacier and snow-fed streams, they are never, so to speak, *clear*, but have always a "greenery yallery" milk-and-watery tinge, and in fishing them the strength of your tackle is of primary importance. They are, as a rule, dangerous to fish, especially in wading, as they are full of quicksands and nasty swirling eddies. The Waitaki, one of them, is a most uncanny looking stream, and it is said that more lives have been lost in it than in any other river of New Zealand. Being glacier-fed and deep, the water is deathly cold, and cramp is apt to seize the most robust swimmer. This last season I paid this river three several visits. On my first, in November, in an evening and morning's fishing, myself and friend had eleven trout which scaled an aggregate of fifty-two pounds. On a second trip, in December, in one day we had seven fish, the largest eight pounds, the smallest three, and then a



whose weight he put down as over thirty pounds. On 130 yards of line and then broke away with excellent fishing, rebots paying for into one fellow which was one subject of seventeen years, some experience in salmon seen and hooked. One gentleman, a Christ Church

Alfred, there are stories of monsters having been

trapped, so trout are found to increase still prominence. The supply of minnows, one minnow is last two seasons that they have come into fishing recent introduction in this river, and it is only within the strong and full of light. Trout are of comparatively is required in rising long fish, but once hooked they are or two of the bank. As the water is highly no great art found on the edge of the current, generally within a foot channels, which are constantly shifting and the trout are but not very comfortable. The river runs in three or four and is a station and a "bar", where the subject can be always crossing. The bridge is a mile long and at each fishing ground is about two miles from the sea at the end from four to eight pounds each. The salmon and water, to secure in an evening eight or ten average number of trout, a favorable combination of weather. This river fairly teems with big trout and it is no forty miles inland, I am told that it is successfully used.

Minnow is the favorite lure, although at Kaitake than two fish a day.

near the end of the season, and we did not average more than last trip in March, the sport was poor, it being too North-Western brought down the river in flood. But on

my first visit in November the ostler at the inn told me that if I would walk a mile down the river he could point me out a fish over three feet long, but, added he, "you can't get at him." The best fish I have killed in the Waitaki was just under eight pounds; but on my second visit I certainly both saw and felt one of these leviathans. He came clear out of the water, jumping over my minnow, and as I struck, I hooked him in the vent. My instant thought was, "By Jove, it's true about these big fish!" Unfortunately, I had no friend then within hail, to lie prone and gaff, as the fish rooted about the bank, and to make a long story short, I played him for an hour, until at last he tore down stream right through and underneath the bridge, where I could not possibly follow. He ran out my eighty yards, and then it was a case of hold on, but, happily, the minnow came away, so I saved my line and tackle. Well, I put this fish down as from fifteen to eighteen pounds, and I had many a look at him, as seven or eight times he sprang feet out of the water trying to rid himself of that drag at his tail. Phantom and Devon minnows are chiefly used, the latter, from their weight, being specially suited to the strong currents on the Waitaki; but on the clear rain-fed rivers the natural bait is preferred, used on a spinning flight.

Our river banks are much cumbered by the *Phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax plant, the leaves and stalks of which stand up ten feet and more; so that to negotiate them a longish rod is necessary. I have found my American built fifteen-foot cane rod



the very thing for our fishing, and use it for both fly and minnow. I have hardly once seen a landing-net since I came to the Colony, but every angler carries the indispensable gaff. The flies used are similar to our own, and I have found my own favourite partridge-spider a very sure killer. A favourite fly is body of peacock harl, dressed with a light wiry and red hackle. The Shag has been a famed trout stream, and was one of the first rivers stocked in this province, but two consecutive exceptionally dry summers, and continued "sluicing" in the upper waters have quite ruined it for the present. This last summer we turned in 15,000 yearlings, so hope it may come again. In the tidal waters good trout are still caught, but they are scarce. I got one in December which scaled seven pounds, a magnificent fish; he cut as red as a salmon. Unfortunately, it is of little use trying for these big fellows before dark, and night fishing has never been much to my taste. The sluicing is a nuisance; it causes our rivers to run thick for weeks together, and must be detrimental to the trout. The interior of this portion of Otago is a vast gold-field, and the diggers run the streams through their cradles, sending down any quantity of mud.

Trout have taken most kindly to New Zealand, and are now found in almost every river in Canterbury, Otago, and Southland. Sea-trout we have too, but I am not sanguine as to the successful acclimatisation of salmon proper; our sea-water is, I fear, too warm for them. But time will show. In some of our lakes trout grow to twenty pounds, and only an expert could tell them from

salmon, their shape and colour being almost identical. The scenery in this neighbourhood is very similar to that of the Yorkshire Wolds and Upper Clydesdale; from the coast to thirty miles inland a bare undulating country, hills grass-clad to their summits, and sheep everywhere. The lark too, singing overhead, throistles and blackbirds, finches and starlings, and sparrows of a most impudent kind, all flourish exceedingly in this new land, and are pleasant reminders of the old. Food in our rivers is very abundant, and this accounts for the rapid growth and great size of the trout. Whitebait, a little fish, very similar in appearance to the home article, begin in October to ascend our streams in myriads. They penetrate for miles up country and spawn about Christmas, returning to sea by the autumn floods in February and March. During their stay in fresh water the trout simply gorge themselves on these small fish, and can hardly be induced to look at the fly; in fact, owing to this, fly-fishing is best inland, well away from the seaboard. As at home, I find evening the best killing-time with either fly or minnow. Our summer months, November, December, and January, are pretty warm, and, in bright weather, the fish during the heat of the day seem to bask inactive and do not start feeding much before six o'clock; but the "rise" once "on" is a sight to see. Our twilight is very short; unless at full moon, you find yourself all in the dark within half-an-hour after sunset, and the banks of our New Zealand rivers are rather rough walking for night work. A box of well-scoured gentles is not an unusual adjunct to



the Otago fly-fisher's outfit, and I am told that big trout, seven and eight-pounders, who simply ignore a bare fly, are frequently entrapped by the seductive wriggings of the impaled grub; but, reader! this is hearsay. Early prejudices coming in, I have not yet brought myself to try this particular bait. This New Zealand has been well termed "Britain of the South." There is much to remind one of the old home; English trees, shrubs, fruits, and flowers in abundance, and no scarcity of clouds, rain, and wind. Our Otago streams have many features in their surroundings all in common with Ribble and Tweed; and could we only suppress the ubiquitous flax plant, and, on yonder cliff, where stands a waving cabbage-palm, conjure up the orthodox ruin, ivy-clad and grey, all else is home-like and suggestive of Upper Ribblesdale and the Border.

Our fishing season is from the first of October until the first of April, and hereby hangs a tip. If any reader has leisure, and the desire to skip an English winter and enjoy a New Zealand summer, plus such trout fishing as we can give, let him take the direct steamer leaving Plymouth in September, which will arrive here in mid-spring, spend four to five months in the Island, and then, leaving in March, get back in due time for the May-fly at home. This would be something like an "out," and I can guarantee a good time to any brother of the angle. To the minnow fisher this is a paradise, indeed. The "brotherhood" here are good fellows all, and would extend a warm welcome to any visitor from Home.

Come, bring your rods.

Air - "John Peel."

Come, bring your rods to the sweet green fields,
O come, while the grey dawn the bright sun shields,
O come, share the joy that each streamlet yields,
— And we'll all fill our creels of a morning.

Chorus. { For the day is awake and the lark's overhead,
The bold trouts are moving o'er each gravelly bed,
Come! Anglers, arise, ere the dewdrop be fled,
— And the Sun spoil the pride of the morning

Just for today let us fish, while we dream
That care is drowned in the deep, deep stream,
And Hope kills Fear with her soft sweet beam,
— As we all fill our creels of a morning.

Chorus.

Down where the mill-tail gently glides,
Behold how the March-brown gaily rides,
Lo! there - a "two pounder" with silvery sides,
— Which will put in our creel of a morning.

Chorus.

Our gentle craft is devoid of strife,
As a happy man and a loving wife,
And there is no boon like a quiet life,
— Or a well filled creel in the morning.

Chorus.



Punctually at 5 o'clock we steamed out of London Road Station, and having settled down in our respective corners, proceeded to business.

Haywood, was unanimously elected Chairman with the title and style of "Viking" in virtue of his frequent visits to "The Land of the midnight Sun". He was to keep the Common Fund.

Reid, who lectured learnedly on Fish-culture and the various methods of trapping them, in fact on the "Births, Marriages and Deaths" of fish was assigned the title of Piscator, with the duty of looking after the luggage.

Hutton, who was armed with a perfect observatory of scientific instruments for taking in temperatures, heights, &c was named Thermes and the care of the maps and Guide Books was given to him.

It was then generously proposed by the "Viking" himself a past master in the dark art, that Brennan should be Photographer with power to add to his numbers, and permission to supply photographs to any of the party who wanted them.

