

# NORWAY

BY

## JOHN L. STODDARD

Illustrated and Embellished with One Hundred  
and Twenty-eight Reproductions  
of Photographs



CHICAGO  
BELFORD, MIDDLEBROOK & COMPANY  
MDCCCXCVII







*John L. Stoddard.*

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## PREFACE

A WITTY French abbé was once asked why he kept up a country-seat which he never visited. "Do you not know," he answered, "that I must have some place, where, though I never go to it, I can always imagine that I might be happier than where I am?" The world is like the abbé. Most of us are not living, we are anticipating life. We are always "going to our country-seats." It is the land we have not visited that is to give to us our greatest happiness. If we have not yet found it in America, it is awaiting us in Europe; if not in Europe, surely in Japan. As the Germans say, "Da wo ich nicht bin, da ist das Glück." Hence travel is attractive, if only as a means of acquiring that happiness which here seems so elusive. All of us hope to some day visit Europe and the Orient, and for that reason everything pertaining to their beauty, art and history seems alluring. But when these have been seen, the wished-for goal of the untraveled world again recedes, and the desire is just as strong to visit other and more distant lands.

This love of travel is not caused by ordinary restlessness. It springs originally from the universal craving of the soul for something different from its usual environment.

It also comes from a legitimate longing for that broader education which only personal study of other races, civilizations and religions can bestow. And, finally, it arises from a yearning for the joy and benefit of *realizing history* by visiting the ancient shrines of art, the homes or sepulchres of heroes, and the arenas of heroic deeds. When such desires

are once awakened, to travel is to live, to remain continually in one place is to stagnate.

Thousands of books of travel have been written, but notwithstanding that the scenes described in them are practically the same, and though the streets and buildings which adorn their text are perfectly familiar to their readers, such works are usually welcome, and always in proportion to the degree in which mere figures and statistics are subordinated to the *ideas* suggested by such travel to the writer's mind, which, of course, vary infinitely according to the culture, sympathy and enthusiasm of the individual. Thus, in a similar way, the keys of all pianos are the same; yet it is not the bits of ivory themselves that hold us spell-bound, but the magnetic fingers that move over them, and the musical interpretation and expression given by the performer.

If only accurate statistics and detailed descriptions were desired, guide-books would be sufficient; but who ever reads a guide-book for amusement?

Such thoughts have encouraged the author of these volumes to present in printed form lectures which for eighteen years have been received with never-failing kindness by an indulgent public. *Verba volant; Scripta manent* (Words are fleeting, but what is written remains). The voice of the speaker dies away, and what he says is soon forgotten, but on these printed pages, that which has really caused whatever success the "Stoddard Lectures" have achieved, may be recalled precisely as the lectures were heard, accompanied too by even more embellishment than illustrated them at the time of their delivery. It has always given the writer a singular sensation to meet his audiences season after season after the separation of a year. Were they the same individuals whom he had last addressed? He could not tell. They could be absolutely sure of his identity, but he was quite unable to determine theirs. Beyond the curve of platform



or of stage, he could not distinguish the auditors of former years from those who were seated there for the first time. Sometimes they seemed to him scarcely more real and tangible than were the views that came and went so noiselessly upon the screen. He looked for a few moments at an amphitheatre of expectant faces, then darkness would transform them into rows of phantoms, and at the end he saw them rise and disappear, like a great fleet of ships that separates and scatters on a trackless sea.

In these volumes, however, he hopes to meet his audiences more frequently, and for a longer time than ever before. If, then, the oral lectures may have given the public some enjoyment in the past, it is the author's hope that when he himself no longer greets his former listeners, year by year, these souvenirs of travel may in this form find a more enduring place among the pleasures of their memories.

In that case he will not be utterly forgotten, for pleasant memories can never be taken from us; they are the only joys of which we can be absolutely sure.

*John L. Stoddard.*



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NORWAY.



# NORWAY

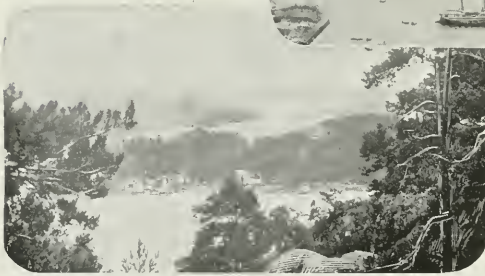
OF all the countries on our globe, Norway, in some respects, must rank as the most wonderful. From the North Cape to its most southern limit the distance is about eleven hundred miles. Nearly one-third of this great area lies within the Arctic circle. One would expect its climate to be that of Greenland; but Nature saves it, as a habitation for the race, by sending thither the mysterious Gulf Stream, which crosses the Atlantic for five thousand miles, and, although far spent on that distant shore, fulfills its mission, transforming, by its still warm breath, an otherwise barren region to a fertile land. But this is only the beginning of Norway's wonders. Exposed to all the fury of the North Sea, Arctic and Atlantic, the navigation of its coast would be well-nigh impossible had not indulgent Nature made here countless breakwaters, by means of a vast fringe of islands more than a thousand miles in length, behind which are smooth, sheltered channels for the largest ships.



KING OSCAR II.

Again, Norwegian mountains come directly to the sea. On this account, one might suppose that the interior would be inaccessible. But Nature does here one more act of kindness, and penetrates these mountain walls at many points with ocean avenues, sometimes a hundred miles in length, and with such depth that, at their farthest limits, steamers may come directly to the shore. Moreover, to enhance its mystery and beauty, Nature bestows on this, her favorite, a day that is a summer long, — a light that never elsewhere was on land or sea, — and makes its splendid vistas still more glorious by a midnight sun.

There have been



THE HARBOR OF CHRISTIANIA.

few experiences in my life more joyous and exhilarating than my arrival in Christiania. It was six o'clock in the morning as our

steamer glided up its noble harbor. The sky was cloudless; the water of the deepest blue; a few white sails rose here and there, like sea-gulls, from the waves. The forest-covered islands, emerald to the water's edge, seemed gems upon the bosom of the bay. Beyond, were mountains glistening in an atmosphere, the like of which, for clearness, I had never seen. While the first breath of that crisp, aromatic air (a most delicious blending of the odors of mountain, sea, and forest) can never be forgotten.

“This, this is Norway!” we exclaimed, “and it is all before us; first, in the joy of exploration; then in the calmer, though perpetual, pleasure of its retrospection.”

Excited by our anticipations, we disembarked as



THE VICTORIA HOTEL.

speedily as possible, and hastened to the Hotel Victoria. It is a well-kept, comfortable hostelry, whose chief peculiarity is a spacious courtyard, where frequently, in summer, *table d'hôte* is served beneath a mammoth tent of gorgeous colors. Moreover, it is a pleasant rendezvous for travelers; for while some tourists are here setting forth upon their inland journey, others have just completed it, and with bronzed faces tell strange stories of the North, which sound like tales invented by Munchausen.

Impatient to arrange our route, after a breakfast in the hotel courtyard we went directly to the individual known as “Bennett.” “Bennett? Who is Bennett?” the reader perhaps exclaims. My friend, there is but one Norway, and Bennett is its prophet. Bennett is the living encyclopædia of Norway;



MR. BENNETT,  
THE TRAVELER'S FRIEND.

its animated map; its peripatetic guide-book. Nor is this all. He is the traveler's guide, philosopher, and friend. He sketches lengthy tours back and forth as easily as sailors box the compass; tells him which roads to take and which to avoid; sends word ahead for carriages and horses; engages rooms for him within the Arctic circle; forwards his letters, so that he may read them by the midnight sun; gives him a list of carriage-coupons which the coachmen cry for; and (more important still) so plans his



A NORTHERN LANDSCAPE.

numerous arrivals and departures on the coast that he shall always find a train or steamer there awaiting him. This is a most essential thing in Norway.

As a rule, Norwegian time-tables are about as difficult to decipher as the inscriptions on a Chinese tea-caddy. Even Bradshaw, the author of that English railway guide which is the cause of so much apoplexy, came here to Norway a few years ago, and died in trying to make out its post-road and railway system. Some think that it was a judgment





IN NORWAY.

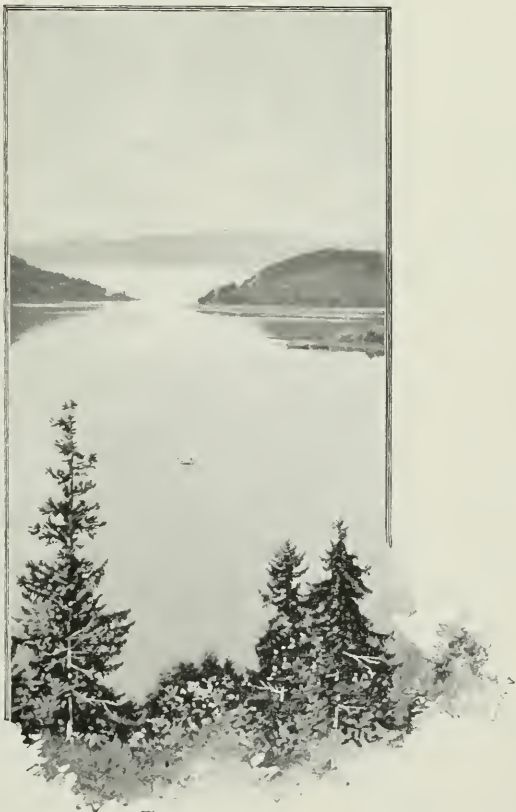


on him. At all events, his grave is near Christiania, and he sleeps, while the "globe-trotter," whom he long befriended, still rushes to and fro.

Although an Englishman by birth, "Bennett" has been for fifty years a resident of Norway, and is a blessing to all travelers in that country. At first he gave his services gratuitously; but as the tourists began to multiply, he found that such disinterestedness was impossible. He at length made a business of it, and year by year it has steadily increased.

A new edition of his guide-book comes out every season; and to still further help the public, he has begotten four young Bennetts, who act as courteous agents for their father, in Bergen, Trondhjem, and Christiania. He has no "personally conducted parties." He has no wish to go outside of Norway. But here, on account of the peculiar style of traveling, and the difficulty of the language, it certainly is a great convenience to employ him.

Our arrangements with this guardian of Norwegian tourists having at length been concluded, we strolled for some time through Christiania's streets. It is a clean and cheerful city, though it can boast of little architectural beauty. The Royal Palace is its finest building, but even this, on close inspection, proves to be more



CHRISTIANIA FJORD.



THE PALACE AT CHRISTIANIA.

useful than ornamental, and well suited to a nation forced to practice strict economy. In inspecting the structure it is interesting to remember how independent

Norway is of Sweden, although both countries are governed by one King. The Parliament in Christiania is wholly separate from that of Stockholm. No Swede may hold political office here. Even the power of the King is limited; for if a bill is passed three times in the Norwegian Parliament, then, notwithstanding the royal veto, it becomes law.

Moreover, in accordance with the Constitution, the King of Sweden and Norway must be crowned in Norway; he must reside here three months in the year; here, also, he must open Parliament in person, and hold receptions, for no Norwegian wishes to go to Stockholm for a presentation to his sovereign. In this portion of his realm, also, he must be addressed as "King of Norway and Sweden," not of "Sweden and Norway." A certain rivalry still exists between these two



A VIEW NEAR CHRISTIANIA.

nations. Norwegians sometimes say: "We love the English, and drink tea; the Swedes love the French, and drink coffee!"

One of the first things that attracted my attention in my walks through Christiania was the peculiar sign, "Rum för

Resande." Judge not, however, from appearances in this strange language of the north. It is said that not long ago an English-speaking traveler of strong prohibition principles was horrified at seeing this announcement frequently displayed.

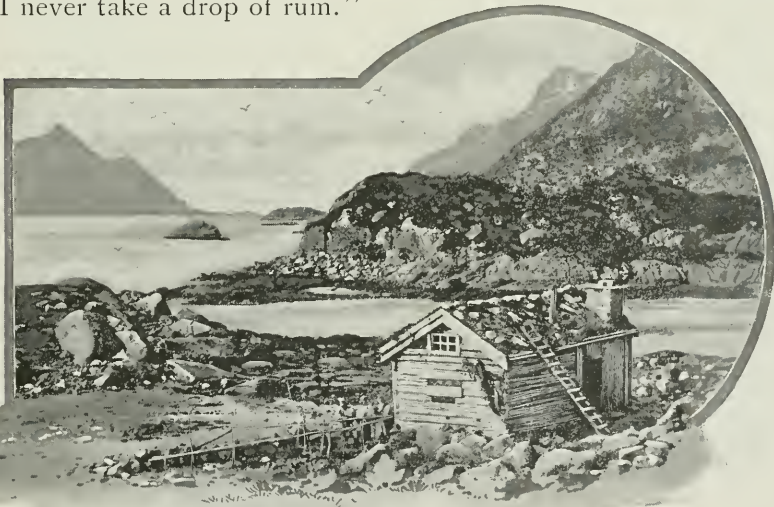
"What does that last word 'Resande' mean?" he asked suspiciously.

"Travelers," was the reply.

"Rum for travelers!" he exclaimed. "Oh, this is terrible! What an insult to the traveling public! Now I, for one, protest against such misrepresentation. I am a traveler, but I never take a drop of rum."



