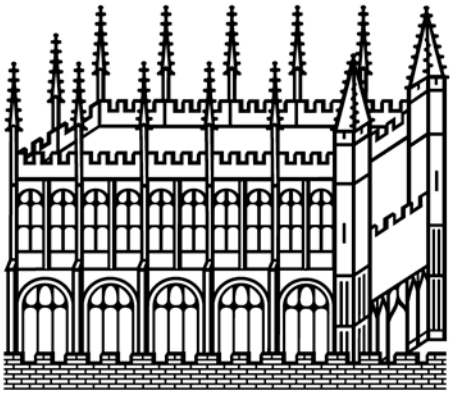


Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

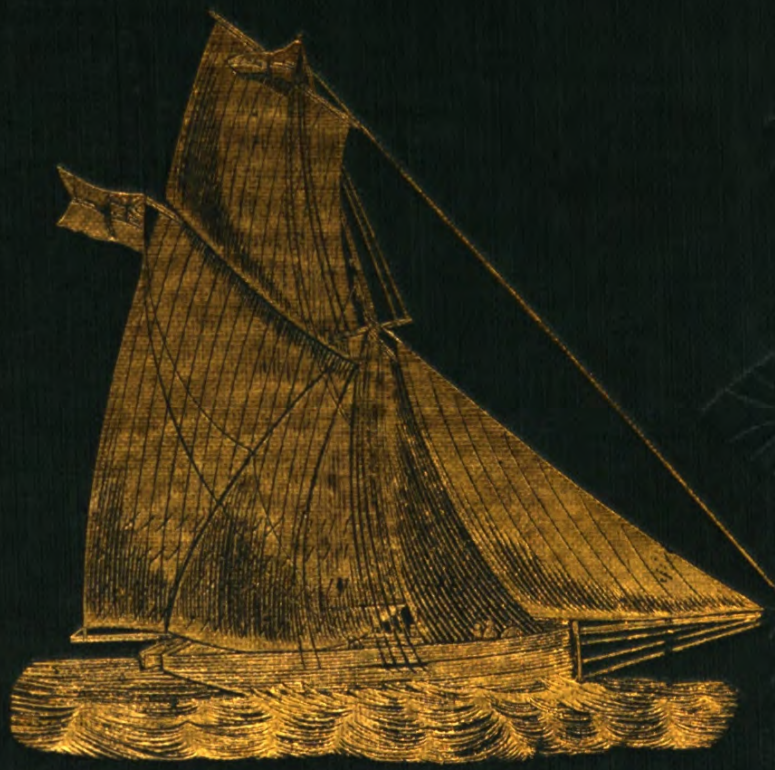
This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

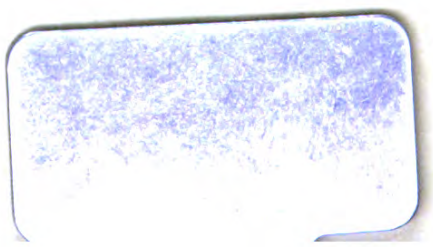
http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks



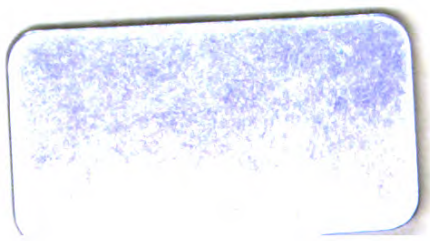
This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



48. 1547.



48. 1547.



46. 1547.



A

YACHT VOYAGE

TO

NORWAY,

DENMARK, AND SWEDEN.

VOL II.

A

YACHT VOYAGE

TO

NORWAY,

DENMARK, AND SWEDEN.

BY

W. A. ROSS, ESQ.



Ver erat; errabam: Zephyrus conspexit: abibam:
Insequitur: fugio.

OVID. *Fast.*, Lib. v.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1848.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY T. R. HARRISON,
ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

A YACHT VOYAGE

TO

NORWAY, SWEDEN, & DENMARK.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE YACHT UNDER SAIL—JACKO OVERBOARD—FREDRICKSVÆRN — THE UNION JACK — SCENERY ON THE LARVIG RIVER—TRANSIT OF TIMBER—SALMON FISHING—THE DEFEATED ANGLER—LUDICROUS ADVENTURE WITH AN EAGLE — RESULT OF THE ANGLING EXPEDITION — THE BEVY OF LADIES—NORWEGIAN DINNER-PARTY SINGULAR AND AMUSING CUSTOMS.

At eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 6th, we started for Larvig. About sixty miles from Christiania, at the mouth of the Fiord, a fine, light air sprung up, and, delighted with

the expectation that we should reach Larvig before set of sun on Wednesday, we amused ourselves by firing at bottles thrown into the sea, and afterwards by watching the gambols of Sailor and Jacko. Sailor, stretched at full length on his back, allowed Jacko to pull his ears, and bite his claws; and mindless of the monkey's antics, seemed rather to encourage, than object to his vagaries. Wearied, at last, with his pulling, and jumping, and biting, Jacko sought a variation to his amusements, by springing on the weather runner-block, and thence depending by his tail. When Sailor perceived that Jacko had removed his gymnastics from himself, and transferred them to the block, he rose from his recumbent attitude on the deck, and, squatting on his haunches, observed, for some little time, with singular attention and silence, the extraordinary flexibility of Jacko's limbs; but at the moment when Jacko suspended his little carcase by his smaller tail from the runner-block, whether it

was the manner in which Sailor expressed a roar of laughter, or whether it was a shout of applause at the comical likeness of Jacko's body, swinging in the air, to a bunch of black grapes, certain it is, that, at that instant, Sailor gave one, but one, tremendous bark, and, in the twinkling of an eye, Jacko fell souse into the water. He sank like a boiled plum-pudding to the vessel's keel; for when he rose again, his little round head could just be seen a hundred feet astern. Never was there such dismay on board the Iris before.

"Jacko's overboard!" shouted each man; and echo taking up the cry, "Jacko's overboard!" must have alarmed Jacko himself by its forlorn expression. Struggling with the waves, and striking out manfully with his hands, and not like a monkey, Jacko kept his head above water, and his eyes turned towards the cap of the top-mast.

"Hard a-port the helm!" bellowed D——,

rushing to the tiller himself; and soon as the cutter shot up in the wind, he added,

"Now, then, two of you, my sons, jump into the dingy."

The command was obeyed quickly as it was given; and Jacko has to thank his star, whichever it may be, that the boat had not been hoisted on the davits, but towing in the vessel's wake; or he might, many months ago, have been a source of entertainment at the Court of Neptune.

If a drowned rat looks sleekly wretched, Jacko looked ten times worse when taken out of the water. The brightness of his eye had fled,—his tail, which curled usually like a sucking-pig's, hung now straight down behind him, relaxed from its ringlet, like a piece of tarred rope,—and his stomach, vying once with the symmetry of the greyhound's, was distended and globular as a small barrel of oysters. Half a spoonful of brandy was poured down his throat, and having been wrapped up

in some odd pieces of flannel, he was put in a soup-plate, and set down before the fire. This was all that human art could do, and the rest was left to the control of time, or Jacko's robust constitution.

At twelve o'clock we were off Fredricksværn, the Norwegian Portsmouth, which is a small town at the entrance of the Larvig Fiord. Here Jacko came on deck buoyant as a ball, and with a coat made more glossy by the chemical action of the salt water.

Looking towards Larvig, we saw, an unusual sight in this country, the Union-jack flying on a little rock; and were puzzled for some time to know whether it was a compliment that had reference to us. After a tedious contention with *dead water*, light puffs of wind that came down the gulleys on our starboard beam, and shifted to our bows, and then veering right aft, jibbed the main-sheet, we cast anchor about twenty yards from the rock on whose summit the Union-jack waved.

The Consul sent on board to say, that his house was at our service, as well as any other kindness he could show us. We understood afterwards, that the Consul had mistaken the Iris for the Fairy schooner, belonging to Sir Hyde Parker; and had hoisted the jack in compliment to his old friend the baronet.

It was not possible for us to fish to-day; but P—— hired a carriole, and drove about six miles into the country, to obtain leave from the proprietors on the banks of the Larvig River, to fish on the following morning. The task of gaining permission to fish for salmon in Norway is sometimes a tedious one; for every man is his own landlord, and possesses a few acres of land that he tills himself. All lands on the banks make the portion of the river flowing by them, the property of the landowner; and the angler may have to secure the good-will and assent of fifty persons, before he can fish in any part of a river, which is more difficult to do, as the Norwegians are

jealous of their little privileges. They rarely deny courtesy to a stranger; but they like to have it in their power to do so if they please. This, however, was not P——'s case; for through the hearty assistance and recommendation of the Consul, no obstruction was made to the attainment of everything we desired.

As all fishermen are aware, it is necessary to angle for salmon, and indeed many fish, either very early in the morning, or in the cool of the afternoon, the heat of noon being perfectly inimical to the sport. At two o'clock, therefore, on Friday morning, the memorable 9th of June, we started in the gig, stored with abundant provision, for the first foss, or fall, of the Larvig River.

The scenery of this river was the most beautiful we had yet seen, though not the grandest, the banks being thickly wooded, and the diversity of the foliage more striking than at Krokleven, or in the Christiania Fiord.

Nearly four hours elapsed before we reached the spot selected for fishing; but our passage up the river had been obstructed occasionally by bars across the water. These bars are large stakes or piles driven, about twenty feet apart, into the bed of the river, and carried from one bank to the other, to which the trunks of trees are chained to prevent the timber from escaping to the sea; and it is no uncommon thing to meet with an immense field of timber, covering the whole surface of the river as far as the eye can see. A passage is kept between two of these stakes, distinguished from the others by a mark, for the ordinary traffic of the river; and is defended by a huge bar of timber, secured by a chain, on removing which, the boats are, after a good deal of bumping, pulled through. The interior of the country being so inaccessible, the Norwegians have no other alternative but to roll the timber from the tops of the mountains, and casting it on the rivers, allow it to float to

these artificial havens, where it is collected, and then, being made into immense rafts, guided by some half dozen men to the town, whence it is shipped to France or Holland.

P—— had made such excellent arrangements, that two prams were in readiness to receive R—— and himself when we arrived at our destination. In some of the salmon rivers it is quite impossible to fish from the banks, but the sportsman hires a boat, and angles in the centre of the stream, which is generally interrupted by large stones, or pieces of rock, in the eddy of which the salmon delight to sport.

P—— was the first to get his rod together, and selecting a particular fly that he had considered as "a certain killer," jumped into his pram. The men who row these prams are generally Norwegians, born on the banks of the river, and knowing pretty well under what rocks, or in what eddy, the salmon abound. The Norwegian who rowed P——'s pram was

a fine young fellow, but as unable to understand the English language as he was athletic. R—— and P—— divided the river in two parts, so that neither sportsman should interfere with the amusement of the other. P—— took the upper part of the stream, and R—— the lower; or, in other words, or other ideas, P—— was the wolf who came to drink of the limpid tide, and R—— was the lamb who had to put up with the muddy water.

Broiling my back in the rising sun, I took my seat on a high rock from which I had a commanding view of both my friends, and could note the praise-worthy tact and labour with which they angled. Time flew on; a quarter of an hour elapsed, and then another quarter; and to these thirty minutes, twice thirty more were added, when the heat at my back was relieved by the furious and rapid clicking of P——'s reel. I started from my seat, and lo! P——'s rod had assumed quite

a new appearance; for instead of its taper, arrowy form, it looked more like a note of interrogation, and seemed to ask as loudly and plainly as it could,

"What in heavens, master, has hold of my other end?"

P——, too, no longer retained that upright, soldierly attitude for which I had always admired him, but leaned so much backwards, that, should the good rod, I thought, give way, nothing on earth can save him from falling on the hinder part of his head. R—— wound up his line, and sat down in his pram to watch P——.

It is the custom, the instant the salmon takes the fly, for the rower to pull towards the shore with as much celerity and judgment as possible, neither to drive the boat too swiftly through the water, or loiter too slowly, both extremes endangering the chance of capturing your salmon. That part of the stream where P—— fished, was about forty yards

below a rapid, and, indeed, ran with the current of a sluice; and the reader may imagine, that, a very little impetus given to the pram against this current, would increase the pressure of a large salmon on a small gut line. Directly the boatman discovered that P—— had a bite, towards the bank he commenced to row; but not with that degree of expedition P—— desired. Although I was some distance from them, I could perceive the energetic signals of P——'s left hand to the Norwegian to pull ashore more briskly. Every now and then the rattling of the reel would keep P——'s excitement alive, and as he gradually wound up the line, the salmon, making another start, would threaten to run away with every inch of tackle. Warily the Norwegian rowed, scarcely dipping his sculls in the water, lest their splash should startle the most timid of fish; but his cautious conduct made no impression on P——, for I could still see him motion angrily to the Norwegian to be more speedy.

The bank of the river at last was reached, and stumbling over sculls and baling ladles, for these prams leak like sponges, and getting his foot entangled in a landing net, P—— contrived to step on shore; but barely had he stood on land again, than the line snapped, and the rod flew to the perpendicular with a short, sharp hiss. Imagination cannot sympathise with P——'s feelings, when, after travelling over a thousand miles, or more, for the sake of entrapping salmon, he should break, through the stupidity or slothfulness of a Norwegian boatman, his best gut line, and lose the finest salmon in the whole Larvig river. P——'s eyes wandered to the summit of his rod as it shot, like a poplar, straight into the air, and saw the remnant of his tackle, not half a yard long, flowing in every direction to the varying puffs of wind; and turning his head slowly round towards the astounded Norwegian, gave him a mingled look of inexpressible contempt and anger; and then, casting his rod violently

to the ground, stamped his foot, and vowed he would never fish again.

"You stupid ass!" I heard him shout to the Norwegian, perfectly ignorant whether P—— was addressing him with excess of passion, or a tornado of praise; "didn't I tell you, as well as I could, to pull faster? Do you think cat's gut is made of iron?"

"Ja*," said the gaping Norwegian, catching a very vague idea of his meaning.

"But it isn't, you d—d fool!" exclaimed P—— angrily. "Why don't you do what you're told?"

"Ja——," again began the unhappy boatman.

"But you didn't," shouted P——, cutting him off in the midst of his reply.

"Ja, ja," interposed the Norwegian, "I pool pram."

"Yes, you did 'pool pram,' and a pretty mess you have made of it;" and P——, put

* "Ja," pronounced "yar," signifies "yes," in the Norwegian language.

his hands in his trowsers' pockets, and began to walk up and down on the bank.

"What's the row?" called out R—— from his pram, floating in the middle of the river; "Have you lost your fish?"

He had witnessed the whole transaction, as well as I.

"It's hardly credible," answered P——, stopping in his walk, "that these Norwegian fools can live in a country all their days, and have salmon under their noses, and not know how to catch them. Curse the fools! the sooner one leaves them the better."

"So I think," acceded R——, sitting down quietly in the after part of his pram, and dangling his crossed leg. "For my part, I don't think there are any salmon at all. *I* can't get a *rise*. I wouldn't mind betting an even crown you had hold of a weed!"

"Pooh! stuff!" ejaculated P——, starting off in his see-saw ambulation again. "I saw the fish;—'twas fifteen pound weight at least."

"Oh ! if you saw him, that's another thing," said R——; and taking his pipe out of his pocket, began to soothe his nerves by blowing off his disappointment in the substantial form of pure Oronoco tobacco-smoke.

Half an hour afterwards, P—— was hard at work as ever, perfectly regardless of the solemn attestation he had volunteered to Jupiter.

The four sailors who had rowed the gig from Larvig, had, with the ingenuity of their class, constructed a tent, lighted a fire, and were preparing breakfast, both for us and themselves. This was the first time I had breakfasted in the open air, and it is not so unpleasant as might be imagined, particularly should the morning be so calm, and clear, and warm as this one was. Shaded by a high mountain, fresh with the foliage of fir, birch, and filbert trees, the morning sun reached not our encampment. The balmy air, the dew and early vapour upon the grass, the humming sound of

the bee, the low of cattle, the lusty salutation of peasants as they met each other, proceeding to their labour, and, above all, the murmuring river, were sounds and things as pleasant to hear and see as always to remember.

I could not help understanding the feeling which had induced gipsies to pursue a wandering mode of life, freed from the annoyances of taxes and the restraint of towns; and travelling farther back to the days, when the world was younger, and thought, in its inexperience, more justly on many subjects than it does now, I took up the conch, and breathing in it, exclaimed with Horace,

"Campestres meliùs Scythæ,
Quorum plaustra vagas ritè trahunt domos,
Vivunt, et rigidi Getæ;
Immetata quibus jugera liberas
Fruges et cererem ferunt."

R—— and P—— were unwearied; nor did they yield to fatigue until the sun had risen so high, that its heat sent the fish to respire at the bottom of the river, and the

animals under shelter of the trees. After we had breakfasted, R—— and P—— exchanged a few remarks on the art of angling, felt the fatigue of rising at two in the morning, and fell fast asleep. I possessed the wakefulness of a second Cerberus, and allowed not Morpheus to approach my eyelids; but loitering, up and down, under the shady boughs of the trees, listened to the sweet silvery rippling of the river, as it crept between the rocks, or bubbled over its shingly bed. Overpowered at last by the fury of the vertical sun, I entered the tent that had been formed by raising the gig's sail on the four oars.

R—— and P—— were still slumbering, and I was lying under the tent, on the ground, reading the Adventures of Peregrine Pickle. The sailors who had formed the boats' crew were sauntering about along the banks of the river; and the cockswain, who generally on such excursions as the present performed the part of cook, was seated on a piece of rock

which projected into the bubbling stream, busily occupied in the preparation of dinner. Whistling, and humming, by fits, one of the sea-songs of his country, he wore the time away while peeling some potatoes, which, one by one, as his large knife, slung from his belt by a piece of yarn, deprived of their jackets, he threw into an iron pot, having rinsed them previously in the flowing river. Within his sight, lay, on a white towel, a leg of lamb, bewitchingly sprinkled with salt, all prepared to be cooked, but only waiting for the potatoes to bear it company to the fire. Absorbed in my book, I paid little attention to what was passing around me, except by an occasional glance, until I heard a loud, shrill scream, and then a louder rustling of feathers, as if this was the noon of the last day, and Gabriel having blown his trumpet without my hearing it, had actually reached the earth. I jumped up, and running out of the tent, saw the cockswain standing like a nautical statue, motionless, gazing

upwards, and with a stick grasped firmly in his hand. Following his example, I turned my eyes reverentially to the skies, and distinguished, from the blaze of day, a most lusty eagle, making the best of his way towards the residence of Jove with the leg of lamb in his beak; and, as if conscious of the superiority his position had given him over us, waving the white towel, grasped with his talons, hither and thither in the air, like a flag moved exultingly by conquerors after victory.

"It's gone, sir," said the sailor, lowering the uplifted club, "and, blow me, if I ever heerd him coming."

I shall not forget the utter disgust of R—— and P——, when, like a couple of Samsons they awoke, and found that their hair was certainly untouched, but that the most positive support of their strength had been cut off irretrievably, and their dinner of lamb gone where all innocence should go. Some bread and cheese, together with a few eggs which the

boatmen purchased for us at a neighbouring cottage, supplied the loss of our lamb. The coolness of the afternoon gave R—— and P——, an opportunity to renew their ardour, and at six o'clock they both might have been found encouraging the habit of patience in the art of angling.

The rattling of their reels, gave, at almost every half hour, the announcement of a bite, and hurrying in their prams to the shore, my friends, after the torture of another half hour, would, with the assistance of a gaff, place the unhappy salmon among the long grass growing on the river's brink.

The Norwegians, and I believe, all persons who have the sense of taste developed to a most extraordinary nicety, say that the fish which are caught with the hook, are not to be compared in flavour to those taken in the net. Though I cannot account for the exquisiteness of taste, that can distinguish between one and the other plan of catching the salmon, I can

very easily suppose that the pain, more or less, given in the destruction of an animal, may increase or decrease the flavour of the flesh, when used as food. A fish drawn backwards and forwards through the water with a hook piercing its gills, or the more tender fibres of the stomach, till it is almost jaded to death, and then lacerated with such an instrument as the gaff, must endure such an accumulation of the most intense pain, that the sweeter juices of the flesh escape during the throes of a protracted death, and render its taste more stale and flat. But the fish, taken in the net, suffers no injury; and free from pain is instantaneously deprived of life, while the muscular parts retain all the vigour and nutriment requisite for human food.

R—— and P—— caught eight fish between them, varying from fifteen to twenty-five pounds' weight each; and, striking our tent, we returned in the twilight of evening to the yacht at Larvig.

Nothing daunted, R—— and P—— rose again the following morning at two, and collecting their fishing apparatus, began to prepare for another jaunt up the river. They were very desirous that I should accompany them; but having had insight enough into the stratagem of salmon-fishing for the next three days, I declined.

"Well! ain't you going to get up? It's past two," I heard some one say; but not quite certain whether I was dreaming, or really awake.

"Hollo! sleepy-head!" another voice shouted, and a strong arm shook me.

"Eh? what is it?" I asked, rubbing my eyes, entirely bewildered as to the cause of such rough usage.

"Come! look alive, if you're coming. The sun's up, and we must be off," the last speaker continued. I could not conceive where I had promised to go; nor could I make out what the sun had to do with my

movements. A second violent shake roused me.

"I am awake!" I said pettishly. "What do you want; who are you?"

"Get up, you great muff!" the loud voice again exclaimed from the centre of the cabin. I sat up in my bed. From my berth I could see into the main cabin. R—— and P—— in their short fishing coats, and jack-boots, were standing round the cabin table, and drinking some preparation of milk, rum, and egg.

"It's capital, isn't it?" I heard P—— say.

"Splendid!" R—— replied. "Let's have it every morning."

"Ha! many a time," P—— continued, "I have swallowed this just before going to morning parade. It's the best thing in the world on an empty stomach. Here's a little more." And he filled R——'s glass.

"Where are you going so early?" I asked, quite forgetful that we were even in Norway.

"Why, to fish, of course," replied R——. "What else do you suppose we are going to do? Come along."

"No; not this morning," I said, falling back on my pillow. "I am tired."

"Pooh! what humbug! you've been in bed ever since twelve. What more do you want?" replied one of them.

"A little more," I answered, making myself as snug as I could; for I had really not slept an hour.

"That's just like you, always pulling another way," R—— observed. "What's the good of remaining here all alone, when you might gaff for me? It's so unsociable!"

"Hang the gaffing!" I answered.

"If you don't like to gaff," suggested R——, "take the little rifle and shoot an eagle or two. That's better than remaining behind; and we can go to bed early to-night.

"Why can't you go without me?" I said. "I don't care about fishing, and I do about

comfort; for I feel now as if I had not been to bed at all."

This indifference to a sport, they both deemed the most exciting, caused them to upbraid me, till half-past two, with such epithets as, "an old woman," "a shocking cockney," "a fellow only fit to wear white kid gloves," "a Regent Street swell," "a land lubber," "a milk sop," and a multitude of other curious idioms, that rather made me merry than clashed with my pride.

About ten o'clock, I received a note from the Consul, intimating that a party of ladies desired to see the yacht, and requested he might bring them on board. I replied that I could, in the absence of R——, undertake to say how cordially he would have granted his permission, and flatteringly he would have felt the compliment, had he been present, and I begged that the Consul would act as if the vessel were his own. Three hours afterwards, I saw several boats, filled with ladies, shoot out

from a little bay, on the starboard bow of the yacht, and gliding as swiftly through the smooth water as the two rowers to each boat could force them, soon clustered round the gangway. Thirteen young ladies, the Consul being the only gentleman among them, jumped lightly on board; and as they followed, interminably, one after the other, I never felt the responsibility of any position so impressively, as I did the present one. The young ladies, however, were all Norwegian, except one; so that I had not much trouble in talking to them, their native tongue, or the German, being the only two languages they could understand, and of both of which I was almost ignorant.

Although I could not enter into conversation with them, I felt it was my bounden duty to contribute by some device, or the other, to the entertainment of these young ladies. Knowing the partiality of my own country-women to music, I hazarded the idea, that the Norwegian ladies were filled with an equal admiration for

waltzes and polkas; and being fortunately possessed of two very large musical boxes, I wound them up. When these boxes began to play, my fair visitors were much delighted with their ingenious mechanism, and for some short time listened to them with wonder and delight; but at last, in harmonious movement to their sweet notes, these children put their little arms round each other's waists and began to dance. The elder girls, catching the mood, clasped their companions by the hand, and begged them to join the merry group. In ten minutes not one girl was sitting still; and she who could not get a partner, placed her arms a-kimbo, and whirled up and down the deck alone.

A Norwegian gentleman had asked me to dine with him, and as R—— and P—— would not return much before midnight, I did not decline an invitation that was not only hospitable, but would give me an opportunity of seeing more of the habits and character of his countrymen. The dinner was prepared at an

early hour, one, or two, o'clock. The style of cookery was the same as in England; except the manner in which the salmon is dressed, for it is cut up into small junks and fried; but the most ordinary, and esteemed way of eating the salmon is to smoke it, which is nothing more or less than an excuse for swallowing the fish raw.

After dinner, the host filled two glasses of wine, one for himself, and one for me; and sidling close up to my chair, placed himself arm and arm with me. I could not understand his meaning, and watched with no little anxiety the next act of familiarity he would commit. My eyes glanced round the table; but the gravity of every man's face was ecclesiastical in the extreme. Without unlocking his arm from mine, the Norwegian raised his glass in the air, and motioned with his hand to me to do the same. I did so. He then drank off the wine, and bade me drink in like manner. I did that likewise. I had thus followed my

friend's injunctions, and had scarcely, with a smile, replaced on the table the glass I had drained, when I received a box on the ear. Starting from my chair at the unprovoked assault, I was about to break the decanter over the Norwegian's head, when a gentleman seized hold of my right hand, and begged me to be pacified, for that it was merely the usage of the country in pledging to the health of a friend. He said my host would be highly gratified by my retaliation.

"We have simply then been drinking each other's health?" I asked.

"No more, sir," my mediator replied.

Ashamed of my hasty and most unmannerly conduct, I gave the amicable cuff, and all was merriment again.

When we rose from table, the whole company commenced shaking hands with each other, and coming up to me, one after the other, each guest took my hand, and

"Tak for maden," he said.