When crossing the Slumber the song of the expedition was struck by the Viking "One more river to cross"

“Norway”

by C Brennan (read at the meeting in 1888 with lantern slides)

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When crossing the Humber the song of the expedition was struck by the “Viking” “One more river to cross” and although we did not think much of it at the time it became as will be seen, the cheerer of our solitudes, the stimulator of our energies and the dissipater of our grief.

After boarding the “Eldorado” we supped and went to bed, turning out next morning at about six o'clock, when we found ourselves well out to sea with the “Eldorado”, indulging in nice fresh rolls—a line of conduct that found so little favour with the majority of our fellow passengers that out of 113 only about 40 sat down to breakfast. One of our party we thought had a tussle with old Neptune, who laid him low, but as he afterwards explained he had a bad bilious attack to which he is subject.

The absence of any crowd gave us an opportunity of viewing our Ship, which is certainly a very fine one built in 1886 and, I understand, was entirely constructed in four months. I cannot help thinking that her present lively disposition, her playful antics on the tops of the waves, and her frequent habit of dipping her head to kiss the sea, may be traced to her short period of incubation, and to her youth. If this be so, I feel sure that many of our fellow passengers will express a hope, not that she may “settle down” when she gets older, but that she may become more steady. As it is she is decidedly fast, holds her head high, shakes herself pertly now and then, and shows her heels to everyone she passes.

As we took our Coffee the first morning, an American gentleman for whom a berth could not be found, and who had been compelled to sleep in his clothes, on a couch in the saloon, woke up, looking cold and unrefreshed, searched for his boots which he had evidently placed on the table in front the previous night for security, but they had disappeared.

“Steward” he called “Where my Boots?”

“All right Sir” said the Steward running off to look for them. After waiting two or three minutes, grumbling all the time he rang the bell.

“Steward you bring my boots right along and and put them down here.”

“All right Sir.”

“I want them put down here right along, how do you expect me to get about the ship without my boots?”

“Why here they are beside you all the time Sir. They were taken away to be cleaned”.

“I don't want 'em cleaned. I want 'em down here right along”

“Bill” shouted the Steward to a companion, “you're not to clean this gentleman's boots any more. He wants them dirty”

Stavanger was reached early on Thursday morning. Of course it was raining heavily. This does not, however, prevent us from going ashore for a ramble we being anxious to place our feet on Norwegian soil. Let it be noted that the first money paid out of the Common Fund in Norway was to the Church; and what a quaint old Church the one at Stavanger is. In spite of the allurements of this foreign town, we managed to get back to our Ship in remarkably good time for breakfast, where there was an improved show of males—the ladies not yet venturing to exhibit their pale interesting faces at table. But as the day advanced, and the sea was now quite calm, they came up one by one, and, reclining in easy chairs, caught the refreshing sea breeze. There were some evidently newly married, whose husbands were bad sailors and could not, even now, leave the position recumbent and these being good looking we looked after with wraps and Coffee, and to distract their thoughts from their late sufferings, and the present pains of their dear husbands, we expounded to them the art of Photography and interested them so much that they asked us to photograph a ship we chanced to pass at the entrance to the Stavanger Fjord. (Picture of a singlemasted boat towing a dinghy.)



We did this and were pleased to observe that the excitement caused the rosy hue of health to spring once more to the full round, soft cheek of the lovely being who -----but no matter.

During the day we had more opportunities for explaining various photographic processes, but we regretted to discover, when the dear husband appeared on the scene, that he was not of scientific turn! Is marriage a failure?

As we neared Bergen the rain came down in torrents, but as we had been told that it rained 364 days in the year and snows on the other one, we made good use of our waterproofs, and did not allow our spirits to get damped. We got to Bergen just at the hour when we intended to leave it for Vossevangen so there was no help but to remain the night. We therefore had time to see many of our fellow passengers off the boat and repeat a few instructions as to dry plates and exposures to our fair pupils.

The luggage was soon transferred to a cart belonging to the Hotel and then we had our first experience of mountaineering; the hotel was indicated, by the Viking's barometer being somewhere about 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. We discovered, however, that this instrument had the knack of starting at anything over 2,000 feet and actually bursting its neck off at a bit of rising ground.

The Hotel was stormed in about ten minutes and after dinner we braved the down pouring rain in order to explore the town. We had to keep a sharp eye after the party, some showing a desire to wander down side streets where they might, we feared, have got lost till early morning. We succeeded in bringing all back in safety, I am glad to say.

The railway journey to Voss takes about four hours. Vossevangen is apparently the point aimed at by the majority of tourists going into the interior. It boasts of many Hotels. It is charmingly situated on the Vangesvand surrounded by mountains each with his venerable looking snow cap drawn over his head. There were heavy clouds hanging about which in part obscured the view and we had some misgivings as to how the afternoon would turn out. As this was the first occasion that we had got within actual touch with the natives we tried to make a favourable impression on them, and thanks to our song of "One more river" which by this time we had harmonised in several ways, I think we succeeded, for when we were about to depart the girls in the Hotel paid us the compliment of leaving their various duties to come and see us off. On account of the unsettled appearance of the weather it was decided not to have Carioles but to take a four wheeler with a canvas cover which could be drawn over at pleasure. So far as slow travelling is concerned we made a record. If our stolid driver came to the faintest indication of a rise in the road he walked his two horses at a snail's pace. We thought at first he had borrowed the Vikings barometer, but it was registering away in his pocket so we could only hurl all sorts of jokes at Jehu's head, which he bore most patiently, because he did not understand a word we said. The slow travelling, however, had its advantages, for we had more opportunities for seeing the country and we found that if we wished to photograph any particular object, we had plenty of time to do so and overtake our man before he had travelled many yards.

After leaving Voss the road runs through a lovely open valley down which there flowed a river so fishy looking in its pools and runs that it was as much as we could do to restrain Piscator and Thermes from having "just one cast". The road then lies alongside two lakes of considerable size, the Lundervand and the Lone Vand, the mountains surrounding them rising 4,000 feet (this height is not given on the authority of any instrument we carried).

We got to Vinje in the afternoon, and the first thing that struck me was that no one came out of the Station to receive us, there was no person to carry our luggage up to our rooms, we had to do all this ourselves, it seemed as if the house, and the house only, was at our disposal. I noticed that this custom prevailed at most of the Stations we visited, but I am glad to think that if we generally got a cold reception, we very soon thawed the residents and our departure was a kind of public affair, in which smiles and sometimes even tears played a prominent part. In about ten minutes each man was knee deep in the river, which lay some twenty yards from the house.