AN AMBIGUOUS SIGN.



A BIT OF NORWAY.





LAKE MJÖSEN.

our northward journey, we left some interesting features in Christiania for a later visit, and on a beautiful June morning set out for the coast. The train conveyed us in two hours to Lake Mjösen, where we embarked upon a little steamer. From that time on, although continually traveling, we saw no more railways for a month. This lovely sheet of water has a marvelous depth, its bed, in places, being one thousand feet below the level of the sea. This fact grows more mysterious when we remember that on the occasion of the Lisbon earthquake, in 1755, the waters of this lake, although so remote from Portugal, were so terribly disturbed, that they rose suddenly to the height of twenty

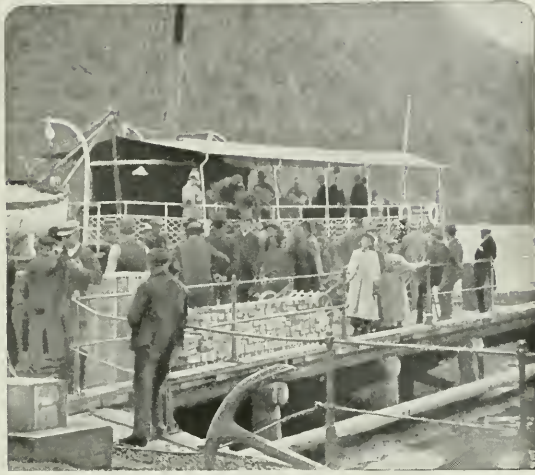
“Not quite so fast,” rejoined a Norwegian, who was laughing heartily; ‘that first word means, not *rum*, but *rooms*; the whole sentence, therefore, merely signifies, ‘lodging for travelers.’” Eager to start upon



A WISE CAPTAIN.

feet, and then as suddenly subsided.

It was while sailing on the waters of Lake Mjösen that we had another curious linguistic experience. Next to Norwegian or Swedish, English is best understood and spoken



A LANDING PIER.

by the natives, especially among the seafaring population. We did not know this fact at first, and as we had just come from Germany, it seemed more natural to address the people in the Teutonic tongue. You know the German word for bright or clear is "hell." Accordingly, desiring to ask the captain if he thought that the weather would be fine, my friend



IN THE HEART OF NORWAY.

stepped up to him, and pointing to the sky, said interrogatively, "Hell?"

"No," replied the captain, in perfectly good English, "hell does n't lie in that direction!"

A sail of several hours here through charming scenery brought us at last to the place where we were to disembark. Hardly had I set foot upon the pier, when a man accosted me in good, familiar English:

"Just step this way, sir, if you please," he said; "the carriage ordered for you by Mr. Bennett is all ready."

This surely was a pleasant introduction. There was no trouble whatsoever—no bargaining, no delay. In fifteen minutes we had started on our four days' journey to the sea.

Between Christiania and the western coast is a broad mountain range extending hundreds of miles north and south.



A LOVELY DRIVE.

No railroad crosses that gigantic barrier. True, the town of Trondhjem, in the north, can now be reached circuitously by rail. But all the great southwestern coast, including the towns of Bergen and Molde, and the large fjords, can only be approached by several magnificent highways, of which the finest here awaited us, the one extending for a hundred and sixty miles from Lake

Mjösen to the Songe fjord. And here one naturally asks, "What is the mode of traveling in Norway? Where do you eat? Where do you sleep? Do you take horses for the entire





ŞÆTERSDALEN.



journey, or from day to day?" It is easily explained. All these Norwegian highways are divided into sections, each about ten miles long. These sections have at one extremity a "station" (usually a farmhouse), the owner of which is obliged by law to give to travelers food and lodging, and also to supply them with fresh horses to the next station.

These Norwegian post-houses are invariably made of



FINE NORWEGIAN STATION.

wood, sometimes elaborately carved and decorated. As you approach the door, some member of the family greets you, frequently in English, since many of these people have been in America. If you desire to spend the night, you ask for rooms. If you merely require dinner, you can be quickly served; or if your purpose is to drive on still farther, you simply order fresh horses. For these we never waited more than fifteen minutes, though sometimes, in the height of the season, serious delays take place. On this account it is better to precede the crowd of tourists, and visit Norway early in the summer. Such has been my experience, at least; and judging from some stories I have heard of tourists sleeping on the floor and dressing on the back piazza, I should emphatically recommend this rule to all adventurers in the land of Thor.



A CARIOLE.

But speaking of Norwegian post-stations reminds one of the characteristic vehicle of Norway, — the cariole. This is by no means a “carry-all.” It is a little gig, intended for only one person. True, the boy (or, in some instances, the girl) who takes the horse back after you have done with it, rides behind. His seat is your valise, and his weight determines the subsequent condition of its contents! There is a charming lightness in these carioles. The springs are good, and the seat is easy. A leather apron reaches to your waist to shield you from the dust or rain; and, drawn by a Norwegian pony, such a drive is wonderfully exhilarating.

These little carriages have, however, one great fault, — their want of sociability. The linguistic powers of a Norwegian post-boy are extremely limited; and when you have ridden ten hours a day, unable to exchange a word with your friends except by shouting, the drive becomes a trifle wearisome. But the reader may ask: “Is there not sometimes great discomfort in traveling by



THE NATIONAL VEHICLE.





LUXURY IN NORWAY.

example, about a hundred and thirty miles in a sort of victoria, the rear of which could be entirely covered in case of rain. This, all in all, I hold to be the best conveyance for the tourist in Norway, especially when ladies are of the party. I know that such a carriage is considered too luxurious by the English; but I am sure that American ladies will gain more pleasure and profit from Norwegian travel if they do not attempt to drive all day in carioles; and if beneath the canopy provided they keep their clothing dry.

At home we would not think of driving forty miles a day in an open wagon through the rain; why, then, should we do it unnecessarily in Norway, where showers are proverbially both frequent and copious? As for the fun and novelty of cariole-riding, these can always be had, for several hours at a time, between one station and another, even if one has engaged a larger carriage for the entire journey, for the cost of a cariole and pony for half a day is ludicrously small, and the change to it, occasionally, well repays the slight expenditure.

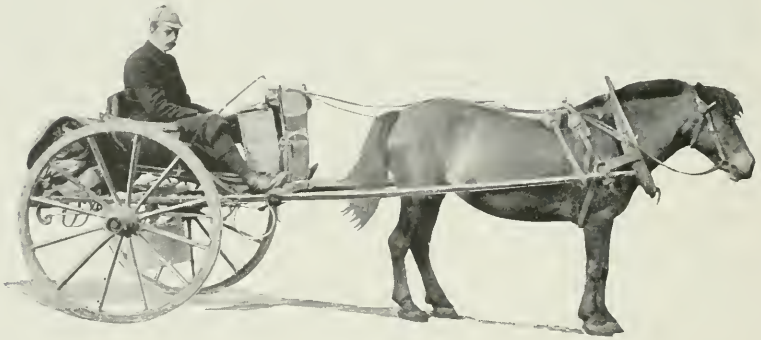
carioles in rainy weather?" Assuredly there is. But in such weather one is not obliged to take a cariole. Norway has other vehicles.

We drove, for



A PEASANT GIRL.

But in thus speaking of the cariole, I have unwittingly put the cart before the horse. A word of praise must certainly be given to the usual Norwegian steed. Of all the ponies I have ever seen, these of Norway are at once the strongest,



A NORWEGIAN PONY.

prettiest, and most lovable. They are usually of a delicate cream color, with one dark line along the back, the mane being always closely cut. These ponies are employed in Norway almost universally, being not only less expensive but really more enduring than the larger horses. For weeks we drove behind these little animals, till we had tested certainly seventy-five



A FARM SCENE.

of them, and never once did we observe in any of them the slightest ugliness or a vicious trait. They are, moreover, wonderfully sure-footed. I never saw one stumble or go lame. Possibly, later in the season, when much over-worked, they

may not have the spirit which we found in them; but in our drives of more than two hundred miles there was not one which did not cheerfully respond to any call.

This being premised, let us really begin our journey. At first we found the scenery more beautiful than grand. In many places I could have believed myself in portions of either of the American states of New Hampshire or Vermont. Across the fields I often noticed long, dark lines which, in the distance, looked like hedges. On examination, however, these proved to be wooden fences, covered with new-mown grass; for, in this way, Norwegian farmers "make hay while the sun shines." Some of these fences are very low, but others have considerable height. Norwegian farmers claim that grass hung thus, and thoroughly exposed to wind and sun, will shed the rain and dry more quickly than if left upon the ground.

Their theory seems reasonable, and the extent of the hay crop, which is very important, further justifies it. There is one other argument in favor of these hay-racks,—during



A MAUD MULLER.

all other seasons of the year they serve as clothes-lines for the family washing. But even more peculiar than the fences were the vehicles used for hauling the hay into Norwegian barns.



A HAY CART.

We laughed at first sight of these rustic carts. They are only a trifle larger than a good-sized cradle, and are perched upon the smallest wheels I ever

saw on anything except a toy. Yet there is good reason for their use, for on Norwegian farms the loads are drawn, not by stout oxen, but by little ponies.

Moreover, the grass is often cut from the edge of precipices, or in deep ravines, and these low carts are certainly better adapted than high and heavy ones for locomotion in such regions.

While thus absorbed in agricultural reflections, we drove up to the house where we were to take supper. A pleasant-featured girl, with a baby in her arms, invited us to enter. She spoke English perfectly, having been born, as we learned, in Minneapolis.



AT A FARM HOUSE.

I shall never forget that first Norwegian supper. The name for the evening meal in Norway is "aftenmad," but *oftenmad* would better express it in English. First, there were



placed before us five different kinds of cheese, the most remarkable of which was a tall monument of chocolate-colored substance made from goat's milk. This, by Norwegians, is considered perfectly delicious; but for a month I shuddered at it regularly three times a day. Next was brought in a jar containing fish. At this my friend smiled joyfully.



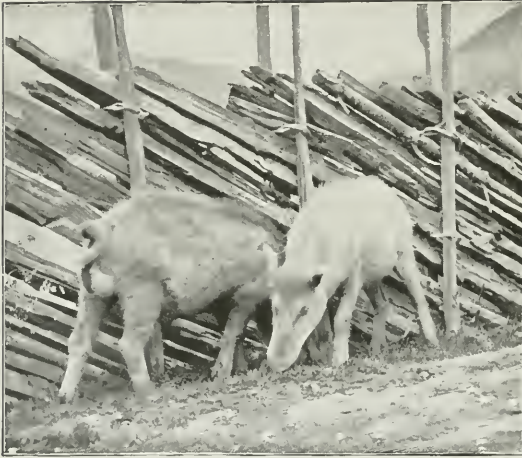
A NORWEGIAN HAY-FIELD.

“Ah,” he exclaimed, “here is fish! Anything in the line of fish I can eat with a relish.”

He drew a specimen from the jar, and put a portion of it in his mouth. A look of horror instantly overspread his face, and, covering his features with a napkin, he left the room in haste. I quickly followed him, and found him in the back yard gazing mournfully at some Norwegian swine.

“What is the matter?” I asked, “do you prefer pork to fish?”

“I believe I do,” he rejoined. Then turning to the girl, who had followed us, he inquired, “What is the Norwegian word for pork?”



“DO YOU PREFER FORK TO FISH?”

“Griss,”\* was the reply.

“Thank you,” he faltered, “I don’t think I will take any to-day.”

“Eh” (in an aside to me), “had n’t we better drive on?”

“Drive on?” I cried. “Drive on, when there

is plenty of fish, which you always eat with so much relish?”

“Great heavens!” he groaned, “that was too much even for me. It was a raw anchovy dipped in vinegar.”

While this colloquy was taking place, we re-entered the dining-room and asked for bread. We were amazed to see what this request brought forth. Upon a plate almost as large as the wheel of a Norwegian hay-cart was brought to us a mound of circular wafers nearly three feet in circumference, and each about as thick as one of our buckwheat cakes.

\* Pronounced as is our English word *grease*.



NORWEGIAN PEASANTS.

They were made of rye meal and water (chiefly water), and were so crisp that they would break to pieces at a touch. This is called "flatbrod," and it is certainly in every sense the flattest article ever invented for the human stomach. The people, however, are fond of it, and I saw horses eat it frequently, mistaking it (quite naturally, I am sure) for tablets of compressed hay.

But here I shall probably be asked, "Is this the usual state of things in Norway?" No, this first station was unusually poor. The staple article of food in Norway (always fresh and good) is salmon. Milk and sweet butter can also be had, and eggs *ad libitum*. In fact, the abundance of eggs here is probably responsible for the atrocious witticism often perpetrated by Norwegian tourists, to the effect that "if the sun does not set in Norway, hens do." Mutton and beef are not obtainable, save at the large hotels, their places being usually supplied by veal, sausage meat, or reindeer hash. I met, while traveling here, an Englishman, who said to me, "I did intend to drive on to Christiania;



NORWAY SCENERY.

but I really can't, you know; another month of this would kill me. In the last two weeks I have eaten so many of these 'blasted eggs' that I'm ashamed to look a hen in the face!' Yet, notwithstanding the hardships which the traveler meets in Norway in regard to food, he will find all discomforts



A TRAVELER'S PARADISE.

far from any city, one cannot look for luxuries at these small stations; indeed, I was surprised to find that the peasants knew enough to give us, during a meal, several knives and forks, hot plates, and other features of a well-served table. And as far as prices are concerned, they are so moderate as to provoke a smile from any one accustomed to travel in other parts of Europe.