This was another mysterious usage I could not unravel. A few days afterwards, amid the general din of the same ceremony, I asked a young lady, who spoke French, what it all meant; and she then told me it was an ancient habit of returning thanks for a good dinner.

"But I have given them no dinner," I said.

"That is true," replied my fair informant; "but they thank you all the same."

While she spoke, a Norwegian gentleman took possession of her hand, and exclaimed,

"Tak for maden!" while a second did the same with my hand, and repeating similar words, passed on all round the table.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER FISHING EXCURSION—LANDING A SALMON—THE CARRIOLE—BOATS ROWED BY LADIES—DEPARTURE FROM LARVIG—CHRISTIANSAND HARBOUR—RETURN TO BOOM—SINCERE WELCOME—ANGLING AT THE FALLS—THE FORSAKEN ANGLER—A MISUNDERSTANDING—RECONCILIATION—ST. JOHN'S DAY—SIMPLICITY OF MANNERS.

On Tuesday morning, at three, I joined R—— and P——, and took a second trip up the river, to indulge in this pastime of angling.

When we arrived on our fishing ground, the salmon were seen springing two or three feet out of the water into the air, a sign not always good for the sportsman; for the Norwegians say, that when the fish begin to leap out of

the water, they are moving up the river, and disinclined to take food. It was entertaining to observe them, as they leaped in various places, from rock to rock, up the stream of the Foss; and although they would be brought back by the immense volume of water, nothing disheartened, would repeat the leap again and again. Seated in the pram, I watched in the clear stream, the caution with which some of the salmon approached the fly, and after darting away from it, returned and sported round it, as if perfectly aware of the deceitful manner by which the hook was hid; but in a reckless moment, just as the fly was moved along the top of the water, resembling the living insect with such exactitude that I could be deceived, they would make a sullen plunge, and then as if aware of the foolish act they had committed, secure their death by running away with the whole line before they could possibly feel the hook. A slight jerk is given to the tackle, and their doom is sealed.

I saw one salmon caught through his own folly; for had he been less violent, he might have gratified his curiosity by tasting the fabricated fly, and could, when he found that it was nothing more than a mackaw's feather, have quietly spitten it out; but as soon as the hook lanced his lip, the fish made a leap of several feet above the surface, and on falling into the river again, shot like a silver arrow, towards any weed or rock he saw, sheltering himself behind it, as if he deemed this retreat secure. But when he felt a motive power, over which he had no control, gently drawing him by the head from his old abode, and the consequent slight, shooting pang of the hook, away he flew, right up towards the pram, flapped his tail furiously to the right and left, and then bounced about his native pool, indignant of the vile trick that had been played him. R——, was soon rowed to the bank, and I stood by his side gaff in hand.

"Look out," said R——, in an under tone;

and, turning up the sleeve of my coat, I gave the gaff the full length of the handle. The fish, however, saw me move, and like a flash of lightning, clove the water to its lowest depth. The line passed with such rapidity between R——'s thumb and forefinger, that it almost cut them off.

The manœuvring of ten minutes more brought the salmon within a few feet of the bank, and crawling through the rushes, I remained ready to perform my part of the tragedy. Near and nearer, turned on his back, and panting laboriously, the fish allowed himself to be drawn towards the shore. Lowering the gaff slowly into the stream, till I guessed it was two or three inches below the fish, and then making a sudden lunge, I pierced the soft part of the stomach a little behind the two fore fins, and lifted the salmon from the water.

"You did that devilish well," exclaimed R——, hurrying up to remove the hook. The salmon plunged in every direction violently;

and it was with great difficulty I could keep my hold of the gaff.

"Make haste," I said, "or he will be off the gaff; see, how the flesh of the stomach is ripping!"

And so it was. The weight of the salmon was sufficient to tear the tender part of the flesh under the stomach, and the longer I held the fish from the ground to allow R—— to remove the hook, the more probable it appeared, that, the salmon by his furious struggles, would lacerate and divide the flesh, and fall from the gaff.

"Poor wretch!" said R——, as he strove to unfasten the hook from the ligaments of the jaw, "I am keeping him in his pain a long time; but I can't help it."

"I must put him on the gronnd," I observed, when the fish by its struggles nearly twisted the gaff from my hand.

"No; for heaven's sake, don't!" exclaimed R——. "He'll knock both of us into the

water if you do. There," continued R——, holding the hook, at last, in his hand, and cleansing it from slime and gore on the cuff of his coat, "put him down;" and opening a clasp-knife, he ran the blade into the crown of the salmon's head. The creaking sound of the bone as it yielded to the passage of the sharp knife, like the cutting of a cork, made my teeth ache. The fish stirred not; but the blood trickled from his mouth in small bubbles, and stretching out all his fins, as a bird would stretch its wings to fly, a spasmodic shudder succeeded, and then the fins gradually relaxed and adhered close to his sides, while the blood still oozed from the mouth and gills, and striking his tail once or twice on the ground, the salmon seemed to fix his round, staring, glassy eye on me, as if in accusation of the torture I had caused, and gaping, died.

"If I ever gaff another fish, may I be gaffed myself," I said.

"Fish do not feel so accutely as you ima-

gine," replied R——, wiping the penknife on his handkerchief with the coolness of an anotomical operator; "all the quivering you observe is not from actual pain, but merely from muscular action."

"Well, I am not surgeon enough to know that," I answered; "but if you talk for three years, you will never persuade me that a fish does not feel, as well as every other creature, in proportion to its size, the anguish of bodily torture as sensibly as you, or I."

"Never mind arguments," cried R——, "here, let's see what he weighs."

And R—— drew from his coat-pocket, a small balance that he always carried about with him, and hooking the defunct salmon on it, held it up.

"Twenty-two pounds to a fraction," he said; and took a little book from his other pocket, and noted down the weight. Casting up the figures to himself in a sort of whisper common to all calculators, R——

observed aloud, when he had concluded his addition,

"I have killed forty-five pounds myself. That's not so bad, eh? Come on;" and hurrying into his pram, was rowed away.

I did not remain much longer on the bank of the river, and desiring a change, I walked towards the road that ran parallel with the stream. A Norwegian peasant, driving a carriole soon overtook me, and asking him in the most grammatical and simple manner I could, if he were returning to Larvig, he made me a long speech in reply; but beseeching him in my second address to give me a monosyllabic answer, either affirmatively or negatively, as I was a foreigner, the man bowed his head till his chin came in contact with the bone of his chest, and said,

"Ja!"

I then asked him if he were as desirous of letting his carriole, as I was of hiring it; and he again said,

"Ja!'

I tendered several small silver coins, amounting to an ort, a piece of Norwegian money equivalent in value to eight-pence sterling, and begged the peasant to tell me if the offer were sufficiently generous. He counted the coins in the palm of my hand. When he had done so he smiled, and said,

"Ja, tak;" and shaking hands with me, he gave me the rope reins.

The carriole is an elegant, comfortable, but most unsociable vehicle; for it is as unfit to hold two persons, as an ordinary arm-chair. To sit properly in a carriole, you should be rather round shouldered, as its shape is not unlike half a walnut, scooped out. The post-boy sits behind, or stands up, as a groom does in England; but his position must be uncomfortable in the extreme, as the carriole has no springs, and bounds and jumps heavily over ruts and pebbles, causing him to fidget at intervals, and make an exclamation of discomfort

most irregularly. The shafts and wheels are slight, and the body painted uniformly of a chocolate colour. The foot-board is not larger than a tea-tray, about six inches square, and in order to reach it, the legs are so extended as to bring the tip of the toes and the apex of the knees on the same plane. Nor does the driver look down on his horse, as he would in England; but the eye has a level view along the back of the animal, and his neck, or wooden collar obstructs any further perspective.

I could not make the man, or skydsgut, as he is called, who accompanied me, understand ten consecutive words I spoke; but asking a multitude of questions, I thought I must have collected a multitude of information. Disliking the dulness of my companion, I drove at a swift pace, but the skydsgut did not seem to like it, and several times I could guess from his manner, that he was expostulating with me. The Norwegians love their horses with the strong, feminine devotion of Arabs, and it is

not an uncommon sight to see the skydsgut, if he be a boy, burst into a passionate fit of tears should you lash his horse twice in a mile. He will strive to tell his grief, but if the language of his sorrow be not understood, he will cover his face with his hands, and weep aloud by the road side. The Norwegians have given Englishmen the credit of being impatient travellers, and from their desire to pass over the greatest quantity of ground in the smallest quantity of time, they are said to use the whip more frequently than is necessary. I do not know that this is an incorrect opinion. As one man has peculiarities that another man has not, so one nation may be noted for eccentricities, of which another nation is devoid; and, for my own part, I am inclined to think, that, however superciliously Englishmen may regard the usages and habits of foreigners, there are no people who give strangers a truer idea of maniacs than Englishmen themselves.

R—— and P——, returned in the evening

with a boat full of salmon, and one fine fish, weighing nearly thirty-two pounds, was smoked and prepared to be sent as a present to England. I passed the whole of the subsequent day at Larvig, and the Consul begged, that as I was alone, I would dine with him. I accepted his invitation. After dinner, in the cool of the afternoon, his daughters, two very lady-like and pretty girls, requested me to join an excursion they were about to make across the fiord, to the opposite shore. These ladies would insist upon rowing the boat the whole distance, upwards of two miles, themselves. I objected for a time; but when they told me it was the custom of the country, and, that the art of sculling was as much an accomplishment as the softer allurements of the harp, or guitar, I felt more reconciled, and fully appreciated an honour that could never be offered to me again.

At half-past ten o'clock, shortly after we had returned from our trip, and while I was

standing on a high rock, from which an extensive view of the fiord could be seen, and talking to the Consul and several ladies, a gun was fired from the yacht.

"His Lordship is returned," said the Consul to me, "and I think that is for you."

"If it be so, they will fire again," I replied. The echo of the cable, as the men began to heave it, left the Consul's conjecture no longer chimerical; and after a little while, the flash and report of another gun leaped one after the other, from crag to crag, through the dusk of evening, and whirling above our heads, bounded over the summit of the mountain.

"Come, there's no doubt now," observed the Consul, turning round towards me.

"No," I answered; "but they don't suppose I can get on board without a boat.

"You can have mine, with pleasure;" and the Consul, addressing his little son, desired that a boat should be kept in readiness.

"Oh! there! look there," exclaimed two, or three ladies, pointing towards the cutter.

"Ay, the anchor's away," said the Consul; and the yacht, with flapping jib, began to move, like a colossal swan with erected crest, proudly through the water.

The main-sail being well brailed up, the two boats were hauled alongside to the davits, and while they were being hoisted on them, a third gun was fired. The ladies, delighted with the flash and thundering of the guns, begged me to linger a little longer, that another gun might be fired; but fearful that R—— would play some mad prank, and stand out of the fiord without me, I promised the fair dames, that the next time I came to Norway, I would comply with their request, and never leave them, or Larvig again.

The Consul's eldest son soon rowed me to the yacht. When I stood on deck, and looked towards the shore, I could see the white hand-

kerchiefs of those whom I had just left, waving through the dusky air.

"There are some of your loves, Bill," said R—— to me.

"They do not wish you well less than they do me," I replied.

The separation from Larvig was the feeling of a second regret I confessed since my departure from England. Dear old Larvig! it is the green oasis where recollection, ever loving, turns to rest; and where the springs of Friendship's warm simplicity, may quench the thirst of him who sighs for Sympathy upon the Desert of Society.

At midnight we cleared the Larvig Fiord, and shaped our course for Christiansand. The weather had been sultry and calm; and at three o'clock in the morning, a tremendous thunder-storm spent the principal part of its anger upon us. The rain descended as if it had been spouted at the yacht through water-

pipes; and the uproar of the thunder among the mountains, and the frequency and vividness with which the lightning gleamed, showing every object on the sea and land, were so terrific, that, each man turned in his hammock, and rubbing his eyes, wished to know what all the noise and light on deck were about.

"Lord! how it thunders!" I heard one man growl, as the peal awoke him.

"The lightning's no better," answered another, as a strong, red flash followed close after the sledge-hammer blow of the clap. The officer of the watch gave some command in muffled tones, and immediately afterwards the man at the helm muttered in a gruff voice,

"Seven bells."

When the hour had been struck, the silence was again profound; and only the pattering of the drops of rain on the deck, as the storm receded, could be heard.

The next morning, before I was up, there

was an altercation on deck; and the word "stuff" seemed to prevail over every other.

"Here, D——," I heard R—— exclaim to the sailing master, "just look here;" and then a short pause ensued, until D—— reached the after part of the yacht, where the jolly-boat had been secured on deck.

"As long as you fellows can stuff yourselves," R—— continued, "that's all you care about; but, after that, my property may go to the devil."

Then there was a dialogue, in an under tone, explanatory of something that had gone wrong.

"I am sure, my Lord," pursued D——, "I am as careful as I can be, and I endeavour to make every man the same."

"It's all very fine to say so," answered R——, "but I wish you would act after the same fashion; for here's a salmon I ordered to be cured at Larvig, for the purpose of sending to England as a present; and just because not

one man would take the trouble to throw a piece of tarpaulin over it last night, to keep off the rain, it is perfectly spoilt."

"I am very sorry, my Lord," D—— replied.

"No contrition," answered R——, "will rectify the error; but it is simply this—if you can all stuff your own stomachs to your hearts' content, you don't care, the value of a block, whether my stomach be full or empty."

"I can't have my eyes everywhere, my Lord," said D——. "I can't be asleep in my berth, and know what is going on on deck."

"No," observed R——; "but you ought to have men about you on whose sagacity, or diligence at least, you can depend. I look to you for every delinquency, and give you the benefit of every good act; and if I did not, be so good as to tell me whom am I to turn to. Who was the officer of the watch?"

"The mate, my Lord."

"Come here, mate," R—— exclaimed, calling aloud to the mate; and when the man had approached him,

"Suppose this yacht were your own," he continued, "and I your servant; and suppose, when I revelled and stuffed myself, I forgot to attend to your property, what would you do to me?"

"I didn't know, my Lord, the sal——" began the mate.

"That's no answer to my question," interposed R——.

"I would discharge you, my Lord," answered the mate.

"Of course you would," R—— replied; "and devilish soon. It's no excuse for you to tell me you did not know the salmon was in that boat. Your ignorance rather aggravates your offence, than exculpates you; for you should have ascertained, that, all my property was secure from damage; and if you did not, what good were you, as it has happened, on

deck? If you had opened your eyes, you would have seen the fish. You might just as well run my vessel on that reef yonder, and then tell me you did not see it."

The mate made no reply, and there was silence for a few minutes.

"Well, the mischief is done," said R——; "but all I request is, that whilst you all stuff yourselves, you would also give me a chance of doing the same. Go back to your duty."

The cured salmon had been placed in the jolly-boat the evening before, and orders were strictly given, that it should be covered during the night; but the attention paid to those orders amounted to what I have related. The salmon, however, was hung up in the shrouds, and after a great deal of trouble and attention, it was sufficiently preserved to arrive in England, three weeks afterwards, and to command the praise of every one who tasted it.

At two o'clock in the afternoon we entered Christiansand Harbour; and taking our old

berth a little to the westward of the castle, fired a salute, to let our friends know we had returned. Several gentlemen came on board, and made many inquiries about our travels; and when they had learned all, arrangements were made for us to fish in the Toptdal River, at Boom, as long as we liked.

Early on Monday morning we weighed anchor, and reached up the fiord as far towards the mouth of the Toptdal River, as the depth of water would permit; and after an hour's sail, the yacht was brought up in a beautiful little bay, about three miles from Christiansand, and about four from Boom.

From a sky azure and warm as in an oriental clime, not a cloud was reflected on the smooth, transparent water, and scarcely a breath of air stirred the leaves of the trees. So absolute was the stillness, that the voices of fishermen, who dwelt among the rocks, could be heard in conversation, although their forms were diminished by distance to the size of a rook.

At five o'clock we were at Boom again, and our friend the Anglo-Norwegian was shaking us by the hand. His eyes sparkled with delight at the renewal of our acquaintance; and promising us the best of sport, he led us towards the cottage in which we had lodged on our first visit. The peasant, our landlord, came forth to the cottage door, pipe in hand, to salute us; while his wife gazed at us through a small window; and, when she caught our glance, smiled, with a sunnier language on her face than she could have uttered with her tongue, the sincerity of her joy to see us once more. I felt as if I had been a long time a wanderer, and had returned home. The three beds in the cottage were ordered to be got ready for us, and a lodging in a neighbouring farm-house was secured for the four men who had rowed the gig.

The fish did not take the fly willingly, for only one or two were caught between R—— and P——; but the amazing number of salmon

that kept leaping out of the water, during the whole afternoon, bade us not despair of being more prosperous on the morrow. The Toptdal River is the property of a celebrated merchant resident at Christiansand, and he derives a considerable income from the sale of fish caught in it. It is one of the most famous salmon streams in the south of Norway; and its celebrity may in some way be tested when I state, that, two and three hundred salmon have been taken in the nets in the course of one day at Boom, and the same quantity has been continued through several successive days. Great numbers are still caught, but not in such multitudes as formerly; and the diminution is ascribed to the circumstance of no law existing in Norway to protect, or rather, preserve the salmon at certain seasons; and poaching has been, of late years, so extensive, that unless the Government take a little more care of a fish that has become almost a staple commodity of the country, and arrest the nefarious

system at present without bounds, the extinction of salmon in the southern rivers of Norway must be immediate and complete. Indeed, we visited some places which a few years ago were famous for the beauty, size, and multiplicity of their salmon; but we were told on our arrival, that, not a fish was now to be caught or seen, from the mouths to the sources of these rivers.

Early in the morning, by daylight, I heard R—— and P—— pulling on their jack-boots, and winding and unwinding their tackle. The clicking noise of their reeds awoke me.

The Toptdal River is uninterrupted by rapids from Christiansand up to our cottage, but as I mentioned, there is before the door a tremendous fall, and a pool of great depth has been formed, by the eternal force and action of the tumbling water. This pool is nearly circular, and about a quarter of a mile in circumference. A large rock, considerably above the level of the water, stands in the middle of

this pool; and perched on it the sportsman may presume that he has attained the most choice position for angling. From this rock, made slippery by the ascending spray of the cataract, Mr. H——, the gentleman to whom I have referred as the proprietor of this river, is wont to fish; and he is allowed to be one of the most distinguished and sagacious anglers in the vicinity of Christiansand or Boom.

Pursuant to the mode of the country, and the recommendation of the natives, my two companions embarked in a pram to seek the piscatory treasures of this pool. The surface of the water was not so clear and smooth as at Larvig; for it boiled and eddied, and the wrath of the thundering cataract made it white as Parian marble. R—— and P——, notwithstanding the difficulty of throwing their flies, daintily from the uneasy motion of the pram, discovered another more serious obstacle to this united possession of the same pram; for, now and then, P——'s silver pheasant fly

would buz very close to R---'s right ear, and R——'s white moth fly would hover around and settle at last on P——'s pepper-and-salt cloth cap, and whisk it into the water. In short, the danger of proximity in fly fishing was as obvious as the deductions of any mathematical problem. The union could not exist. A remedy was to be found; and P—— sat down on the grating over the well of the pram, and gave himself to contemplation. His inquisitive mind lost no time.

"Hollo!" he suddenly exclaimed, "there's that rock; can't I get on it?"

"Let's pull and see," assented R——; and the boatman was desired to row towards it. When the pram was driven by the force of the whirling stream against the rock, P—— jumped on it, but nearly slid off on the other side.

"Oh! ah! this is capital," he said, raising himself cautiously by the aid of both hands. "This will do."

And having, after several efforts, stood up-

right, he commenced untwisting his line from the rod.

"All right?" asked R——, impatient to begin.

"Yes, all right," replied P——; and away the pram, borne by the thousand entertwining currents, shot with R——.

The high peaks of the mountains now began to shine in the rising sun, and, like the ebbing surface of an ocean, the line of light gradually descended towards the valley. One by one, the cattle came forth from their sheds; and the cock, flapping his wing, stood a tip-toe, and crew most lustily. Under the weather-vane, on the farm-house roof, the pigeons trimmed their feathers, and cooed. Unfelt the coolness of the morning air, (for they were hot with exertion,) and regardless of moving shadows, or cooing doves, my two friends gave up the sense of hearing to their reels, and that of seeing to the career of the little zinc hooks at the end of their gut lines. When I looked at

the insular P——, and his active rod, I thought him like to Archimedes who had found his extramundane spot of ground, and, as he threw the fly, and bent his back to let it touch the water lightly, was endeavouring to fasten his lever to the base of the adjacent mountain in order to consummate his wish of raising the world; and the circumfluous R—— with his long tackle, that hissed when he cast it with the petulance of an angry switch, appeared an ocean god, who had selected a shorter route to the North Cape by the Toptdal River, and was urging his reluctant grampuses up the cataract.

R—— and P—— might have angled for five hours, and the result of their assiduity was as diverse as pain is to pleasure, whatever the Stoics may have said to the contrary; for P—— caught fifteen salmon, and R—— not one. Disappointed, no doubt, that such trifling profit should succeed to so much labour, R—— wound up his ten or twelve yards of

cat's-gut, and desired the boatmen to row ashore. It was now eight o'clock; and when people rise at two in the morning, it does not require much calculation to tell how keen the appetite must become when it has grumbled five hours in vain for aliment. P——, however, was callous to hunger, or thirst; and as he made capture after capture, all thought of food decreased in an inverse ratio. When R—— had alighted from the pram, the boatman drew it up on the shore, lest it should get adrift, for it was the only available pram at Boom; and touching his slouch hat, signified to R—— his intention of going to his morning meal. R—— consented. We sat down on a piece of timber by the river's brink, and R—— watched his successful fellow-angler. P——'s very soul seemed to be diving about in the pool entirely unconscious of every earthly thing but salmon.

"By Jove! there's another bite," exclaimed R——, as P——'s reel spread the tidings

with the tongue of a Dutch alarum clock. After a little play, the salmon ceased to live in the Toptdal River.

"I can't tell how he manages," said R——, in a sort of soliloquy. "I don't get a rise in two days. My flies must be bad; or, I think, P—— always takes the best place." And R—— pulled his fly-book from his pouch, and began to examine the flies attentively, one by one, from the largest to the smallest.

"Your flies are very good," I observed; "but you have not application. Look at P——; he is part of that rock, apathetic to every idea of life, but the idea that he sees his fly."

"A great deal of it is luck," answered R——; "but let us go to breakfast. I am preciously thirsty; I must swill something."

We both rose, and walked towards the cottage. The sun had now risen above the tops of the mountains, and shone brightly in the very centre of the valley through which the

Toptdal River wound. Not a cloud spotted the sky, and the declining languid motion of the atmosphere gave token of a torrid noon. Entering into jocular conversation with our Anglo-Norwegian friend, who was bustling about the cottage on our behalf, we became so intimate and open-hearted, that R—— begged him to partake of breakfast if he had not eaten his own; and seating himself in the third vacant chair, the Norwegian did as much justice to our hospitality, as the hungry steer does to clover. Time wore on, for the shade of the tall trees became short and shorter; and when our little stout Northern guest went from under the cottage roof, to give some orders to a labourer, I observed that the huge flaps of his felt hat sheltered his round projecting van and bulbous flank, and, that, to the contemplative man with downcast eye, his whole frame, fat though it were, would appear quashed into a circular shadow moving along the ground.

After breakfast, R—— lit his pipe, and the

Norwegian made a quid both round and opaque, and bowing to us, stuffed it into his mouth. Its proper arrangement with his tongue kept him silent for a second, and in that second, we heard the prolonged, faint call of a man in distress; but it was so indistinct, that the gentle rustling of the juniper leaf interrupted our attention to it.

"Is not this delicious?" observed R—— to me; and the gray-blue tobacco-smoke spouted, like a small fountain, from his mouth. "In London I should be just thinking of getting out of bed, and here I have been up these nine hours, and eaten like a bricklayer."

"I should not mind living here, and like this, all my life," I answered, "and paddling about on that river."

"Ja," interposed the Norwegian in a broken dialect, but he thought himself a good English scholar; "dat is goot, but you not tak care you roltz down de foss; one old vomans roltz down de foss."

"Ah?" said I.

"Ja," replied the Norwegian; "she row one praam cross de top of de foss, and de praam roltz over, and she vas drowntz."

The same dull, faint, long cry, fell on our ears; but we took no heed of it, for our native companion said it was the signal shout of huntsmen in the mountains.

"Did you ever find the old woman's body?" I asked.

"Ja," the Norwegian answered, twisting his quid from the left to the right cheek, "she vas foundtz; and vat is droltz de bags of flour she have in de praam, dough dey been long timetz in de vater, vere quite drytz—de middle quite drytz."

"And what did you do with them?" I asked.

"I eatz dem," said my friend.

Again the long, low cry stole mournfully through the still air, and it moaned like a melancholy spirit of the night that had been

left behind by its fellow spirits, as they hurried from earth at dawn of day, and which, concealing itself in some mountain cavern, was wailing their absence, and telling the torture it suffered from the glaring light.

"I say, old cock, have you any goblins in this place?" asked R——, walking close up to the Norwegian, and blowing the smoke from his pipe so voluminously in the little man's face, that he coughed till he nearly spat his quid out of the window.

"Nej, nej," replied the Norwegian, as soon as he could breathe to speak, in a tone of surprise that R—— should suppose such a thing. The Norwegians are superstitious, and believe as confidently in ghosts, as I do in the heat of fire.

"What the devil then," continued R——, "is that confounded groaning about? Some fellow has committed murder. You had better go and see."

"Nej, nej," remonstrated the Norwegian,

scratching his head, and moving nervously in his chair at the suggestion. The Norwegian was stable as his mountains; and R——, laughing at the man's apparent terror, resumed his seat, and increased the generation of his genuine Latakia tobacco-smoke.

It was now mid-day; and the hollow sounding tread of human feet clad thickly, made R—— and me turn our eyes towards the threshold of the cottage. Cased, like a shrimp-catcher, up to his hips in waterproof boots, his landing-net, gaff, and fishing-rod, borne on his left shoulder, P——, the very picture of impersonated anger, stood before us. Dashing landing-net, gaff, fly-book, and his only fly-rod on the table, regardless of crockery,

"A pretty trick you have played me!" he thundered out. We had never given P—— a thought until the moment we saw him, nor did we, for one instant, remember that, like Robinson Crusoe, he had been left on a desert rock, and that the doleful cry might be his.