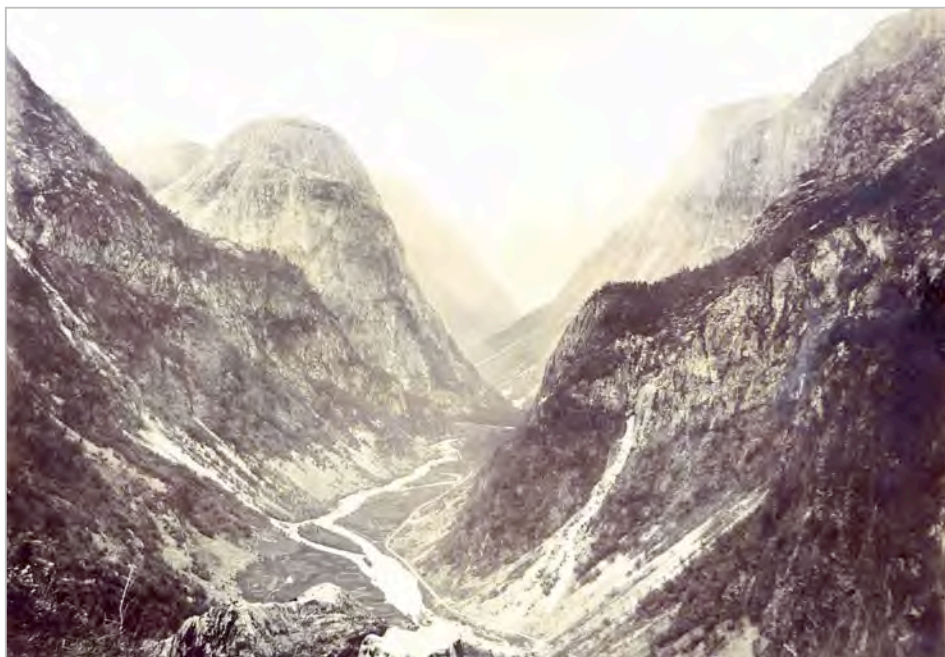


Such enthusiasm was never seen. Each seemed professed with a wild desire to be the first to cast a fly on Norwegian waters, but alas! The reward was not proportionate to the zeal displayed, the fish were very plenty but "mighty" small, and the only one who did anything worth recording was Piscator who killed a beauty about one pound weight. That evening we sat on the balcony overlooking the river and gave the natives an open air concert; they seemed much affected by the wild harmonies of "One more river". The following morning the Viking and Thermes had a plunge in the icy waters of the river and they returned looking like Kathleen's eyes "a most unholy blue" which at all events cast some doubt on their statement that "it was grand". It was at Vinje that we first became acquainted with a very touching Norwegian custom. We were waited on by a pleasing looking girl whom we offered to photograph. She smiled and consented and afterwards we asked her name so that we might send her a copy. She then put out her hand took hold of mine and gave it a nice gentle squeeze, looking into my eyes all the time with a shy look in hers. It was very sweet! And are we to suffer by comparison? I asked my self. Are we to have no nice manners or customs? And then I explained to her as well as I could, that we instead of shaking hands, pressed lip to lip and I was quite surprised to find how apt she was in learning. If we had stayed long at Vinje we might have stayed longer. There is some very good fishing to be had in the Lake at Vinje, but half a mile distant, but we had not time to make arrangements for the boat, which can be had there. We paid a hasty visit to it however and were amply rewarded for our trouble. It was very pretty. The clouds were still hanging about but in the distance we could see the snow tipped mountains struggling to break through the dense masses of slowly lifting vapour and striving to get a glimpse of each other in the lovely lake, which lay like a mirror at their feet.

The Hotel where we stayed is of recent construction. The old Station lies some 500 feet higher up the mountain, where it looked so picturesque that the Viking and I determined to take it by storm. After a severe climb, the result of taking the wrong road, we reached it and met with a reception from a dog the warmth of which left us no cause for complaint; he evinced the most marked desire to bite our legs, wed tendered him those of the camera as a substitute; they were armed with non spikes, so he declined, but by a quick unexpected poke, we pressed them on him with such good effect that he retired to some steps and set up such a dreadful howl that the entire population turned out to a child, to see what was the matter. We looked so innocent and so sorry for the poor dog, that they saw at once that we had nothing to do with it, and so they allowed us to pursue our vocation in peace.

Vinje was left with much regret that handshaking &c. being very nice. I think the Vinjeites were sorry too for they all hurried out to "see us off" and judging by the finished graceful manner in which the fair portion blew kisses after us, I concluded that my companions had been giving them lessons also.

As if in sympathy the clouds which hung about, now began to drop big tears and by the time the expedition got to a large Lake, some four miles distant from Vinje, where the road was quite unprotected the rain came down in torrents and there was nothing for it but to retire beneath the canvas cover. Even then the muffled strains of "One more river" might have been heard but still it was very disappointing as we approaching the far famed valley of the Naerodal, and here was the landscape blotted out so completely that we could not see twenty yards any way. Soon, however, the fury of the storm was spent and the clouds broke permitting us to get a glimpse of the blue beyond, presently the sun shone out and there stretching from our very feet lay the Naerodal the most noble looking of all the sights we saw.



There was the valley 1200 feet below, on the left the dome like Jordalunt 3600 feet, on the right the Kladderfjeld 4265 feet, and in the distance seven miles away could be traced the Kilifos a waterfall 2,000 feet in height which begins in downward course with a perpendicular fall of 500 feet. It required an effort to tear ourselves away and I think it was nothing but the knowledge that we had actually to go through the valley and so see it inch by inch, that got

us off so quickly. The road lay down a zigzag path some sixteen turns being required to do the twelve hundred feet. After descending two or three of these you come to the Stalheim fos and the next turn or so brings you to the Selrefos. At the bottom the carriage was resting and soon we were pursuing our journey through the valley, the road running alongside the great rushing river formed by the two falls I have named and assisted by fresh fosses, which relieving the sombre grandeur of the huge walls of rock towering above us, 4,000 to 6,000 feet, seemed in very wantonness to fling themselves from the giddy heights.

Gudvangen was soon reached and there we found the little steamer "Fjalio" looking very tiny against the giant mountains, which guard the Naerofjord. She left Gudvangen at seven o'clock for one of the most enjoyable sails it is possible to imagine. All the surroundings helped to make it so. The scenery was simply magnificent! Mountains rising five to six thousand feet out of the water, all of them capped with snow, and waterfalls here and there and everywhere some gliding, some dashing, and some shaping themselves like silver curtains to clothe the naked rock. And we were in a state of mind and body to enjoy all this for we had had a capital tea on board! And in addition there was a pretty girl on deck who threw sly glances in the direction of our happy party and generally looked as if she thought it was not good for a girl to be alone. One of party tried to remedy this but, alas! She had no English and he had no Norwegian. As the shadows lengthened we sat on deck and called up fancy pictures on the rocks we passed, some of them great mystical looking figures perhaps two or three thousand feet in height, and then the night growing somewhat cold, and the loftiest mountains donning their night caps of cloud we too had our little night cap and the sweet strains of "one more river" might have been heard as a lullaby echoing down the Sognrfjord.

Laerdal was reached soon after midnight the light being still sufficiently good to permit us to read the smallest print. The following morning was lovely and fine, not a cloud in the sky. At about nine o'clock a most imposing row of Carrioles might be seen drawn up in front of the Hotel. Our first thought was a funeral of course, and we congratulated ourselves on being in time to see a Norwegian one, regretting all the time that we had missed the "Wake"!!! but on asking what he died of we learned that they were our Carrioles. It seemed a pity to miss the funeral, but still the novelty of having a Carriole all to oneself compensated, in some degree, for the disappointment.



The Viking took the place where the hearse ought to have been and off we trotted in style to the lovely stains of "one more river". This was our first experience of Carrioleing and a very pleasant one it proved. I think some of us rather astonished the natives by our method of driving. My attendant, after watching me for some time, said in good English "You make very good horse." But to this day I don't know whether he intended it as a compliment or otherwise.

The road now lay through the valley of the Laerdal along the bank of the Laerdalselr. The scenery at first was comparatively uninteresting the valley being wide, and the river somewhat tame looking, but soon the features changed; the river began to toss and tumble and to get "music in its roar" and fall succeeded fall till Husum was reached.

On leaving we were ill advised to take the old upper road to Borgund allowing our Carrioles to pursue the lower one; by doing this we had to face a hill so steep that it put the Viking's barometer to a severe test and we lost many charming river views on the lower road, without gaining a single advantage. In addition the upper road carried us beyond Borgund church which we were most desirous of seeing, so that when we descended at the other side, we had to turn back to Husum to get to it.



Borgund church is a fantastic looking old building constructed entirely of timber protected by dark pitch on the outside, and as dark as pitch inside for there are no windows. It was built in the 12th century and is now apparently in a wonderful state of preservation. The roofs of which there are several as well as the walls are shingle covered and the upper roofs are surmounted with dragon's heads. It is now the property of the Antiquarian Society of Christiania and they have built a wall round it, so close, that it is impossible to get a really good view of the entire structure. I should mention that no service is carried on in there at present. A hideously new straight up and down packing case kind of Church, having been erected within a stone's throw. The fishing at Borgund is very good and the mere sight of the pools at the other side of the road made us long to be at Haeg, but as fishing does not begin on Sundays till six o'clock; we thought there was no great use in hurrying. Piscator, however, was evidently wishful to be "first in the field" or wanted to display some fancy driving, for he plied his whip and soon left us far behind. After driving for about an hour we crept up to him to find the spurt had blown his pony and we were compelled to show him a lead into Haeg, which we reached punctually at six o'clock.



This is the only place we made any stay in and how sweet, how grand, how fresh, how simple, how delightful, how everything that is pleasant it is. We have its picture, but it is like the portrait of a woman you love--- it is nought. I have declared to myself that I will not Rhapsodise else this would be the place where my wings should cleave the heavens. Sweet! Sweet! Though are the memories of Haeg!!