Yes, all ordinary discomforts sink into insignificance, as I recall those memorable drives, day after day and hour after hour, over lofty mountains, through noble forests, and beside stupendous cliffs, the only sounds about us being the songs of birds and the perpetual melody of numberless cascades. Moreover, this mode of travel gave us the energy

easily outweighed by the enjoyment of the trip. The constant exercise in the open air gives powers of digestion hitherto unknown, preceded by an appetite which laughs at everything, . . . . save cheese. Of course, being so



of athletes. For how can I describe the invigoration and sweetness of this Norway air, — pure from these miles of mountains, — rich with the fragrance of a billion pines, and freshened by its passage over northern glaciers and the Arctic sea?

As for the roads in Norway, they are among the finest in the world. The majority of them are flanked with telegraph-poles; for not only are these routes magnificent specimens of man's triumph over nature, but the lightning also is controlled here, and, swift as light, thought wings its way upon a metal wire through this inland waste, — a marvel always wonderful and ever new. Nature has given to these

scenes the trees and rocks which yield to nothing but the wintry blasts. Man has suspended here a thread of steel, which thrills responsive to the thoughts of thousands, transmitting through this gloomy gorge the messages of love, hope,



A NORWEGIAN HIGHWAY.

exultation, or despair. Thus even here one can never feel completely isolated. That little wire enables one at any point to vanquish space, and by placing, as it were, a finger on the pulse of life, to feel the heart-beats of the world.

In 1888, two American gentlemen were traveling in Norway,

one of whom grew depressed at his apparent isolation from humanity. His comrade, to astonish and console him, telegraphed from one of the post-houses where they had stopped for dinner, to the American consul at Christiania. The message which he sent was this:



APPARENT ISOLATION.

“Who was the Democratic nominee for President yesterday in Chicago?”

Before the meal was finished, the answer had arrived:

“Grover Cleveland.”

Some of the roads on which we traveled here are cut directly through the mountains. We found such tunnels quite agreeable, since they furnished the only genuine darkness to be found. So far as light is concerned, one may drive through Norway in the summer just as well by night as by day. Early and late indeed are words which in this region grow meaningless. I could not keep a diary in Norway, so difficult was it to tell when yesterday ended and to-day

began. At first this seemed a great economy of time. We felt that we were getting some advantage over Mother Nature. "Why not drive on another twenty miles?" we asked; "we can enjoy the scenery just as well;" or, "Why not write a few letters now? It is still light. In fact, why go to bed after But at all?" after



A LAND OF PERPETUAL SUNLIGHT.

a time  
this everlast-  
ing daylight grew  
a trifle wearisome.

It thoroughly demoralized both our brains and our stomachs, from the unheard of hours it occasioned for eating and sleeping. Steamers will start in Norway at five o'clock in the morning, or even at midnight. I once sat down to a *table d'hôte* dinner at half-past nine, and on another occasion ate a lunch in broad daylight at two o'clock in the morning. Moreover, even when we went to bed the sun's



NORWEGIAN BOULDERS.

rays stole between our eyelids, and dispelled that darkness which induces slumber. For, strangely enough, there are rarely any blinds or shutters to Norwegian windows. Only a thin, white curtain

usually from the glare of day. After a while, therefore, I could sympathize with an American lady, whom I heard



DISINTEGRATED MOUNTAINS.



exclaim, "O, I would give anything for a good, pitch-dark night twenty-four hours long!"

One characteristic of these roads made on my mind a profound impression, namely, the boulders that have been split off from overhanging peaks by frost and avalanche. This is a feature of Norwegian scenery that I have never seen equaled in the world. Sometimes we drove through such *débris* for half an hour. Nor is there the least exaggeration in the statement that these boulders are in many instances as large as a house; yet, when compared with the gigantic cliffs from which they came, even such monsters



A NORWAY PRECIPICE.

seemed like pebbles. Some of these cliffs were frightful in appearance. Again and again, when we had passed beneath some precipice, one third of whose mass seemed only waiting for a thunder-peal to bring it down, my friend and I would draw a long, deep breath, and exchange glances of congratu-



A CHARACTERISTIC CASCADE.

lation when we had escaped its terrors.

A still more wonderful feature of Norwegian scenery is found in its imposing waterfalls. Nothing in Norway so astonished me as the unending number and variety of its cascades, — ribbons of silver, usually, in the distance, but foaming torrents close at hand. On any of these roads, halt for a moment and

listen, and you will often hear a sound like that of the surf upon the shore. It is the voice of falling water.

On our journey toward the coast, during a drive of three days we counted one hundred and sixty separate falls, and eighty - six in the previous ten hours. This was an average of more than two in every fifteen minutes. True, we saw



A THING OF BEAUTY.



VIEW NEAR BORGUND.





these cascades in the month of June, when snow was melting rapidly on the heights; but even in midsummer they must far outnumber those in any other part of Europe.

In fact, although familiar with the Alps, and having driven twice through all the valleys of the Pyrenees, I never knew how many waterfalls one country could possess until I went to Norway. There are, of course, magnificent falls in Switzerland, and a great number of them in the Pyrenees; but where you there see one cascade, in Norway you see twenty; and many a Norwegian cataract which would in Switzerland draw thousands of admiring tourists, and make the fortune of hotel proprietors, is here, perhaps, without a name, and certainly without renown.

On our last day's journey toward the sea, we came in sight of an extraordinary



BORGUND CHURCH.

building, on which we gazed in great astonishment, for it seemed more appropriate to China than to Norway, and was apparently completely out of place in this wild, desolate ravine. It was the famous Borgund Church, a place of early Christian worship, built about eight hundred years ago. It therefore ranks (unless one other similar church be excepted) as the oldest structure in all Norway. It is so small that one could almost fancy it a church for dwarfs. Around the base is a kind of cloister, from which the dim interior receives its only light. Within is one small room,





A GIRL OF NORWAY.

scarcely forty feet long, containing now no furniture save a rough-hewn altar. As for its various roofs and pinnacles, marked now by crosses, now by dragons' heads, nothing could be more weirdly picturesque, especially as the entire edifice is black.—in part from age, but chiefly from the coats of tar with which it has been painted for protection.

Leaving this ancient church, we soon found ourselves in one

of the most stupendous of Norwegian gorges. It is hardly possible for any view to do it justice. But for awe-inspiring grandeur I have never seen its magnificence surpassed, even in the *Via Mala*. For miles the river *Laerdal* makes its way here through gigantic cliffs, which rise on either side to a height of from four thousand to five thousand feet. The space, however, between these mountain sides is barely wide enough for the river, which writhes and struggles with obstructing boulders, lashing itself to creamy foam, and filling the chasm with a deafening roar. Yet, above the river, a roadway



AN OPEN-AIR BOUDOIR.



SELTUNSAASEN IN LAERDAL.



has been hewn out of the mountain-side itself, which is lined with parapets of boulders. When marking out the route the engineers were often lowered over



A LANDING PLACE.

the precipice by ropes. One can imagine nothing more exciting than this drive. When mountains did not actually overshadow us, in looking aloft we could discern only a narrow rift of sky, like a blue river, curbed by granite banks. Below us was the seething flood, at once terrible and glorious to look upon. Shut in by these huge, somber walls, we followed all the windings of the stream, whirling about their corners at a speed which seemed the more terrific from our wild surroundings. There are few things in life that have affected me so powerfully as the Laerdal gorge, and I would once more go to Norway for that drive alone. Certain it is that at the end of it we found ourselves exhausted, not physically, but nervously, from the tremendous tension and excitement of the last few hours in this wild ravine. Finally,



LAERDALSOREN.



leaving this sublime mountain scenery, we saw between us and the coast our destination—the little town of Laerdal-sören. Thrilled though we were with memories of what we had just seen, and grateful, too, that our long drive from sea to sea had been successfully completed, our serious reflections vanished at the threshold of this village. My companion had found it hard to be so long deprived of news from home. Accordingly, he remarked to me as we came in sight of Laerdalsören:

“I somehow feel to-day a great anxiety about my boys, William and Henry. I am not superstitious, but I have a presentiment that they need me. Hark!” he said suddenly, “what’s that?”

We stopped the vehicle and listened. It was the music of an English hand-organ; and I am speaking only the literal truth when I say that the tune which we then heard it play was that of “Father, dear father, come home with me now.”



WAITING FOR TOURISTS.



Early next morning we left our good hotel and hastened to the steamer which awaited us upon the fjord. "What, precisely, is a fjord?" some may inquire. In briefest terms, it is a mountain gorge connected with the ocean, a narrow arm of the sea extending inland, sometimes for one hundred miles. Moreover, to carry out the simile, at the extremity of every such long arm are "fingers;" that is, still narrower extensions, which wind about the bases of the mountains till they seem like glittering serpents lying in the shadow of tremendous cliffs.

Thus in one sense, here at



A FJORD.

Lacrdalsören, we had reached the sea, but in another, it was still eighty-five miles away. Yet we were now to embark on a large ocean steamer, lying but a few yards from the shore, for these mysterious fjords are sometimes quite as deep as the mountains over them are high. They open thus the very heart of Norway to the commerce of the world. And as our steamer glided from one mountain-girdled basin into another, I realized why this western coast of Norway is one of the most remarkable land-formations on the globe. If we were able to look down upon it from an elevation, we should perceive that from the mountain chain, which forms, as it were, the backbone of the coun-

try, a multitude of grooves stretch downward to the shore between the elevations, like spaces between the teeth of a comb. Into these mountain crevices, formed in the misty ages of the past, the sea now makes its way, continually growing narrower, until at last it winds between frowning cliffs of fearful height, down which stream numerous waterfalls, the spray from which



AN ARM OF THE SEA.

through Switzerland.

Delighted beyond measure with this new experience, some two or three hours after leaving



SAILING THROUGH SWITZERLAND.

Laerdalsören, we gradually approached the most sublime of all these ocean highways, — the Naerofjord. No general view can possibly portray its grandeur. The only way to appreciate the vastness of its well-nigh perpendicular cliffs is to compare them with some objects on the banks. In many places, for example, cattle grazing on the shore, compared with their giant environment, seemed like mice, and a church steeple appeared no larger than a pine-cone.

As we sailed further up this beautiful expanse, it was difficult to realize that we were floating on an arm of the

at times sweeps over the steamer as it glides along. Traveling, therefore, on these ocean avenues is like sailing



THE NAEROFJORD.



Atlantic. It had the appearance rather of a gloomy lake shut in by mountains never trodden by the foot of man. On either side was a solemn array of stupendous precipices—sheer, awful cliffs—refusing even the companionship of pines and hemlocks, and frequently resembling a long chain of icebergs turned to stone. The silence, too, was most impressive. There was, at times, no sign of life on sea or shore. The influence of this was felt upon the boat, for if any of us spoke, it was in a tone subdued by the solemnity of our surroundings.

As we pursued our way, sometimes we could discern no outlet whatever; then, suddenly, our course

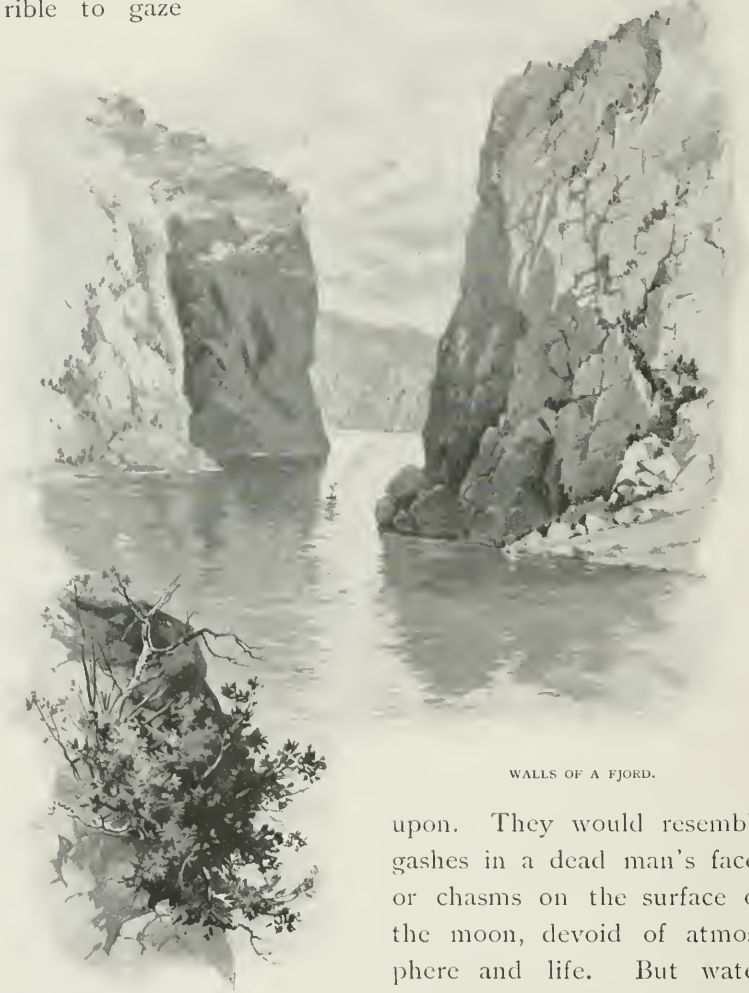


CONTINUALLY GROWING NARROWER.

would turn, and another glorious vista would appear before us. We sat at the prow of the boat; and there, with nothing but the awe-inspiring prospect to contemplate, we sailed along in silence through this liquid labyrinth. So close together were the cliffs, that when, for the sake of the experiment, I lay down on the deck and looked directly upward, I could at the same instant see both sides of the fjord cutting their outlines sharply on the sky! Mile after mile, these grim, divided mountains stood gazing into each other's scowling faces, yet kept apart by this enchanting barrier of the sea, as some fair woman intervenes between two opposing rivals, each thirsting for the other's



blood. It is such scenery as Dante might describe and Doré illustrate. We wondered what such ravines would look like without water. They would be terrible to gaze



WALLS OF A FJORD.

upon. They would resemble gashes in a dead man's face, or chasms on the surface of the moon, devoid of atmosphere and life. But water gives to them vitality, and lights up all their gloomy gorges with a silvery flood, much as a smile illumines, while it softens, a furrowed face.