"It's now twelve," P—— continued angrily, "and you have quietly eaten your breakfast, and allowed me to remain on that rock since six o'clock."

"But my dear fellow," said R——, "could you not call for the boat?"

"And what have I been doing these four hours?" P—— exclaimed. "No; it's just like you both; if you can satisfy your confounded selfishness, the devil may take any one else's comfort."

"A boat would have put off to you," persisted R——, "if you had hailed some of the workmen about."

"What nonsense that is," said P——, with wrath. "Do you think I stood there like a fool, and held my tongue? Of course I hailed every one I saw; but I should like to know who could hear me, stuck, as I was, close under that Fall."

"Well, my dear fellow," answered R——, in a pacifying tone, "I tell you the truth, I never

thought of you until I saw your face at that door."

"That's just what I say; so long as you are comfortable, every one else may go to the deuce;" and P—— snapped his finger, and walked to the window. "Besides that," he added, "I am your guest, and entitled to look for a little more respect."

"Oh! hang the respect," replied R——, quickly.

"Then you may fish alone," said P——; "for I'll be hanged if I will stand being treated in this kind of way. Suppose, for one moment, you had been in my place, and I had forgotten you, what would you have said and felt? the case is the same."

"Why didn't you come ashore with me?" R—— asked, getting rather testy himself; "am I your nurse? Am I to wait and watch for you?"

"Yes, you ought," said P——; "I would have done it for you. I can't fish and have

my eyes about me, in all quarters, at the same time. I think it cursed unmannerly of you both."

R—— looked at me with one of his comic faces, and I looked at him.

"As to my manners," R—— answered aloud, "whether they be vulgar, or whether they be genteel, I take no credit to myself; for an extra allowance was made for my education, that I should be polished brightly like a gentleman, and if you perceive a failure on that score, the fault is not mine, but the preparatory school's. Moreover, if a man has any mental, or personal defect, it is hardly fair to make allusion to it, and by wounding his feelings to seek the gratification of anger."

R—— gave me a wink, as much as to say, "I have the weather-gauge of him." P—— spoke not in reply; but continued standing at the window, and, with his back to us, looking out upon the fatal rock and cataract.

"We have left you a couple of eggs," observed R—— pacifically.

"You had better send them back to the hen to be hatched," P—— replied.

"Come, my dear fellow," continued R——, "don't let such a little thing part us. Your being left on the rock was quite an oversight. Exercise a christian spirit, and drink this delicious coffee."

Pouring out a cup of coffee, R—— held up the Norwegian wine-bottle of milk by its long neck, and said to P——, "do you like a little, or a good deal, of milk?"

"Oh! middling;" and moving from the window, P—— walked towards the table.

"There," said R——, pushing the cup across to P——, "there's some real Mocha for you."

P—— raised the cup to his lips.

"Capital!" he exclaimed, taking breath after a long pull.

"So it is!" reiterated R——, expelling a tremendous and satisfactory cloud of smoke

that took the shape of a balloon, and ascending towards the cottage beams, puzzled me, by its great dilatation, to think, how such a gigantic volume of sooty exhalation, as Dr. Johnson would say, could be compressed into a small compass, like R——'s mouth.

When pacification took place, and conciliatory explanations were made over and over again, R—— and P——, tumbling out their flies, commenced to repair those that had been damaged by the fish, and manufactured others, more suitable to the transparent water, and the timidity of the salmon. While they were thus engaged, I loitered about in the open air.

The day was hot to oppression; and it required no flight of the imagination to forget that the country was Norway, and fancy myself in the interior of Congo. Numerous insects, that flew with a droning noise about me, and a multitude of adders basking in the sun,

or hurrying through the grass as I approached, gave new force to the illusion.

In the afternoon R—— and P—— caught thirty or forty salmon between them. Such success made them determine to remain for some days longer at Boom; but being desirous of a change of scene, as well as recreation, I returned to the yacht, and sleeping on board that night, went the next morning to Christiansand.

It was the 24th of June, known as St. John's Day; and on my arrival at Christiansand, I learned that the festival was commemorated with great ceremony by the Norwegians. Along the tops of the mountains, everywhere the eye wandered, piles of faggots, and old boats were collected together, like funeral pyres. Men and women, children and dogs, congregated in multitudes around them, watching for the set of sun; and when the weary god sank down to rest, and with closing

lids gave darkness to the earth, a hundred bonfires simultaneously blazing forth on the summits of the mountains, strove to reach his throne in the meridian, and imitate the day. The sight was certainly fine, but could not be compared with an ancient warlike and similar custom among the Scottish Highlanders.

I called on some ladies and gentlemen whom I knew at Christiansand, and learned a usage prevalent among the Norwegians, that should still more endear their simplicity of heart, and the truthfulness of their character, since it is void of all the artfulness and social fiction of England. Approaching the house of a family, from the different members of which we had received much kindness and hospitality, a servant met me at the door, and while she was endeavouring to explain how much her mistress was engaged, the eldest daughter of my fair hostess made her appearance, and extending her hand to me, said, shaking her head,

"Herr, kan icca ta imod;" which meant, that I could not be received. This is the usual phrase; and it tells you the simple fact, that the lady of the house is at home, but her domestic occupations press upon her so much at the moment, that she is unable to receive you.

CHAPTER XV.

SAILING UP THE GRON FIORD—DANGEROUS SWELL—EXCURSION ASHORE—TROUT-FISHING—MOUNTAIN SCENERY—ANT-HILLS—HAZARDOUS DRIVE—THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT—MISERABLE LODGING—CONDITION OF THE PEASANTRY—A VILLAGE PATRIARCH—COSTUME OF THE COURTRY-PEOPLE—ARRIVAL AT FÆDDE.

On Wednesday, the 30th, we left Boom, having, during the ten days R—— and P—— had remained there, caught two hundred and sixty-four salmon.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, we landed at Christiansand for an hour, to arrange a few accounts, and then sailed for the Gron Fiord.

The night was calm, and the sea smooth as

a mirror. At noon the following day, we were once more in sight of the Naze, and, signalling for a pilot, elicited an instant answer from a solitary cottage standing on the barren promontory. The swell was terrific; and as soon as the pilot could contrive to scramble on board, we ran the vessel up the lesser channel of the Gron Fiord to escape the sea. The violence of the waves was more dangerous, as scarcely a breath of wind filled the sails; and we were apprehensive that a huge spar like the boom swinging to and fro, would carry away the mast by the board.

Leaving directions with D—— that the yacht should meet us in the Fædde Fiord, R—— suggested that we should take an excursion inland. The proposal was no sooner given than it was taken up gladly; and hiring a mountaineer for our guide, who had jostled himself on board to see all that he could, we started in the gig for a small village, the name of which I forget, about sixteen miles

further up the Fiord. What with rowing, and sailing, under the favour of sudden puffs of wind which nearly capsized us a dozen times, we came in sight of the village at five o'clock in the afternoon. The sail thither was very beautiful; the lofty mountains on all sides giving the Fiord the romantic calmness and changing shadows of a beautiful lake. The water, too, so clear and shallow, left our minds at ease when the frequent gusts of warm air breathed heavily on our sail, and made us regard their sallies down the different ravines rather as the cause of sport, than the effect of mischief.

Being without a forbud, or courier, we waited for horses, as a consequence, several hours at a post-house on the bank of the Fiord. Time, however, did not hang heavily on our hands, R—— and P—— finding some amusement in fishing for trout in a neighbouring stream, and I was not the less entertained by observing the rapidity with which one fish was

caught after the other. The surface of the water swarmed with these little creatures, and the fly was no sooner thrown to them, than they fought for the bait.

In half an hour we returned to the post-house; and three dozen trout were, in a short time, converted into a substantial dinner. The flesh, however, was so impregnated with the taste of turpentine, that I relinquished the greater portion of my share to others who were more hungry, and not so dainty. Living almost entirely on fish caught by ourselves, I had, on former occasions, incurred the loss of my dinner through this disagreeable flavour, but could not discover its cause until a glass of water, taken from the Larvig River, tasted so strongly of the fir, that, I preferred the inconveniences of thirst to the means of its alleviation. So much timber is floated from the interior to the towns on the sea-coast, that the rivers retain the taste of the fir, and even take from it a particular light yellow tinge,

not to be seen in those streams that are too small and shallow for rafts or boats. Some kinds of fish, deriving their sole sustenance from these rivers, are consequently saturated with turpentine.

After dinner we walked up a hill, down whose rugged side ran a rapid, murmuring brook. The Fiord, surrounded by mountains, lay beneath us, and, far away, we could see the boat that had brought us hither, floating, like a white feather, slowly homewards to the yacht. The blue-bell and fox-glove were growing on every hand, and the heath throve in luxuriance, but, flowerless, seemed to miss the golden blossoms of the furze.

Sauntering along, we could scarcely avoid stumbling over numberless ant-hills, of considerable size and height, raised around the trunks of fallen firs rent in two by the violence of the winter storms, or hewn down to be converted into charcoal. Regardless alike of the sultry summer heat and of us, how indus-

triously the little people worked, running hither and thither with pieces of stick, ten times larger than themselves, and sometimes so ponderous, that half-a-dozen of them would put their strength together, and pull them from one corner of their dominions to the other! I observed a sturdy mechanic, hurrying, like a thief, along the summit of this mound, fall headlong to the very base; but immediately recovering his senses, seized his load again, and mounted valiantly to his former elevation.

I threw my glove in the midst of them. Their confusion and dismay were beyond all description; but collecting their self-possession, they returned in a mob, and seemed to view attentively the great calamity that had befallen them. They examined it in every position, some burrowing inside and arriving at the top of the glove through a small hole between the thumb and the forefinger; others, apparently chemists, clustering round the button at the wrist, and testing its properties.

Gathering in groups, they appeared to consult whether such a peculiar substance could be converted into use, or whether the glove should be drawn by main force, and precipitated to the sow-thistle below. Unlike any large assemblage of men that I have ever seen, they wasted no time in long speeches, but speedily came to a decision; and approaching the thumb of my glove, some thirty or forty stalwart artificers took hold of the seam that passes inside, and pulled stoutly. The glove moved. This was not lost on the congregated thousands; for their motions appeared to be in approval of their countrymen; and I am convinced did they wear hats, they would have flourished them in the air, or owned voices, would have cheered vociferously. The whole community now took part in the removal of my glove, and in a few seconds it began to crawl pretty evidently towards the edge of the mound.

Busily engaged as all the ants were, they

did not pay much attention to the proximity of danger, and, I am sure, even with their sagacity, did not think of it; but bearing the common nuisance towards the boundary of their country, they were only bent upon ejecting it summarily. The little finger of my glove first reached the side of the ant-hill, and falling, like a paralized limb, suddenly over the brink, cast some forty excellent folks, head over heels, with rapidity and great force to the long grass beneath. Unconscious of this accident at the other extremity, the ants who laboured at the thumb and its environs, continued with violent jerks to draw the glove towards its destination; and when it had come so near the sloping edge, that the locomotive power became its own, it slid, like an avalanche, to the bottom of the mound, drawing nearly the entire population along with it. Never were pismires so terrified before; nor did arrow ever swifter cleave the air, as these insects scrambled over the blades of grass and chips of wood. The

agility with which they climbed up their pyramidical nest was perfectly astonishing; and when the nimblest of them arrived at the top, the perfect state of confusion which seemed to pervade the whole community, and the continuance and fervour with which they were stopped and addressed by those who had escaped the mishap, were the monkeyism and perplexity of man truthful to a degree.

Late in the afternoon we started on our journey. The road at every corner unfolded the sublimest scenery, my imagination conceiving nothing beyond the grandeur and wild magnificence of the rugged mountains whose castellated peaks, gray and black with time and storm, were fretted into all combinations of pinnacle and turret raised like fortifications out of their perpendicular, blank sides. To allay the parching heat and sombreness of scene, the roar of falling water reached the ear, and here and there the eyes caught sight of wooden bridges clasping an angry torrent. Enclosed

by mountains of great height, shooting abruptly into the air, the precipices both above and beneath the narrow highway were most frightful to contemplate, and in many places it was overhung with immense portions of rock. We were obliged to stoop in order to avoid striking our heads against them, and to keep the middle of the road, no other precaution being taken to hinder a restive horse from falling into the hideous gulf, than one or two stones piled on each other. The sharp turn of the road, too, would appear at a distance to terminate at the edge of a precipice; but when the spot was reached, this was found to be mere deception, the angular corners of the road being most acute; and, should a horse plunge in turning, or back, no human interference could stay an instantaneous death.

A difficult descent brought us to a valley, shut in on all sides by lofty mountains; and stopping our jaded horses by a rivulet, we had time to observe another ascent, as steep as

any we had yet encountered in Norway. Looking along a ravine on the left hand, far as the eye could see, the blue mountains, capped with snow, upon whose eminences rested the brilliancy of the setting sun, were contrasted grandly with the gloom and shadow of the nearer valley. Leaping from rock to rock, even from the mountain's peak, cascades poured down their waters in every direction, sparkling like columns of molten silver through the dark green foliage of the fir and pine.

We commenced the ascent. Left to themselves, our horses exercised much sagacity in overcoming every difficulty; for, occasionally making a strong effort, they would gain ten or twenty yards upwards, and then, halting of their own accord, plant their fore legs entirely under them to recover their wind. But in spite of every indulgence, it was disheartening to see the perspiration dripping, like a fountain, from the flanks and stomachs of the animals,

while they panted for breath. Toiling up the acclivity, we arrived, at last, at the summit of the mountain; and although the elevation must have been several thousand feet above the level of the sea, a plain of great extent, inclining slightly downwards to the north-west, and without the vestige of a shrub, spread before us. Alighting from our carrioles, we stood on the highest point of the mountain, and looking down the opposite side almost perpendicularly beneath us, a beautiful lake suddenly broke upon the view, the verdant banks of which, fringed with cottages, meandered for many miles along a still, romantic valley. Down the sides of the mountains that encompassed this valley, and with whose rocky heads we had an equal altitude, hundreds of cascades were seen leaping among the riven crags, and hid for a time from sight by the firs, would burst again upon the eye, and roll in one large spout of foam down the ravines, till they mingled with the sleeping waters of the lake now

thrown into deep shadow by the gigantic mountains, and ended day.

Taking up our abode for the night with a Scotsman, whose cottage we found through the assistance of one of our skydsguts, we strove to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. This gentleman, who had left his native land with the laudable motive of teaching husbandry to the Norwegians, and with the ulterior chance of making his fortune, discovered that the Norwegian farmers were as steadfast to the aboriginal mode of cultivating their land, as he was ambitious of becoming rich, and so, like a sensible man, when he found that his agricultural scheme had failed, and retreat homewards, for want of means, was impracticable, he wedded a Norwegian woman, and renting a tract of land, turned farmer on his own account. All that his frugal wife had collected for household use among these solitary mountains, milk, eggs, and salmon, was freely offered to us; and

having brought our own tea and sugar, together with a few bottles of beer, we easily made a wholsesome meal. After we had supped, our host said that his house was small, and his sleeping accommodation still more limited; but if we could arrange between ourselves, as to the appropriation of one bed, and a small sofa, he would be proud indeed to shelter us for the night.

There is a story told of a monkey, who wishing to divide four cocoa-nuts between himself and two friends with some show of equity, and at the same time, with great consideration for himself, puzzled his pate a long while how to make an equal distribution; recovering, however, the arithmetical precision of his race, he called his two acquaintances near to him, and handing two of the coacoa-nuts to them, said, retaining the quotient,

"Here are two for you *two;* and two for me *too.*"

Now, I take it, that the division of one bed-

stead and a narrow sofa between three people, who each desire to sleep alone, required as great an amount of sagacity as the monkey developed.*

We cast lots. R—— won the bed, and P—— the sofa. I might sleep where I could, how I could, and when I could. However, things are so wisely ordained in this world, even the most trivial, that I do not know whether a man should not be as much elated with failure, as with success. Who can tell the result of any undertaking ?

At that "witching hour of night when churchyards yawn," we also had a touch of the gaping fit, and thought of rest. The room in which we had supped, was likewise our bedroom; and the bed and sofa, huddled cozily in one corner of the apartment, carried comfort and enticement on their spotless counterpanes. Joking, and suggesting all manner of plans for my repose, R—— took off his coat, and sat down on his bed. No sooner had he done so,

than one might have thought his mattress was stuffed with dried leaves or panes of glass, such a rustling and crackling ensued.

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed R——, starting from his seat, and clapping the palm of his right hand to that part of his body that had caused the hubbub; and then turning about, placed his other disengaged hand on the bed, and said with an astonished voice and face,

"Damme, this is all straw, covered with a sheet!"

And pressing the mattress in all quarters, he seemed determined to ascertain whether it were the fact, or, simply, the wandering of his imagination. A piece of yellow straw, plucked from a central hole in the sheet, was amply authenticating. P—— took the alarm; and plunging both fists into the middle of his sofa, met with a soft composition of juniper-leaves and common moss. A pleasant sort of foundation to sleep upon, on a broiling summer's night, with the thermometer at 85°! However,

the fun had only just commenced, and laughing heartily I made a pillow of a couple of boat-cloaks, and wrapping myself, like a mummy, in a white great-coat, stretched myself on the floor. The boards were sanded, and so, when I turned, I sounded like a piece of sand-paper scrubbing a grate. That was the extent of my inconvenience. I slept soundly; and I may have done so for an hour, or two, when some one in a low tone of voice called to me. It was R——.

"Well, what is it?" I said.

"Lord!" he replied, "this bed is full of bugs and fleas. What the devil shall I do?"

"I don't know," I answered, half asleep;—"scratch yourself."

Seemingly in acquiescence with my advice, a violent scratching issued from P——'s corner of the room; and then a heavy sigh, peculiar to a sleeping person, succeeded.

"Do you hear P——?" observed R——.

"Yes, I hear him," I said faintly, for I was tired, and, what is more, comfortable. In a few minutes afterwards, P—— moved restlessly, and then said, in a dreary accent, to R——,

"Bob?"

"Well," answered R——.

"What a beastly hole this is!" continued P——.

"I should think it was," replied R——, and set up a violent scratching. Twisting about, and, blowing his breath with a puff, as people do in hot weather, or when tormented, each time R—— moved, his straw-mattress yielded to his weight with the same noise as the skin of a roasting-pig yields to the incision of a carving-knife.

"I can't stand this any longer," at length he exclaimed, and shooting out of bed, walked up and down the room, scratching and fuming as if he had just escaped from an ant's nest. Infuriated by the irritation of the flea-bites, he

could not do otherwise than stumble over everything that came in his way; and the long nails of his naked toes coming in contact with my ear, soon set me on my head's antipodes.

"Gracious heavens!" I exclaimed, smarting with pain; "why don't you remain in bed, instead of stalking up and down the room all night long?"

"Go and remain there yourself," retorted R——, in no happy frame of mind. "I won't be eaten up by bugs and all kinds of beastliness, for any one."

"Yes; but you can keep your nails to yourself," I replied; and having great faith in the power of friction, commenced rubbing my ear.

The silentness of death succeeded, interrupted only by the long, loud breathing of P——, and the low, melancholy howl of wolves in the mountains.

With regrets and earnest protestations

never to leave the yacht again, R—— and I wore the night away. P—— remained impregnable to the attacks of bugs, fleas, and moskitoes; and while he told us, in a sonorous language of his own, how profoundly he slept, he sometimes gave mechanical signs of feeling by scratching obstreporously his legs and arms, and slapping himself smartly on the face.

Early the subsequent morning we took leave of our host, and regardless of the intense heat, made the best of our way towards Fædde. The peasantry along the road we travelled appeared to descend in wretchedness the farther we advanced; and nothing could exceed the poverty exhibited in the outward appearance of their hovels. At every station where we stopped, misery, by exterior marks, stood dominant; and one post-house, the last before we arrived at Fædde, was divested of every comfort, and looked more dreary than all the others we had seen.

The whole family were partaking of their scanty meal spread on a deal table, yet smooth as marble, and brilliant as a polished sword. Surrounded by a gang of children, some grown to maturity, men and women, and others only infants, the poor patriarch sat pale and sickly at the family board; and the melancholy shade that kept flitting over his countenance, though he smiled and rose to greet us, told of some blight that had fallen on his hopes; for he resumed his seat apart, and crossing his thin hands on his lap, gave no other notice of his presence than an occasional sigh, uttered deeply and involuntarily. Except the old man, they all eat fast and greedily of a kind of white mixture, or porridge, collected in a large wooden basin.

Leaving this place, we pursued our journey through a country intersected by rugged mountains, whose summits, denuded of all verdure, rose high and imposingly to Heaven, but their bases were clothed with the cheerful birch, the

fir and pine, and here and there, a little knoll of grass shining, like an emerald, amid this wilderness of rock. Herds of cattle, interspersed with goats and sheep, hung over the edges of the precipices, browsing on the tufts of green food that sprouted from the jagged crags. The road wound through narrow mountain-passes, nearly choked up with huge fragments of rock, the parent mountains on either hand rising perpendicularly to an enormous height; and where a ravine yawned, as if to cheer the heart and eye saddened and wearied by the desolate monotony of stony fell and inhospitable hill, a forest of firs would creep, sloping, to their very summits. Far above our heads, only the fleecy clouds breaking into a variety of forms as they moved slowly along the mountain sides, and the raven's hoarse cry, or the shrill scream of the eagle, broke the prevailing solitude of scene and sound.

Many of the peasants whom we encountered

on the way, wore red caps and short jackets scarcely descending below their arm-pits, covered elaborately with small conical silver buttons; and while some of them concluded their attire with breeches extending to the knees and there clasped with buckles, others, more fantastic in taste, preferred the loose trowsers of the Ottoman. Hair, prodigiously long, flowing slovenly over the shoulders, was common to all. Hats were worn, but they may be exceptions. A blue petticoat, blue as their beautiful sky, and a jacket bound by a scarlet sash around the waist, and a coloured silk kerchief wreathed about the head, its two ends projecting, like the wings of Mercury's cap, behind each ear, appeared to constitute the ordinary costume of the Norwegian peasant women.

On the morning of the fifth day since we had left the Gron Fiord, driving up a steep and winding road we reached the top of a magnificent range of mountains, and glancing over an intervening forest covered with every

variety of shade, that fir, pine, birch, and grassy glades could afford, the eye rested on the village of Fædde, with its forty houses and single wooden church, bosomed in a luxuriant, green valley, on the opposite shore of the Fiord. A thousand feet beneath, on the blue water, floated the yacht with flapping canvass, and bearing all the appearance of having outstripped us in the journey only by a very few minutes. The picturesque beauty of the Fiord was increased by being distinctly seen from a commanding site, and the bold outlines of its frowning headlands jutted one beyond the other nearly into the centre of the Fiord, till they were mingled in colour with the distant ocean, of which a glimpse could just be caught. The sea gulls frequenting this Fiord, flew around us and screeched amid the universal silence which was broken by the roar of waterfalls, concealed from sight by the dark forest, but the sparkling stream, bursting at times upon the view, would flow a little way in the broad daylight, then

steal as suddenly again from observation in its circuitous course.

An immense pram, larger than the launch of a frigate, and rowed by two natives, bore us sluggishly to the cutter.

CHAPTER XVI.

RETURN TO THE YACHT—POOR JACKO—ASCENDING THE STREAM—DESCRIPTION OF THE FÆDDE FIORD—ADVENTURES OF AN ANGLER—SAIL TO THE BUKKE FIORD—THE FATHOMLESS LAKE—THE MANIAC, AND HER HISTORY—THE VILLAGE OF SAND—EXTRAORDINARY PECULIARITIES OF THE SAND SALMON—SEAL-HUNTING—SHOOTING GULLS—THE SEAL CAUGHT—NIGHT IN THE NORTH.

"I HOPE, my Lord," observed D——, as he stood at the gangway of the yacht, and handed the man-ropes to R——, "you have had a pleasanter voyage than we.

"Why? Has any accident occurred?" asked R——, anxiously.

"No, my Lord, no accident," continued

D——; "but since your Lordship left us, a gale of wind has been blowing from the south-west; and knowing your Lordship would have no home until the cutter came round to this place, I thought it best to thrash our way to Fædde in the best manner we could."

"Oh! yes; you did right," replied R——; "but, I hope, you did not strain the craft."

"No, my Lord, no," answered D——.

"How did she behave?" inquired R——.

"Beautifully, my Lord, beautifully," rejoined D——, rubbing his hands, and casting his eyes up the spars towards the top-mast, which was still struck. "We had three reefs in the main-sail, and still she made nine knots against a heavy sea. You see, she is wet, my Lord. The sea made a clean breach, both fore and aft."

"Ah! it won't hurt her," said R——, in a confident tone, while he approached the companion, and began to descend into the cabin. P—— and I had already preceded him.

Every thing below seemed in the greatest medley. The four chairs, lying on the floor, stuck their sixteen legs right up in the air; and the books, with their covers horribly distorted, were scattered in every corner. The sofa pillows appeared to have been playing "bo-peep" with each other, for three had hid themselves under one sofa, and the fourth I found in the after-cabin, jammed between my portmanteau and the bulk-head. Nothing was in its place, and all things were suffering the completest discomfort.

"Hollo!" exclaimed R——, as soon as he entered; "what's the row?"

"The bell is broken, my Lord," replied the steward. This was a favourite hand-bell of R——; and any injury to it so entirely occupied his sympathy, that, the steward generally parried a minute cross-examination by referring, when he could, to the ill, or well, being of this bell.

"Is *that* all?" answered R——.

"No, my Lord," said the steward, pursuing his narrative, seeing the bell had failed; "three decanters, four couples of soup-plates, and——"

"Hang the plates!" interrupted R——; "how is Jacko?"

"Not so hearty, my Lord," replied the steward.

"Why, what's the matter with him, eh?" asked R——, going to the sofa, and lying down. He was accustomed to do this when, on his return home, he desired to know what had occurred in his absence.

"He went into the pantry, my Lord," the steward continued, "when my back was turned, and while he was looking about him in one of the cupboards, the vessel took a lurch to port, and unshipping the cruet-stand, emptied the pepper-pot in his eye, my Lord."