We soon installed ourselves in our respective rooms and immediately the rod cases were opened, rods selected, flies eagerly picked out, waders donned and then a general rush for the river each selecting the most likely place to fill a basket. When we reassembled for dinner at eight o'clock we found that the total for four rods in two hours was one fish and this had paid tribute to the Viking's skill. The result was not promising but the Viking kept up the courage and spirits of the party by telling us with an air that carried conviction that we would kill more fish the next day than we could carry and he ostentatiously engaged a boy to bear his basket. The evening was very cold and the blankets suggested comforts, which were sought for at an early hour. The following morning was fine but cold. It was arranged that two should take the right and two the left bank. The river I may here say is about twenty yards wide opposite Haeg. A short distance beyond the Station on the Christiana road it dashes over a series of falls with terrible force and speed and with a noise like thunder. It then runs into a magnificent pool opposite Haeg where it seems to rest for a time, only to dash off again some distance for another pool, and so on, in a series of pools and runs to a small lake halfway down the valley, in the still waters of which are the giant fish, which Thermes was fortunate enough to discover later on. In the evening the Viking, Thermes and self walked to Vodalin for some two or three miles on the road to Borgund and after climbing some distance up the mountain under the guidance of one of the gillies of the day crept into the chasm down which the stream leapt, and although almost blinded by spray we enjoyed a grand sight. This was quite enough, but not so with my companions; no, they would like to see the fall from the opposite side of the chasm, and so finding a great ledge of rock which projected some distance from the other side, they just managed by dint of stretching to reach it and pull themselves up and over. It was gracefully done and I felt almost tempted to try it myself, but as there was no one behind me to admire, I refrained and sat down to await their return. They soon came back, shouting across the noisy water that it was grand, far superior to the view on my side, and then the Viking cautiously crawled up the ledge and looked over and seemed astonished to find himself about seven feet from the slippery rocks at the side he wanted to come to. I looked for another graceful spring, but no, he hesitated and slowly retreated, then Thermes came along boldly till he came to the edge and he didn't like it. He tried however to lower himself with his face to the rock and by kicking behind land his toes on the other side; but he failed and up he went again and disappeared over the edge of the rock. They then held a Council of War and decided to follow the stream down on the other side until the road was reached where a bridge relieved them from their difficulty.

The two fishing enthusiasts seemed to be fairly on their mettle next morning, so the Viking and I decided to leave them in possession of the upper waters to fight it out and to go down to Borgund and try our luck there. The wind had changed in the night and it was now very warm with plenty of natural flies about and more than enough of unnatural ones as the holes in our legs and the nobs on our necks, which stood forth that night and for many days after in bold relief proudly testified. It altogether looked so promising that I took with me my little gillie "Olaff". We soon reached our ground and got to work and I must say we had a really good time of it. I suppose every Angler has one "Red Letter Day" in his experience; a day which he always refers to as "the best days fishing I ever enjoyed." A day the recollection of which lives when many really far more important events have faded from his memory; and when in the evening of his life he sits by the fire side with his sons, he tells them of that one bright particular day and how he played and killed his biggest fish and then with a sigh perhaps bestows on his most promising successors the well tried rod, with which he fears in his old age he will never again fish the dear old stream. To all of us I hope such a brilliant day may come, for me it was such a one at all events and I think I heard it agreed later on that all had had their "best days fishing" that day although Piscator said he had had a day of disaster having tumbled on his head on a rock, smashed his rod and filled his waders. We felt thankful that it was no worse. Thermes again carried off the palm having seventeen fish amongst which were several three pounders and some over four pounds

We were very particular about our weights always checking them off and I dare say witnessing the entries. I wanted to have mine calculated by the Viking's barometer, but they said that was the height of absurdity and in this I agreed, and did not press the matter.

This picture may swerve to show one of the great delights of a sojourn in Norway namely the perfect liberty that is free from conventional restraint you are allowed (a quick glance at the picture shows the anglers dressed in jackets and waistcoats with deer stalker hats they seem to be wearing cravats rather than ties and the attire seems entirely suitable for a day out at the shooting Butts at Chatsworth.) You dress as you like, to begin with, as you see; you sit down where you like, as you see; and on what you like; you get up when you like and you go to bed when you like and the sun will be with you on both occasions. You eat when you like and what you like or you may go without. You go where you like and how you like. If you can beat that in the civilised or uncivilised world I shall be glad to be told where. The following day was our last at Haeg and so we were up early to make the most of it and the sun feeling nice and warm, the number of bathers was increased to three. The success of the previous day made me thirst for the waters of Borgond but alas! there was no chance of breaking the record. The fish were not on the rise and after fishing for some hours I only had one half pounder to show for my labour. That last night at Haeg we sang all our mournfullest ditties for in the early morning we were to leave our pleasant quarters. Slowly and sadly we retired to our beds. The Viking and I occupied one large room. Just as I was gliding off into the land of dreams, I heard the Viking carrying on a conversation, which brought me quickly back again. "Its too bad" he said "just when I want it light, the start is all very well," he continued "because I can see the hole, but how can I hit a hole from the back" By this time I was on my elbow and discovered the Viking in the agonies of sewing on a button, which he ultimately succeeded in doing even to the twisting of the thread underneath it. At two o'clock we were wakened by the horn of the postman who as he drew nearer the Station blew a few sweet notes on his horn, which echoed up the valley in a fairy like way.



We were up at 4-30 and after an early breakfast got away with much hand shaking. The next Station was Briestolm seven and a half miles distant but as it lay 1,800 feet above Haeg it was necessary to walk the luggage being carried in two Stolkjarre. After a stiff climb the top was reached and cold and bleak it looked, the sun being entirely obscured by clouds but soon these lifted and gave a fine view of the valley and the road we had come up. On each side the mountains sloped up to a great height and here and there were large patches of snow, while at the bottom of the valley the river was winding its way in the direction of Haeg.

Briestolm was reached at nine o'clock and breakfast number two was ordered. It was however well that we had had number one safely stowed away for they could only give us coffee and rye bread, the latter very sour. This was the first hint we had that we were getting away from the much frequented tourist tracks. We caught a Lemming here, the first we had seen. It looked like a little Guinea pig, and when captured it cried like a very young dog and seemed much pleased to regain its liberty one of the drivers called it a "Lornehund" or "Pocket dog". He also told us that they are to be found only every third year. We asked where they came from and he said "the sky". He subsequently explained that they came from the Arctic regions and travel south and when they come to the sea they walk in and drown themselves. One of our drivers from Haeg whose name we learned was "Jonas" and who had his own pony and Stolkjarre volunteered to go to the next Station. We afterwards found that Jonas was father of the two boys we had employed as gillies. The summit of the pass about an hours drive from Briestolm, looked very dreary the only vegetation consisted of Reindeers moss and even this was pretty well covered with snow. There are several small lakes to the left of the road and snow lay thick on the edges of some of them. Beyond, the mountains quite covered in snow, rose high. Here we saw some beautiful little animals which Jonas called "Rosekeats" they are something like weasels with long reddish bodies, bushy tails, and nice little black faces, and they skipped about like squirrels coming to look at us and then darting away to hide behind a rock. About this time the clouds began to wear a threatening look, and in the distance it was evident that a rain storm was brewing, and before we were well into our waterproofs it was upon us in a perfect deluge. At times we could scarcely see the road, the rain was so blinding and in addition it was bitterly cold. This continued all the way to Bjoberg which was reached at 7-30. Here we managed to get a fairly good tea, and soon after went off to bed, Thermes and I electing to go to the rear and occupy a room in a back building.

We were up next morning at five o'clock to find it very cold for July, temperature 50 degrees. I shall not venture to state our altitude, for the Viking's barometer ticked off "thousands" in the most magnanimously indifferent way, while that of Thermes was evidently frozen for the hand was stuck fast. By hitting the two together and thus striking an average we found that we were about 2,000 feet higher than the highest mountain in Norway which was comforting. Our Haeg driver, Jonas, said he would come to the next station and seven o'clock saw us once more on the road. Thermes and I brought up the rear and when we had driven some miles we found that we had no man behind us as

driver. We had either come away without him in our haste, or had lost him on the road. From that day to this we have never cleared up that Bjobergean mystery. The road lay alongside the river through the Hemesdal, at first it was cheerless enough, but like most of our experiences it improved until at Tuff we found ourselves in a very charming valley- the mountains closely covered with pine trees a most marked contrast to the scenery we had just left. When approaching Tuff about a mile from the Station had had noticed a quantity of spray leaping over a chasm some distance from the road and while the horses were having a rest and Piscator and Thermes cast a fly on the river the Viking and I decided to investigate that spray. We were soon on its track and on reaching it found it was well worth the trouble we had taken. It was called the Rynkande fos of "Smoking fos". The river below the fall runs at right angles to the river above and the great body of water that comes over strikes a wall of rock opposite and this gets broken up, the great quantity of spray caused by this giving the name of the fall. At 12 o'clock we turned our backs on Tuff the hours rest enabling Jonas to volunteer his services to the next Station. The road still followed the stream, which as we advanced and the valley widened, became a fine broad river, the banks of which were closely covered with pine trees; in fact we now discovered that we were entering the region of pines, they covered the mountain and valley. The only break was when we passed the frowning Reensfjeld 6,000 feet on our right, over the brow of which run four falls fed by a mountain lake. These unite some 2,000 feet down the precipice and form one very beautiful fall.

We started again at 5-30 with one fresh horse and Carriole and Jonas and his pony still attached. We drove down a splendid road steep in places, but in perfect order. Our original intention was to stay the night at Vike which lies at the beginning of the Hallingdal district, but when we arrived there at seven o'clock the evening was so very fine, not a cloud in the sky and the sun still shining brightly that we decided to push on another Station or two and so shorten our road for the morrow when we were to attack the mountains.