NÆRØ VALLEY.

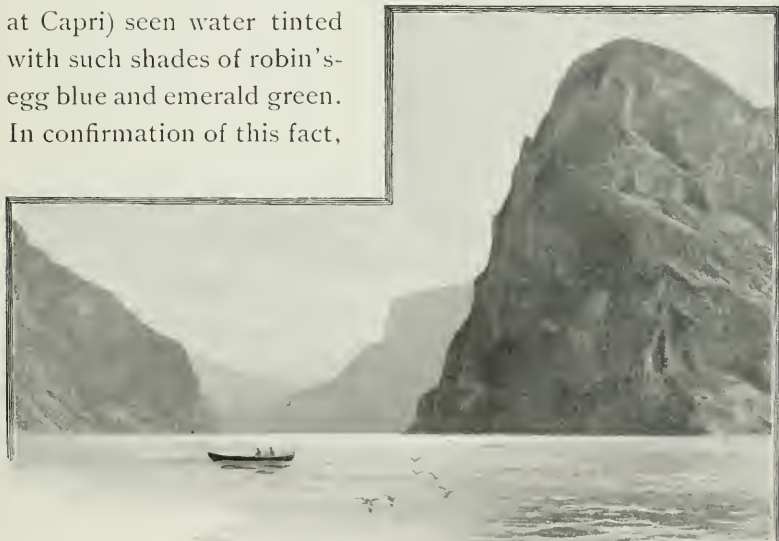




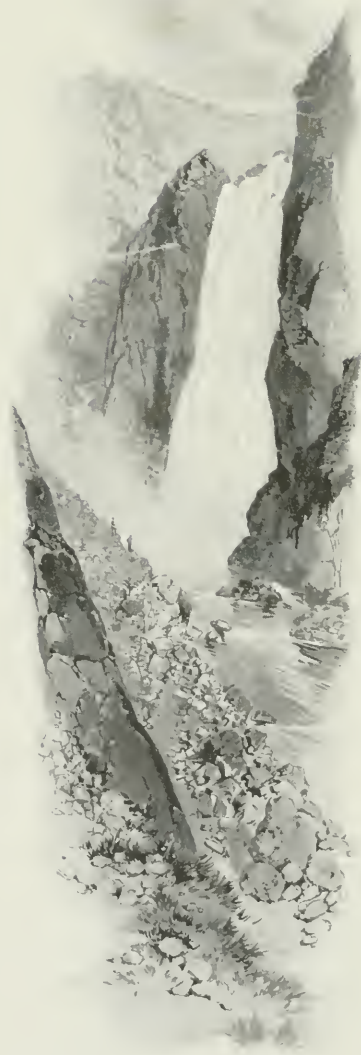
HEIGHTS AND DEPTHS.

Nor is the water in these fjords less marvelous than the land. Its depth, in places, is estimated at three thousand feet. When we sailed up the Naerofjord, its color was so green, and its surface so completely motionless, that we seemed to

be gliding over a highway paved with malachite. Whether the coloring of these ocean avenues is due to their great depth, to the crystal clearness of the atmosphere, or to the reflection of the forests on their banks, certain it is that I have nowhere else (save in the blue grotto at Capri) seen water tinted with such shades of robin's-egg blue and emerald green. In confirmation of this fact,



AN OCEAN AVENUE.



A SUBLIME WATERFALL.

we noticed with astonishment that whenever the white seagulls, wheeling round our boat, would sink breast downward toward the waves, the color of the sea was so intense, that their white wings distinctly changed their hue in the reflected light, assuming a most delicate tint, which gradually vanished as they rose again!

After a sail of several hours, we approached the terminus of the Naerofjord, at which is located the little hamlet of Gudvangen. So narrow is the valley here, that through the winter months no ray of sunlight falls directly on the town, and even in the longest day in summer it can receive the sunshine only for a few hours. It seemed depressing to remain in such eternal shadow. Accordingly, we halted only a few moments at the place, and taking a carriage which awaited us, we drove beyond the village into the ravine so celebrated for its grandeur—the Naerodal. One sees at once that this is really a continuation of the Naerofjord without the water. There can be little doubt that, formerly, the ocean entered it, and one could





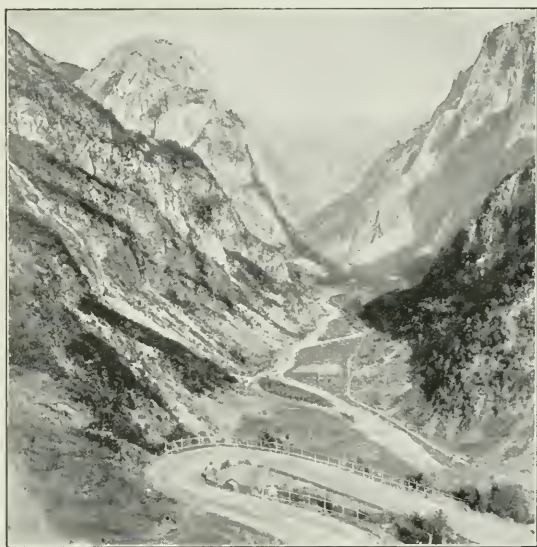
FJORD SCENERY.



then have sailed where we now had to drive. And what is true of the Naerodal is also true of other such ravines. In every case the grooved hollows continue inland and upward, but the gradual elevation of the coast has caused the ocean to retreat. This is a place of great sublimity. On either side rise mountains from four to five thousand feet in height — sometimes without a vestige of vegetation on their precipitous sides — which are, however, seamed with numberless cascades, apparently hung upon the cliffs like silver chains.

The most remarkable object in the valley we found to be a peculiarly shaped mountain, called the Jordalsnut. Its form is that of

a gigantic thimble, and as its composition is a silvery feldspar, it fairly glitters in the sun, or glows resplendent in the evening light, — an object never to be forgotten. Those who have looked upon this dome by moonlight say that the effect is indescribable; and, in fact, moonlight in these awful gorges and fjords must give to them a beauty even more weird and startling than that of day. Of this, however, I cannot speak from experience, since moonlight is in summer very faint in Norway, and it is only earlier or later in the year that one can see this wonderful country thus transfigured.

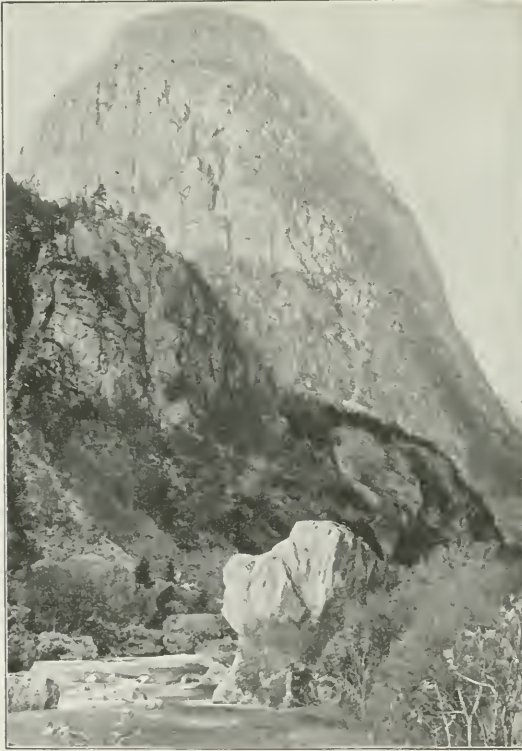


THE NAERODAL.

In driving up the Naerodal, one sees, at the head of the valley, what looks like an irregular chalk-line on a blackboard. It is a famous carriage-road, which has been blasted out of the mountain-side, and built up everywhere with solid masonry. Even now it is so difficult of ascent for horses that every traveler

who is able usually climbs that curving road on foot.

In doing so, we stopped at intervals to enjoy the marvelous scenery, and especially to behold the two attractive features of the mountain. For this grand terminus of the Naerodal is flanked on either side by a magnificent waterfall; and since the path continually curves, one or



THE JORDALSNOT.

the other of these torrents is constantly visible. Either of them is the equal of any Swiss cascade I ever saw, and makes even the famous Giessbach sink into insignificance, and yet these are not ranked among the best Norwegian specimens. We could not, however, appreciate them as we should have done if they had been the first that we had seen; for when a tourist has counted eighty-six cascades in one day's drive,

and has just run the gauntlet of some twenty more, in sailing through the Naerofjord, he becomes surfeited with such splendor, and cannot properly realize what a glorious wealth in this respect Norwegian scenery possesses.

Upon the summit of the wooded cliff toward which this driveway leads, is a speck which at a distance resembles a white flag outlined on the forest background. It is the Hotel Stalheim. As we approached it, a man stepped up to us and exclaimed:

“Hullo, strangers; are you Americans?”

“I am glad to say that we are,” was my reply.

He instantly stretched out his hand and said “Shake!”—“What kind of business are you in?” he presently inquired.



STALHEIM.



THE VIEW FROM STALHEIM.





THE KAISER AT STALHEIM.

We told him.

“Well,” he remarked, “I’m a manufacturer of barrel hoops. Norway’s all right. I took an order for forty thousand yesterday.”

At the dinner table, where he had greatly amused every one by his stories, he suddenly called out:

“Waiter, is there anything worth seeing on that ’ere road down there?”

“It is one of the finest drives in Norway, sir,” replied the waiter.

“Well, I reckon I’ll have to do it, then,” he ejaculated; and soon after dinner he departed in a cariole. An hour later, as I was sitting on the piazza gazing on the glorious prospect, I saw him coming back. “How is this?” I exclaimed; “I thought you were going to Gudvangen.”



A SCENE NEAR STALHEIM.



A LOVELY CASCADE.



“No,” he replied; “I got down here a piece, and met a boy. ‘Bub,’ says I, ‘what is there to see down here, anyway?’”

“‘Waterfalls,’ said he.

“‘Waterfalls!’ says I, ‘I don’t want any more waterfalls. I’ve seen ten thousand of them already. Why, our Niagara would n’t roar one mite louder, if the whole lot of these Norwegian falls were chucked right into it.’”

I must not fail to add that there was an extremely pretty girl at the hotel, to whom our eccentric compatriot paid much attention. Some English travelers, therefore, looked greatly puzzled when they heard him say to her on taking leave: “Good-by! I hope *I’ll strike you* again somewhere on the road!”

After supper that evening we took an extended walk. It was eleven o’clock, and yet the snow-capped mountains which surrounded us were radiant with the sunset glow. We presently encountered two young peasants returning from their



“GATES AJAR.”

work. To them we spoke a few Norsk words that we had learned since coming to Norway, whereupon one of the lads drew from his pocket a pamphlet and presented it to me with a polite bow. It proved to be a book of phrases, half-English and half-Norsk, designed to help Norwegian emigrants



ALL READY TO "SHAKE HANDS."

on landing in America. Not knowing, however, what it was at first, I opened it and could hardly believe my eyes, when, in this lonely valley in the heart of Norway, and by the light of a midnight sun, I read these words: "Wake

up! Here we are in Chicago!" "Change cars for Omaha and the West!" "Don't lean out of the window, or you'll have your head knocked off!"

Both of these bright boys hoped the next summer to "wake up in Chicago." It is, in fact, the great desire of Norwegian youths to go to America, and some are brave enough to do so with a capital of only twenty-five dollars. Their knowledge of the United States is, of course, limited, but one place there is known to all of them. Again and again we were subjected to the following questions: "Are you English?"

"No."

"Americans?"



“Yes.”

“CHICAGO?”

That was the place for them, evidently. New York is better than nothing, but Chicago is the El Dorado of the Scandinavians, for to that place they usually buy through-tickets, as to the doorway of the great Northwest.