"What was he doing there?" demanded R——.

"Up to his tricks again, my Lord," replied the steward, drily.

"Is he much hurt?" R—— asked.

"No, my Lord; not much," said the steward.

"Have you done anything for the eye?" continued R—— in his interrogation.

"Cook has put on a poultice, my Lord," answered the steward.

"With your advice?" suggested R——.

"Yes, my Lord," the steward assented.

"What kind of poultice—hot or cold?" asked R——, with the air of a practitioner.

"Cold, my Lord—a beef poultice," the steward replied.

"A beef poultice! What, some of the potted beef?" exclaimed R——, rising a little from his seat.

"No, my Lord; mess beef," the steward made reply, with a tinge of alarm on his face.

"Mess-beef! Why, you'll blind the little brute," shouted R——.

"Not salt beef, my Lord," said the steward, in an explanatory tone of voice.

"What then? You eat nothing but salt beef," affirmed R——, stoutly.

"No, my Lord; a piece of raw beef," answered the steward, impressively.

"Oh! that's it, is it?" replied R——, quietly, regaining his self-possession.

"Yes, my Lord," rejoined the steward, with firmness, holding a positive belief in his own, and the cook's efficacious remedy.

"Well," observed R——, with deliberate quaintness, "don't *boil* it in our soup afterwards."

"No, my Lord," and the steward took his leave, understanding his master's disposition, and knowing that his dialogues with him generally resulted in a compliment to the traditionary cleanliness of persons in his office.

In the afternoon we went farther up the Fiord, about five miles to the north-east of the village of Fædde. The Fædde Fiord is of great depth, and in a circular bay to which we had now sailed, no anchorage for a vessel of

the yacht's tonnage could be found. Running her, therefore, into a bight, ropes from the bow and stern were made fast to a couple of firs, and by belaying them taut, the cutter was kept clear from the base of a mountain that rose, straight as the mast, out of the water to an altitude of several thousand feet. This was the most beautiful and romantic spot of which the imagination of a poet might dream. The bay was about half a league in circumference, and a perfect circle in form. To the east, south, and west, were mountains covered nearly to their peaks with thick forests of fir; and when the dispersion of the clouds revealed their gray summits, many cascades, like thin pillars of light, darted down the rocks; and the eye, following their track, could trace their increasing bulk as they rolled along from crag to glen, bounding, gliding, foaming, till they fell, roaring, with collected volume, into the waters of the bay. The sound of these cascades during the heat of the day was not only plea-

sant to the ear, but still more delightful was the feeling of freshness it conveyed to the mind.

To the north a piece of level land, made into an island by the severed branches of a river, bore, by its position, all the beauty and aptitude for human habitation that nature could bestow; and the clean, white cottages with their red roofs and spires of ascending smoke, its gardens with their symmetrical flower-beds, and its cultivated fields, teemed with every sign of ease and plenty, and revealed the ingenuity of man. Beyond the northern limit of this island, far away in the interior, the blue outlines of the mountains were drawn with a darker tint upon the kindred colour of the sky, and their snowy scalps thrust to Heaven, seemed to claim priority of creation and rule with patriarchal dominion over the lesser hills. The main river ran along the eastern quarter of the island, leaping and flowing over and under the rocky ledges of a

mountain, and its stream, sometimes expansive, then contracted, hurried down a bed of scanty depth.

As the sole pursuit of my two companions was the circumvention and death of numberless salmon, the same evening on which we arrived a start was made for the salmon pools on the other side of the island. In the course of an hour the pools were reached, and having gone through the usual forms, such as solicitation for permission to fish, and the hire of two prams, R—— and P—— began their accustomed labour. Taking, as customary, my position on some elevated spot, whence a good range of all my two friends' operations might be had, I strove to pass away the time by staking bets with myself whether one fish could be caught in thirty casts, or whether, on an average, twice as many minutes would elapse without such a result. My left hand generally took the odds, and I calculated that it won four times out of five.

The sun had set for many hours, but it was light as noon. Wearied with fruitless watching, I lay down on the grass. Stretched at full length on my back, and having read in astronomical works that, looking upwards from a dark hole dug in the earth, the stars might be seen shining at mid-day, I covered my face with my cap, and peered upwards at the sky through a small hole in the crown. But my philosophy was suddenly interrupted by the solution of another remarkable fact, and of more personal moment than the scintillation of the stars, by finding I had put my head in an ant's nest. I started to my feet, affirming that I had never been so unwary before. But I am a believer in predestination, and know that this accident could no more fail of occurrence, than that from my cradle, in harmony of order, it should fail being traced, link by link, to the instant at which it came upon me. See, now, its consequences. No sooner had a score of angry ants been brushed from my hair, in

which their irritability had entangled them, than I was gratified with the sight of a herculean salmon that rose completely out of the water, and sprung, like a ravenous cat, at P——'s fly, which he had just withdrawn from the water, intending to change it for another of a brighter colour. The fish leapt about a foot and a half above the surface of the stream, and was the largest salmon I ever saw, weighing, I should think, between fifty and sixty pounds. If sharks inhabit the Fædde river, I would not pledge my word it was not one. I yield, however, my opinion to that of my gallant friend, who is a better sportsman than myself and asserts, without any mental reservation, that

"It was a salmon, sir,—a salmon."

Be it as it may, the difference of classification has nothing to do with my story.

The Norwegians, I know, are a bold people, but may sometimes be taken unawares, as well as other men, and though they live and think in

the simple and primitive manner of the Mosaic era, they express the signs and feelings of apathy and surprise, with similarity of silence and spasmodic gestures to Indians and Englishmen. This world, too, is certainly a world of incongruities, and the more I see of it, the more I am biased in that way of reflection; and if any one will take the trouble to look at things as they are, abstractedly, and observe how good, bad and indifferent, black, white and blue, are jumbled together, he will not deny me his assent. It so happened, throughout our travels in Norway, and, indeed, whenever we went on these fishing excursions, that R——, who gave little expression to success in his pastime, nor felt annoyed at failure, invariably obtained the services of the most expert boatmen, while P——, who threw heart and soul into everything he undertook, and always swerved under discomfiture, secured with the same invariableness the aid of the most consummate clowns; and the rewardless

termination of his toil, or tact, has been mainly attributable to the thick-headedness of those who should have assisted him with their sagacity. Scarcely, then, had this bulky salmon shown his mouth, literally an ugly one, above the water, than P——'s boatman, instead of keeping silence, and subduing his fears, as any reasonable being would do, raised an immediate shout of horror, and during the paroxysms of dismay, dipped his two sculls negligently into the stream, and in his anxiety to make a few rapid strokes towards the shore, caught, what is nautically called, a couple of crabs, that caused him to lose his balance, and fall, legs uppermost, with a loud crash backwards to the bottom of the pram. His aspiring feet, taking P—— in the flank with the purchase of a crow-bar, raised him from the diminutive poop-deck of the pram on which he was standing; but some part of P——'s apparel giving way to the weight of his body, told its mute love of gravitation, and desire to

prevent any further mischief. As it was, P—— narrowly escaped submersion; and his presence of mind alone saved the fly-rod from any more serious damage than a slight fracture of the top joint. The untimely vociferation of the Norwegian interrupted of necessity any plan P—— might have adopted to secure the salmon; for the assault made so unexpectedly on his person seemed, like an electric shock, to pursue its course throughout his whole frame, and rushing to the tips of his fingers sent the rod, at a tangent, bolt into the air.

About sixty yards from the inlet where the yacht was anchored, stood a cottage, tenanted by a woman and her daughters, two girls about fourteen and fifteen years of age, elegant as Indians, in form, and possessing the flowing fair hair, the large, round, loving, languid, blue eye, and the unaffected simplicity of bearing, and native loveliness of their clime. Every morning they brought us milk, eggs, and strawberries, and seemed to find great

delight in listening to our language, and, observing the routine of a vessel carried on with all the regularity of a ship of war; for, with their little bare feet that escaped from their blue gowns, and shone on the black rocks, like the white moss of the rein-deer, they would sit for hours on the crags above us, clinging to each other and explaining the reason why the bell struck at certain intervals of time, and why the firing of the evening gun made the flag to fall, as if by magic, from the mast-head to the deck.

On Sunday morning, the 11th of July, we took leave of Fædde, and started, with a foul wind, for the Bukke Fiord. Being in want of bread, we were obliged to anchor off the village, in order to supply our stores; and having accomplished our object with less difficulty than we had anticipated, we set off fairly, at one o'clock, for our destination.

The wind had been increasing the whole morning, and veering two points from the

south toward the south-west, now blew with the fury of a gale. The shifting gusts, as they careered down the valleys, taking the head sheets, first, on the weather, then, on the lee, bow, made us more tardy than usual in getting up the anchor. Being the Sabbath, greater crowds of people were abroad than on other days; and we could see, with our telescopes, ladies and gentlemen standing or sitting, in large numbers, in the church-yard, watching our manœuvres with much interest. On the brows of the headlands, the peasants, both men and women, viewed with surprise our determination to put to sea on such an inauspicious day, and in such stormy time; but when the cutter swung, so that the anchor could be heaved, they could not refrain from loud expressions of praise to see her gallant trim, and the pride of buoyancy with which she swam the baffling waves.

At six o'clock in the evening, when we had stood out five or six miles from the land, a

calm fell; and when the sun declined, his disc, expanded by the vapours of the mighty mountains at the mouth of the Bukke Fiord, threw a gleam of golden light from peak to peak that, glancing along the water, even came and danced upon our deck, and dazzled the helmsman with its oblique light.

On Monday morning when I went on deck, I found that we had entered the Bukke Fiord; and the same ravines, chasms, and cascades, identified the sublimity of the scenery with that which I have already attributed to the other Fiords. As we sailed along, the Fiord would expand into the broad surface of a lake, and anon diminish to the narrow breadth of a river hemmed in between two rocky banks. Smiling and still as a sleeping child, and calmer than the watching mother, the water, undisturbed by a breath of wind, lay without a ripple; and no cloud on the pure sky above us intercepted the vertical rays of the sun, that descended with intolerable heat; and, while panting

beneath the piercing beams, we turned towards the snow-clad mountains, and strove to bear the warmth by looking on their glistening summits; but the tantalization was still greater to see large patches of snow lying low down between the crevices and deep glens, places where the sun had never shone, and to feel no breath of cool air come to refresh us. Not a human habitation rose to the sight, and no living creature, not even the gull, or smallest bird, broke with its note the solemn stillness.

The pilot told us, that this Fiord had never been fathomed, and he supposed it had no bottom. This was intelligence sufficiently interesting to rouse all on board into activity; and a lead line of eighty fathoms was nimbly brought on deck.

"I have heard say, my Lord," observed the sailing master to R——, "that if a bottle be corked ever so tightly, and lowered to a certain depth in the water, the water will find its way

into the body of the bottle. Is that true, my Lord?"

"Of course it is," replied R——.

D—— rather hesitated in his credulity, and to persuade him of the fact, a bottle was tied to the line, and sunk in the water. At seventy fathoms it was drawn up, and to D——'s astonishment the water had nearly filled the bottle to its neck. He took the bottle in his hand, and peering at the cork, which had been driven to float on the water inside, said that some trick had been played.

"I don't think, my Lord," observed D——. "the cork was large enough, and of course the weight of water, at any trifling depth, will force it inwardly."

"You are incredulous as Didymus," said R——. "Here, bring a champagne bottle."

A champagne bottle was brought, cork and all.

"Will you be satisfied now, D——?" con-

tinued R——. "It is quite impossible that this cork can be too small; for you see, the upper part of it overhangs the lip of the bottle."

"I see, my Lord," answered D——; "that's all fair enough."

And D—— took a piece of yarn, and lashed the cork at the sides and over the top, having previously with a small stick rammed his handkerchief into the body of the bottle, and wiped it perfectly dry.

"Let it go," said R—— to one of the men, who made the bottle fast to the line, and did as he was commanded. D—— challenged the mate with an equal shilling that the bottle would be water tight; and the mate, like a sage, accepted the bet. As balance to the overlapping cork, we gave the champagne bottle the whole length of the eighty fathoms; and then, drawing it up, found the cork had not been moved an iota; but the bottle was full of water.

D—— shook his head, and paid the shilling.

I do not think D—— will ever doubt any phenomena again, as he is ready to admit the hardest truths of Science, however whimsical they may appear, or sound to him. Indeed he believes most things, and only mistrusts shoals and lee shores, to which he never fails to give a wide berth.

"Now we are about it," said R——, "let us try and find the bottom."

When King told the pilot what we were going to undertake, the old man laughed, and said we might try; but the Fiord was as deep as the mountains were high. Another line of a hundred fathoms was joined to the one with which we had been making the experiments to shake the infidelity of the heterodox D——, and lowered. No weigh was on the cutter; and two leads, being fixed to the line, were thrown over the quarter, and leaving a perpendicular track of froth, descended, hissing through the water. The whole hundred and eighty fathoms ran out; and we seemed as

far from the bottom of the Fiord as we were before we commenced. Some idea may be conceived of the amazing depth of these Fiords, when I say, that the yacht was not one hundred and twenty yards from the shore, and the entire breadth of the Fiord about two miles. The pilot again came aft, and through his interpreter, King, informed us that the Fiord had never been plumbed, although the endeavour had been made very frequently by scientific men, and Danish naval officers.

Not many miles from the village of Sand, the place to which we were bound, on one of the sloping woodland swards that cheer by their vivid verdure the loneliness of the Bukke Fiord, a small cottage, thatched with the branches of the fir, may attract the traveller's observation, and if he does not look around attentively he will not see it, for it is low, and sheltered by the spreading arms of an old pine. The waters of the Fiord flow not many feet from its humble threshold; and perhaps,

fastened to a stake, a fisherman's pram swings to the changing currents of air. Now, however, as the cutter drifted, rather than sailed, nearer to this green point of land, we saw that the pram had been untied from the stake, and was rowed by an old woman round and round, in an unending circuit, in midway of the Fiord. Often she ceased to row, and unfolding a white handkerchief from her head bared her whiter hair to the burning sky, and waved the signal in the air. Shouting with the shrill voice of her sex and age, she beckoned us to hasten to her aid. Then, hobbling from one end of her pram to the other, and moving quickly from side to side she leaned over and looked steadfastly down in the water, as if something valuable had been lost. When she saw we made no haste, she resumed her seat, and singing a native song that had more of liveliness than melancholy in its burden, again she rowed her pram round the same circle, never deserting the spot, but whistling and chanting by turns, she kept her face

turned in one direction, that she might always watch the central surface of the water.

"What means that old woman?" asked R—— of several men who were observing her, and, clustering round the pilot, seemed to be gathering all the information he could give.

"She is mad, my Lord," the sailors made reply.

"Mad!—why mad?" repeated R——.

"The pilot says, my Lord, that she is so, and looking for her husband," the cockswain answered.

"Where's her husband? Is he drowned, eh?" continued R——.

"No, my Lord," the sailor said, twitching up his trowsers, and walking aft towards the quarter-deck; "her husband was a fisherman, and lived hard by, my Lord,—up there. About fifteen years ago the man was bathing hereabouts, and he was eaten up by mackerel; but the old woman thinks, my Lord, he has only dived, and soon will rise again."

And so indeed the legend goes. One morning, fifteen summers past, the poor fisherman plunged into the element, that had been his sole sustaining friend from youth, to bathe, and before scarce fifteen minutes had elapsed, surrounded by a shoal of mackerel, and in sight of home and her who made it home, was devoured by these ravenous fish. When he raised his arms from out the water to show the dreadful fate that threatened him, and to rouse the alarm of his unconscious wife, a hundred mackerel hung, like plummets, from the flesh. The fisherman sank, and was never seen or heard of more. From that morning until today his widow, having lost her reason, ever rows her husband's pram about the spot where he perished, in the full persuasion, which she certifies in her song, that he has gone to seek a sunken net, and in a little while will emerge again; and, so, she prays the crew of every vessel sailing by to stay and see the truth of what she speaks.

We arrived at Sand the same afternoon, and after ransacking the little place from house to house, found the proprietor of the salmon river there. With the good nature and extreme courtesy of his countrymen, the Norwegian gave assent that we might angle, and not only favoured my two indefatigable friends with a prolonged dissertation on the peculiarities of the Sand salmon, but offered to undertake any duty that might lessen the difficulties and increase the chances of taking a few of these extraordinary fish.

It seems that the time when a salmon has been caught with a fly in the Sand river is completely beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the village; nor is the task less difficult to snare this crafty species in a net. On our arrival on the banks, or more properly rocks, of the river, the salmon were thrusting their heads, like the bubbles of a boiling pot, above the water; and leaping from one ledge of rock to a higher, they were striving to make

their way, in battalions, up a foss, that was of no great height, but poured down its waters in a compact flood with the din of a larger cataract. Persuaded as we had been of the improbability that success would attend our sport, our spirits became more buoyant as our attendant, by his despairing tone, made our prosperity less likely.

All the most famous fishermen have visited this little river of Sand, and after adopting every mode, all of them have failed to take the fish. Although the salmon float within sight and reach in the most transparent stream, they will not touch the fly, be it thrown even on their noses. The only reason that can be given for this notorious fact is, that the salmon, when they leave the sea, are generally gorged, and do not desire, or seek for food until they have travelled some distance up the rivers; for it is equally well ascertained that the farther the first foss is removed from the mouth of a salmon river, the more voracious are the fish.

Now, the foss, or fall of the Sand river, is scarcely five hundred feet from the shore of the Fiord, and the water is salt, or, at least, brackish; and salmon are not caught in salt water.

It was certainly most annoying to my two companions, to see thousands of the finest fish gamboling in the crystal water, not far from their feet, and to throw their flies with the accumulated nicety of four Waltons, absolutely in the teeth of these obstinate creatures, without the semblance of success. I, myself, took R——'s rod, which with weariness of hope he had laid on the ground, and seeing a splendid salmon two feet below the surface of the stream, moving his fins slowly to resist the current and remain stationary, I placed the fly above his head, allowing the bait to sink gradually till it touched the top of his snout. The fish did not, verily, alter the motion of its fins, either more slothfully or quicker; but with perfect indifference permitted me to keep

the fly dangling before its eyes as long as I pleased.

To fish, therefore, at Sand was an absurdity; but having heard that the Fiord abounded with seals, and wild fowl of every denomination, we hoisted a square sail on the gig, and turned privateers.

The village of Sand is inclosed on three sides—north, east, and south—by mountains; but before it, to the west, spread the broad waters of the Fiord. The fragrant smell of uncultured flowers, the freshness of the morning air, the serene loveliness of the sky and calm water, on which the mountains with their peaks of snow were distinctly reflected, even to the diminutive waterfall, and the whole solemn, yet sweet character of the scenery, pressed upon me with an indefinite feeling of delight and awe; and, sometimes yielding to the eternal aspirations and impulsive passions of the soul, my heart heaved with gratitude, that I had opportunity, health, and youth to

see and feel with ardour the infinity of God's good creation; and, then, I would relapse into the humility of man's condition, the recollection of his trivial existence; and the combination of excessive beauty filled my mind with sadness.

Arming ourselves with two guns and a rifle, we scoured the Fiord for many miles round. No sooner did we fire at one seal that rose on the gig's bow, than another would poke his rat-like head above the water, at the stern, and a third and fourth on either beam. The report of our guns was incessant; and the multitudes of crows, wild geese, ducks, eagles, and gulls that croaked, and screamed, and whirled about above our heads, to hear the echoes rattling among their silent fastnesses, were incalculable.

Our seal-hunts, however, were most entertaining, and the excitement relaxed not for an instant. The seal dives as soon as it is fired at, or alarmed; but cannot remain for a pro-

longed period under water, nature making it compulsory that the animal should ascend to the surface for respiration. Having selected a particular seal, that appeared nearly as large as a sheep, we were determined, by dint of perseverance, to hunt it down. We divided our force in such a manner, that, rise where the animal would, one of us must immediately see it; for R—— took the starboard side of the gig, P—— went to port, and I stood at the stern, while the two sailors, one being a crack shot, kept watch a-head. None of us spoke; for the seal is as quick of hearing as of sight, and timid to a proverb; but it was arranged, that, whoever saw it first was to fire. We kept the boat broadside on, that is to say, her bow and stern faced either shore, and her two sides swept, up and down, the entire length of the Fiord. Regardless of myriads of gulls that flew close round our heads, screaming angrily, we abated not in attention to the water; and watched with

straining eyes for the score of bubbles that usually precede the rising of a seal; and the water being brilliant and smooth as a looking-glass, they could not escape notice.

Up came a sleek head not twenty yards from me, and down it went again, just in time before my rifle ball struck the eddying water; and at the same instant both barrels of R——'s gun, discharged one after another, made the drum of my ear ring.

"Two of them," he murmured. P—— and the sailor fired almost immediately; but the seals were too quick for them. As fast as we could load, these creatures kept rising around us; and they only seemed to dive in order to spread the tidings below amongst their friends, for they increased in numbers at each emersion. After firing a great quantity of shot and powder to little purpose, we were making up our minds to attack a rock covered with gulls, when a large seal rose within reach of our oars, but sunk again the moment it discovered

our propinquity. In a few minutes afterwards, it bounced, head first, to the top of the water, five-and-twenty or thirty yards from the boat; and R—— and I having granted P—— the preference of first shot, he gave the seal's full face the fuller benefit of a double charge of duck-shot. We never saw the seal again, although we loitered about the spot for an hour in the hope of finding its carcass. The cockswain persuaded us that the seal was dead to a certainty; but that P—— had stowed such a locker of shot in its head, it was too heavy to float.

The rock, moving like a huge living mass, being so thickly covered with gulls, now attracted our attention; but we did not purpose to destroy them for the mere sake of slaughter; for R—— had bought a couple of young eagles a few days before, and it was necessary to procure food for them.

"Let's pull to the rock," observed R——, "and see what we can do there."

"I assent," said P——; "but we had better pull round to leeward, and take them by surprise. What do you say, cockswain?"

"Yes, your Honour," replied the man, "we shall never be able to near them as we pull now. Give the rock a wide berth, and get under the lee, as your honour says."

"Pull away, then," said R——, to the two sailors; "but don't make a row with your oars in the water."

The cockswain kept his eye on the rock, and, every now and then, hinted to me the course I should steer; for I had taken the tiller.

"Port a little, your Honour," he said, in a voice hardly above a whisper. The gig obeyed her helm instantly. We gradually came near to the rock; and passing abreast of it, we could see the gulls basking in the hot sun; some, standing on one leg, having the other drawn up under the wing, and looking apathetically at us, while others arranged the feathers of their tails, or breasts, with their bills, much

after the same fashion as ducks do, when they have been swimming in ponds, or dabbling in puddles.

"Put your helm to starboard, your Honour," said the cockswain to me in a quiet voice, "and bring her head right round."

I did as desired; and the men pulling noiselessly, the boat glided towards the rock, like a needle to a magnet. The gulls had all clustered to windward, and not one could be seen to leeward.

"I have no shot," I observed to R——, who sat just before me; "but only balls."

"Never mind—they will do," R—— replied; "more credit to you if you kill any."

Letting the tiller ropes loose, I allowed the boat to choose its own course, and began to ram down my bullets. I tried two at a time. With a slight grating, the keel of the gig touched a sunken piece of land, and almost at the same time, its weigh was stopped entirely by the stem coming in gentle contact with the main rock.

Like so many cats, we now crawled, without a sound, from the boat; and P—— being the first to step on the rock, slipped back into the water. The gurgling of the water as it ran over the tops of his jack-boots, and the floundering P—— made to recover himself, alarmed two gulls, and they flew, screaming, into the air. We crouched to the bare rock; and these two sentinels, not distinguishing us from the colour of their roosting place, took a few gyrations, and then re-perched themselves on the rock. Aided by R—— and me, and the two sailors, P—— was got out of the water; but it was no easy matter to accomplish this, for his jack-boots had filled, to the brim, with water, and added considerably to his natural weight.

We now stood fairly on the rock, prepared to encounter any given, or ungiven quantity of birds or beasts.

"I say, Bill," observed R—— to me, in a low tone, "take a stone, or piece of moss, or

mud, or anything, and shy it amongst them—just for a start."

The cockswain, who was close behind me, had overheard R——, and being more active than me, picked up a small pebble; and by way of giving warning to R—— and P——, said, under his breath,

"Helm's a-lee, your Honour."

The clicking of their triggers answered the signal; and the missile stone was tossed over the highest part of the rock in the midst of the placid gulls. With the shrill screams of a thousand imps they darted into the air.

"Blaze away, your Honours," shouted the cockswain, and mounting to the top of the rock, endeavoured with an oar, which he handled like a flail, to knock down every gull that came within reach. We all three fired at the same instant, and some dozen gulls made a somerset in the air, and with flapping wings and dangling legs, fell into the water. Those that were not killed outright, screeched pite-

ously as they floated on the water. Their unscathed companions, with all the affection and courage of the brute creation, hovered over their fallen kinsfolk, and descending close to them, strove to bear them away with their beaks. Each time we fired, the shock appeared to drive the gulls at a distance from us, as a discharge of heavy artillery might cause a regiment of soldiers to swerve backwards; but, as soon as the powder cleared away, these pugnacious birds returned to the vicinity of the rock, screaming loudly; and some of them were audacious enough to pounce upon our caps, and wreak their vengeance by giving us one, or two hearty pecks. The cockswain, working like a telegraph with his swinging oar, generally contrived to pick off these skirmishers.

"Load, your Honours, load," exclaimed the sporting cockswain;—"here they come again."

And a whole shoal of gulls, like a troop of Arab cavalry, came, flying with the speed of a

whirlwind, to the attack. As soon as they were within gun-shot, R—— and P—— gave the van the contents of two tolerably good charges of large duck-shot, and I sent a couple of bullets, making the third brace, right into a small division of the approaching multitude. The surface of the water now appeared like a field of turnips that had forced their bulky white bodies above the earth, so thickly was it strewn with disabled and defunct gulls.

"Had those gulls not better be picked up?" said R——, while loading his gun, to the cockswain.

"No, my Lord; let them be," replied the cockswain with as much excitement in his face and manner, as if we had been bombarding a strong citadel. "As long as there's one on the water, the others will always come back; it's their love for one and t'other, my Lord."