Torpe (Torpo) was in sight at nine and then more coffee and rye bread, which were in various stages of rotteness, the best we calculated being laid about two years previously. This was our supper so that we did not consider that we had done too well in the eating line that day. There is a portion of an old church standing here in which are some enormous pillars and flooring boards, which Piscator measured as three feet across. At 10-30 we were off once more for Sondre, which was reached at 11-45 having been pretty well driving since seven o'clock that morning.

Sondre is a very pretty place stuck about 100 yards above a fine river in which we heard were many big fish but alas we had no time to prove the truth of the statement, as we were to leave after an early breakfast, indeed we all felt we would have liked to stay the whole day at Sondre, we somehow seemed to cling to the place. It may have been a kind of presentiment of coming events, for, as it afterwards turned out when we turned our back on Sondre we left all pretensions to comfort behind and had to face much hard work and many privations for the next three days. It may have been this, or it or perhaps it was the homely farm like look of the place, which breathing of fresh milk eggs and butter appealed to the better nature of us all—the stronger because of our previous "short commons". Sondre was the last Station on the road and as at the place where the tide just reaches you find many curious specimens of sea life, so at Sondre where the tide of travellers stops, we noted some things that interested us. They had the sweetest toned Cowbells we ever heard, and the people evidently lived to a great age. I am sure one old lady we saw at a door was over a hundred years old, and I have no doubt when her time comes, if they want her to keep the appointment, they will have to take her and shoot her. There was some slight difficulty here as to getting horses to carry our luggage over the mountains and our faithful Jonas volunteered to see us as far as the end of the road where we were to take to the mountains (we did not take to them kindly) and we were to trust to luck for our horses at the end of the road, This was not promising but as we had had a good breakfast the bad eggs averaging only 75% we were disposed to look at things cheerfully and so we started to the invigorating strains of "One more river" in which our friend Jonas was now beginning to take a part. Soon the road began to get very rough, and hilly, and before long we had to walk most of the way. During one of these walks we spied a quantity of Strawberries at the opposite side of the fence, and so we all scrambled over to "Strawberry" and strange as it may seem it was to this circumstance, trifling as it may appear that we owed much of our subsequent experiences for while we were in the act of "Strawberrying" a farmer came driving along the road, coming from the direction in which we were going, and we entered into conversation with him, asking him as to the route we intended taking. He advised us to strike into the mountains some miles nearer than we intended, and told us that at his house at Iveghum, we could get horses. We blessed him with our morning breath, and with light hearts and some Strawberries we pushed along. After parting with our Farmer adviser we crossed the Hallingdalselr and struck up the Metadal and then we came to a terrible hill, which we had to climb, under a boiling sun upto Hammerstoen, 2,000 feet. We reached this at 11-45 and were glad to rest in the shadows cast by some farm houses we found there. One Farmer, whom we thought was a man of distinction, we had no doubt about him being "high up" invited us to enter his abode and partake of some "sour milk" which we did with alacrity, putting away, I daresay, some four or five gallons of it. The house was a fine old specimen of timber building erected in 1785. In the kitchen there was a wooden bed with the inscription painted on the side

Ole Tollissen og Iorona Larsdatter
Ioeglun den 29-6-83

This was evidently the marriage bed of Ole and Iorona and it was curious to observe how some of us became so interested in this article of furniture. We had an hours rest here and then started for the Farmer's residence at Ivrglun.

That sour milk had a depressing effect, and it was freely stated that "it wasn't quite the cheese." And I noticed that one or other of the party would occasionally retire as if to meditate by himself and then come up smiling as if he had got rid of a weight from his mind. The Sun was simply at scorching point; the road was as rough as a cart load of stones and the ascent so steep that, in fact, the Vikings barometer refused them. Of course we had to walk all the way

and occasionally give a push to a cart. We reached our dear friend the Farmer's house at 2-30 and hastened to impart to his wife the instructions he had sent by us. We then found that Mrs Farmer took a very different view of the situation and declined to assist us, telling us that they had no horses for us, but that if we stayed there that night, we could have them the following day. When this intelligence was translated any sour milk that remained immediately curdled, and we felt very heavy and suspicions crossed our minds that they, thinking they had us in a cleft stick, were trying to squeeze as much out of us as they could. Then a relation of the Farmer's wife turned up, and she had two evil eyes which she kept fixed on us all the time, as if to fascinate, or fix us, but we ultimately disconcerted her by a burst of melody which kept telling her again and again that we had "One more river to cross" There was fearful lot of jabbering carried on, the chief Orator being an old man with a terrible impediment in his speech, who spoke more than anybody else and took longer about it. Jonas then chimed in and the result was they promised to find one horse. We were still not much better off, for the old fellow talked more than ever then, and at last Jonas helped us out of difficulty by pluckily announcing his intention to go over the mountains with us leaving his Stoltparre behind, and taking his pony. When this was settle d we enquired as to something to eat, and were fortunate to get some nice fresh hot water and bread and salt. We then began to think that life was worth living after all and while the one horse was being captured we sat down to the sumptuous repast which was spread before us. I need hardly say that having fared some what indifferently for the past two days, we did ample justice to the good things of Joeglinn and when we had flavoured the water with some Liebigs Extract which we fortunately had with us we felt that now indeed we were prepared to cross the alps.

We had not yet seen our Guide, but he soon appeared and our spirits instantly boiled over. Here was a character worth his weight in gold. He was a young man of about 28 years of age, I think, of 40. He was fat and sleek with a very sallow complexion and long straight oily looking black hair. He had evidently dressed himself "in his best" because he would be away on the Sunday for he appeared wearing a broad brimmed soft felt hat, a shirt with an elaborate front a jacket with brass buttons made for him when he was about 12 years of age, a waistcoat with large pearl buttons and trousers that hardly reached his boots and to crown all he carried a fat Umbrella which he seemed to treasure more than life itself. We learned that the old stammerer was his parent, and if ever a child had parting instructions heaped upon him our Guide could give him long odds and beat him. When our promised horse appeared it turned out to be a mare, with a foal, and to our surprise they allowed the latter to accompany us. This was a mistake as we afterwards discovered, for whenever the mare stopped to rest the foal stopped to suck her, and so she was practically burning the candle at both ends. However at 4-15 we started from Joeglun under the auspices of our guide whose name was "J Toln" who at once started down the road to get a key of a Bridge we were to cross. Here we had our first excitement, for, while watching this interesting individual scoot along like a shot duck, Jonas's pony was neglected and the animal trying in a spirit of playfulness to drag a wheel over a rock which sloped up about five feet, failed to pull off the joke and before we knew where we were the contents of the cart were lying in a "babbling brook which played!" At about 6-30 we came to the end of the road and then we commenced to load the mare and Jonas's pony with our luggage. This was a difficult task, each side requiring delicate adjustment but Tolo proved himself a man of resources for although the animals were heavily laden whenever he saw one side having a tendency to weigh the other one down he would heave a rock into the other pannier and so adjust matters. I may here mention that we could not stow away all the rod cases, so we selected those rods we might require, put them into one case and left the others behind instructing Jonas to forward them to us in England and it speaks volumes for the man's honesty when I say that they came over quite safely, a few days after our return home.

At 7-30 we managed to make a start over the mountains. There was no trace of a path the only signs to guide us being little cairns of stone, built by the Tourist Club, and these were, sometimes, half a mile apart and sometimes more. We walked in single file "Tolo" leading the procession and brandishing his umbrella like a second Napoleon. I never saw him leave hold of that umbrella, but once when we were loading the horse and then in a period of extremity he permitted me to help him by holding it but unfortunately in a weak moment wishing to assist, I threw it on the ground, when he immediately rushed for it, caught it up, dusted it carefully and placing it under his arm, gave me a sad reproachful look which spoke as much as a Library, telling me plainly that I had done irreparable wrong to a poor weak fellow creature. We pushed along very slowly about two miles an hour, stopping every now and again to heave a rock into a pannier. We crossed the foot of the Ustavand 3,300 feet (genuine) and then struck up the hill (we had no breath to strike up "One more river to cross".) When we reached the top we had to give the beasts of burden a chance to recover their breath and the foal made the most of the opportunity. What a magnificent scene lay stretched before us! In the valley was the Usteravand a lake 30 miles long and rising from the opposite side of it and mirrored in its calm waters was the huge Hallingskarven, a lofty ride twenty miles long some of its snow clad peaks being over 6,000 feet and away in the west, over 40 miles from us we could distinctly see the great round back of Hardanger Jokel. As we gazed on the enchanting scene the Sun began to gild the long straight clouds, which seemed to be above it and soon the entire scene was painted in most vivid colours all of which were faithfully reflected in the Ustavand so that we had two sunsets one above and the other below. It would be impossible to describe the varying effects of light and color , and we can only state that we sat gazing at the many changes quite long enough to give our horses a good rest. We were soon plodding away again. The path (if I may honour it by such a title) was simply indescribable, nothing but boulders, snow and mud with an occasional lake thrown in to make the variety charming. Then that mare thought that she had had enough of it, and objected to go any further, but by dent of pushing and pulling we managed to get her on. At 11 o'clock the poor beast was quite jaded and "Toln" said if we rested it for half an hour it would be alright, so down we squatted and having asked the umbrella man how far we then were from the hut, and he saying two hours our hearts rejoiced and there arose the sweet harmonies of "One more river" When these died away it was curious to notice the great silence