Leaving the Hotel Stalheim, after a short stay, a glorious drive awaited us down to the Hardanger Fjord. At frequent intervals along this route we encountered gates designed to keep the cattle within certain limits. Women and children usually stood near-by to open them, expecting in return a trifling payment. Yet when I offered them a coin, I was sometimes surprised to see their hands still lingering near my own. At first I thought

that they, like *Oliver Twist*, were asking for more, but presently I discovered that they merely wished to shake hands and say good-by, for hand-shaking in Norway is universal. If you bestow a fee upon your cariole-boy, your boot-black, or your chambermaid, each will offer his or her hand to you and wish you a happy journey. A pleasant custom, truly.

but, on the whole, it is advisable for travelers in Norway to wear gloves. I usually responded cheerfully to this mode of salutation, though sometimes, when I saw what kind of a hand the peasant “held,”—I “passed!”

As we drove on, we noticed here and there the houses of the poorer farmers. They are invariably made of wood, and



A PEASANT'S COTTAGE.

some, constructed out of huge spruce logs, look as enduring as the hills that surround them. The roofs are covered first with pieces of birch-bark, laid on the logs like shingles. On these are placed two layers of sod—the upper one with its grassy surface toward the sky. This grass is sometimes mown for hay. Occasionally a homœopathic crop of grain



RURAL LIFE.

will grow here. In almost every case the top of the house looks like a flower-garden; and I once saw a bearded goat getting his breakfast on his master's roof.

Occasionally, a little distance from the house, we saw another smaller structure, built be-

side a river; for the water-power of Norway is made use of in some simple way by almost all the country people. Many a peasant has a tiny water-wheel which turns a grindstone, or even a mill, and thus his scythes are sharpened and his grain is ground on his own premises. Such farmers, therefore, are their own millers, and frequently their own blacksmiths, too, and they can shoe their ponies with considerable skill.

In traveling through Norway it is most interesting to observe how the people utilize every available portion of the land. Wire ropes extend from the valleys up the mountain



A NORWEGIAN YOUTH.





sides, and are used for letting down bundles of compressed hay, after it has been reaped, gathered, and packed on some almost inaccessible plateau. On elevations, where it seems well-nigh impossible for man to gain a foothold, people will scramble, at the hazard of their lives, to win a living from the little earth that has there found lodgment. Seeing with our own eyes these habitable eyries, we could well believe what we were told, that goats, and even children, are often tied for safety to the door-posts, and that the members of a family who die on such elevated farms are sometimes lowered by ropes a thousand feet down to the valley or fjord.



A BEAST OF BURDEN.

It was on this journey that I took my first and never-to-be-forgotten cariole-ride in Norway. On this occasion, my driver was a small boy, ten years old, just young and mischievous enough to laugh at danger and be reckless. I noticed that his mother cautioned him before we started. She evidently understood him. I did not. Accordingly, while I took the reins, I gave him the whip. Springing like a monkey into his place behind me, he cracked his whip and off we went. The road was good, and for half an hour I thoroughly enjoyed it. Then we began to descend, and suddenly dashed across a bridge



A FISHING STATION.



beneath which was a foaming cataract. I naturally reined the pony in. But, to my surprise, the more I pulled, the faster went the pony. "Whoa!" I exclaimed; "whoa!" but whether prolonged or uttered with staccato emphasis that word made no apparent difference in the pony's gait. "Whoa," was evidently not in its vocabulary. My hair



THE SCENE OF AN ADVENTURE.

began to stand on end. Perceiving this, the demon of a boy commenced to utter the most unearthly yells, and to crack his whip until he made the pony actually seem to fly.

"Go slowly," I exclaimed. Crack, crack, went the whip.

"Stop that, you young rascal." Crack, crack, crack! I tried to seize the whip, but my tormentor held it far behind him. I sought to turn and petrify him with a look, but it was like trying to see a fly between my shoulder-blades. I saw that I was only making faces at the mountains.

To appreciate my feelings, one should perceive the winding road along which I was traveling. It was a splendid

specimen of engineering skill, but after twenty-seven of these curves, I felt that I was getting cross-eyed. Fancy me perched, as it were, upon a good-sized salad-spoon, flying around the mountain side, with one wheel in the air



A CHARACTERISTIC LANDSCAPE.

at every turn, at the rate of the Chicago Limited going round the Horse-shoe Bend. I looked back at my companion,

whose horse, excited by my own, was just behind me. His face was deathly pale. Anxiety was stamped on every feature. His lips moved as if entreating me to slacken this terrific speed. Finally, he faintly cried:



ENGINEERING SKILL.

“If you escape, . . . give my love . . . to my children, . . . William and Henry!”



A VIKING SHIP.

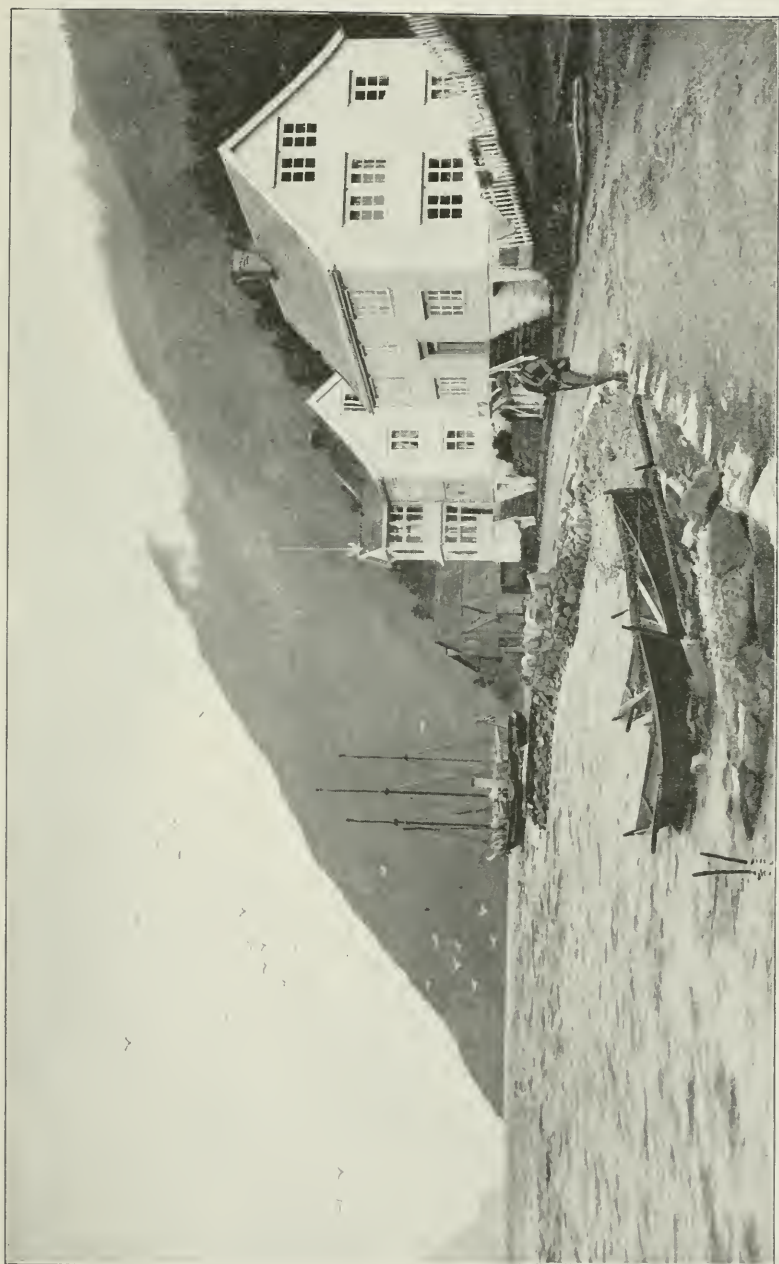
At last I saw, some little way ahead, a cart half-blocking the road. “Great heavens!” I thought, “here comes a collision! Well, it might as well end this way as any other. No more lectures for me!” But, lo! there issued from the small boy’s lips the sound, “Purr-r-r!” The effect was instantaneous. The horse at once relaxed his speed, and in a moment came to a full stop. For “purring” is to a Norwegian pony

what the Westinghouse air-brake is to an express train. This secret learned, we had no further trouble. For “purr,” when uttered by American lips, proved always as effectual as by Norwegian.

A few hours after that eventful ride, we found ourselves upon the great Hardangerfjord, which, with its branches, has a length of one hundred and forty miles. These ocean avenues possess not merely natural beauty: they also have historic interest.



A LONELY POINT.



EIDFIORD IN HARDANGER—EXCURSION BOAT.





This part of Norway, for example, is old Viking ground. Not far from here lived Rollo, conqueror of Normandy; and from these fjords a thousand years ago went forth those dauntless warriors of the north, who for two hun-



AN ANCIENT BOAT OF NORWAY.

dred years not only ravaged England, France, and Ireland, but even crossed the Atlantic to America hundreds of years before Columbus sailed from Spain.

In this connection, therefore, let me say that, to me, the most interesting object in Christiania was its Viking ship. This most impressive relic of the past was found some fourteen years ago within an ancient mound beside the sea. It had reposed there for ten centuries, owing its preservation to the hard, blue clay in which it was entombed. It was made entirely of oak, and was propelled sometimes by oars, sometimes by a sail. Within it was discovered a well-carved wooden chair, in which, no doubt, the chieftain sat. Some kettles, too, were here,

and plates and drinking-cups, used by the Vikings when they landed to prepare a meal. But, more remarkable still, this boat contained some human bones. For in those early days such boats were often used as funeral barges for their brave commanders. The vessel, even when buried, was always headed toward the sea, so that when called by Odin once more into life, the chief whose body was thus sepulchered might be ready to start at once and sail again the ocean he had loved so well.

Occasionally, however, a Viking had a grander form of burial. Sometimes, when an old Norwegian chieftain felt that he was dying, he ordered that his body, when lifeless, should be placed within his boat, which was then filled with light materials and set on fire. The large sail was then spread, and the dead warrior drifted out before the wind, his gallant vessel for a funeral pyre, and for his liturgy the chanting of the waves. As for the Viking himself, he doubtless had faced death, sustained by an unflinching belief which, had he been more cultivated, might have thus expressed itself:

“If my bark sink, 't is to another sea.”



THE LAND OF THE VIKINGS.

At the extremity of one of the branches of the Hardangerfjord is the little town of Odde. This was the only place in Norway where we had any difficulty in securing rooms. As the boat neared the wharf, I heard a dozen ladies whisper to their husbands: "Now, dear, you stay and look after the



A STREET IN BERGEN.

luggage, and I'll run on and get the rooms." Accordingly, I used the same words to my friend, with the exception of the endearing epithet. I was afraid that might make him homesick. Then I took my position near the gang-plank.

When we arrived, I was the first to step ashore, and I started at a brisk walk toward the hotel. Behind me I could hear the rustling of many skirts, but, hardening my heart like Pharaoh, I kept on. At last, forgetting drapery and dignity, the ladies passed me on the run. This time I gallantly gave way, and when, a moment later, I reached the hotel office, I could have fancied myself on the floor of the Stock Exchange, since every lady there was fighting nobly for her children and her absent lord.

"I want two beds," cried one.

"I wish for five beds," screamed another.

"Give me a room with blinds," exclaimed a third.

The female clerk, meantime, having completely lost her head, was calling off numbers like an auctioneer. Suddenly



THE BERGEN FISH MARKET.

she turned to me, who had not yet opened my mouth, and almost paralyzed me with these words:

"Number 20 will do for you, *three beds and one cradle!*"

When I recovered from my swoon, I found that my friend had come up

quietly after the battle, and had secured two single rooms.

Saying farewell to Odde, a day's delightful sail between majestic mountains brought us to one of Norway's most important cities — Bergen. Although we lingered here three days, we had the wonderful experience of continual sunshine. I rightly call it wonderful; for Bergen is the rainiest city in the world and is sarcastically called "The fatherland of drizzle." The people in Christiania claim that in Bergen when a horse sees a man *without* an umbrella, he shies! It is also said that a sea-captain, who was born in Bergen, and all his life had sailed between his native city and the outer world, came one day into its harbor when by chance the sun was shining. At once he put about and set forth to sea again, believing that





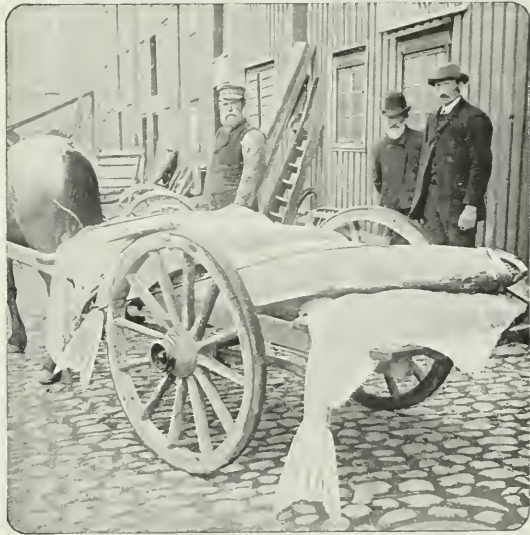
ODDE.





he had made a mistake in his port. As we approached the pier at Bergen, I saw what, in the distance, appeared to be a mob. It proved, however, to be the usual crowd which gathers round the Bergen Fish Market.