A bevy of wild ducks now scoured the sky to windward, and quacking all together, whirled round about in the air, and describing each

circle smaller and lower than the preceding one, approached the rock.

"Keep your weather eye up, your Honour," exclaimed the cockswain from his commanding point to P——, who had not seen the advancing ducks; "keep your weather eye up. Here they come; here's provender, your Honour."

His remembrance, no doubt, returned to the eagles on board, and which, by the bye, had been committed to his care. But the ducks kept a pretty good elevation, being more timid, or wary than the gulls; and my rifle now came into play. I took a random shot at the entire group just as it was making a masterly evolution; and a drake, evidently the general commanding, having ceased his quacking, and tumbling in tee-totum style to the water, sufficiently proved how correctly I had, for the first time, done my duty. The uproar of furious gulls and routed ducks was never heard in these silent Fiords since the Flood to such a

clamorous extent; and I would not venture to say that the echoes were not as surprisingly loud as the cries of the birds themselves. Urged on by the entreaties and gesticulations of the warlike cockswain, the slaughter lasted for an hour; but seeing that we had killed an ample quantity to feed the eagles for some days, and remembering that powder and shot could not be bought among the mountains of Norway, we retreated from the rock, and getting into the boat, began to gather our game. This occupied some little time; and after collecting a decent boatful, we lighted our merschaums, and floated homewards.

We might have proceeded nearly half way, when P—— suddenly dropped the pipe from his mouth, and seizing his gun, fired it towards the shore, from which we were not twenty feet, without uttering a word.

"Be quick—load!" he said, at last, to both of us, ramming down his own charge as fast as he could. "Here's a seal."

"Where?" I asked,—"where?"

"Why, there," and he fired without any other explanation a second time at the, apparently, bare rock.

"I see him, and here goes," said R——, and taking a deliberate aim, fired also. "Missed him," he murmured.

I just caught a glimpse of the seal's flat tail, as the animal slided from the rocky shore into the water.

"We have him," said P——, with brightened eyes, "if we act properly."

"There he is!" shouted one of the sailors, with a set of lungs that might be needful in a gale, as the seal rose about ten feet from the spot where it first sank.

"Don't make such a confounded row; you'd frighten the devil!" said R——, to the seafaring Stentor.

"Beg pardon, my Lord," replied the man, in a low voice, and touching his hat with a sheepish look.

"Keep the boat broadside on," observed R—— to the cockswain.

R—— had scarcely spoken, when the water bubbled a little, and the seal's black snout, with dilating nostrils, rose close under the gig's gunwale. The water whirled in eddies, and his tail, as he turned, appearing slightly above the surface, showed me that the seal had seen us, and dived again.

"He must come up in a minute; so, look out," whispered P——; and the triggers of both barrels of his gun clicked, as he breathed the fact and admonition. Fortunately the day was very calm, and the least disturbance, the fall of the thistle's down, marred the bright surface of the Fiord.

The head of the luckless seal soon peeped slowly up, a short way astern of the boat, and before his eyes had risen above the water to take a horizontal glance at us, P—— sent a handful, or so, of small shot into his nose. Down popped the little dark proboscis speedily as thought.

"He hadn't much fresh air then," said R——, laughing at the promptitude with which P—— saluted the appearance of the unfortunate seal.

"No; that's the way to do it," answered P——, smiling. Then turning to the sailors, he said,

"Back astern."

The boat was accordingly backed, and so silently, that only the silvery sound of the water as it fell, drop by drop, from the oars, contended with the natural trickling of the ripples as they murmured under the ledges of rock.

"Here he comes," whispered R——, "close on our quarter."

The seal rose, like a cork, up to its fore fins as if it had suffered much torture from long retention of its breath, and, swifter than thought, R——'s gun flashed, and with a sharp report seemed to take a bucket of water from the Fiord, and fling it into the air. When

the light gray smoke of the powder had rolled in a revolving cloud from the space intervening between us and the spot where the animal was observed, the water was white with froth, but no sign of the seal could be seen.

"By Jove! that's odd. I thought I had killed him to a certainty," said R——, somewhat surprised.

"Yes, my Lord, you hit him," observed the cockswain consolingly. "I saw him reel over to port."

"That's all right," said P——, "in that case he is done."

Once more two large bubbles, the spiteful heralds of the seal's advent, rose to the top of the water, and then burst with a slight sound.

The purple dye of blood tinged the water, and immediately afterwards the wounded seal, with lacerated fin, buoyed itself sluggishly to sight. Its heavy breathing, expressive of pain, could be heard by all of us in the boat; and levelling both their pieces, R—— and P——

fired together. The seal rolled over with a moan, not unlike the faint lowing of a calf, and floating in a pool of blood, rather than water, expired without a struggle. Rowing the boat to the spot, the cockswain and his messmate used their whole strength to pull the animal on board, its dimensions not being contemptible. We reached the yacht about midnight, proud of our day's sport.

Although it was the noon of night, it was light as at six o'clock in the afternoon; and, indeed it is not an easy thing to tell the hour of the day without referring to a time-piece; for there is but a very slight difference in this part of the globe, during the summer months, between the darkness of night and the transparency of day. This may sound paradoxical enough; but the fact is no less true for all that. It would be hardly necessary to observe, that the heat during the night in Norway is sometimes more oppressive than during the day; and simply, I should imagine, because, before

the setting and rising of the sun, sufficient time is not given to allow the ascending vapours to cary off the fervour retained by the earth; and added to which the sun does not sink at any period during the summer eighteen degrees below the horizon. His rays therefore assist in keeping up the hot temperature until two or three hours have elapsed, and then his great red face again begins to parch every thing that dares come within its range. Norway being also a very rocky country, absorbs the heat with wonderful facility, and as every one may know, is disinclined to part with it. Returning home at half-past twelve, or one, just before sunrise as I sometimes did, by some shadowed path along the mountains, I have placed my hand on the rocks, and found them still warm. The day, on the contrary, though exposed to the direct power of the sun, has the atmosphere always cooled by the wind, which is kept in motion more actively the hotter become the sun's rays, the heat being a circulating medium

of itself. Indeed the departure of the sun is the signal for the wind's flight likewise; and the night is generally painfully calm.

There is also another phenomenon that may rivet the observation of an inhabitant of a more Southern latitude, and convey as much sublimity to the mind, as it may be strange to the outward senses. I refer to the appearance of a great Northern city at night. I shall not easily forget Bergen, when for the first time, I walked through its streets at three o'clock in the morning, and saw a bright sun in a blue sky shining over it. Not a sound, beside my own footstep, disturbed the stillness; and when I turned my eyes from the long, deserted avenues of streets and closed windows of the houses, towards the mountains that droop sullenly over the town, and sought there for some living sign to assure me that I was not absolutely alone, not a bird or insect chirped or flitted on the wing. I felt amid this desolation as if wandering in the fabled City of Death; nor

do I think that any man, the most elastic of disposition, could bring to his heart any other feelings than those of awe and sadness, when walking, as I did then, in the glare of day through the thoroughfares of a populous city, he witnesses the silence and solemnity that pervade it. I am glad that I have seen Bergen at midnight, for I would see everything in this curious world; but the reflections that troubled my mind were so much more than the sight was worth that I have no desire to look again.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DANGEROUS STRAITS—BRITISH SEAMANSHIP—STRANGE SAIL—THE GLACIERS OF FOLGEFONDE—BERGEN—HABITS OF THE FISHERMEN—THE SOGNE FIORD—LEERDAL—ARRIVAL AT AURON—A HOSPITABLE HOST—ASCENDING THE MOUNTAINS — THE TWO SHEPHERDESSES — HUNTING THE REIN-DEER—ADVENTURE ON THE MOUNTAINS—THE CHERRY GIRL—SLAUGHTERING DEER—THE FAWN.

THE time was now drawing to a close that we had purposed to spend in Norway, because we desired to return to England and be present at the regattas which usually take place towards the latter part of July, or commencement of August along the southern coast of England; and therefore it became necessary

that we should move with more expedition from place to place than we had hitherto done. A great many plans had suggested themselves to us, and it was a wish to carry them out that had enticed us in the first instance to Scandinavia; some we had already fulfilled, but there were others as important in the list of pleasure not yet realized. Moreover, our provisions, both for our personal use and for the use of the yacht's company, were dwindling to scarcity; and among these barren mountains no bread or meat could be bought. Bidding farewell, therefore, to the beautiful village of Sand, and to the kind hearts that increased its beauty, we made all sail the subsequent day for Bergen.

Siggen, the loftiest scion of Norwegian mountains, soon towered with conic form before and above us; and taking a shorter and different course than the one we had previously steered, we were spectators, as we proceeded, of the most magnificent scenery that the ima-

gination could conceive. We were so fortunate as to keep a fine strong wind the whole way; and our pilot, who was an old and expert mariner, did not hesitate to contend with the rapid currents that flow between the thousand islands which obstruct the narrower and more unfrequented channels of the Bukke Fiord. The cutter, too, retained her celebrity for swiftness, and during her passage to Bergen showed her aptitude to overcome every emergency.

There are, half way between Sand and Bergen and within sight of mighty Siggen, two small islands of rock, disunited by a narrow channel not three hundred yards broad, and between which the stream rushes from a northern to a southern direction with much fleetness and force. It was necessary to pass through this channel; and if any difficulty could have arisen in our pilot's mind as to the efficiency of the yacht in making good her passage to Bergen, and unwarranting his boldness in selecting a

path out of the ordinary track, it was the remembrance of this little strait.

On Friday morning, the 16th, two days after we had left Sand, the two islands, each with its solitary cottage belonging to some fishermen, hove in sight. The wind blew nearly due north, and was, as sailors say, "dead on end" for us. As the cutter came up to the islands, we saw a fleet of Norwegian vessels at anchor, waiting a change of wind to attempt the passage.

While the pilot and D—— held a short consultation regarding the capabilities of the yacht, she had already glided, with the noiseless speed of a spirit, into the midst of native brigs and Dutch barges, for they cannot be called, ships. The beauty of the cutter, and the English ensign streaming from the peak, combined with the strange place and novelty of a vessel like the yacht, were quite enough to cause conjecture and excitement among the crews of the different Norwegian and Dutch

craft, and to crowd their decks with spectators. The proud, swan-like appearance with which the cutter sailed towards the channel, still more moved their astonishment; and when the first eddy caught the yacht on her weather bow and swung her to leeward, they were satisfied of the impudent attempt we were contemplating.

Every sail of the yacht flapped, and the skilful management of the helm alone prevented the boom from jibbing. The pilot now saw that the task was not one which the Iris would, as he had hoped, surmount with ease, and going as far forward as he could, stood on the weather bow as if to re-consider what he was about to undertake. Fixing his eyes long and steadily on the swift flowing water, he appeared to think that, should the wind fail, or the strong current bear us back, the danger was manifest.

During the old pilot's meditation, D—— had mechanically taken his position aft, close

to the helmsman on the weather quarter. More fairly, the cutter now started a second time, and, standing well up, promised to fetch the very centre of the passage. The gaff-topsail shook.

"Keep her well full," said D—— to the helmsman. The man kept her half a point more free. The current boiled, and eddied, and bubbled, as all swift running water will do; and when again it caught the cutter's bow, we could all feel the shock just as if she had touched a sand-bank.

"Blow, sweet breeze," said D——, half to himself, half aloud; and casting his eyes, alternately from the flying jib and foresail to the swelling gaff-topsail, stooped down and looked under the boom at the land.

"Steady,—the helm," exclaimed the pilot, as he still stood to windward, holding the bulwarks and bending slightly over the bow.

"Steady, sir," answered the helmsman.

Scarcely had the man made answer, than a

puff filled every stitch of canvass, and the cutter yielding to its pressure, leaned over and shot, like a shaft, right into the middle of the channel.

"She'll do it now," said R—— to D——.

"She will, my Lord," replied D——, "if this puff holds ten minutes."

The wind did hold; and behaving well on this, her first tack, and edging up in the wind's eye whenever she could get the chance, the impatient cutter seemed willing to clear the channel on her second tack. The pilot made much of the narrow berth, and ran close to the shore.

"I suppose the water is pretty deep here, eh?" asked R——, addressing himself to D——.

"Oh! yes, my Lord; or the pilot would ——"

"'Bout!" shouted the pilot, cutting D—— off in his reply.

"'Bout!" echoed the helmsman.

"Put the helm hard up," continued the pilot excitedly, in a louder voice; "she mustn't shoot."

"Ay, ay, sir," again replied the helmsman, and in obedience to the reply the cutter spun round, like a top. The noise of the sails and blocks, while the vessel was in stays, roused the fishermen, their wives, and children, who dwelt in the two cottages to which I have cursorily alluded, and they gathered about the doors to look on. I heard those hardy fishermen make some observation, for at intervals, we were not many yards from their houses, either in derision of the cutter being imagined competent to work through the channel, or in laudation of the seaman-like skill with which she was managed. They called aloud each to the other across the water, and spoke in praise or admiration; but being in a dialect of the Norwegian language I could not tell what they said, and how they thought. We had made a fair reach, and it was no longer audacity to

hope, that, the cutter was a match for the current. To get a better view of the feat, some of the Dutchmen and Norwegians had mounted the shrouds of their vessels, and appeared to take as much interest in the trial as we did.

"'Bout!" a second time exclaimed the pilot, and turning towards the helmsman, made a rotary motion with his hand to bring the cutter right round at once.

"'Bout!" reiterated the helmsman, and lashed the tiller close up under the weather quarter bulwarks. With equal adroitness, as at first, the sails were let go and drawn aft, and our gallant vessel appeared not to feel the resistance of the rapid tide. The wind, although foul as any wind could be, blew steadily as any wind could blow, and the Iris under its favour, reluctantly though it seemed given, was in another and third tack again in still water. The Dutch and Norwegian crews could not resist expressing their admiration; and flourishing their caps over their heads

while standing in their rigging, they gave us three rounds of lusty cheers. The soaring, sombre mountains took up the echoes, and returned not cheer for cheer, but bellowed a ten-fold multiplication of huzzas.

Since we had taken leave, we had seen no vessel to remind us of England; and although, wherever we went, the natives would tell us some of our countrymen were in the immediate neighbourhood, we never had the good fortune to fall in with them. We had received no tidings, good or bad, from home; and Europe, as far as we knew, might be in revolutionary confusion: at Bergen, however, we hoped that letters were awaiting our arrival.

Several yachts, we had heard, were cruizing about the Hardanger and Bukke Fiords, namely,—the Ondine, belonging to the Marquis of Stafford; the Gitana, to Mr. Curtis; and the Fairy, to Sir Hyde Parker: and the latter schooner had brought letters for us, she having left England subsequent to the Iris.

R—— and I were pacing the deck together, talking of new schemes of pleasure too imaginative to be remembered, when it struck me, that the sailors appeared to turn their attention, more than was habitual, to some other object than either the extraordinary red tint of the mountains, or a whale; and approaching the man at the helm, he touched his cap, and said to R——,

"A schooner, my Lord, on our lee beam."

"Hurra!" exclaimed R——, filliping his finger, his manner and jocose motions heightened by that hearty glee which is peculiar to him; "whereabouts?"

"Just abaft the after davit, my Lord,—where I stand," replied the man, at the same indicating the vessel's position with his open hand held out perpendicularly. R—— had already made himself master of a telescope, and was sweeping the whole visible horizon backwards and forwards. Such news soon brought all hands on deck; and D——, follow-

ing R——'s example, was the first to make out the schooner's colours. Removing the glass from his eye,

"Do you see her, my Lord?" he asked.

"Yes. She looks like the Ondine," replied R——.

"She is a Squadron schooner, my Lord," observed D——, fixing the telescope to his eye again; "but—I don't—think it is—the Ondine, my Lord."

Both seemed so occupied with watching the strange vessel, that neither of them spoke for a few seconds. D—— was the first to break silence.

"She is going to speak us, my Lord," he said, still looking at the schooner through his glass. "Down go her—burgee, my Lord,—and—gaff-topsail."

"Yes," answered R——; "down they go."

"Do you think it is the Gitana, my Lord?" half hinted, half asked D——.

"No—it's not the Gitana," R—— replied;

"she has not length enough—nor sheer enough; —besides, this is a Squadron vessel, and the Gitana is not."

"True, my Lord," said D——.

The schooner was about two miles to leeward of us. Three signals, announcing her number, were now flying from the maintop-mast head.

"Where's the signal-book?" exclaimed R——, lowering his glass. One or two men hurried away to find the book.

"Down with the gaff topsail, my sons!" said D——, addressing several sailors, who had collected, in anticipation of the command, round the halliards; and then, turning to the signal-man, he gave directions what flags were to be hoisted. As soon as our gaff topsail was struck an answering pennant was run up, and the schooner, on seeing it, pulled down her signals.

"I can't make her out, my Lord, at all,"

said D——, and going to that part of the deck where R—— stood with the signal-book in his hand, he strove to assist him in making out the schooner's number, and name; but the attempt was vain. By this time the three flags, denoting the number of the Iris, were flying at the mast-head; and the schooner answered with a pennant, that she understood us.

"Shall we bear down to her, my Lord?" suggested D——, giving up the book as a bad job; "and then we may be able to hear the news."

"I don't think it is worth the trouble," answered R——; "we are nearly three miles to windward, and if we stand on we may reach Bergen to-night.

"Very good, my Lord," replied D——; "but I thought your Lordship was anxious to get letters from England."

"So I am," said R——; "and if I were

sure the schooner was the Fairy, I would be the first to suggest that we should run down to her."

The pilot's opinion was now asked, and he, with all the wariness of his tribe, said, that night was coming on, and for his own part he would rather lie at anchor in Bergen harbour, than beat about all night among the dangerous islands of the Fiord.

"However," the old man continued, "I am my Lord's servant, and bound to do what he desires."

R—— begged to know what P—— and I wished, and when he learned our indifference, he said,

"No; hang it, go ahead, then."

The gaff topsail was re-hoisted, the sails trimmed, and the cutter stood again, as before, close up on the starboard tack.

The same evening, Saturday the 17th of July, at midnight, we brought up off Bergen. It was too late to pay much attention to any

object; and after a careless view of the town from deck, I went to bed.

The position of Bergen is similar to that of most of the other Norwegian towns I had seen, girt on three sides with lofty, rocky mountains; and on the fourth side by the blue waters of the Fiord. I looked on Bergen with the liveliest interest, because its name was familiar to me when a child, and I used to lisp the word before I could walk steadily; for in those young days of waywardness my old schoolmistress, whose peaked nose and malicious heart are still a vivid truth, would threaten to give me to the fishermen at Bergen who, she said, would take and toss me into the Maelstrom. With an eagerness akin to that of a schoolboy at Christmas, gazing on the green curtain of a theatre, the moment it is rising to disclose its wondrous entertainments, did I, travelling headlong in memory from childhood to manhood and stumbling over a batch of ancient feelings, stand looking, with

strained eyes, on the white-washed, quaint-fashioned Bergen, balancing the vicissitudes of life and conjecturing what the chances might be, I should not, by some agency as unaccountable as that which had brought me hither, be looking in three months' time on the Golden shore of the Bight of Biaffir.

South-east of Bergen, twenty miles from the deck on which I stand, blazing with dazzling splendour in the mid-day sun, the glaciers of Folgefonde fall upon my sight; and raising its summit six thousand feet to heaven, the stupendous range of mountain with its field of ice, forty miles in length and twenty in breadth, braves with eternal snow the tropic fury of this northern noon.

Surrounded as Bergen is by mountains of solid rock which, at a little distance, appear completely black, some of the buildings painted green, and others white, with their uniform roofs of red tiles, have a very singular effect. The houses reared, with much order, on piles

near the water, are also neatly constructed of wood; and their bright colours are not permitted to become tarnished by exposure to the weather, but may contend with Holland in cleanliness and the freshness of their paint. This first favourable glance from the deck of the yacht was not altered when I had found myself in the streets. The inhabitants seemed a lively, talkative set, and accustomed to mix with foreigners, for they paid less attention to us than their countrymen and women in the other towns we had visited.

The most important export trade of Bergen consists of timber and salt fish, which are sent to the Mediterranean and Holland. The stench arising from the fish, which is packed in great heaps on the eastern quay of the harbour, is insuperable; and I leave the reader's imagination to reach that height of misery when an unfortunate sight-seeker and traveller like myself, loses his way, at broiling noon, in the vicinity of this market, the thermometer

being at 90°, and the ling fish at perfection. How the old fishwomen, the natural guardians of this northern frankincense, chatter and squabble! With their blue petticoats tucked up above their knees, how they pick off the stray pieces of raw haddock, or cod, and, with creaking jaws, chew them; and while they ruminate, bask their own flabby carcasses in the sun! With the dried tail of a herring sticking out of their saffron-coloured, shrivelled chops, Lord! how they gaped when I passed by, hurriedly, like a scared cat!

Being pressed for time, as I have hinted before, we did not waste much time at Bergen for the present, promising ourselves a longer sojourn when we returned from the Sogne Fiord, for thither were we bound. The primary object that sent us up the Sogne Fiord was, certainly, a little more salmon-fishing; but rein-deer stalking had taken a tender hold of R——'s game side. At Leerdal, a town at the farthest extremity of the

Sogne Fiord, and nearly one hundred miles to the north of Bergen, my two friends had heard flowed a wonderful salmon river; and they relied with confidence on the great chances of brilliant success since the stream was so far removed from the path of common travellers. To the northward, too, of Leerdal was Auron, a spot held in repute for the herds of reindeer that frequent the mountains there; and failing in salmon, my companions might fall to venison. Replenishing, therefore, our exhausted provisions, we secured on Monday evening the services of two pilots; and on Tuesday morning, the 20th, we set sail for Leerdal. The whole of that day was calm; and being on a cruise of much novelty and anticipated sport, this lukewarmness of the wind touched our patience very severely. On any other occasion we should not have observed its indifference; but now we fretted, and expressed our annoyance in clamorous and bitter terms. Towards evening the cutter drifted among a

fleet of fishing-boats; and it was no little entertainment to see the rapidity with which the fishermen drew net after net, and the shoals of fish they caught. Flocks of gulls hovered over the boats, and screamed; and sometimes darted down, and bore away the fish in their beaks. We purchased some very large fish, which were not cod, but very like them; and satisfied with their great likeness to that favourite fish, we ate them with greediness; but the heads being of an abominable bull-dog shape, the cook was ordered to decapitate, before committing them to the pot.

On Wednesday morning we entered the Sogne Fiord. It would be tedious to dwell on the magnificence, beauty, and silence of this Fiord; because it would only become a repetition of what I have already attempted to describe as native to the other Fiords. There can be no softer, and more soul-stirring scenery in the world than its small, rare, green valleys, and barren mountains.

This evening, towards sunset, the cutter being becalmed, I went ashore in one of the boats with two men, in search of milk; and making the boat fast to a piece of rock, we walked to the top of a neighbouring hill to look for some signs of a human habitation; but only the waters of the Fiord could be seen at our feet, and the yacht, with a cloud of white canvass, floating on its still surface. No sound,—not a bird's note, nor the cry of animals, fell on the listening ear; save, occasionally, the loud roar and splash of the rocks as they were loosened from the mountains' sides, and rolled down into the water. Wandering about for some time, struck with the sublime, solemn aspect of the mountains and their level summits of endless snow, we found a goat tied with a string to a stake; and taking that as a token of the near abode of human beings, we strove to find some track through the long grass that might lead us to a cottage. One of the sailors climbed up a tree,

and veering his body about in all quarters, like a bear on the top of a pole, came down again, and said, that he saw smoke curling upwards from the middle of a fir forest to the south-east. I had a small pocket-compass, and to the south-east, therefore, we went; and after stumbling over fallen rocks, and pulling each other up and down a variety of ravines, differing in depth and ruggedness, we succeeded in arriving at last before a very neat and comfortable cottage. An old woman, clean in dress and comely in her person, came to the door, having, on either side of her, two youths evidently her sons, for their features bore a strong resemblance to her own; and between the lad on her right hand, and the dame's black gown, a large dog, mongrel in his breed, thrust his inquisitive nose. Out of the four windows, which I attributed to the bedrooms, the heads of four girls popped. Three half-naked savages, or the Graces, could not have caused more excitement in the streets of

London, than we did to the amiable inmates of this lonely cottage; for I do not suppose there was another house, or hovel, within twenty miles. King, who had come with us, endeavoured to explain the object of our visit by a request, made in the Norwegian language, for milk, and by holding up the empty jug; but the old woman shook her head, and glancing at the two lads, they shook their heads, and the four girls above shook their heads too, but with the quick perception of drollery common to their sex,—they laughed. King made a step or two nearer to the cottage door to explain himself more distinctly; but the old lady retrograded in the same proportion as King advanced, her two sons following her example, and, likewise, the dog growling most gutturally.

"They don't understand you," I said to King.

"Oh! yes, Sir, they do," he replied; "but they can't make us out, and are afraid."

"The girls ain't afraid, your Honour," observed the good-humoured cockswain, who was the other sailor, beside King, with me, and had been coquetting already with the four lasses. We beckoned to them to come down, and one immediately withdrew her head, and the next moment peeped over the old woman's shoulder. She seemed inclined to speak with us, but the old hag would not permit such conduct: and the more earnestly King notified our pacific errand, the more belligerent the ancient mother thought it.

We were obliged to return without the milk; but I am sure, if the eldest girl had been allowed to use her own discretion, she would have supplied our wants; for when we had gone some distance from the cottage, I looked back and saw her standing at the door; and kissing my hand to her, she returned the salute readily.

I thought the old woman inhospitable, to say nothing of inhuman; for among these soli-

tary mountains we might have lost our way, for aught she knew, and our wants exceeded a pint of milk. This is not, however, the general character of the Norwegians, for they are tender-hearted, kind, and generous to strangers; but fear had superseded the sympathy of the old lady's expansive heart; and had men of riper years than her sons been present, we should not have met with so much inattention to our necessities. Even the girl, young though she was, desired to administer to our need; but sweetness of manner, simplicity, tenderness, and noble generosity are unchanging types of the youthful female character in every quarter of the earth.