which prevailed on the mountains. No lowing of cattle—no tinkling of sheep bells—not a sound and then the silence was broken by a single note from some bird, which sounded, sad and cheerless in the twilight. We did not know what bird it was but Piscator enlightened us “It was the solitary Snipe” and as we rested we heard them all around and for a solitary Snipe I concluded he had about as much company as he could do with. At 11-30 we were on foot again and soon lost sight of the lake our course now striking deeper into the mountains. We thought the path we had come up to this point could not be any worse, but now it was simply like climbing up walls of houses, and in the fast fading light we at times missed the little heap of stones altogether. The umbrella man seemed to derive pleasure in the difficulties for he deliberately went out of his way to take us over about two acres of snow, which lead up to a ridge, from the top of which we saw a dismal looking lake about a mile square lying in our way. “Toln” went straight at it, and we expected him to strike out for the opposite side, but no, he only prodded about with his umbrella and waved it right and left as if invoking aid; and then he retraced his steps and went to one side and then the other in a way that plainly said “I’ve lost the way” Jonas lost his patience for after waiting for a time he summed up his opinion by calling him a “Torsk” and then with his gallant little pony he took the lead and after much floundering in bogs and brooks we managed some way or other to get on firm earth again. The light was now at its worst and after journeying another mile or so the mare deliberately stopped and refused to stir. We pushed and pulled, we coaxed and petted, but all of no avail, and then a terrible thing happened “Toln” in his wrath lifted up his umbrella and actually smote her with it. It was a gruesome sight in the grey morning light and one that filled us with so much awe that we chanted “One more river” immediately. Old “Toln” seemed regretful of the sacrilege, of which he had been guilty, for he expanded his umbrella to see if all was right and then having taken it down he “put it up” under his coat as if to compensate it for the previous ill usage. Things were beginning to look a bit queer. We could never put all the luggage on the pony and we were unable to carry the mare so after consultation in which it was interesting to note the cheerfulness of the Viking and Piscator whose luggage was on the pony, and the long faces pulled by the other two, who had backed the mare, we agreed to leave her behind depositing the panniers on the ground and putting a hobble chain round her feet. We did this and pushed on after being informed by “Toln” that we were within two hours of the hut. At about 2-30 we again asked him how long to the hut and he said two hours in the coolest manner possible and as if it were something fresh. We then had to unpack the pony and give him a rest. When our watches indicated 4 o’clock we thought the hut must surely be in the next Street, but as our Guide did not seem elevated we asked him in a confident manner “Not far now?” “Two hours” he replied. Then it was that dark hints were uttered that he ought to die and his own umbrella was named as the weapon and a dirge was sung by the quartet party “One more river”. We decided, however, to let him linger a little longer and so we took the lead for a while ourselves and shortly Themes who was in advance shouted out “The Hut! The Hut!” and the welcome cheering news was shouted back to the stragglers in the rear but alas! when we reached him it turned out to be a false report. He had been deceived by a patch of snow, which in the distance looked like a house. The was then passed round that we might lie down and die, but as it was very wet and muddy just there, we unanimously agreed to postpone the operation until we came to a nice place! We, however, surrounded old Toln and proceeded to question him. Did he know how far we were from the hut? Yes two hours--- Had he ever been there? Yes twice Well where was it? But his reply completely puzzled us for with his umbrella he pointed straight ahead, and then due east, and west which left us just as wise as ever. We doubted if he knew anything of it, and were about to swear him on the handle of his umbrella only that we could not muster sufficient Norwegian to make a terrible oath. After this we came to a mountain which the Viking’s barometer declined, we being already much higher than it could touch although it had made a noble effort to go twice round and start afresh some hours previously. In spite of this we went up it over acres of snow and on reaching the summit a careful anxious examination of the valley that lay before us showed a tiny looking hut some five miles away. There was no mistake this time and it was surprising to see the fresh vigour inspired by the sight of that long looked for place. When within two miles from the hut we found that our song was slightly out of place at times, for there, right in our path was “one more river” which we had to cross but how? It ran from a lake almost covered with ice and snow and then there was a series of rapids to another lake. The rapids seemed out of the question and the Lakes were not in it. But while debating Thermes discovered an old boat into which he got with the Viking and Piscator and pushed off on the upper lake when opposite the rapids the boat filled, and they had to scambler over the remainder of the way. Old Toln seeing that there was no help to be had from the boat clasped his umbrella and plunged into the rapids and he scooted across in fine style sometimes being on top of a rock and sometimes in a pool three feet deep, but he landed the umbrella safely on the other side. Jonas got on the pony with the luggage, and the little brick of an animal brought him over, leaving the photographer to ponder over the problem and solo of “one more river” but the difficulty was finally solved by Jonas taking off the luggage and sending the pony back for me and in due time I reached the other side to find Toln taking off his boots and stockings to wring them out and put them on again. It seemed odd that he had not taken them off when they were dry on the other side. Finally and after still more adventures we reached the hut having had “one more river to cross”. The Viking was somewhat ahead of the party and in breathless anxiety we saw him walk in at the half open door and in a minute or two walk out again. Then did our hearts fail for we knew we were abandoned in this wild waste and should have to eat Toln or the pony, but when we came up we found it was the Viking’s modesty which had induced him to walk out again, for he had found himself in a Lady’s bedroom and having bidden her “Good Morning” and explained that we were starving had requested her to get up at once and feed the hungry. This dressing she was now engaged in, and in half a minute had completed. Then we enter the house and sit down in a dry place once more. Bless the Norway Tourist Club.



The hut is a rude wooden structure containing two rooms the first being a kind of kitchen and general room, and the other the general room without the kitchen. There was a rough kind of form running round three sides of the latter room and at the fourth a bench some four and a half feet wide had been erected about four feet from the floor. This was divided into three equal parts by boards laid crosswise each division being filled with hay and these were the beds of the establishment. You may talk of "Grand Hotels" and spring couches; but after a walk over the mountains such as we had just accomplished we were more than satisfied to get into "Clover". In the central division lay a man whom we had awakened by our entrance. We thought at first he seemed a bit put out, and when he turned out of bed we knew he looked a bit blue for his legs as high as his knees were a brilliant indigo. When he proceeded to draw on his bright coloured stockings we discovered the real cause of this. He gave us a quiet but hearty welcome and the Viking gave him a short account of our journey. While this was going on our eyes were searching every corner for signs of eatables, and the first thing that fixed us was a wash basin filled with lump sugar, immediately I transferred a few pieces to my parched mouth then some biscuit tins attracted attention and, Oh Joy! In a dark corner a row of bottles. These were quickly inspected and found they contained Claret, and soon we were pouring some of the contents down our throats. Presently we heard a noise up in the roof and we then discovered that some flooring boards had been laid across a portion of the joists overhead and a kind of little attic formed and down a straight ladder came two legs followed by the remainder of a man, and when he had said "Good Morning" another pair of legs and another man and yet another. When the loft appeared to have "given down" all its occupants I ventured up the ladder, threw myself on the floor on some hay, and went fast asleep until breakfast. After that meal we felt somewhat better and three of us adjourned to the Lake to have a bath. We found it almost covered with ice and snow, and it looked so bleak and villainously cold, that Thermes and I were quite content to have a sponge on the bank while the Viking plunged boldly into the icy water. Then a few plates were exposed and back to bed for an hour or two, the Viking having arranged that men were to be sent back to superintend the "left luggage department". Dinner was served at 3 o'clock, Trout and Reindeer washed down by copious draughts of claret and then indeed we began to revive, and to plan the morrow's journey. On interrogating Jonas, however, he reluctantly confessed that he had had enough, or rather too much of it, that he had walked the boots off his feet and no money would tempt him to go further.