This is not, after all, so strange if we reflect that fish is the great commodity of Bergen, and that this city is the chief distributing station for Norwegian fish to the entire world. Several centuries ago, a company of German merchants, who formed the famous Hanseatic League, established themselves here and held for years within their hands the monopoly of all the fishing trade of Norway, compelling even the Norwegian fishermen to send their catch of fish to Bergen for re-shipment to other ports of Europe. It is true the league exists no longer, but its influence still survives, and nothing can divert the trade from following in its ancient channel. Over the hills that rise above the city a splendid drive-way has been made. A Bergen resident spoke of it to me as "The Drink Road."



MONSTERS OF THE DEEP.

"What is the meaning of so strange a title?" I inquired.

"It is so called," he said, "because it is constructed wholly out of the profits derived from the sale of ardent spirits." Observing my astonishment, he added: "Do you not understand our famous liquor law in Bergen?"



BERGEN'S "DRINK ROAD."

I confessed my ignorance.

"Then let me explain it to you," he exclaimed. "Perhaps I can best do this," he added, "by pointing out to you that melancholy individual

standing by the gang-plank. He used to be a liquor-seller here, but he has lost his 'spirits,' for our municipal government now has the sale of liquors entirely in its own hands. It first decides how many licenses are needed, and then, instead of giving them to private individuals, it grants them only to a responsible stock company. The books of this company must be at all times open to inspection, and all its rules are strictly under government control. Moreover the company is not allowed to make more than five per cent. on its invested capital. All profits over that amount are given to public improvements, roads, parks, schools, or hospitals."

I asked if the law gave general satisfaction.



CURING FISH.

“We are delighted with it,” was the answer. “It is now thirteen years since it was started, and all the prominent towns in Norway, except three, have followed our example. The liquors, in the first place, are all carefully selected. Secondly, the bars are not attractive gin-palaces, but plain rooms, with no seats for customers. No loitering on the premises is allowed. Only a small amount is sold at any one time. Children are not allowed to serve as messengers. Even the bar-tenders are appointed by the government, and wear a uniform and a number, by which they can be easily identified in case of complaint; and as a practical result,” he added, “by taking the liquor traffic out of the hands of irresponsible



A BUSY DAY IN BERGEN.

agents the annual amount of ardent spirits sold has been reduced from twelve and a half to five and a half million quarts; and yet our Bergen company has earned each year a net profit of one hundred and twenty-five per cent, one hundred and twenty of which is, as I have said, applied to public charities!”

But to me the most interesting sight in Bergen was the grave of the Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull. His last appearance in America was in 1879—too long ago perhaps for many

to recollect him—for, alas! even those who entertain the public best are soon forgotten. But some of my readers no doubt recall that Paganini of the North, tall and erect, with large blue eyes and flaxen hair—the personification of a valiant Norseman, whose fire and magnetism in this nineteenth century displayed themselves in music rather than in maritime adventure. As his old Viking ancestors had no doubt wielded sword and battle-ax, so his bow was of such unusual

length that no one of inferior strength and stature could have used it advantageously.

From this musician's grave one looks off over the lovely bay of Bergen. This peaceful view, which he so loved, produced upon my mind, in the soft



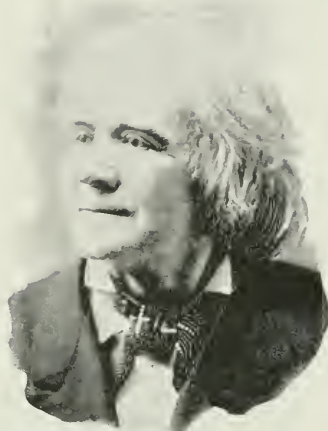
THE GRAVE OF OLE BULL.

evening light, the same effect as did the music of that skillful hand which now reposed beneath the flowers. To me his playing was enchanting, and unlike that of any other violinist I have ever heard. There was a quality in the tones that he would call forth from his violin, which seemed as weird and fascinating as the poetry of the sagas, and as mysterious as the light which lingered on his mountains and fjords. What wonder that his death in 1880 was deplored in Norway as a national calamity?

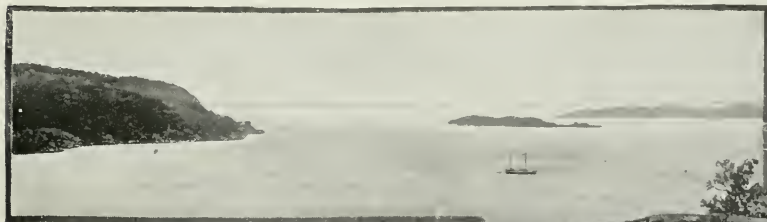


Taking our leave reluctantly of Bergen, we entered on what proved to be one of the most delightful features of our tour in Norway, a sail of twenty-four hours along the coast to the town of Molde. How can I adequately describe that most unique and memorable journey? Our entire course lay through a labyrinth of islands, beyond which, every now and then, we gained a glimpse of the Atlantic rolling away toward the horizon. The proximity and number of these islands astonished me. For, hour after hour, they would come into sight, wheel by us slowly, and then disappear, to be succeeded by their counterparts. We went down to dinner or to our staterooms, yet when we came on deck again, islands still surrounded us. We saw them glittering in the sunset ere we went to sleep, and in the morning we were once more environed by them. Sometimes I could have fancied that they were sailing with us, like a vast convoy of protecting gunboats, moving when we moved, halting when we halted, patient and motionless till we resumed our voyage.

Meantime, just opposite these islands, is the coast,—a grand succession of bold headlands and dark, gloomy mountains, beyond which always are still higher summits capped



OLE BULL.



THE NORWEGIAN COAST.



with snow. At frequent intervals some beautiful fjord leads inward, like the entrance to a citadel; and here and there, within a sheltered nook, we see some fishing hamlet crouching on the sand. This is surely the perfection of ocean travel. For, though this mountain-bordered channel is hundreds of miles in length, the sea within it is as smooth as a canal. Once only throughout the day was the great swell



A WONDERFUL PANORAMA.

of the Atlantic felt, when for a little space the island break-water was gone.

Our sail along the coast had, late at night, a most appropriate ending in

our arrival at Molde. There are few places in the world more beautiful. It lies upon the bank of a fjord, on the opposite side of which is an array of snowy mountains forty miles in length. Molde is sometimes called the "Interlaken of Norway," but that does not by any means describe it. For here there is no single mountain, like the Jungfrau, to compel our homage, but rather a long series of majestic peaks, resembling a line of icebergs drifting in crystal splendor from the polar sea.

Filled with enthusiasm over this splendid spectacle, we left the steamer, and soon found ourselves within a comfortable hotel. It was the hour of midnight, but, far from being dark, the eastern sky was even then brightening with the coming dawn. A party of excursionists was just returning from a mountain climb. Some passengers were embarking on the steamer we had left. Supper or breakfast (I know not which to call it) was awaiting us. Under such circumstances

it seemed ridiculous to go to bed. Accordingly, we laughed and chatted on the balcony, until a wretched man thrust out his head from an adjoining window, and remarked:

“My friends, I am glad to see you happy, but I have just returned from the North Cape. I have n't slept for eight nights. It seems quite dark here by comparison, and I was hopeful of a good night's rest. Would you just as lief postpone your fun until you get inside the arctic circle?”

This pathetic appeal could not be resisted, and asking his forgiveness, we retired.

Taking leave of Molde one pleasant afternoon, we sailed across its beautiful fjord to explore the snow-capped mountains opposite. It was upon this voyage that I was taught the bitter lesson never to trust my baggage to a Norwegian, merely because he claims to be able to speak English. Upon the deck of our little steamer stood that day a man, upon whose hatband I read the legend that he was the proprietor of a hotel at Veblungsnäs, where we proposed to spend the night. Approaching him, therefore, I inquired:

“Can you speak English?”

He smiled upon me sweetly, and replied, “O, yes.”

Innocent of the awful fact that this was the whole extent of his vocabulary, I continued:

“When we arrive, will you bring my valise ashore, while I go at once to the hotel to secure rooms?”

“O, yes.”

Ten minutes later we reached our landing pier. I left the



MOLDE.

boat, as I had said, and hurried on to the hotel. I presently beheld the old proprietor coming from the wharf, but without my satchel.



VIEW FROM MOLDE.

“What does this mean?” I cried; “did you not bring my valise off the steamer?”

“O, yes.”

“Where is it, then? Is it not on there still?”

“O, yes.”

“Mercy on me! Is not that

the steamer going off with my valise on board?”

“O, yes!”

“Well, are you not a monumental idiot, then?”

“O, yes!”

It took me three days to recover that valise; and the important lesson of “*O, yes*,” was effectually learned.

Early next morning we took leave of Veblungsnäs, and drove directly towards the Romsdal, one of the finest valleys in all Norway. Before us, like a mighty sentinel, the imposing Romsdalthorn rose, dark with somber shadows, to an altitude of five thousand and ninety feet. The peak itself, five hundred feet in height, is said to be almost as dangerous to ascend as the appalling Matterhorn, not only on account of its perpendicular sides, but also from the crumbling nature of the rock, which renders it impossible to fasten iron bars in its surface.

Some years ago, an English tourist, after a number of unsuccessful efforts, finally reached the summit of this moun-

tain. He was, of course, exultant. The inhabitants of the valley had told him that the conquest of the Romsdalthorn was hopeless, and no tradition existed among them that its ascent had ever been made. Nevertheless, when the successful climber finally stood upon the mountain's crest, he found to his astonishment and regret that he was not the first man who had gained this victory. A mound of stones, heaped up there as a monument, proved beyond doubt that at some unknown epoch some one had been there before him.

Driving around the base of this majestic mountain, we found ourselves within a narrow gorge shut in by savage cliffs, with barely space enough between them for the carriage-road and a wild torrent rushing toward the sea. One wall of this ravine is singularly weird and awe-inspiring. A multitude of crags and



THE ROMSDALHORN.



pinnacles, splintered and shattered by the lightning's bolts, stand out in sharp relief against the sky, as if some monsters, hidden on the other side, were raising o'er the brink of these stupendous precipices their outstretched hands and tapering fingers in warning or in supplication. These strange, fantastic forms are in the evening light so ghostly and uncanny, that they appear to the Norwegian peasants like demons dancing glee-



THE WITCHES' PEAKS.

fully upon the mountain tops. Hence the pinnacles are called the "Witches' Peaks."

It was while riding through this gorge that I heard a tourist complaining that Norway had no ruins. In one sense this is true, for, owing to the fact

that the feudal system never existed here, castles and strongholds are nowhere to be found. But Norway surely can dispense with any crumbling works of man. Amidst the ruins of her everlasting mountains and stupendous fjords, grooved by the glaciers when the earth was young, all remnants of man's handiwork would seem like ant-hills made but an hour ago.

Toward evening, at the head of the Romsdal Valley, we reached the station of Stuflaaten, where we were to sleep. Our spirits sank as we approached it. Nothing, apparently, could be less inviting. But here, as in so many other instances,

we found the accommodations excellent. It is true, the beds possessed the usual Norwegian fault—an insufficient length. Tall travelers, who object to having their limbs closed under them at

night, like the blades of a jack-knife, frequently sleep on the floor in Norway.

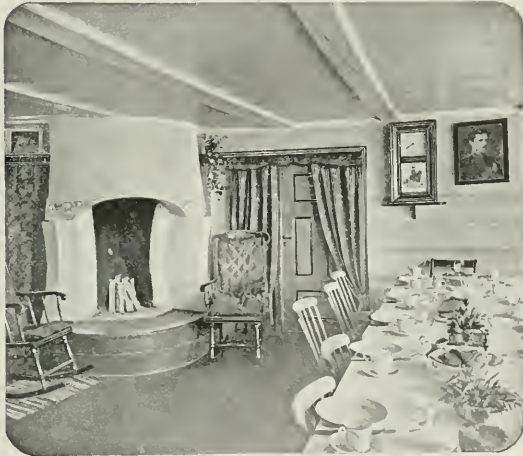
“I cannot lie in one of these beds,” exclaimed my friend; which, for a lawyer, seemed to me a remarkable admission!

Never shall I forget the dining-room at Stufilaaten. Here we were first attracted by the fireplace. It was a chimney built out from the corner, with space behind for a warm cupboard.

The opening for fuel was so narrow that sticks were placed upright upon the hearth. Beside this were two rocking-chairs (almost unheard of luxuries in any part of Europe), and sinking into these, we thought



STUFLAATEN.



A NEW ENGLAND SOUVENIR.

of home. The influence of that American article of furniture was, I fear, depressing, for soon my friend remarked:

“How far we are from dear New England! If I could only see one object here which really came from there, how happy I should be!”

“Look at that clock upon the wall,” I responded; “that has a familiar look. Perhaps that came from ‘dear New England!’”

“Nonsense,” he answered; “how could anything made in New England find its way here almost within the Arctic circle?”



TRONDHJEM.

“Well,” I exclaimed, “where is the land that Yankee inventions have not entered? Let us put it to the test.” Accord-

ingly, stepping to the clock, I opened it and read these words: “Made by Jerome & Co., New Haven, Conn.”