When I got on board again, R—— and P—— were amusing themselves by firing, one by one, at all the empty soda-water bottles that the steward could find. The bottles were slung to an oar which was stuck upright in the taffrail aft; and placing themselves close to the windlass, my two associates secured a range of

some forty or fifty feet along the deck. Now and then a grampus would divert their attention; and every time the fish rose, a bullet was lodged, or attempted to be lodged, in his huge dorsal fin. In this way the greater portion of the time was passed, altered only by rowing about in the gig, and seeking for wild ducks among the crevices of the rocks. But the farther we sailed into the interior of the Fiord, the more bereft of animal and vegetable life the country appeared to become; the scream of the eagle, and the report of the rocks as they split asunder and bounded down the mountains, being the only sounds that varied the silent monotony. Sometimes the swivels were fired for the sake of listening to the echoes, which, by their prolonged reverberations, repaid us well for the lard we consumed in greasing the muzzles; a salute of nineteen or twenty guns, fired at intervals of fifteen or seventeen seconds, creating the most astonishing uproar; and what with the shrill screams

of the eagles, the consternation of wild geese, and the falling of the rocks caused by the violent motion of the atmosphere, the powder and tow were profitably expended by the novel entertainment they produced. This amusement, I must intimate, was a favourite one with all on board, not omitting even Jacko; and whenever the yacht became land-locked, I could always hear the distinguishing order,

"Load the swivels!"

If it were not for the wild grandeur of the scenery, the sail among these Fiords would be most tedious, unchanging, as they are, by no indications of human abode.

On Friday morning, at twelve, we arrived at Leerdal; and considered ourselves most fortunate in taking only four days to drift from Bergen; for beyond the eddying air that breathed down the valleys, no other agency had propelled the vessel nearly one hundred miles.

Here we met a young Englishman who had

travelled, for pleasure, over land from Christiania; and although he could not speak two Norwegian words, had contrived, by some unaccountable method, to supply all his wants without difficulty. He was on his way to Bergen; and giving him all the information he begged of us, we parted company, exchanging mutual desires to meet again. Finding this place most desolate, we left it, and the cutter was got under weigh the next morning, Saturday, for Auron, a small town not many leagues farther up the Sogne Fiord, and receiving from both our pilots the reputation of greater liveliness and importance. Early the following morning we came within sight of Auron, and went ashore before the anchor was dropped.

Auron, like all the Norwegian villages that are found, at rare intervals, among the Fiords, is situated in a valley that rises gently from the shore of the Fiord, and hastens in a steep ascent till it aspires, south, east, and west, into high mountains, and inaccessible cliffs. This

hamlet of Auron was the most pleasantly situated of any that we had seen; and the romantic beauty of the scenery was not more perfect than the unanimity that seemed to animate the whole village. The yellow ears of corn had invited men, women, children, and dogs to gather them for winter store; and dispersed over a large field that sloped along the valley to a considerable height up the mountains, this universal family, inclusive of the dogs, was at its work. The arrival, however, of three Englishmen with a retinue of some fifteen English tars, strange-looking fellows! at their backs, was a circumstance not likely to pass off in silence, or without due attention; and the intelligence sounded by the tongues of several ragged urchins, frolicking on the beach of the Fiord, was communicated to a lazy cur that set up a continuous howl, and his noisy throat spread the news to the diligent folk among the corn. In a short time we were naturally hemmed about by a throng of both

sexes, human and canine, curious to learn the reason of our coming to Auron. The gestures of these people were so energetic, and their voices so low, that, had I not known both by history and my own observation, the Norwegians were not cannibals, I should assuredly have been led away by the idea they were devising some scheme to murder and eat us. Their behaviour, though respectful, appeared so suspicious, that I was not at first without fear; but being the slightest made and thinnest of the three, and my two friends being ruddy and plump, I consoled myself by knowing that their previous immolation would be timely warning enough for me to make good my escape. While these useful reflections were putting me on my guard, a little, spare, grey-eyed, high-cheekboned, long-headed man, forced his way through the crowd, and tottering into the central space occupied by ourselves, took off his felt hat, and making a profound obei-

sance remained, with extreme courtesy, uncovered; but said nothing.

King was ordered to ask the man what the nature of his visit was, and to tell him the object of ours. A few curt questions and answers made us understand, that he was the very person of all that lived in Auron whose acquaintance we most desired. The little man was lord of five hundred rein-deer, and sole proprietor of the salmon river of which we had come so far in search. The intelligent eyes of the Norwegian sparkled with satisfaction, when he replaced his hat on his head, and shook hands heartily with us all. The multitude who had given attentive ear to the dialogue between King and their countryman, appeared pleased with the immediate familiarity that sprung up between the Norwegian and ourselves, and showed their cordial acquiescence by shaking us also by the hand. Hurrying through the villagers our new friend led us with triumphant

strides and a vivacious air towards his cottage, and calling forth his wife, bade her salute us, which she did with that modest and simple demeanour common to her countrywomen. Gratified that he had so far conduced, as he imagined, to our comfort, the Norwegian would insist on our entering his house; and conducting us, by a steep and narrow stair, to an upper room, the windows of which overlooked a small garden filled with currant bushes, brought us, in due lapse of time, every dainty that his larder or the thriftiness of his wife could give. Although we were not hungry, we were too sensible of a hospitable man's feelings to give offence by saying we had just breakfasted, but attacking the different mountain delicacies, such as dried venison, and broiled capercaillie, we actually devoured all that had been placed before us, and did not decline a succession of native cheeses. These latter dainties were, however, rather too much perfumed and animated for me, and I left their entire consumption to the

more fashionable taste of my companions. After this slight repast, we then told our host, definitively, the plans we wished to carry out by wending our way to Auron; and that he would confer the greatest favour on us if he could secure us a day's sport on the mountains. Our host replied, that he was himself a proprietor of several hundred rein-deer; but his consent that we should disturb the peacefulness of the whole herd, by firing at a deer belonging to him, was not alone to be obtained. He informed us, that the rein-deer were the original cattle of the country; and the primitive usages adopted with regard to these animals by the old inhabitants of Norway were still persisted in by their descendants.

"On the tops of these mountains," he said, in Norwegian, and, I am afraid, I translate his beautiful language but indifferently, "many hundred rein-deer are wandering; and though a great many belong to me, I cannot give you leave to shoot one of them, without the con-

sent of those by whom the remaining deer are owned; for all the deer herd together, and they are only known to belong to different persons by the marks made, at birth, on their skin. Mine have two slits on the right ear. These distinguishing marks, which separate my deer from those claimed by the neighbouring farmers, are so slight, that, they could not be ascertained at a distance; and in taking aim with your rifles, you might miss my deer and destroy the property of another man. You must be so placed, that, you may kill, indifferently, any deer that comes within shot; and for that purpose I must seek the assent of my friends. If, however, you will go to the mountains with me to-day, you shall see the herds, and to-morrow I will send round to my friends; to-day it is hopeless to think of communicating with my neighbours, for they live so far;—the night would come before my task was finished."

We hesitated for some time whether we

should undergo the fatigue of travelling over such declivitous mountains without any palpable reward.

"You hesitate," the Norwegian observed, smiling; "but you will not be sorry when you stand up there."

And he pointed to the high peaks of the mountains that soared half-way up to the clear, blue firmament.

"Let us not go unarmed," he continued, "for there are wolves and bears; and the nightly destruction of our flocks gives us need of men who love the chase like you. I, myself, will bear you company. Come, let us go."

The intimation that bears and wolves congregated on the level lands above was quite sufficient to decide our wavering mood; and ordering the crew to return with the gig to the yacht, and bring our rifles, we wiled away the intermediate time by sitting at a window that opened upon the waters of the Fiord, and

afforded us a splendid view of the limitless range of mountains on the opposite shore, called the Reenfjeld.

The morning was sometimes bright and clear, and sometimes the sky was dimmed by large, dark, solid masses of clouds. It was very beautiful to see the mountains glittering with their white summits in the strong sunlight, while their bases were blackened with a shower of rain. These showers were partial, and all things around so still, that we could hear the rain drops pattering among the leaves of the trees that grew on the sides of the mountains two miles from the spot where we sat rejoicing in the warmth and cheerfulness of a summer's sun.

At eleven o'clock the boat returned with rifles, and powder enough to blow up the village of Auron. Our host, who had disappeared for some little time, now came back decked out like a chamois-hunter. His hat had been exchanged for a red cap that fitted

exactly to his skull, and a velvet jacket buttoned up to his throat, defined a tolerable expanse of chest. Across his back, from the right shoulder towards the left heel, his trusty gun was slung, muzzle downwards. A leathern belt went entirely round his waist, and pressing a brace of horse-pistols and a wonderfully large knife to his left hip-bone, was clasped in front with an embossed silver buckle. A red handkerchief, spotted white, hung by a knowing loop from the right arm, contained provender and a flask of liquor for the inward man. This last piece of accoutrement had the evident impress of a woman's clear-sightedness; for while our friend fortified the outward walls of his person with guns, pistols, and knives, his wife, knowing how useless all these preparations were without suitable attention to the repletion of the cisterns and stores of the citadel, had suggested, with affectionate devotion no doubt, this trifling bundle as being necessary to the conquest of present labour

and future danger. The very knot bore the combined neatness and strength of female ingenuity, and its complication looked endless as conjugal love.

The Norwegian, our three selves, and King, formed the whole party. Our ascent of the mountain, I need scarcely say, put the sinews of our thighs to a severe test; and the higher we mounted, the more frequent were the expressions of fatigue. When we had clambered a quarter of the way, we came suddenly upon two sheds built of wood, and appropriated to the use of a little girl and half a hundred pigs. I do not know whether the swine squeaked their surprise more at seeing us, than the cheerless child looked it. King, who had been ailing occasionally for some days, now fell to the rear, and said, that, he was incompetent to proceed any farther, and the permission to descend, which he solicited, was granted.

All larger vegetation now began gradually to disappear, and though I had hardly marked

the trees dwindling from the cherry to the filbert, and then to long tufts of grass, the bare rocks strewed over an endless tract of gravel made me stop and look about. When I cast my eyes above, the mountains still towered half a mile higher, and gazing downwards I could see the different kinds of trees and shrubs changing in size and colour of their foliage, as the space between me and the low lands increased. I do not remember that I had ever exceeded in elevation the point to which I had now risen; and perhaps the appearance of the valleys, the water, and habitations of men might have been more novel than to persons who are accustomed to crawl to the tops of mountains. I must confess I remained perfectly lost in thought for some minutes; nor did I ever feel, or could imagine so distinctly, how the stupendous and neglected works of creation are blended with the truest beauty; for, seen from the very mountains on which I stood, so rough, so barren, so bleak, the same rugged, straggling

rocks, scattered over the opposite mountain, seemed soft as velvet and more delicate than the finished lines of a miniature.

Beneath the dark, blue surface of the Fiord I could discover shoals and rocks for which the mariner had sought in vain, and for many miles along the shore the shelving land showed, with a faint yellow tinge, the distance it stretched under the water that was otherwise of a deep azure shade. When from the deeply-dyed cerulean water, the valley with its different green colours of tree and grass, and the red tints of the atmosphere that rested round the sides of the remoter mountains, I lifted my eyes to the fields of snow that extended, to an incalculable extent, over the flat summit of the Reenfjeld, the contrast was so forcible, that while I gazed my very soul seemed to bound with delight it had discovered Sublimity was something material, and not an ideal torture.

"Hollo! Bill, keep moving," was shouted in

a loud voice from some rocks above my head, and seriously interfered with any further contemplation.

"Here's a fox," continued the same voice, sustaining its sharp, resonant tone; "come, and smell him!"

Though fond of giving reins to the imagination, I am as matter of fact as most people when necessity requires it; nor do I yield to any man the estimation at which I hold the odorous Reynard. Tucking my feet well into the shingly mountain side, and bringing the point of equilibrium, as nearly as possible, to an angle of twenty-five degrees, I scrambled towards R——, and P——, and the Norwegian. They were all three on their knees peering into a hole that Reynard had intended should be round; but having forgotten, or never heard of Euclid, had dug it frightfully oblong. It must have hurt his back to go in and out. We shouted, and rummaged the premises very disgracefully, and if Reynard were at home, I

need not state the opinion I entertain of his courage; for apathetic as I am, no one, not Goliath himself, should have ransacked my house with the impunity we poked long sticks, and threw acute-sided stones into the recesses of the Fox's residence. I ventured to assure my companions that Reynard was abroad, and accepting my hint, they partially jammed up the mouth of the cave with the fragments of an old hat, and rising from their knees, left Reynard to find out who had meddled with his lodging.

I have heard say, that mariners, returning home from India, may smell, for many leagues off the Island of Madagascar, the sweet odour of countless spices; but I must do this fox the fairness to state, that if he were exiled to the Island of Madagascar, those latitudes would soon excite in the minds of all keen-scented sailors the idea of an interesting expedition to discover the variation of smell.

Passing that portion of the mountain where the hardiest plants had ceased to grow, we ar-

rived at those high regions abounding with the rein-deer moss, and struggling with the severity of the cold temperature the wild strawberry put forth its small, red fruit. The rein-deer moss being purely white, like hoar frost, the scarlet colour of the strawberry mingling thickly with it, conveyed pleasure to the eye, and a feeling of delicacy to the mind. Our path did not become less irksome now we had left the gravel behind, for the moss yielded with its softness so much to the feet, that it sometimes covered our ankles; but panting with desire to ascend the supreme brow of the mountain, fatigue succumbed to the resuscitation of spiritual vigour.

Standing on a solitary patch of snow that spread over the highest point of the mountain we found ourselves on a level plain with the lofty chain of the Reenfjeld, separated from us by a gulf of fifteen miles, at the bottom of which flowed the Sogne Fiord diminished in its wide expanse to a river, and darkened to

the sable dye of ebony by the intersecting shadows of numerous mountains. The general character of the Norwegian mountains being perfectly flat on the top, the distance seen where we stood was very great; and the table-land assumed more solemn grandeur, free as it almost was from glaciers, since, with livelier relief, the peaks that cleaved the air shone brilliantly with their snowy hoods; and over an infinite extent of country, diversifying no other verdure with that of the tawny moss, these peaks, rising numberlessly, one over the other, seemed like conical loaves of white sugar placed on an enormous sheet of brown paper.

Taking up a handful of snow, we jestingly alluded to the occupation of our cockney friends at the same moment, and saw them, in fancy, tricked out with the Gallic finery of kid gloves and nankeen trowsers, strutting through the crowded thoroughfares of Regent Street, or ambling in Rotten Row.

"Yes, by George!" observed R——, who had been silently scraping the snow together, and levelling it with his foot again, "I remember the time when, about this hour of the day, and season of the year, then somewhat younger than I am now, I used to look at men who talked of anything else but balls, operas, and Hyde Park, as so many marvels of imbecility; but now their good sense and just estimation of life oppress me with the recollection of that lost portion of my own youth passed in all the puppyism of fashion."

"Ay," I replied, "there is one consolation in growing old, we grow wiser in our wickedness."

"Well, and if men are, de naturâ, depraved," continued R——, "and possess virtue and vice only in proportional masses to the size of the brain and body, they can surely exhibit a pound or two of wisdom to eighteen stone of folly; and if they must be asinine, may cover their actions with a little good sense."

"They may, truly," I said; "but remember your head has not grown a particle larger since the Spring of 1844, nor your body less; but had the same idea of Ethics been then presented to you, you would certainly not have seen its lucidity."

R—— was about to retort, and I do not know how much longer we should have endangered the moral existence of the young dandies at home, had not P——, already at a distance from us, called out with the impatience of a huntsman,

"Are you fellows coming on to-day?"

In a few seconds we overtook P—— and the Norwegian, and they proposed that we should descend till we came to a valley, which the Norwegian pointed out at a considerable way beneath us, and there it was thought we should find a herd of deer. Remaining stationary while we spoke, a space of fifty miles, partly mountain, and partly valley, lay above and below us, and glancing the eye from

end to end of this immense tract, not a hut of any kind could be seen; but, faintly, the tinkling of bells attached to the necks of sheep, or cattle, could be heard, and that only when the feeble puffs of wind blew from a certain direction. We wandered for many miles over the desolate mountains, and found no signs by which we might be guided to the animals that we sought. Hour after hour elapsed, and the day began to wane; but no tracks, not even the print of their hooves on the muddy banks of the small lakes that abounded everywhere, pointed the path the deer had taken. We reached, at last, towards sunset, a valley that, virent by the multitude and variety of its trees, changed the dreary similarity pervading all things; and a few sheep, that bleated loudly when they saw us, led us to hope we had come again within the line of animal existence. The Norwegian, our guide, however, said that no one lived in this valley, but in an adjoining vale, he thought, some cowherds dwelt.

"What are all these sheep here for?" I asked.

"They are driven here," the man replied, "for food; since in the lower lands the grass is parched by heat."

"Who takes care of them, then?" again I asked.

"No one," answered the guide. "They will remain among these mountains all the summer; and when the winter returns, they will be taken home, and folded at Auron."

While the Norwegian was still addressing these sentences to me, we had crossed the rivulet that gurgled through the valley, and commenced our ascending zigzag way. The skins and bones of sheep destroyed by the wolves that infest these mountains were scattered on every hand, and the foot marks of these furious brutes and bears were plainly distinguishable on those parts of the soil moistened by the snow-water, and not covered with moss. Our flagging spirits were roused

when we remembered that it might so chance we fell in with one of these animals; but our guide did not add encouragement to our ardour, and told us how the improbability of encountering wolves was strong, since they never left their hiding-places in the forests until night.

"At any rate," he said, "we shall, a long while hear, before we see, them; for they howl like devils. I assure you, you may be bold before they arrive; but I have known many a courageous man grow timid when he has heard the moaning, melancholy signal of their approach. Besides, I suppose you know, wolves never go forth to feed singly; but issue, prepared for mischief, from the caverns and glens in herds of fourteen or twenty."

"Yes," observed either R—— or P——, "but we are a fair match for twenty wolves."

"I am not so sure of that," answered the Norwegian, smiling with great good humour. "Wolves in this country are not afraid of a

man. No, sir, they will attack two, or three men, and will overcome them. Many a one has come to these mountains, and never left them again."

This is the kind of news that brave men like to hear; and as the countenances of R—— and P—— did not blanch, but rather beamed with gratification, as a ray of light will flash through divided dark clouds, I am quite at liberty to state that they are gallant fellows; and I could almost say it would take a great many more wolves than the Norwegian nation can count to intimidate either of them. But since I have not yet commenced the historical physiology of their courageous hearts, I will not mar what I am arranging, methodically, in my head, by slight allusions, or apologues that are ill wrought. The Norwegian, by making these fearful intimations, had, doubtless, some object in view; and sharing with a dutiful spouse the blessings of domestic life, desired not to risk the protection of Heaven in

a conflict with predacious animals. But this is mere supposition; for the Norwegian people are valiant in soul, as they are indefatigable in body, warm and friendly of heart; yet I may conjecture; for our guide either spoke fervently, having his own interest in sight, or felt deeply for our preservation, which, he fancied, we would throw away with mad boldness should an opportunity occur. On this occasion there was no visible distinction between selfishness and philanthropy, or a disinterested will to fight, or run with us.

On the top of the hill we rested, and looked down on the other valley where we hoped to find some cottages; for, whatever the Norwegian might have done to recruit his strength, we had neither eaten nor drank since we left Auron. The hill on which we stopped was without vegetation of any sort, except moss; but trees in great abundance grew in the valley; and one small hut, partially concealed by three pines, showed its dun roof of fir

branches lying quietly below, like a dove in its nest; and hard by the door, down in the centre of the valley enlivened and refreshed as the meadows we had left behind, ran a brook that foamed and sought its difficult way with noisy tongue. Thirsty and hungry we wandered on towards the hut; but when we came near to it, we found no other living animals but pigs and sheep likely to hold communion with us. Our guide, conversant with the customs of his country, thought that the cottagers might be slumbering, and tapped loudly with his fist and the butt of his pistol; but no answer was returned. On the ground, near the sill, had fallen an instrument, similar in outward form to the classic Cornucopiæ, about five feet in length, and which appeared to be cut from some tree and made hollow by the pith being scooped out. The Norwegian taking it from the ground and applying the smaller end to his mouth, blew in it, and produced a blast that rang through the valley

from one extremity to the other, and rattled among the rocks of the mountains. He bade us be still and listen; and the faint, distant, long-sustained cry of a human voice gave a responsive halloo; and here and there, from the farthest recesses of the fir forests, the lowing of cattle could be perceived indistinctly. All was soon again as silent as the scene was solitary. To our inquiries for what purpose this curious trumpet was intended, the Norwegian made reply:—

"This is an instrument used by shepherds to call their flocks together; and I have only to persist in blowing it to collect all the cows, that graze in these mountains, about me. Did you not hear the cattle this minute? The wolves also, and bears, and other predatory animals, do not like its note; and when they hear it, will crouch to the ground and hide themselves."

Issuing from the firs that formed a forest at the lower part of the valley, two girls hurried

towards us; and running and walking by turns, they made haste to the cottage near which we stood.

"Who lives here?" I said, pointing to the miserable building.

"Those two girls," answered the Norwegian.

"Alone?" I asked.

"Yes, alone," replied the guide; "but they will go away when the winter comes, for then the cattle are removed. It is only the months of summer that they pass up here, to take care of these pigs, and sheep, and cows."

"Only the months of summer," I thought; but by this time the two girls had reached the cottage; and I could not help regarding them with some little interest. The eldest was not more than eighteen, the youngest four years less; and they possessed the simplicity and shyness of manner such children of the mountain might be supposed naturally to imbibe from the mode of life they led, and the

desolation which surrounded them. They wore no covering to the feet or head, and their arms and shoulders were equally bare; and though naturally of a very fair complexion, their faces had, by constant exposure to the sun, been tanned; but, lo! when they smiled, their coral lips, curved like the bow that shot the arrow through the heart of Psyche, parted to show a row of teeth as smooth and pure as the snows of Siggen.

The pigs, that were lately digging up the soil by hundreds, trotted towards these girls yet breathing heavily from the speed with which they had run, and looking up in their faces, grunted and squeaked without any apparent cause; and some of these swine told their wants, or affection, with such painful shrillness, that it was almost impossible to make ourselves heard.

Opening the cottage door with a wooden key, the eldest girl led us into a small room appropriated as a dairy, in which were eight

or ten large basins of wood filled with milk, in the various gradations of decomposition from its natural sweet state to that of acidity, until it took the solidity of cream cheese. I do not know that the Norwegians have any precise system of making cheese by churning; but from what I saw, and I am now only speaking of the poorer peasantry, I believe that the milk, from the moment that it is drawn from the cow is placed in these deal basins, whence the cream is skimmed and committed to a separate bowl, where it remains till it becomes sour, and after resting undisturbed for a few days, thickens to a vile firm substance, the natives call cheese. The Norwegians do not drink fresh milk, but use it, even for household purposes, when quite sour; and plentiful as milk was, we found much difficulty in procuring any, the most trifling quantity, fit for our English tastes. We were so fortunate as to find one basin that contained some fresh milk, of which we drank plentifully; but our guide

swallowed quart after quart of all the acid stuff he could smell out; for he would not taste before he had applied his nose to each basin.

There were only two apartments in this cottage, and both without floors, or windows. In one corner of the dairy, which was not eight feet square, a few planks of fir formed a bedstead over which were tumbled one or two torn and dirty blankets. Three large stones, arranged angularly on the dank earth, answered the purpose of a grate, for half burned sticks and cinders were scattered about; and immediately over head, a large hole in the roof admitted the rain and cold wind, while it might, and was intended to let out the smoke. Poverty and discomfort seemed to wrestle with each other which should torment these two girls the most. And yet they looked glad and contented, and said they were so, and laughed heartily at our discomposure when we went from pan to pan, and found the milk sour, or

half hardened to a jelly. They could hardly be persuaded to receive any compensation for the milk we and the Norwegian had consumed; and both of these girls shook hands with us, and thanked us continually in grateful idioms for sixteen skillings, a sum of money worth five pence sterling. They answered to the solicitous questions of our guide, that a herd of three hundred rein-deer had passed through the valley two days before, and believed they had gone towards a large lake ten miles to the eastward.

The sun had now set, and no place of rest could be found among these mountains, unless we chose to risk the danger of sleeping in the open air under some tree. It was, therefore, necessary to delay as little as possible, and we took leave of the two peasant girls. They came forward with the most unaffected simplicity, and shaking us again by the hand, wished us a pleasant journey. It seemed almost heartless to leave two girls, so young

and unprotected, in such a wilderness, many miles from any human dwelling, surrounded everywhere by wolves and bears; and the smile of perfect contentment and cheerful resignation to the dreary lot attributed to them, made me feel the more sensibly for their isolated condition. But it is the condition allotted to women by the usages of Norway; and while the young men remain in the low lands to cultivate the soil and gather the corn, the females are banished to the mountains to tend the flocks. Sometimes, among the most distant and unfrequented mountains, a hut, like this, may be met with, inhabited by a single girl; and holding no communication with her fellow creatures she drags on the bright time of summer in the profoundest solitude, quite regardless, apparently, of the bereavement of all social intercourse, or of the horrible death that may overtake her by the hunger and ferocity of wild beasts.

We now travelled with more briskness, not

only lured by the chance of coming up with the herd of rein-deer, but pursued by the moss-grown phantom of a mountain couch. An endless forest of firs lay on our right hand, and the nearer we approached it, the more clearly we could hear the howl of wolves; and whenever we reached an elevated mound of ground we thought to see a troop of them galloping forth to their nightly depredations. Mountainous ridge after ridge we climbed, but along the wide expanse our eyes could alight on no lake; and only through a chasm, far away between two mountains, the lead-coloured water of the Sogne Fiord momentarily deceived the sight. The guide kept his place in front and led the way, bounding from valley to mountain-top like a spirit of Indian rubber; and unwearied in his tongue as he seemed in body, he continued shouting, cheerily, in a strange, drawling chant,

"Salt, h-o-o-o! salt, h-o-o-o! salt, h-o-o-o!"

"Salt" in the Norwegian language signifies

salt, as it does in ours; but the vowel has a soft pronunciation. The rein-deer are very fond of salt, and the wildest of them will follow a person, who holds some salt in his hand, for miles together. To put salt on a bird's tail, and catch it, may be an English piece of jocularity; but the Norwegian would be puzzled to think why we should attach a joke to such an act; and to prove to an Englishman the inaptitude of the proverb, the Norseman will go forth with his handful of salt, and take, not his covey of sparrows, for his country has none; but a fine fat buck.