We were sorry to part with one who seemed to be a connecting link with happy Haeg, and for him and his pony we felt the liveliest interest. A testimonial was written by the Viking, expressing the value we placed on his pluck energy and intelligence and this was signed by each member of the party. Then came the question of boots for poor Jonas had literally walked the soles off his and it was utterly impossible for him to go back over the terrible course in his bare feet. In the long run the Viking generously gave him his fishing boots, and so that difficulty was solved. Then Toln came on the boards and it was discovered that he too had had enough of it. He would like to get home to his Pa!! At first we thought of holding him to his bargain, but when we saw the big tears standing in his eyes we softened and allowed him to arrange with the man at the hut to accompany us next day. I may here mention that we had originally agreed to give him 32 Kr. To take us to Garen, and he came with us for pure love of money and I have often thought since, of the reception he must have got on his return with 12Kr. And with about £3 worth of damage done to Umbrella, Clothes and Horse. These matters being all arranged we strolled about a little and viewed the hut from all sides, and in the evening after tea we had the satisfaction of learning that the men had departed for our luggage, and so we enjoyed the sight of a curious national dance which was executed in the kitchen.

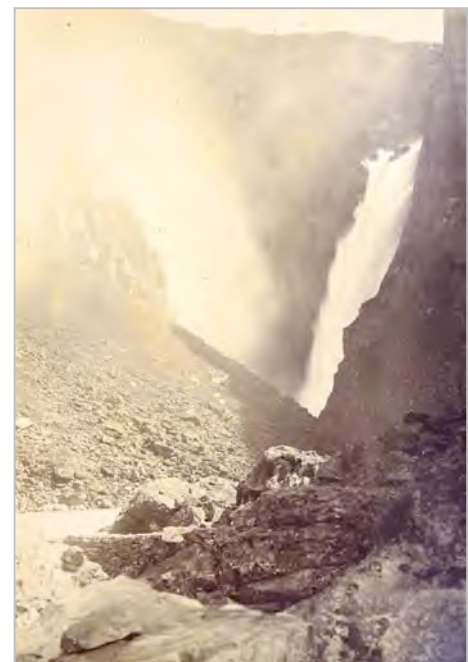
Then to bed the party occupying the three divisions in the general room. The Viking and I the means and the other two the extremes. I then discovered that our bed was so short that eighteen inches of my legs had to project over the dividing board into Thermes bed. This meant a considerable drawback to the night's sleep and in a measure explained a dream Thermes related next morning about resting on the soft arm of some fair being and being lulled to rest by the sweet music of some fairy dance. At 5 a. m. each member answered the roll and then to my inexpressible relief I saw my portmanteau in the little porch. After an early breakfast the luggage was packed on two fresh horses and under the guidance of the keeper of the hut and one of his men we started at 8 o'clock for Garen, first saying "Good Bye" to Jonas and his pony, and if we felt regret at parting from this faithful man, it is equally true that big tears stood

in his eyes when he said "Farvel". We treated the occupants of the hut to musical honours when leaving and to three times three and marched away to the inspiring strains of "One more river" which Jonas took up and echoed back to the best of his ability off the most distant point from the hut from which we should be able to see it we turned and saw our friends a couple of miles away still watching us and we gave a "hip, hip, hurrah!" which they answered in the same language with waving of hands and handkerchiefs. Then we turned and saw them no more.

At 9-30 we reached the summit of our journey 5,000 feet and at this point a splendid view lay open to us. Away in the north-east lay our old friend of Saturday the Hallingskarven, to the north-west was the Hardanger Jokel and right before us some twenty five miles we could trace the mountains over Eidfjord Vik. The sun got very hot soon and the snow became soft and dangerous our horses at times disappearing beneath it and having to flounder out. Our path now descended to a valley and on nearing the Kjeldedal one of our guides espied in the distance, some two miles away, a great herd of Reindeer. There were over 200 of them and it was most interesting, when the guides shouted, to watch them closing their ranks in the snow. The next sign of life was a giant hawk, which with a sad cry like a cat in pain, followed us for several miles, and then sailed away to his lonely retreat in the mountains. At 2-30 the Krosdalen Lacter was reached and here a halt was sounded for lunch, which the guides had made ample provision for, and when we had all partaken of this, and about two gallons of rich milk obtained from the Lacter, we felt that the back of the journey had been broken.



After an hours rest the journey was resumed and here I may say that I do not propose to give our experiences that day in detail. Time would not permit it, so I shall briefly state that our guides knew every inch of the way—that we seeing and acknowledging this had perfect confidence in them, and so we were concerned only with our own walking powers! And although the journey that day was longer and really was more severe than the one already accomplished, still it did not seem so bad by a long way. After a hard days walking Garen was reached at 9-30 o'clock. Here the evidence of glacier action was very marked. The little Station itself is built on a polished rock, which looks like the round back of a gigantic stone whale, off which it might slip at any moment. The party became so affected by this idea that they soon skipped off to bed. There was a hard days work in prospect next day and an early start was necessary, so having purchased many Reindeer skins and Horns as mementos of our journey over the mountains we bade farewell to our guides and started for the Voung fos. Our first view of this magnificent fall was from the top. The valley through which we had come, ends abruptly in a gorge 1,000 feet deep, and about 100 yards wide, and into this the entire volume of the river Bjordia plunges in a clean perpendicular fall of over 500 feet. The view is a most impressive one, we were some 500 feet above the top of it, and looking over the edge of the cliff we could see down into the boiling cauldron, which lay over 1,000 feet below us, and over it hung three brilliant rainbows, so marked in their colours and so fixed and steady looking that they seemed as if painted on the thick spray, which never ceases to rise from the fall, and we could well imagine them to be "spirits



of the mist”.

The descent was difficult and dangerous but it was accomplished in safety in about an hour. It was impossible to get closer than 300 yards to the fall because of the blinding drenching spray, but we got sufficiently near to enable us to conclude that the Young fos carried away the palm for all the falls we had previously seen, and when Piscator said he was thinking of language in which to picture his impressions we unanimously declared that had better not attempt it.

There was a Steamer to catch at 5 o'clock at Vik so we had, very reluctantly, to turn our faces from the fall, and it seemed a pity that there was not more time to contemplate the magnificent scenery through which the path lay. The river boiling and tearing along the narrow valley which, was nowhere more than 200 yards wide and the almost perpendicular walls of rock rising 2,000 to 3,000 feet at each side made the valley of the Maerbdal a sight never to be forgotten. The road (if I may apply the term to a place where there was no vestige of one) was painfully rough and the heat, piled up as it were in the valley, was excessive, but on we had to plod and climb for about four hours when the welcome Eidfjord Vance appeared in view. Here a boat was waiting and an hours rowing conveyed the wanderers to the opposite side when Thermes was despatched to Vik, two miles, to send a cart for the luggage. Allured by tempting visions of cold refreshing beer Piscator and I followed slowly, leaving the Viking to come in the cart with the luggage. Thermes had sent off the cart and ordered dinner for 4 o'clock, and we were momentarily expecting the Viking, but as there was no sign of him we, to save time attacked the viands. Still no Viking! Then at 5 o'clock the steamer came and went; we became much alarmed and were organising a search party when we espied the Viking tearing down a distant hill. On his arrival there was an angry discussion, the object of our fury being the Landlord of our Hotel at Vik whom we strongly suspected of having purposely delayed the messenger so that we might be compelled to sleep at his Hotel. Our blood was very hot that day and we pitched into that host and he was told he deserved kicking, and then as the Viking had no dinner we had the courage to compel him to supply the wants of our Chief which he reluctantly did. Dust was then shaken from our feet in clouds and the forces withdrawn to the beach where, lest any might cling to our bodies, and be lost to the testimony against that man, we undressed and were soon sporting in the lovely clear waters of the Eidfjord. The river which comes down from the Young fos joins the sea at this point and the difference in temperature in river and sea was sharply defined. You could put out your feet in the icy water of the former and keep your head in the hot water all the time. On coming out of the water we discovered a woman had been watching our antics, but as we were covered with confusion, it did not of course matter so to repay her kindly interest we bought some milk from her and then sang to her our Quartette, as she crossed in the ferry to the Limodal Valley, which lay opposite looking cold and inhospitable in spite of the golden rays thrown into it, with lavish hand, by the setting sun. It had been decided to thwart the Landlord and go to Ulrick that evening by a steamer leaving at 9-30 and as it was impossible to visit the hotel for refreshments comfort was sought and found in our flasks and after the dangers and difficulties of the last few days we considered we were entitled to drink each other's health. At 10-30 the little Steamer rounded a distant promontory and soon came alongside. All were quickly on board and off for Ulrik, which was reached after a restful sail of an hour. Then to bed tired out.