Returning once more through the Romsdal, Veblungsnäs, and Molde, we sailed again, for twelve hours, along the Norway coast to reach the city of Trondhjem. Although less beautifully situated than Bergen, Molde, or Christiania, in point of historic interest, Trondhjem is superior to them all. For here lived the old Norwegian kings, and the town can boast of a continuous existence for a thousand years. It also enjoys the proud distinction of having the most northern railway station in the world, for from this city, which is in the latitude of Iceland, a railroad now extends three hundred and fifty miles southward to Christiania.



A NORWEGIAN RAILWAY.

Upon this road are run some cars which are facetiously called "sleepers"; but they are such as Mr. George M. Pullman would see only in an acute attack of nightmare. The road being a narrow-gauge one, the car is not much wider than an omnibus. The berth (if the name can be applied to such a coffin-like contrivance) is formed by pulling narrow cushion-seats together. On these is placed one pillow, but no blanket and no mattress,—simply a pillow,—nothing more! From the feeling, I should say that my pillow consisted of a small boulder covered with cotton. But what, think you, is the upper berth? It is a hammock, swung on hooks, and sagging down to within a foot of the lower couch. Now, it requires some skill to get into a hammock anywhere; but to climb into one that is hung four feet above the floor of a moving railroad car, calls for the



A RAILWAY STATION.



agility of an acrobat. After my experience that night, I feel perfectly qualified to perform on the trapeze, for since I weighed but one hundred and forty pounds, while my friend tipped the



A NORWEGIAN HARBOR.

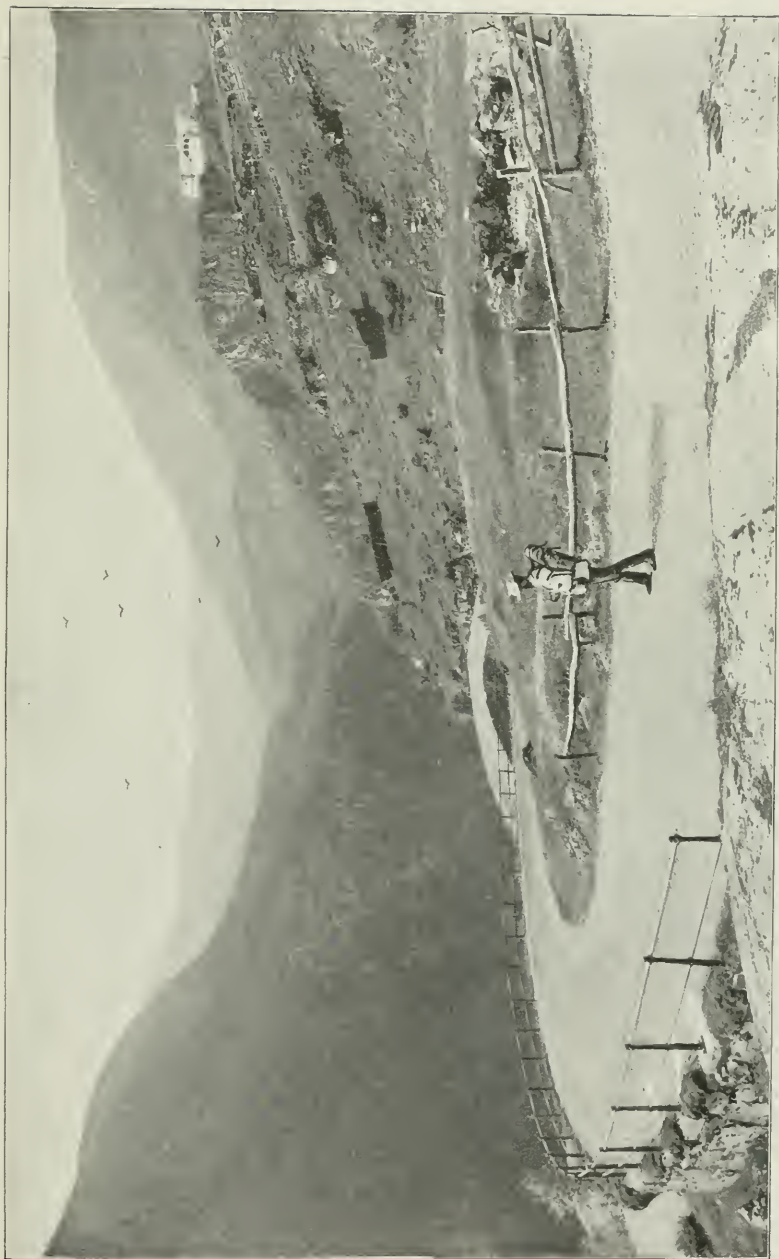
scales at two hundred and fifty, I thought it was safer for me to occupy the upper story.

Another difficulty met with in that memorable journey was to keep covered up. There was

no heat in the car. At every respiration, we could see our breath. This was, however, a consolation, since it assured us that we were still alive. Wraps of all kinds were needed, but the space was limited. There was, for example, in my hammock, room for myself alone; or without me, for my traveling-rug, overcoat, and pillow. But when we were all in together, the hammock was continually overflowing. Accordingly, every fifteen minutes during that awful night, my friend would start up in abject terror, dreaming that he was being buried beneath a Norway avalanche.

I never think of Trondhjem without recalling, also, an experience in a Norwegian barber-shop. I knew that it was tempting Providence to enter it, for shaving in Norway is still a kind of surgical operation. But for some time a coldness had existed between my razors and myself. The edge of our friendship had become dulled. Accordingly, I made the venture. Before me, as I entered, stood a man with a head of hair like Rubenstein's, and a mouth like a miniature fjord.





TOURING ON FOOT.



“Do you speak English?” I began.

“Nay.”

“Sprechen sie Deutsch?”

“Nay.”

“Parlez-vous Français?”

“Nay.”

“Parlate Italiano?”

“Nay.”

“Well, one thing is sure, then,” I said; “you will not talk me to death, anyway!”

Having made the most graceful gestures of which I was capable to indicate what I wanted, I settled myself in a hard chair and laid my head against a rest resembling the vise furnished by a photographer when he asks you “to look pleasant.” The preliminaries being over, the Norwegian Figaro took his razor and made one awful never-to-be-forgotten swoop at my cheek as if he were mowing grain with a scythe! I gave a roar like a Norwegian waterfall and bounded from the chair in agony! When I had fully wiped away my blood and tears, I asked him faintly:

“Have you any ether?”

“Nay.”

“Any laughing-gas?”

“Nay.”

“Any cocaine?”

“Nay.”

“Well, then,” I exclaimed, “will you please go over there and ‘nay’ by yourself while I finish this operation with my own hands?”



A VILLAGE MAIDEN.

He seemed to understand me, and retreated to a corner. When all was over, he pointed to a bowl at which I saw my friend gazing with that peculiarly sad expression which he invariably assumed when thinking of his family. I soon discovered the cause, for from the centre of this wash-bowl rose a little fountain about a foot in height, which seemed to him a facsimile of the one on Boston Common. I compre-



ENTRANCE TO A FJORD.

hended that I was to wash in this fountain; but how to do it was a mystery. At last I cautiously thrust one side of my face into it, and instantly the water shot up over my ear and fell upon the other side. I turned my face, and the ascending current carromed on my nose, ran down my neck, and made a change of toilet absolutely necessary. When, therefore, my friend had called a cab to take me home, I asked the barber what I should pay him. By gestures he expressed to me the sum equivalent to three cents.

“What,” I exclaimed, “nothing extra for the court-plaster?”

“Nay.”

“And nothing for the privilege of shaving myself?”

“Nay.”

“And you don’t charge for the fountain, either?”

“Nay.”

“Well,” I exclaimed as I rode away, “I can truly say that never before have I received so much for my money.”

This city of the north has one extremely interesting building—its cathedral. As a rule, Scandinavian churches are not worth a visit; but this is a notable exception. More than three hundred years before Columbus landed on San Salvador this building held a proud position. Its finest carving dates from the eleventh century. At one time pilgrims came here from all northern Europe, and laid their gold and jewels on its shrines. But at the period of the Reformation all this was changed. Iconoclasts defaced its carving, cast down its statues, sacked the church, and packed its treasures in a ship, which, as if cursed by an offended Deity, foundered at sea.

On entering the ancient edifice, we were delighted with its delicate stone-tracing. The material is a bluish slate, which gives to the whole church a softness and a beauty difficult to



TRONDHJEM CATHEDRAL.



equal, and blends most admirably with its columns of white marble. A part of the cathedral was, however, closed to us, for all the ruin once wrought here is being carefully effaced by systematic restoration. The government contributes for



THE TUNNEL AT TORGHÄTTEN.



this purpose a certain sum every year, and private individuals help on the work from genuine love of art, as well as from patriotic motives. The old designs are being followed, and hence, in time, this old cathedral will in every feature come to be a reproduction of the original structure.

A few days after reaching Trondhjem, we found ourselves embarking for another ocean journey. This time our destination was the northern limit of the continent. For a Norwegian tour naturally divides itself into three parts. The first consists of driving through the mountainous interior; the

second is the exploration of its noble fjords; the third is the voyage from Trondhjem to the North Cape.

This voyage, in fast excursion steamers, is now

made in about four days, an equal number being occupied in returning. "Eight days?" the reader will perhaps exclaim; "why, that is longer than a voyage across the Atlantic." In actual duration, yes; but otherwise the two excursions are entirely different. For almost all the way you follow so closely the fringe of islands that there is little danger of rough weather, while the mainland is constantly in sight.

Some twenty-four hours after leaving Trondhjem, our steamer halted at an island, up whose precipitous side we climbed five hundred feet to view a natural tunnel perforating an entire mountain. Through this we gained a charming telescopic vista of the ocean and its island belt. The tunnel is six hundred feet in length, and in some places two hundred feet in height. So smooth and perpendicular are its walls, that it appears almost incredible that human agency

has not assisted in this strange formation. But scientists say that it was accomplished entirely by the waves, when all this rock-bound



AN EXCURSION STEAMER.



ONE OF THE LOFFODENS.

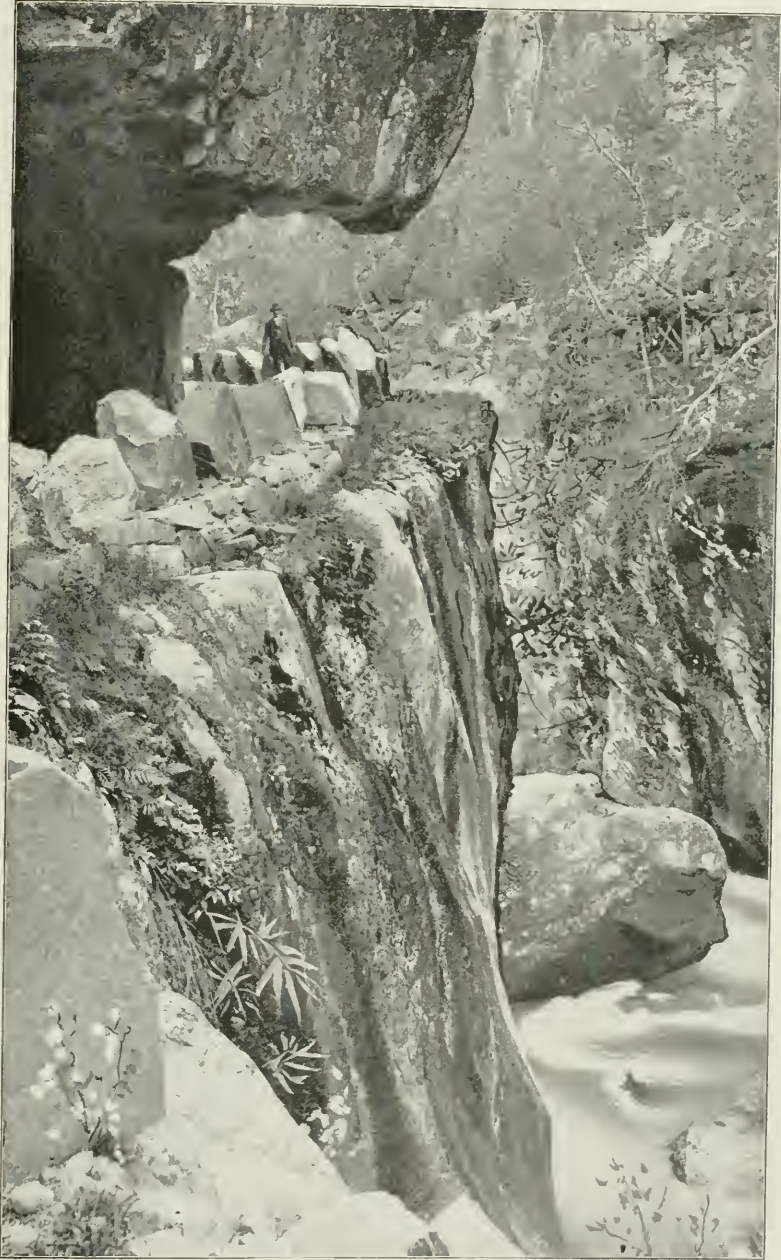
coast was covered by the sea. Leaving this curious freak of nature, another memorable feature of our northern voyage soon greeted us,—the Loffoden Islands. These form a broken chain one hundred and thirty miles in length. The scenery in their vicinity is perhaps the finest on the Norway coast, and as we watched it with delight, the captain told us of his voyages here in winter, and I now learned, to my astonishment, that freight-steamers make their regular trips, all



FISHING ON THE COAST.

winter long, round the North Cape to Vadso, on the Arctic coast. They encounter fearful storms at times, but rarely any icebergs. We have, it seems, a monopoly of these floating monsters on our side of the Atlantic, borne west and south by the current off the coast of Greenland.