As the evening advanced, the light wind, that had made the heat of the day tolerable, now lulled; but mute as the long blades of grass were, the breath of night, when it moved the hair gently from our brows to cool our faces, whispered in our ears the warning sound of the tramp and unceasing howl of a hundred wolves. Regardless of all danger, be it far or near, the Norwegian still claimed the van, and

dipped his hand with frequency in the little bag of salt that dangled at his girdle, chanting as he went,

"Salt, h-o-o-o! salt, h-o-o-o! salt, h-o-o-o!"

The deer came not; though the lonely hills took up the words, and passed them from vale to vale.

"We shall never reach home to-night," said R—— to me, as we toiled up the side of the hill overgrown with moss.

"I am afraid not," I answered; "and for my own comfort I don't care. If we made a fire we could sleep as safely up here as on board. However, let's consult when we get to the top."

"Yes; it takes the whole of one's breath," observed R——, "to scramble over this moss."

Mounted to the top, we were not inclined to curtail our jaunt; for we saw a pool of water, one of the objects of our search, spread beneath us; and, what is an uncommon sight at 3000 feet above the level of the sea, its banks

were covered with rushes. Opponent to us, on the extreme side, or eastern corner of this pool, the even surface of the mountain rose into a hill which, being higher than the ground where we stood, obstructed our view. The rein-deer had frequently resorted to this water to drink, for the mud of its diminutive shore was everywhere indented with their hooves. The Norwegian examined these marks with much minuteness; and when he had satisfied himself that they were the hoof-prints of the rein-deer, and not of the smaller cows of the country, he thrust his hand into the salt-bag that was still suspended from his left side, like a good-sized rook's nest, and vociferated,

"Salt, h-o-o-o! salt, h-o-o-o! salt! salt!"

The monotony of his song was kept up for a quarter of an hour without any variation either in the tones of his voice, or arrangement of the words; but, occasionally, when he looked on the ground, and was reminded of the cloven marks in the slough, his voice would

swell to the passionate bellow of a war-whoop. His manner reminded me strongly of a bull, that by some mischance has lost the common herd; and as he gallops along the meadows, when he finds himself alone, will stop suddenly at times, and, placing his broad nostrils to the earth, sniff the grass with the absorption of a huge pump; then lifting his head loftily in the air, will lash his tail, and madly tossing his legs, roar till the country round is filled with the sounds of his anger.

"Well, Sir," said the Norwegian, addressing me, "if we do not find the deer near this water, I fear we shall find none to-day. It is late; and they are gone to shelter in the forests for the night."

The last four words had not yet fallen from his lips, when a doe, followed by her fawn, stood on the brow of the hill directly opposite to us; and halting for a moment, moved her head up and down, scenting the air. No sooner did the guide perceive the animal, than

he tugged the salt-bag from his belt, and, holding it in his left hand, extended it at arm's length before him, creeping down the hillock on which we had clustered, exclaiming,

"Kommit; salt, h-o-o-o! salt, h-o-o-o! kommit, kommit."

The deer seemed perfectly to understand his meaning, for she shook her antlers and small tufted tail, and trotted down the other hill towards the Norwegian. Our guide still kept moving forward by stealthy steps, while the animal quickened its motion from a trot to a canter, and arriving within a yard of the proffered salt-bag, made a dead stop. The Norwegian had volunteered the promise, that if the deer turned out to be his own, and he could lay hands on her, we should accept her as a gift.

"Kommit," said the Norwegian, in tones of gentler blandness; "salt!—salt, h-o-o-o! kommit, kommit."

But the doe was not so easily to be en-

trapped; for she stretched out her long neck as far as it would go, and then, just as her nose was so near to the salt that its savour made her dart out her tongue and lick her slimy nostrils, she plunged backwards as if a cannon had exploded, and scampered half-way up the hill to her fawn. The Norwegian turned his head and smiled with us, but would not yet despair of success.

"Kommit," still, with onward step, he said, "kommit; salt, h-o-o-o! salt!—kommit, kommit."

The doe appeared as desirous of tasting the salt, as the Norwegian was to give it; for she fixed her large eyes on the little moving man as he stumbled and tottered over the uneven heath, and watching his gradual approach, threw up her head, and stamped her foot.

I and my two companions were aware, that the Norwegian intended, if practicable, to seize the deer by the horns, and by that means secure her; but we saw more

clearly than he did, that, if any attempt of the kind was made on the doe, she would not only tumble our little friend down the steep side of the mountain, but, no doubt, being with the fawn, gore him. If he is fool enough, we thought, not to know any better, having passed all his life among deer, and claiming, moreover, a patrimony of five hundred head, surely it was needless to interrupt by our surmises his preconcerted plans. For my own part, and I will attribute the same anticipations to R—— and P——, I promised myself more laughter than wounds from the engagement of the Norwegian with the deer; but I knew there was some risk, yet rejoiced in my own heart at the sum of pleasure that might be cast up in my favour, making no deduction for the Norwegian.

The deer remained perfectly still until the Norwegian could almost have touched her overcome with the insatiable craving to taste the salt; but if he dared, however slily, to move

the other hand that held no salt, she bounded several yards from him.

"Kommit; salt, h-o-o-o! kommit,—kommit; salt, h-o-o-o! salt, h-o-o-o!" the Norwegian continued half singing, and half importuning the deer to come to him. His importunities and cantata might have lasted for another week, but we observed, that the doe was, by insensible degrees, allowing, like a human creature, her appetite to get the better of her mind, or instinct; and when she took, at last, a trifling lap of the salt, the Norwegian, with much dexterity, seized her with his right hand by one of the antlers. The deer, feeling herself thus assaulted, shot, like a thunder-bolt, backwards, dragging the Norwegian with her; and though, by the weight of her antagonist's strength, her nose was almost forced between her fore-legs, she shook her head violently, and making a desperate lunge, struck her countryman somewhere about the silver buckle of his belt, or, pugilistically speaking "in the wind,"

with her forehead, and threw him, gun, pistols, provender, salt-bag, and all, towards a ravine formed by the rain, into which, rolling over and over, he fell heavily, like a sack of oats. So soon as the deer had butted, and the Norwegian was overturned on his back, the gun went off, and instantly blew his red cap some height into the air, and we made up our minds it must be full, as it was before, of our guide's skull, and that he had now gone to that bourn from which no hunter, like no traveller, could ever return. We ran to his assistance. The gun by some contortion of the Norwegian's body, was twisted upside down, and instead of the muzzle being pointed downwards, had been elevated, point blank, towards his head. The poor Norwegian, breathing with great labour, closed eyes, and opened mouth, lay on his back, like a log in a mill-pond; but we were glad to find that his mouth, tongue, and all his teeth remained perfect; and it was some inducement to us to raise the body with the

hope, that he was not yet beyond the need of medical, if of our skill. The closed eyes of the Norwegian opened, and the opened mouth closed, when he felt us touch him, and sitting upright, showed all the external symptoms of having been stunned, for he rubbed his eyes, and pressed his hand to his brow, then clasped his temples, and with a continuous movement bowed his head, the crown of which we saw was unmutilated. After a time, he looked up at us, and seemed surprised to find himself seated in the gulley; for starting immediately, without any aid, to his feet, he laughed idiotically as some men will laugh when awakened from a nap, and setting in order his dress, and singed hair, bore no other signs of injury beyond a scratch on the left cheek, and the loss of his scarlet woollen cap. The Norwegian, however, has to thank Heaven for a narrow escape, since the whole charge of his gun struck the tassel of his cap, and changed that memento of spousal devotion into its original nonentity.

The readjustment of the Norwegian's lungs did not detain us long; and binding his spotted handkerchief round his head to guard against rheum, or catarrh, he led us by a track almost invisible down the mountain. Since the fray we had seen nothing of the deer, and gave no further thought of her, or any of her genus; but made the best of our way, by the waning light, to a village at the foot of the mountain, whence we hoped to find some conveyance home. The Norwegian, trustful to the last, did not yield all chance of capturing the deer for us; and actuated by the feeling of generosity steadfast to his nation, recommenced his song. Although the first hour of morning had subtracted from that of midnight the light was sufficient to guide our steps aright, but not enough to mislead the wolves; for their howling, and its eternal repercussion among the mountains and over the forests, brought the most melancholy fancies to the mind, which the undecided hue of the atmo-

sphere, neither that of brilliant day nor the black majesty of profound night, and the low moan of the wind through the fir trees, that sounded like the feeble expression of bodily pain, or contrition of a dying creature, made too oppressively sad to admit any thoughts of rational meditation which the solemnity of the time and place might have encouraged. The gloomy shadows of the fir forest, through which we had to pass, caused us to look around with greater caution than we had hitherto done; and our guide failed not to keep our vigilance alive by exclaiming at the regular terminations of a few minutes;

"Varg, varg."

"Varg," means a wolf. The rustling of the leaves, or the rolling of a stone as one of us might strike it accidentally with the foot, would set the trigger of each gun clicking, and send from mouth to mouth the signal of—

"Listen!—h-u-u-u-sh!"

Since we had left the more open part of the

mountain, we had not felt entirely at ease; for the incessant tramp of some wild animal was too distinct at times to attribute the sound to imagination; and we pursued our way with a feeling of uncertainty as to the manner and moment we might be attacked. We all concluded, that some wolf had got in our track, and was following at such a distance as to keep himself out of our sight; but not so far to prevent him from pouncing on us just when his opportunity offered. Though we were not wolves, we completely understood the intentions of the animal, and exercised that attribute of craft which is as abundant in the organization of man, as of the brute. We had now reached the very heart of the forest; and the shades of light were so uncertain, that the fallen trunks of the firs and pine were often mistaken for bears, or any other kind of ferocious beast that we had ever heard was of the colour of the bark, or common to Norway. The measured tramp in our rear became louder

and nearer, the deeper we advanced into the forest; and every moment seemed to be the one in which the conflict was to commence.

"Let us stop and see," said the Norwegian, in his own language, "if he will come up to us."

We stood still; and turning the locks of our guns downwards, tapped them, to replace the powder that might have receded from the nipples. We could not afford to give our enemy the benefit of one gun hanging fire.

"Keep still," said P——, in a low voice, as he stooped down and glanced through the firs; "here he comes!—but,—no;—it's no wolf."

"Ja," replied the Norwegian, who had asked me what P—— said; "ja!—varg;" and he placed himself in an attitude to fire at the shortest possible notice.

"It's no wolf, I tell you," answered P——, rather louder than he had spoken at first; "it's too big—why, damn it!" and he again

stooped down, moving his body from side to side, as he looked between the pines that obstructed his view; and placing his left hand over his eyes, used it as a kind of shade,—"surely—yes;—I'm sure—it's a jackass!"

"Is it?" said R——; "well, then, let's shoot him as a nuisance."

"Nej, nej," exclaimed the Norwegian, with much trepidation, laying hold of R——'s fowling-piece, that he had jokingly raised to his shoulder preparatory to its discharge.

The animal, whatever it was, still continued trotting towards us, winding its way by the circuitous track of the forest. P—— kneeled down to have a more exact range both for his gun and sight; but springing to his feet almost instantly, he exclaimed,—

"I'll be shot, if it isn't the old doe again!"

Panting from fatigue, and the unflagging speed with which she had travelled, the deer, with her fawn, came close to us, and tamed by

weariness, stood within a foot of the Norwegian.

"Kommit," he said; "salt; kommit, kommit," and filling his hand with salt, the animal came near, and devoured it greedily, and allowed the Norwegian to pat her on the neck and shoulder.

The extreme fondness of the rein-deer for salt cannot be better exemplified; for this animal had followed us from her natural abode on the top of the mountain to its base, and could not have performed a lesser journey than twenty miles. She approached us with so much confidence, and licked our hands with that domestic affection which is so winning in dumb animals, that we declined to accept and take her from her native haunts; but strove by every discordant noise and angry gesture to drive her back to the mountains. With the same care, however, that the deer had avoided us, she now sought our society, and did not leave us until we had reached the precincts of

the village, and leaping a high, wooden fence that separated it from the forest, we gave her the alternative of doing as we did, or remaining where she was. With the decorous conduct of her sex she made not the attempt; but during the hour we wandered about the sleeping village in search of some boatmen to row us back to Auron, we could hear her lowing piteously. We had descended the eastern side of the mountain, and arrived on a southern branch of the Sogne Fiord.

Day now began to dawn; and though we had hardly eaten or drank since our departure the previous morning from Auron, the freshness of the early air, the balm of mountain flowers, and the beautiful face of nature, afforded new vigour to our frames, and in feasting the mind we nourished the body. Wandering from cottage to cottage we knocked at the doors and windows, hoping to rouse the slumbering people; but sleep sits more willingly on the peasant's hard pillow than it will pace,

without fretting, the softly-garnished chamber of indolent wealth, and not long for morning to fly away. At last we succeeded completely by not only awakening the family of one cottage, but our vociferations alarmed nearly half the village population. I do not recollect the name of the village, but the inhabitants bore the disturbance with great good nature; and thrusting their heads out of their bed-room windows, that looked no bigger than port-holes, two or three men directed us to the abode of a fisherman who would soon put us in the way of hiring a pram. Finding the fisherman's hut, we soon thumped him out of his dreams, and, shouting uproariously from within, he desired to know who we were, and what we desired. The Norwegian, our guide, entered into a lengthened dialogue through the door, and assured the fisherman of our good faith and bad plight, begging that he would rise, and help us with the means of returning to Auron.

Half an hour afterwards we were reclining

on some branches of the fir with which the four boatmen, whose services the fisherman had secured, covered the seats and bottom of the pram, having learned from our guide the distance we had travelled; and, spreading their coats over us, bade us rest. To soothe us to slumber, they sang, in union with the motion of their oars, a native boat-song, and its sweet and plaintive air, though it could not entice us to sleep soundly, pacified the wearied nerves, and we lay in a Paradise of dreaming sensibility. These four men were each six feet in stature, and their philanthropy and good nature were as broad as their frames. They ceased not rowing for one moment, throughout the entire distance, to rest on their oars; and though the rain, from two o'clock till four, fell in torrents, their spirits chafed not with its pelting violence; but they sang, and laughed, and jested with each other as if the sun was shining cheerfully over their heads. We stepped on board the cutter at four o'clock,

having been rowed eighteen miles in three hours and a half.

For all the countries which I have traversed Nature appears not to have done so much to make them agreeable to man, as she has for Norway, and man so little to make his own soil suitable for himself as the Norwegian; nor have I, in either hemisphere, felt more truly spiritualized by the grandeur of the scenery, the honest frankness and simplicity of its people, as here. I have wandered over many parts of the earth; I have looked upon its lofty mountains shrouded in clouds, or capped with snow; I have, loitering in its smiling valleys, seen its waterfalls, and floated on its crystal torpid lakes, and rushing rivers; yet this old land of Norway yields not in all to them, but bears on her stern and rugged brow the soft impressions of a beneficent creation impartially dispensed. Such reflections failed not, day by day, to force themselves upon me; for I knew, that every step I now took re-

moved me farther and farther from a country, whose mighty mountains had, with their solemnity, first taught me to think; and the integrity and single-mindedness of whose children showed how, though fostered in the flinty lap of poverty, happiness and heroic contentment were no fable. The peasants, whom we sometimes met in the interior of the country where their livelihood must be earned with the hardest labour, and whose necessity during the long and dismal months of winter must not be much inferior to absolute want, ever seemed cheerful and ready, not only to share their scanty fare with us, but to give us milk and butter, and dried fish, or other dainties which they may have hoarded for the coming time of cold and darkness. Black bread of barley, or of rye, sour and unfit even for "Sailor," formed their daily diet, and meat had never been tasted by thousands; nor did we obtain any other animal food, except at Christiania and Bergen, and there but with difficulty, than

what we had brought from England; yet, under all their privations, the contented and happy disposition of these people, affied to their independent bearing and dauntless bravery, was a lesson as instructive to luxurious selfishness, as it must be gratifying to the man who believes in the innate nobility of his race, and is proud of it.

Our guide was determined that we should not quit the Sogne Fiord without some token by which we might remember it; and sending a messenger to the other side of the Fiord, desired that a certain number of his tenants or friends should go to the Reenfjeld, and bring as many rein-deer as they could secure to the foot of a mountain, which he specified by name, on the morrow. Early in the morning, therefore, the first man who might have been seen on the deck of the cutter, was our Norwegian guide; and helping to heave the anchor, he pointed our course to the spot where the rein-deer would be brought. About

one o'clock in the afternoon, we lay-to off a small village consisting of a few cottages, reposing at the base of the mountain which the Norwegian had indicated as our destination. Here, as it had been everywhere else, the scene was sublime; stamped against the blue sky, glaciers were above our heads, and green fields at our feet; and thousands of cascades leaping down the barren sides of the mountains which surrounded us north, east, and west, were not concealed from the eye by tree or shrub; but could be traced, inch by inch, from the flat summit of the mountains to the valleys that sloped to the water on which the vessel swam.

A girl with a basket of cherries came off to the yacht in a boat rowed by an old man, who watched her with solicitude and the most devoted affection; and when arriving alongside, the young lady was requested to come on board, and she complied readily with our entreaty, the despair that shaded the count-

enance of the old man delineated the torture of his heart. This peculiar appearance of the patriarchal face was not lost upon R——, who was as observant, as he is full of fun, and turning to me, he said,

"Let's take her for a sail, and leave the old bird behind."

"Very well," I answered; "shall I tell D——?"

The old man not being aware of the trick we were about to play, had not thought it necessary to make his pram fast to the cutter, but held on by the starboard main-channel. The order was given to put the helm over, and let the foresail draw. The cutter soon began to gather way, and before the old man could imagine why, or whence the increase of traction came, the main-chain slipped through his fingers, and he fell quietly but backwards in his pram. I am sorry to say our fair prisoner laughed as heartily as any one else at the comical attitude of the old man. Unlike the

generality of people who have attained his years, the old man still possessed much presence of mind; and the instant he could recover his equilibrium, he sat down and set to work vigorously with his oars. We kept shouting to him in bad Norwegian, to "pull away;" and running the cutter close up in the wind, allowed him to overtake us, and then taking hold of a coil of rope, the sailors bade him to "stand by for the end," but always took care when they did throw it, to make it fall short of him. This went on for some time; so that by degrees we had enticed the old man some two miles from the land, but discovering that we were only cajoling him, he turned the bow of his pram towards the shore, and with a long face of misery rowed back. The young lady, in the mean time, had wheedled herself into the affections of the amorous tars, particularly of King, he being a linguist. Having sold her basket of cherries she then seated herself on the deck, near the quarter bulwarks, enjoying

the excursion and novelty of her situation, and laughing merrily at the discomfiture of her old swain. We had now stood across the Fiord, and sailed within half a mile of another village of some importance, for a large church with a red wooden steeple soared above the houses, out of the windows of which a multitude of heads were thrust and turned towards the cutter.

"The girl, my Lord," said D—— coming up to R——, "wishes to go ashore here—she lives here, my Lord."

"Man the gig," answered R——, smiling, "and send her off in it."

"Very good, my Lord;" and away went D—— to give the order. The cutter lay to, and the gig was hauled up from the stern to the gangway. Four men sprung into her, and the cockswain took his seat aft; and received, beside the cushions for the seat and back-board, the empty basket of the Norwegian girl. The girl looked with much attention to all that was

going forward; but could not tell why her basket was handed into the boat; and being informed that the gig was waiting to take her home, she did not dislike the honour about to be shewn her; but smiled and tittered with the instinctive gratification of her sex.

"Tak," she said, mindful of her manners, shaking R——, P——, and me, by the hand, "tak, tak;" and gathering her petticoats tight about her legs, yet without any semblance of prudery, walked to the gangway, and, without aid, jumped into the boat. Seating herself on the scarlet cushions, the cockswain receiving permission from her to go on, with all the gravity due to a queen gave the word to his men, and away the gig shot, the girl kissing her hand all the time affectionately, and with no lack of elegance in the bowing inclination of her body in answer to our acts of reciprocal adoration. I need scarcely say, that the girl had never touched her native shores with an appearance more imposing, nor enjoyed

herself so largely in so short a time; nor was her return to the village strand on any previous occasion, whether baptismal, or hymeneal, more numerously attended than on that day; for men, women, naked children, and snarling dogs came to the water's side to greet her, without any reference to numerical force, or moral weakness.

At three o'clock, with the assistance of our glasses, we discovered sixteen Norwegians, and their invariable companions, as many dogs, leading and tormenting four rein-deer down the mountains; and for two hours, along the narrow road of descent, we watched the whole troop enlarging from the indistinctness of black-beetles to the symmetry and size of men and animals. When they had reached the plain on which the small village was built, they shouted and beckoned to us; and although we made all possible haste, they seemed to fancy their excited feelings sluggish, nor allowed us sufficient time to walk from one side of the

deck to the gangway without renewing their whoop.

When we landed, the first object that drew our attention from everything else, was a buck, whose height and proportions quite astonished us. This animal measured from the tail to the nose five feet two inches, and from the hoof of the fore leg to the top of his horns, when he held his head up, seven feet three inches, and his body was quite as large as that of an ass. Although very much injured by the violence with which he had been used during his long journey from the mountains, and which had been rendered absolutely necessary by his ferocity and wildness, we were desirous of bringing him alive to England; but being so mutilated, our guide recommended us to have the buck slaughtered, and take a doe and her fawn on board. With great reluctance the death of the buck was agreed to by R——, and this splendid animal was dragged to a field close at hand. The

strength and turbulence of the buck are beyond description; but I do not think I ever enjoyed any fiendish sight more than this short struggle between him and his murderers over twenty yards of ground. None but men, like the Norwegians, accustomed to these savage animals, could have controlled the deer in any way; but notwithstanding all their caution, I saw the buck kick one man on the chest, and throw him, exactly like a nine-pin, over and over, some few feet along the beach. The manner by which the Norwegians had secured this powerful animal was so ingenious, that he could, by no means, do much mischief, except to those persons who, bolder than the rest, went near to caress him; for three ropes were bound round the root of the horns, and being five or six feet in length, were held by three men who stood in the form of an angle, the head of the deer forming the base; or, in other words, one man stood on the left side of the buck, in a line with his left shoulder; a second

man stood on the right side opposite to the right shoulder, while the third man took his station in front; and the three men were careful that the rope in the custody of each of them should be kept tight, since the peril of its being slack must be as obvious as its contrariety of tension; for whenever the animal made a plunge, as he sometimes did, towards the man on his right side, the Norwegian on the left could immediately check the career of the maddened deer by "holding on his end," as sailors say; the man in front at the same time giving his protection, and being protected in his turn.

The facility with which this buck was led seemed surprising; for the animal had not only his natural ferocity to offer against the skill of his antagonists, but he possessed strength and all the madness born of the human sounds to which he had been unaccustomed,—the loud ribaldry, and laughter of men and women, the whistle, and shrill cries

of boys and frighted infants. Submitting to my ignorance, I must say that I had never seen any large animal killed, and did not know how the operation was performed; and with a feeling of the most horrible infatuation I gathered in the small group round the animal to learn the stratagems observed to surround his legs with looped ropes which, being drawn quickly, slipped into knots and tripped him up. When the proud deer fell to the ground, a man drawing a knife from his pocket, and unclasping it, thrust the blade up to the hilt into the skull between the horns. I could not have conceived anything deprived of life so suddenly; and were it not for the blood that flowed in warm and copious streams from the mouth and nostrils, the animal appeared to have been dead a week. Another buck was killed, and made a present by R—— to his crew. The doe and the fawn were with great difficulty put on board; and so much time was expended in the construction

of a pen for them, that we did not sail until ten o'clock in the evening. The doe received a few bruises in hoisting her over the side of the vessel, and one of the sprouting horns of the fawn was broken, which we endeavoured by splints to restore; but inflammation appeared to succeed so rapidly, that P——, who was principal chirurgeon, was obliged to amputate it with his razor close to the head of the animal. This beautiful little creature is still alive, and may be seen in the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, to which Society both animals were presented by R—— on their safe arrival in England.

Every available corner of the yacht was filled with moss, for the Norwegians told us we should find some difficulty in urging the doe to eat any other food; but the fawn might be accustomed to corn or oats. What the Norwegians then said was certified afterwards; for when within sight of the English coast, the moss had all been consumed, and

the deer pined for its loss, eating nothing else in its lieu but bread and biscuit; but the fawn demolished the leaf of the filbert, corn, and hay, which had been collected in large quantities the last hour before we left Bergen.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON—THE SICK SAILOR—THE STORM—THE LEE-SHORE—"BREAKERS A-HEAD"—THE YACHT IN DISTRESS—WEATHERING THE STORM—RETURN TO BERGEN—THE PHYSICIAN—THE WHIRLPOOL—THE WATER-SPOUT—HOMEWARD BOUND—SCARBOROUGH—YARMOUTH ROADS—ERITH—GREENWICH HOSPITAL—CONCLUSION.

WHATEVER might have been my refinement of feeling, I was not deterred from eating venison for a week afterwards, day by day, and assenting to its delicious flavour, which, for the satisfaction of the son of Epicurus who may read these lines, I would state, tasted very strongly of the moss on which the animal had fed, and comprehended every charming

idea he can form of the term "gamey." I will, likewise, for his gratification, repeat the initiatory scene at dinner-time, on the day following that on which we had sailed from the village.

"Steward!" one of us shouted; but I need not say which.

"Yes, Sir," from the recesses of his pantry replied this aqueous butler with the little breath he had to spare from scampering about in the execution of his duties.

"Why the devil don't you bring the plates?" continued the first speaker; "everything is ruined."

During the short interval the plates were being got ready, we all three smiled with each other, and looking on the venison rubbed our hands, not in the mere ordinary fashion of palm against palm, but over and over, the palm passing over the knuckles, and the knuckles coming up near the thumb. The steam from the haunch eddied in revolving fumes to

the skylight; and "Sailor," hanging his tantalized nose down the open flap, allowed the saliva to drip from his tongue on P——'s head.

"Damn the dog!" exclaimed P——, wiping his head; but his more fervent benediction of "Sailor," was interrupted by the appearance of the steward and the hot plates.