The following morning was gloriously fine and at an early hour before any of the inhabitants had open their eyes three of our party were in the tepid waters of the Ulrik fjord close to the little Steamer the “Vikingen” which had brought us the night before. When we saw the beauties of the place we freely forgave the designing Landlord for the part he played; for if it had not been for him, we should have gone onto Odde and missed Ulrik. Of all the places visited up to this time, none in my opinion could in any way compare with the soft charms of Ulrik. In front of us lay the Ulrik Fjord bathed in the richest golden light; on right and left, rose mountains clothed in graceful looking pines, while in the distance we could see the Hardanger mountains capped with snow as if to form a contrast with the warm scenery in our

immediate vicinity. There was not much time spend here the Steamer leaving at 1-30 for Odde and so we had to leave many charming views to be taken “next time” In due time the Vikingen got up steam and was soon under weigh—the first stopping place being Vik which we left the night before. The Landlord was bowing and scraping on the pier; but we took no notice of him although we had fully appreciated the charms of Ulrik. From Vik to Eide was a lovely sail of one and a half hours with glorious views of the Hardanger Fjord quite a different class of scenery to the Sondrefjorde for here we had the mountains thickly wooded the little Stations and villages lying here and there with the green patches of cultivated land surrounding them and now and then a pretty waterfall peeping out from amongst the trees, as it makes its way down the fjord. At Eide it was necessary to the “Vikingen” and go to board the larger Steamer the “Hardangeren” which runs from Bergan. It was a perfect afternoon a cloudless sky and the glorious sun beating on the huge Tolgefond as the great glacier is called, which lay on our right and from which many silvery looking waterfalls came rushing down the mountains. After a most enjoyable sail Odile was reached at about eight o’clock and a comfortable Hotel received us most hospitably.



What a calm contented feeling took possession of us as we settled down. It seemed as if Odile was the goal aimed at all along and which we had now reached after much weary work. Here one experienced the first real feeling of being quite at home. Ulrik was beautiful but there is a witchery about Odde which is simply indescribable. Apply to it the endearing epithets which you would use in describing your “love’s young dream” and you would fail to do justice to Odde. There she lay like a young maiden whose pure brow has never been clouded by a thought of the outside world resting with a confidence all her own in that charming valley, the guardian mountains, which surround her ever keeping a watchful jealous eye, lest one of her graces be stolen. Forgive me for rhapsodising about Odde “She is all my fancy painted her” and I can say no more than “Go and see for yourselves”.

Odde, seemingly shut in from the matter of fact outside world is just the place one would expect to find rich in legends and quaint histories and we were not altogether disappointed in this respect, for on remarking on the curious reflections in a pool close to the Hotel we learned that this was the Odde’s magic pool which reflected more than appeared above it, and a story was told of two lovers, and he, to obtain possession of a house belonging to the parents of one of them, which stood on the site of the pool, had made away with the old people, but on the wedding night when all the guests had departed, the house and its occupants disappeared and the pool occupied its place next morning; and they say that in the clear autumn evenings you may see the old house reflected in the water and at the door the old mother spinning her thread as in the days gone by. At an early hour the next morning the three bathers were dashing about in the waters of the Hardanger Fjord much to the astonishment of some men on board the little Steamer Kirk, which was beginning to get up steam. During all our wanderings we had never seen anyone enjoying a swim in this paradoxical “land of water” and I have no doubt that, when the natives saw us taking headers into the river or lake they concluded we were off our heads. It had been arranged that we should visit the Buer—Glacier which lay about eight miles from Odde and so a start was made soon after breakfast. The sun was almost unbearably hot, but after walking about a mile the Sande Lake was reached and there a boat took us across to the village of Jordal from where looking up the valley we could see the Glacier quite distinctly, indeed it did not seem more than half a mile away.

After an hours stiff walking we reached the foot of the Glacier where the river runs out. There was a stern relentless look about it, which was very impressive in spite of all the lovely shades of blue that one could see in the great fissures. The Glacier is comparatively speaking yet in its infancy being only about fifty years old, but still it is “a fine child for its age” for it advances some years at a tremendous rate indeed I believe a couple of years ago it covered 200 feet in a few months and thrusts aside every obstacle which stands in its path. It retires of course during the summer months but the great wall of rocks and debris clearly showed the point it had reached the previous season. It was necessary to climb some 500 feet in order to see where it boils over from the present Glacier the Folgefond.(*foglefonna*) This was a task of some difficulty owing to the loose nature of the stuff we had to cross but it was safely accomplished and then as far as the eye could reach stretched the great sea of ice. The Folgefond is I believe about forty miles long by twelve miles wide. The return to the lake occupied nearly the same time as the ascent on account of the roughness of the road, one having to pick ones steps with caution. When crossing in the boat Thermes went to test the temperature and as his thermometer was a slow acting one he said he would hold it in the water for a few minutes to allow it to cool. Unfortunately the boat gave a lurch and he let go and that thermometer is now registering away about 2,000 feet below the surface. From the lake to the Laate fos is a charming



drive of about six miles the road runs by the lake and river all the way and at different points one gets lovely views of the Buer--- Glacier and the Folgefond both shining with a dazzling brightness in the noon day sun and as the road ascended, the lake might be seen lying like a sea of blue at her feet. After passing through a rough gorge the beautiful Laate fos burst into view tumbling, tossing and dashing down the mountain, while through the blinding spray blown across the road we could see the Espelands fos on the opposite side not 100 yards distant; but it was not necessary to go far to seek another fall for in the “Gorge” down which the Laate fos tore at one side the Skars fos faced it, not more than 20 or 30 yards separating them; indeed they united at their feet and flowed under the same bridge into the river. Then back to Odde and later on being attracted by the sweet strains of a violin we strolled in that direction. The Hardanger fiddle is a celebrated instrument having seven strings some of which lie beneath those which actually touch the bow and the vibration of the two gives a peculiarly pleasing effect. It is now almost a thing of the past and one is fortunate to come across it in his travels. We learned all this from the Viking while walking towards the music, but when we arrived on the scene we found that the instrument was not a Hardanger fiddle at all, but a genuine old 10/6 one.

The stay at Odde was far too short but if we had stayed a month there I am sure we should have felt just the same, indeed I may go further and say the longer you remained the greater would be the pang at parting. As it was we were quite at home and the ministering angels looked after us with a special attention. There were three Graces that attached themselves to us in a marked degree, and we might have become attached also if time had been on our side, as it was we carried away many tender recollections of Odde. But Steamers are slippery things and Time Tables are a trifle imperative and so, after many farewells commenced in the darkest corridors, and repeated till the door step was reached we found ourselves on board the “Hardangeren” at 11-30 for Bergen. It was a sad parting, and at first it was difficult to smile our hearts ached so, but soon wafted by the morning breeze along the waters of the Hardanger Fjord might be heard our song “One more river” which quickly swelled as voice after voice took up the refrain till the whole Quartette party joining sent it back as a message of love and good feeling to Odde. The journey from Odde to Bergan takes twenty hours, so there is plenty of time to settle down and become more companionable with those on board, amongst whom we found pedestrians, who told thrilling tales of feats on distant mountains; photographers who spoke of plates exposed under almost impossible conditions and Fishermen! But I think their stories beat all the others into fits. Our mountaineering had sharpened our appetites to such an extent, that we fairly astonished those who sat near us at table, and perhaps it may interest you to hear what one of our party confessed to be accountable for, at tea, which was served at eight o’clock dinner having dealt at 1-30

First came,

Bread 15 slices
Tea 3cups
Salmon (fried) 2 helpings
Salmon kippered
Sprat size of herring
Anchovies
2 eggs
German sausage (Red)
German sausage (Black)
Smoked Ham
Cheese

And then he had the audacity to tell the Steward that he did not consider it was a tea at all when he could get no jam. Is it any wonder that in the watches of the night, when all had sunk to rest, shrieks and screams issued from one of the berths rudely disturbing all. Some shouted, "Sling him overboard" and others "shy a boot at him" and then all was peace again, and to this day the delinquent never has been discovered. Bergen was reached at 7-30 Saturday morning and then to the Fish Market where we saw much trafficking in fish, nearly all of which is sold alive. The Fishermen put nearly all the fish they catch in a vessel like a Canoe, which has holes bored in it to allow the water free ingress and egress and this they tow after their boats to the market and when you want to buy you simply tell the man the kind and size and he thrusts his hand in and drags out a fish. If the price is not satisfactory he puts it back again, but if you agree to buy he whips out a knife, cuts its throat, and throws it into the coal scuttle basket on your arm. Afterwards many purchases were made including some wooden shoes and more Reindeer skins and then to board the "Eldorado" which was lying mid channel.

She left Bergen at twelve o'clock and reached Stavenger at 7-30. The Eldorado remained at Stavenger for about two hours taking in cargo and embarking a number of emigrants. The following day, Sunday, was a veritable day of rest for us, and one of which we stood much in need, for now that the keen excitement which had sustained us so long, was growing less, we felt that our 500 miles in Norway was a feat of which we not be ashamed, and so we contented ourselves with comparing notes and fighting our peaceful battles over again and as the day broke on Monday morning, and we saw the low lying line of black land on the western horizon over which the clouds seemed to hang sadly, we could not but say "How different to Odde with its brilliant colors and clear atmosphere" but still there was no cloud on our hearts, for we knew that it was England, and that after all, there was no place like home.

Chas Brenan

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