Of course, these wintry voyages are performed in darkness, for Night then reigns here with as much supremacy as Day in summer. The lights on the steamers are, therefore, kept constantly burning. Yet, strange to say, this is the period of greatest activity among these islands. Winter is the Norwegian fisherman's harvest-time. The only light neces-



SCENE FROM BROTHANSDALEN.





sary to carry on the work is that of the *Aurora Borealis* and the brilliant stars. From twenty to twenty-five millions of cod are captured here each winter, and twenty-five thousand people are employed in the trade.



TROMSÖ.

Soon after leaving the Loffodens we arrived at Tromsö, the city of the Lapps. It had the appearance of a pretty village as we viewed it from a distance; but soon the sense of sight was wholly lost in the prominence given to another of our senses. The carcass of a whale was floating in the harbor. It had been speared and towed in hither to be cut in pieces. The blubber was being boiled in kettles on the shore. The impression which this made on my olfactory nerves is something for which language is inadequate. The odor was as colossal as the fish itself. I never sympathized sufficiently with Jonah till I went to Tromsö!



LAPLANDERS.

Soon after landing here, a walk of an hour brought us to a settlement of Lapps, consisting of some very primitive tents. My first impression of these people was, and still is, that any one of them could have effectually concealed



REINDEER  
AND SLEDGE.

his identity by  
taking a bath.

They all have

dirty, wizened faces, high cheekbones, flat noses, and mouths that yawn like caverns. Their beards are so peculiarly tufted that they look like worn-out Astrachan fur. I could almost suppose that in rigorous winters the reindeer, while their masters slept, had nibbled at their cheeks. The men are about

five feet high, the women four; but they are tough and hardy, like most dwarfs. Dickens could have found among them countless models for his hideous Quilp.



A LITTLE LAPP.

Advancing to one of their huts, we peered into the interior. Upon the ground was smoldering a small fire, part of the smoke from which escaped through an opening in the roof. The inmates scarcely noticed us, until my artist pro-

duced his camera. Then there was instantly a general stampede. One woman seized her baby and rushed forth, as if a demon had molested her. The cause of this confusion, however, was not fear, nor even modesty, but avarice, pure and simple. They understood perfectly what the camera was, and wanted a good price for being photographed. Three shillings was



LIFE IN LAPLAND.

at first demanded for a picture, but finally we compromised by giving half that sum.

Among these Laplanders, the clothing of both men and women is made of reindeer skin, worn with the hardened pelt outside. These garments last indefinitely, and are sometimes bequeathed from one generation to another. The Lapp complexion looks like leather. Even the babies have a shriveled look, resembling that of monkeys. This is not strange, however, for both men and women are great consumers of tobacco. Their huts are always full of smoke, till finally the inmates become smoke-dried within and without. This, in turn, produces thirst. Hence we were not surprised to learn that they are inordinately fond of ardent spirits. In fact,

when a Norwegian wishes to remonstrate with a friend who is inclined to drink to excess, he will often say to him, "Don't make a Lapp of yourself!"

Bidding farewell to Tromsø and the Laplanders, the next day brought us to the most northern town in the world — Hammerfest. It was a great surprise to me to see, in such proximity to the North Pole, a town of about three thousand inhabitants, with schools, a church, a telegraph station, and a weekly newspaper! The snow-streaked mountains in the distance gave me the only hint of winter that I had; and I could hardly realize that I was here two hundred miles farther north than Bering's Strait, and in about the same latitude in which, on our side of the Atlantic, the gallant Sir John Franklin perished in the ice. The cause of this, however, is not difficult to trace.

The influence of the Gulf Stream is felt powerfully even here. For here it is that the great ocean current practically dies, bequeathing to these fishermen of Hammerfest, for



HAMMERFEST.



their firewood, the treasures it has so long carried on its bosom, such as the trunks of palm-trees, and the vegetation of the



THE GULF STREAM'S TERMINUS.

tropics. It is an extraordinary fact that while the harbor of Christiania, one thousand miles farther south, is frozen over three months every winter,

this bay of Hammerfest, only sixty miles from the North Cape, is never closed on account of ice.

An interesting object in Hammerfest is the meridian shaft, which marks the number of degrees between this town and the mouth of the Danube, on the Black Sea. The mention made upon this column of that other terminus of measurement, so far distant in the South of Europe, reminded us by contrast of one more advantage which this high latitude possesses — the greater rapidity of its vegetation. When the sun once appears within this polar region, it comes to stay. Nature immediately makes amends for her long seclusion. For three months the sunshine is well-nigh incessant. There is no loss of time at night. The flowers do not close in sleep. All vegetation rushes to maturity. Thus vegetables in the Arctic

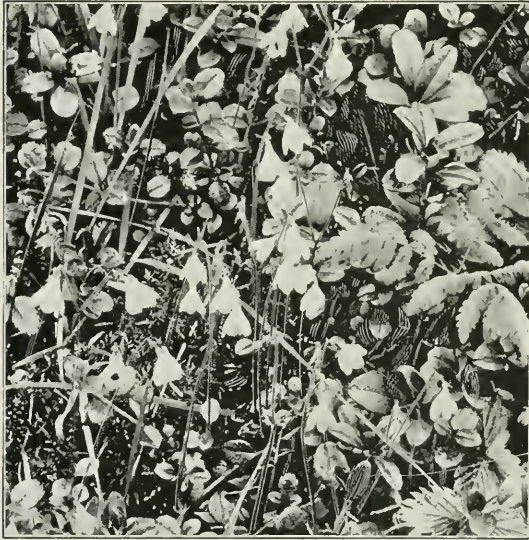


THE MERIDIAN SHAFT.



circle will sometimes grow three inches in a single day, and although planted six weeks later than those in Christiania, they are ready for the table at the same time.

Sailing finally from Hammerfest, a voyage of seven hours brought us to our destination — the North Cape. I looked

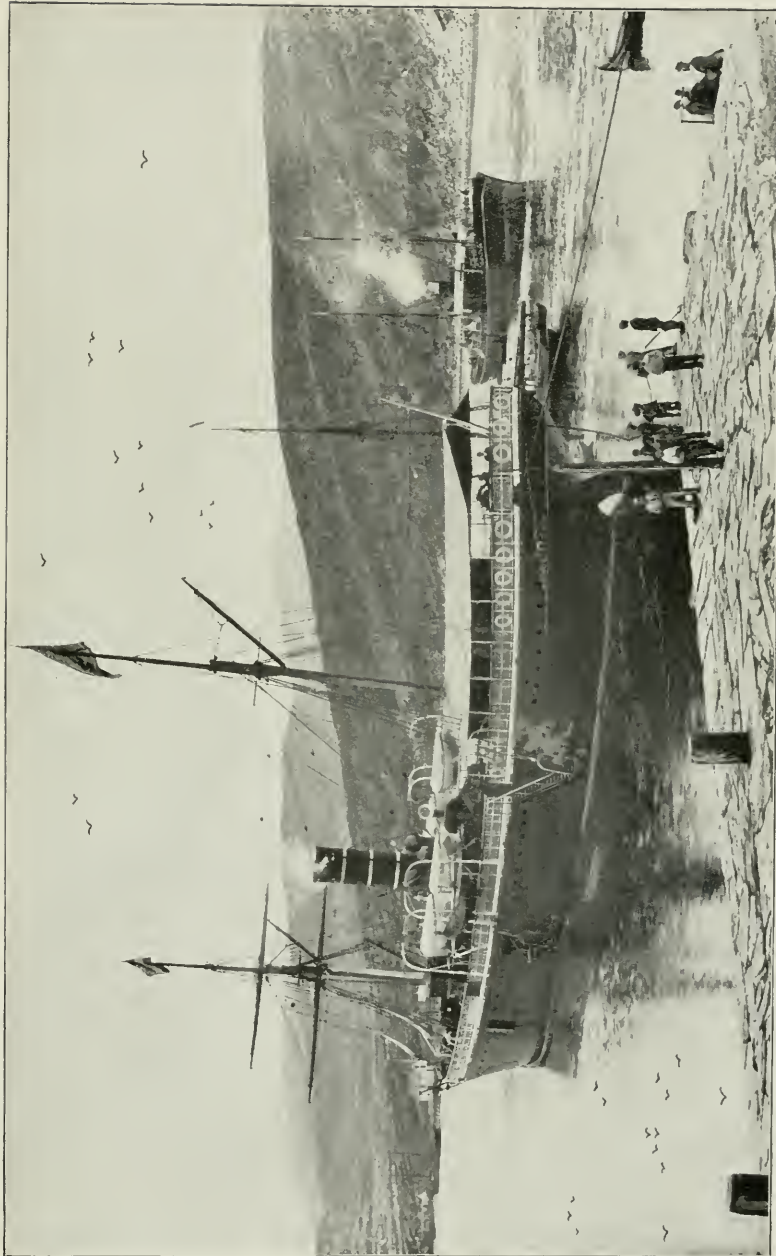


NORWEGIAN FLORA.

upon it with that passionate eagerness born of long years of anticipation, and felt at once a thrill of satisfaction, in the absence of all disappointment. For my ideal of that famous promontory could not be more perfectly realized than in this dark-browed, majestic

headland, rising with perpendicular cliffs, one thousand feet in height, from the still darker ocean at its base. It is, in reality, an island, divided from the mainland by a narrow strait, like a gigantic sentinel stationed in advance to guard the coast of Europe from the Arctic storms.

Embarking here in boats, we drew still nearer to this monstrous cliff. From this point it resembles a stupendous fortress surmounted by an esplanade. For in that prehistoric age, when northern Europe was enveloped in an icy mantle, huge glaciers in their southward march planed down its summit to a level surface. The climbing of the cliff, though safe, is quite exhausting. Ropes are, however, hung



HARBOR OF HAMMERFEST.



at different points, and, holding on to these, we slowly crept up to its southern parapet. Thence a laborious walk of fifteen minutes brought us at last to the highest elevation, marked by a granite monument erected to commemorate King Oscar's visit to the place in 1873.

It is a wonderfully impressive moment when one stands thus on the northern boundary of Europe, so near and yet so far from the North Pole. It seemed to me as if the outermost limit of our planet had been reached. Nowhere, not even in the desert, have I felt so utterly remote from civilization, or so near to the infinitude of space.

But presently from our steamer, anchored near the base, some rockets rose and burst in fiery showers far below us. It was a signal for us to be on our guard. I looked at my watch. It was exactly five minutes before midnight. Advancing, therefore, to the edge of the cliff, I looked upon a unique and never-to-be-forgotten scene. Below, beyond me, and on either side, lay in sublime and awful solitude the Arctic sea, stretching away



NORTH CAPE.



SILUPENDOUS CLIFFS.

to that still undiscovered region of the north, which, with its fatal charm, has lured so many brave explorers to their doom.

Straight from the polar sea, apparently, the wondrous northern light (an opalescent radi-

ance born of the twilight and the dawn) came stealing o'er the waters like a benediction; and to enhance its mystery and beauty, when I looked northward over the rounded shoulder of the globe, I saw the MIDNIGHT SUN.

At this great height and northern latitude it did not sink to the horizon, but merely paused, apparently some twenty feet above the waves, then gradually rose again. It was the last of count-



THE MIDNIGHT SUN.



less sunsets which had that day been following each other round the globe. It was the first of countless sunrises which, hour after hour, in so many continents would wake to life again a sleeping world. I have seen many impressive sights in many lands, but nothing, until Time for me shall be no more, can equal in solemnity the hour when, standing on this threshold of a continent, and on the edge of this immeasurable sea, I watched, without one moment's interval of darkness, the Past transform itself into the Present, and Yesterday become To-day.



KING OSCAR'S MONUMENT — NORTH CAPE.



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## LECTURE II

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# ATHENS AND VENICE

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In this lecture Mr. John L. Stoddard transports to the shores of the Mediterranean the readers who have been his companions in NORWAY. The picturesque fjord gives place to the languid canal, and the long stretch of Northern Water is exchanged for the classic Ægean. In Athens and Venice every structure has a history and every spot a legend. Architectural masterpieces abound and make good the lack of scenery, such as environed us on our way to view the Midnight Sun. In Mr. Stoddard's company we recall much of Venetian and Athenian history, and in a very pleasing way are brought to associate the existing monuments of two famous cities with their rôles in the grand drama of History.

### 121 Illustrations

elegant reproductions of Mr. Stoddard's own photographs embellish the masterly text, and make us familiar with the appearance of historic sites and scenes.

The Lecture on ATHENS-VENICE will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of the special introductory price charged for Mr. Stoddard's Lecture on NORWAY.