P—— carved; he always did so, for he had acquired much neatness in the art. The first incision of the knife caused a flow of ruby gravy, which was so abundant, that a drop with much jucundity bounded into P——'s eye; but that did not cause any serious interruption, and he soon observed,

"Here you are," handing me a full plate.

R—— and I had a friendly contention which of us should accept it, and the plate was passed across the table three times before the question could be settled; but P——, who had not been dilatory in his office, already

filled another plate, and, of course, R—— took one, and I claimed the other.

"O—o—h!" exclaimed I, at the first mouthful.

"What is the matter?" R—— and P—— inquired anxiously. "Have you burned your mouth?"

"Don't ask me. Taste, that's all," replied I, preparing another piece for consumption.

"Good?" they asked.

"Gamey!" I replied, raising a second time the laden fork to my mouth.

"Too much?" they suggested; helping themselves one to salt, and the other to jelly.

"No!" "Nectar turned solid, eh?" hinted R——.

"Ha!" exclaimed P——, commencing mastication; "you're right;" and his face illuminated with delight as if he had caught a glimpse of Paradise.

Three bottles of champagne were drank; and chatting over claret till ten, so went off,

with perfect sobriety, our first venison dinner in the Sogne Fiord.

All was hilarity on board; and though the evening wind in passing only kissed gently the lazy canvass, nothing occurred to mar the serenity of every face and heart until the afternoon of the day which I have marked out as the one on which we had been so convivial. The sailors had been partaking of venison as well as ourselves; but there were not those sounds of joviality incidental to festive occasions, and the silence in the forecastle attracted our notice. "Talk of the Devil," my ancient countrywomen say, "and you will be sure to see him;" but though we had not spoken of his majesty, we certainly alluded to the crew; and whether D——, their representative, bears any affinity to that mighty potentate, I have never heard; yet certain it is, the said D——, with a countenance of ill omen, came into the cabin, and regretting that he should disturb us at such a time, observed,

"I am afraid, my Lord, King is very bad. He eats nothing, and complains a good deal."

"Of what does he complain?" asked R——.

"Of a dull pain in his stomach, my Lord," replied D——, "and a continual desire to retch, without being able to throw up."

"Oh! it's only a little attack of bile," observed R——; "I will soon put him to rights."

Rising from his chair, he went to seek his small medicine-chest with which returning, he placed it on the dinner-table. A few grains of calomel were weighed; and due directions being given when the physic should be taken, R—— prepared a black dose for the morrow, and committed that also to the custody of D——. Examining a few plaisters without any object, but from sheer love of the art, he locked up the chest again, and placed it carefully away in his berth.

"I tell you what it is," said R——, after he had resumed his seat, "those cherries were too sour, and King in making love to that girl, eat nearly the basket-ful; but if men will be fools, they must stand the brunt of their folly."

"Very true, my Lord," assented D——; "but I think King more ill than he looks, or says that he is; for he is fond of a drop, my Lord, like most of us, and that predilection tells when it comes."

"Of course, and so it should, very justly;" and R—— sipped his glass of claret. Pulling a decanter of sherry to him, he poured out a glass, and said,

"Will you have a glass of wine, D——?"

"Thank you, my Lord," replied D——, assentingly; and walking towards the table took the wine glass from R——, who held it out at arm's length. It was D——'s perquisite when he came into the cabin during dinner.

"Your health, my Lord—your health, sir,

—your health, sir," said D—— to each of us consecutively.

"All right," answered R——; and,

"Thank you," P—— and I replied. If D—— desired our health as sincerely as the sherry disappeared quickly, he desired it deeply indeed. The wine vanished at one gulp as instantaneously as a brick-bat would sink in spring water. However, this is a personal allusion I should not have made; but I will take care it does not occur again. I have a great respect for D——; and if his eye ever glances over this page, he will smile to see how I fail in striving to caricature him. Long life to him! He is a true British sailor, abstemious, amiable, and bold, and master of his courage, let danger face him as suddenly as it will.

"With this still weather," observed R——, "I suppose we cannot hope to reach Bergen for the next week."

"There is a slight tide, my Lord, the pilot

says sets out the Fiord," D—— made reply; "and if so, the cutter would hardly take so long to drift the distance."

"It is nearly one hundred miles?" said R——, interrogatively.

"Nearly, my Lord," answered D——; "but I think the wind is edging round to the west. Let us see, my Lord;" and D—— turned round, and began to examine the barometer hanging up behind him, as well as a symparometer.

"It is very odd, my Lord," he continued, after a pause, "but the barometer is very low, and this symparometer as high as it can well be."

We rose to look at the glasses, and found them as D—— had stated; but it was not the first time we had observed this variation between the barometer and symparometer.

"That barometer must be out of order," said R——.

"I never saw this before, my Lord,"

answered D——, "and it would be difficult to say which is right, or which is wrong; but you may depend, my Lord, something is brewing."

We tapped the barometer, and coaxed the symparometer; but all to no purpose, and they both doggedly retained their relative indications one to the other. D—— had hitherto been guided entirely by the symparometer, for it was a very delicate and beautiful instrument, and never failed in foretelling a shower of rain, or squall of wind. It is remarkable, that when we got to the north of 60 degrees, the symparometer acted directly opposite to that plan for which it was intended; and instead of the declension of the oil being indicative of bad weather, and its ascension prognostic of fair weather, a direct contradiction to the movement of the barometer was the result. Let those who understand the matter account for the fact. The coldness of the climate could have had no influence, for the temperature differed not from that of England; and

After administering the calomel to King, D—— returned in an hour.

"My Lord," he said, "King is worse. With his hands clasped on his stomach, he sits writhing with anguish. Listen, my Lord—hear, how he groans!"

R—— spoke not in answer; but walking to the fore-hatch, descended into the fore-castle, and we followed. The sailors who were below and off the watch, rose as we entered; and King, who was also sitting in a crouching attitude on the lockers, endeavoured to imitate their example, but failed in the attempt and fell back on his seat.

"Never mind me, King; don't move," said R——.

"Thank you,—my Lord," replied the sick man, almost inarticulately; and closing his eyes, his head hung on one side. R—— took his left hand and felt his pulse.

"Where is your principal pain?" asked R——.

"Here,—my Lord,—here," and without altering his position, King pressed his right hand closer to the pit of his stomach.

"Do you fancy a little brandy?—do you think it will relieve you?" observed R——.

"No,—my Lord," he replied in a faint voice, and sighed.

"Keep heart, my man," said R——, placing his hand kindly on King's shoulder. "He ought to go to bed," he then observed to us; and giving instructions to the steward, ordered the large berth occupied by P——, should be prepared. P—— had made the proposal of vacating his cabin; and in a quarter of an hour, King was put to bed. Striving by every means in his power to alleviate the pain an honest and faithful servant was suffering, R—— suggested and tried a variety of remedies, both by external and internal applications; but in vain. The virulence of the disease, whatever it was, increased, and its

painful intensity exceeding all endurance, King, with every contortion of body, groaned aloud.

An hour had passed, and the confusion on deck appeared to grow greater the nearer midnight came. The wind had been rising gradually and determinedly since we first left the deck, and now had arrived at the force and recklessness of a strong breeze. Rare, but great drops of rain struck the deck like lumps of molten lead, and flashes of lightning, yet without the sound of thunder, brought intelligence of an advancing storm. From mouth to mouth ran the order of,

"All hands on deck!" and the shuffling feet of men moving up the fore hatch intimated the promptitude with which the command was treated. R—— and P—— had already returned to the deck; but I remained below doing what little offices I could to assuage the anguish of King; and he seemed to desire my presence for no other service than to

give him water; for during the paroxysms of his complaint, he ceased not saying,

"Water! Sir; water!" and would snatch the glass from me, and drink with avidity.

I crept on deck to see our situation and that of the vessel. Thick clouds, black and rolling one over the other in their headlong flight, overcast the sky, and the stars no longer shone in the firmament. The mountains that had been so distinctly defined when I looked on them two hours before, seemed now shapeless mounds of earth swelling towards Heaven, and adding to the obscurity of night; and when the lightning gleamed in broad sheets, their great forms hanging over us, had, from the motion of the vessel, the appearance of falling on us. Every instant the strength of the wind became mightier, the thunder roared louder, and before the echo had made response from the nearest mountain-top, the lightning leaped downward from the zenith into the valleys, and darted, while it hissed, from tree

to tree. The sea began to rise, and the cutter, that had hitherto lain so placidly on the smooth water, heaved, and her larger spars creaked to the growing scud.

We had now opened the North Sea, and the pilots were desirous of getting under an island that lay about two miles from the mouth of the Fiord, before the gale reached its utmost fury; for by doing so, the vessel would then be perfectly secure in the quiet waters of another Fiord that flowed thence to the walls of Bergen. In the effort to accomplish this, the vessel was exposed to the whole drift of the Northern Ocean; and the wind having settled down to S.W. by W., blew directly in our faces, and placed a fearful shore on our lee. Having looked around me, as well as the pitchy darkness would allow, and ascertaining from the King's Pilot, as he was called, a seaman as courageous as he was skilful, the dangerous bearing of the land, and the object he desired to gain, I took my leave of the deck,

and made more room for those who could be serviceable in the governance of the vessel. A deafening peal of thunder shook down a second deluge, and driven to seek shelter, R—— and P—— came to the cabin immediately after me.

Taking each a seat on the sofas, we spoke not; and no sounds but the loud words of command, the noise of men running to and fro over head, and the cries of King, interfered with the sovereignty of the thunder, and whistling of the impetuous wind.

Dripping with rain, and out of breath, anxious care sitting on his whitened lips to watch and thwart each word he would speak with firmness, D—— hastened down the main companion and addressed himself to R ——.

"My Lord," he said, "the pilots begin to differ: one prays the other to put back, who. persists in beating to windward. The gale increases, and the land is not two miles from

our lee. What had better be done, my Lord ?"

"It is impossible for me to interpose my authority. The safety of the vessel is in the hands of the two pilots; and what they say must be obeyed," replied R——.

"But, my Lord, they are at variance," said D——, impressively. "I do not know the coast, and cannot judge for myself which one is in the right."

R—— made no answer, but, calling for a glazed coat and cap, went, accompanied by P——, on deck. Knowing that on all such occasions as the present, the less crowded the decks are, the more effectually all orders can be carried out, I lay down on the sofa, and noted all that was going forward. Worn in nerve and wearied by the distracting uproar of the elements, and flapping sails, I fell at last into a pleasant mood of thought, and, lost to everything around me, did not perceive that King, by some means or the other, had risen

from his berth and was in the cabin, until I heard him groan. Kneeling on the floor, and with his face buried on the sofa opposite to the one on which I was reclining, the poor fellow had placed one of the pillows on the side of the sofa, and was pressing his stomach against it.

"Why, King!" I exclaimed, starting from my lethargy, "What has brought you here? You should not have left your bed."

Unheeding my words, he did not appear to understand, or hear me, for he cried aloud, bitterly,

"Oh! God! have mercy on me! oh! my stomach!"

Knowing that he had taken calomel, I took a blanket and threw it over him lest he should catch cold, for the wind passed in draughts through the cabin, as it would rush through a funnel. He looked up, and said,

"Oh! Sir—is it you? Do I disturb you, Sir?"

"No," I replied, "it only disturbs me to see you so ill."

"Thank you, Sir, thank you," he said, and strove to smile; but his complaint, which appeared to attack him with great anguish at intervals of a few minutes, altered the expression of his countenance, and with the most horrible distortions, he shrieked like a maniac,

"Oh! Lord!—I shall die—oh! Sir—oh! oh! oh! my stomach!—help! help!" and in the excess of torture he stood upright while one might count ten, and then, becoming exhausted, fell, like a heavy weight, on his knees as before. When, at any time, the pain abated he was alive to everything; and hearing the thunder, the fury of the wind and rain, he observed to me,

"What a night, Sir! If I don't die one way, I shall another."

"Don't despond," I answered as cheerfully as I could, "and you will die neither way."

At this moment R—— and P—— tumbling down the staircase as softly as the pitching and rolling of the cutter permitted, inquired how King felt. I told them what I really thought, that the man was dying of some internal disease of which we were not aware.

"The pilots," said R——, out of King's hearing, "wish now to run back into the Fiord; but if King is not rallying, I think we had better go on. We *may* get through it somehow."

"I am willing," I replied, "to do anything you propose; but I am sure if we be not at Bergen to-morrow, King will be dead."

"I agree with you," answered P——.

"Very well, then," said R——, "as far as we three are concerned, it's a bargain."

"It is," we both replied.

"I will now hear what the men say," R—— continued, smiling with his wonted lively air, "for I can't drown them all without giving them a little time to pipe to prayers."

Approaching King, he observed, as light-heartedly as the occasion would give cause,

"Keep up your courage, King; we shall be at Bergen to-morrow morning by daylight."

"Shall we, my Lord? Thank God!" said the poor fellow solemnly. "But, my Lord," he went on saying, with a forced smile, "though I am sick, I am a sailor. I know this channel well, my Lord—it is narrow, full of blinders, and,—"

"Never mind the blinders," replied R——, with gaiety; "if your messmates will thrash through them, I will."

"God bless you! my Lord—thank you;" and the sick man took R——'s hand, and clasped it firmly as the weakness of his condition granted.

Hurrying to the deck, R—— ascertained the feeling of his crew, for I heard above the loudness of the storm, D—— call to the men,

"What will you do, my sons? Will you go

on, or put back? There is danger a-head; but if we run back, King must die. Which will you do? my Lord gives you the choice, since your souls are at stake. Will you risk your lives to save your messmate; or put the helm up, and throw him overboard at daylight?"

As with one voice, they all shouted,

"We will go on."

I heard the acclamation, and did not think King was well enough to pay attention to the observations of D——, or the reply of the sailors; but he must have also heard the shout for he said to me,

"What is that they say, Sir?"

"Only," I replied, "that the men are determined to brave the gale, and mean to beat round under the lee of the island into the Bergen Fiord."

"It is very good of my Lord," said King in a low voice. "If I live, I will never forget my Lord's goodness."

I thought I saw him lift his hand to his face and brush away a tear; but I had persuaded him to lie down on the sofa, and the table, swinging up and down as the vessel pitched and rolled in the trough of the sea, obstructed sometimes my view completely. I rose to trim the dull lamp that burned on the table; and seeing that the blanket had fallen to the floor I approached King to spread it over him again. Poor fellow! he lay on his back with his mouth wide open, gasping for breath, and his sunken closed lids, his ruddy complexion and round face changed to the yellow hue and emaciation of sickness, made me think that he was dying; and I placed my hand on his wrist. At my cold touch he opened his eyes, and groaned. Just then the vessel gave a very heavy lurch, and its violence forced the door that communicated with the pantry back upon its hinges. Scarcely had this accident come to pass, than Jacko, whom I had not seen for some days, taking advantage of it, ran into the main cabin

and, with the curious chirp of the ring-tail monkey, jumped on the restless table. Perceiving with the quickness of a man, that all was not right, the little animal looked into my face for inquiry, and then scratched his side, not from any particular reason, but from habit; and walking on all fours to the edge of the table nearest to me, stopped, and looked again as if to probe my humour, and leaped gently on my arm. I was still standing over King. The monkey peered first at me, and then gaped at King, wondering why he should be so inert, when activity was so paramount; and putting his head on one side, chirped, and appeared to be deliberating about something. Stretching out his neck to have a closer view, he satisfied himself that he was not in error, but knew the face before him, however much illness might have changed it; and being a singular favorite of King, the affectionate creature seemed to understand the miserable condition of his kind friend, and descending with the aid of his tail,

which he twisted round my arm, he stepped softly on King's chest. The sick man again opened his heavy eyes, and seeing what had disturbed him, raised his hand, and feebly stroked the monkey's glossy back. As long as I live I shall not forget the expressive despair and love of that little creature. With a low, piteous chirp, it wormed its small, round head under King's chin, and folded its left arm as far round his throat as it would go.

"Jacko," said the sailor, so faintly that I could just distinguish the words he uttered, "I shall—die. Yes!—I must!—yes,—Jacko."

The monkey moved not; but continued chirping, fondling closer to King's neck, and doubling up his body almost into a ball.

"Oh! Lord!—Sir," exclaimed King suddenly —"here it comes! O! O! O!" and the convulsion of his limbs and features testified his anguish. Such expressions of dreadful pain at any other time would have frightened

Jacko out of his wits; but now he merely stood upright on his hind legs with his diminutive hands placed on King's cheek, and glancing from the tortured countenance and form of the stricken seaman to my face, expressed his deep concern by the most melancholy chirrups.

Midnight had come and gone, and the hurricane continued unabated. The wind blowing with terrific violence caused all commands to be given through a speaking-trumpet; and the waves broke over the labouring vessel in such frequent volumes, that they jeopardized the lives of the men, who, in the excitement and execution of their duty, neglected due precaution. I have crossed the Atlantic thrice from one hemisphere to the other, and in a deeply-laden merchant-vessel experienced the anger of a south-west gale; but my consolation then was to know, that the sluggish ship had ample sea-room. Now, however, the case was reversed; and with a storm concentrating the

fury of ten others, our little bark had no breadth of berth to lay to, or length to run in, but was compelled to accept the alternative of beating against the tremendous swell of the North Sea that appeared to crowd all its power and vehemence into the mouth of the Fiord, or be shattered to atoms on the perpendicular rocks of the mountains, against which the waves dashed with a roar not less appalling than that of thunder. The intensity of darkness was complete as that of a wall; for standing a foot abaft the mast, we could not see the bowsprit end; and one man had no other order to fulfil but to wait for the flashes of lightning, and mark the position of the land. I cannot remember any sight either that I have seen, or fable that I have read, which gave me a more terrible idea of death than this night; for not only did the elements struggle with each other to drive us to despair, but the groans and shrieks of a fellow-creature, as he was being borne on the wings of disease

to his grave, cut off the small ray of cheerfulness that might have crept into our hearts while standing shoulder to shoulder in contention with the tempest.

A cry of desperation flew from end to end of the deck, as a vivid gleam of lightning sped by us, and a tearing noise, like that of a tree whose trunk, nearly severed by the axe, is rent in two by the weight of its branches, and falls to the ground. I thought the mast was struck and shivered by the lightning.

"We are lost!" several voices cried; "the mainsail is split!"

King had fallen into unconsciousness, produced either by the acuteness of the nerves being nullified by the assaults of disease, or incidental to that kind of stupor which death casts like a shadow along its path. Disliking to die like a rat in my hole, I went on deck; and a bright flash of lightning showed the mainsail ripped from the second reef earing up

to the peak. Though the waves rushed by the vessel with the velocity of the fleetest steeds, and demolished everything that obstructed their career, our craft appeared to defy their fury, and sprung from billow to billow with the playful airiness of a cork.

"We are lost!" said P——, collectedly, in a low voice, as soon as my head was visible above the companion.

"No," I replied; "'a live dog is worth a dead lion.' I shall be drowned when I am three fathoms under water,—not before."

My companions, I think, attached more heartlessness to my careless manner, and, perhaps, quotation, than I intended; for they made no answer.

"My Lord," said D——, hurrying up to R——, "we must cut away the boom!"

"Let it go," answered R——, briefly, and with calmness.

The cutter was luffed up, and above the roar of the sea, as it lashed and leaped over the bows, D—— shouted,

"Now, my sons, down with the main! and stand by to cut it away."

"Ay, ay, Sir," the men replied, and arranged themselves almost in an instant in their proper places, just as if they moved by mechanism; and not a human voice was heard as the different ropes were let go, and the huge mainsail, flapping furiously, descended towards the deck. The cutter did not seem to feel the immense weight of the canvass, increased as it was by the rain; but danced about as buoyantly as ever. In a few minutes vanished all idea of sending the mainsail adrift, and every thought was turned to the trysail. Five times the attempt was made to set it; but the furious blasts of wind, now freighted with hail, dissipated the strength of our crew with the same facility as the breath of a man would level a palace of cards. During these repeated efforts to get the trysail up, which necessarily occupied much time, the cutter had drifted some way to leeward;

and, at last, the man keeping watch on the bow, exclaimed,

"Breakers! Sir, breakers!"

A dozen of us vociferated at the same moment,

"Where?"

"There they are!" shouted the man; "close on the lee-beam!"

Through the thickness of night the waves were discernible like a heap of snow, white with foam, and, as if wantoning with each other, jumping into the air, not fifty fathoms from the yacht. Sailors are brave men; but when a continuity of danger pursues them, they are apt to despair, not from any want of physical or moral ability, but from that morbid impotence which developes itself in their superstitious fancies. The pilots had not given up the hope of vanquishing the storm, and D——, who knew the disposition of his countrymen, did not yet dread their vacillation; but we did. Nothing seemed

possible to save us, but the interposition of Heaven; for the storm-jib and reefed foresail were the only sails on the cutter, and they were barely sufficient, in such a sea, to give her steerage way. Every wave that struck the yacht hurled her near and nearer to the breakers; but the courage of the men continued indomitable, and promptly, with the most cheerful expressions, they performed any, the most perilous task allotted to them.

"Ware her, pilot!" D—— called out to the principal pilot. The two pilots taking up the hint, consulted fer an instant, and then that one to whom D—— had spoken, said,

"Ware ship."

The beautiful little vessel obeyed her helm as willingly as if she were on a lake; and D—— could not help observing to me, his eyes beaming with the devotion of a sailor for his ship,

"It's a shame, Sir, to doubt she would ever perform her duty."

Scarcely had the words fallen from his lips,

or the cutter wore round, when the man, who had first seen the breakers, shouted a second time, like the flying herald of Doomsday,

"There's a vessel going to run us down!"

Every soul ran to the weather side and sought with starting eyes the object of anticipated destruction. By the gleams of light a native vessel, with a sole square-sail set, was imperfectly seen bearing down on our weather bow; and although the wind and sea combined with the darkness to render our annihilation seemingly inevitable, the crew of the approaching bark sang, in a long, slow measure, two or three Norwegian words, and their constant, drawling repetition became distincter as the vessel, like an ice-berg, tore through the frothing surge towards us. There stirred not a sound on board our cutter, except the unceasing exhortation, spoken almost sepulchrally, of the pilot standing near to the helmsman,

"Stea—dy!—stea—dy!"

Both pilots appeared to have understood the signification of the chant, for they altered not

the course of the cutter, but kept their eyes fixed, as well as the night admitted, on the huge white sail of the spectral vessel; and would make no other reply to our questions, but,

"They see us, they see us."

Like the spirit of the storm, the vast sail glided through the black air above our top-mast, for it was so dark we could not distinguish the hull; and there was something of mystery and impressive awe, amid the howling tempest, the roar of thunder, and the flash of lightning, in this slow, chanting recitation, uttered by a number of voices that seemed to proceed from the dense obscurity.

It was a vessel from Bergen bound up the Sogne Fiord for timber; and the crew having seen us buffeted, in such a shattered condition, by the gale, and perceiving by the rig of the cutter, that she was a foreigner, humanely bore down to us; and the mystical song of the sailors was a signal to follow them, which

being sung slowly and with unfailing repetition, outlasted the blasts of wind, and gave us the opportunity of catching the words as the two vessels rose on the crests of the waves. Our pilots refused to adopt the counsel given, and run out to sea; for had they done so, we might have found ourselves by daylight driven half way to Trondhjem, and the life of King must have been sacrificed.

Neither wind nor sea yielded yet, and we were as stubborn; but had the trim of the yacht not been true, and her liveliness that of a straw, the swell would have made a clean breach over her decks, and its pressure been fatal. At two we got under the lee of the long desired island. The try-sail that had been partially hoisted was now set properly, and trusting to the goodness of our cause, guaranteed by the tried worthiness of our craft, we stretched away from the island, and stood for Bergen.

Returning to the cabin I found King awake,

lying where I had left him. When he saw me,

"My pain is easier, sir," he said, not more audibly than a whisper; "but I feel weaker."

"That's your fancy," I answered livelily; but not without the fear that internal mortification was ensuing. "We have beaten the gale on its own ground," I proceeded, endeavouring to divert his thoughts, "and are standing right down the Bergen Fiord."

"It is good of my Lord—very," he replied, and drew a deep sigh; "but—I shall never see England again. My poor wife!" The tears ran silently down his sunken cheeks. While the sick man wept, my two friends, with countenances of joy, entered the cabin.

"Well!" observed one of them, "I thought all was up with us; but it is now only a tale to tell."

"Yes," the other replied, "neither on sea, or shore fail experiments of the heart; and if we could only land you, King," continued the

speaker, drawing near to the sofa, "three or four hours hence in Bergen, I would not decline fighting the same battle, ignorant of its chances, again next week."

The sailor, too sad and ill to speak, smiled through his tears at the generosity of a youthful spirit. After administering every possible comfort to King, we lay down to rest; and it seemed that I had hardly closed my eyes when the grating noise of the cable awoke me. The yacht was at anchor in Bergen harbour. In less than half an hour a medical man was on board; and by his order King was immediately wrapped up in blankets and taken ashore. He was in the last stage of intestinal inflammation; and an hour more would have sealed his destiny. I need not say, that for many days life oscillated uncertainly between death and the vigour of his constitution; but R—— had the good fortune to secure the services of a most skilful, though young, Norwegian physician. None of us can speak too

highly of the kindness and unhesitating attention of this gentleman, who combined not only the estimable and generous disposition of youth with the intellectual attainments of maturer years, but claimed every accomplishment of manner and attraction of form that birth and education might have refined and nature alone could give.

So ended the 1st of August to live in our memories. During the day the "Gitana" schooner, the property of Mr. Curtis, arrived from the Hardanger Fiord; and we learned that the schooner we had signalled at the entrance of the Bukke Fiord, some weeks back, was the "Fairy." The "Gitana" having separated from her during the gale, no one on board could give us a clue to the destination of Sir Hyde.

In the evening we went to see King. He was so ill, that his medical attendant begged, while remaining in his bed-room, we would not speak. The poor fellow was delirious.

When we came near to his bed-side, he stared at us; but could not remember who we were. Sailor, who managed to push his way up stairs, though we had taken the precaution to leave him out of doors, rushed up to the bed, and placed his paws on it; but a cuff on the head sent him to the other end of the room. King seemed to have recognized the dog; for he rolled his head from side to side on the pillow, as if in reprobation of the act to keep the animal from him; and although his left hand lay outside the coverlet, he was so exhausted, having been bled twice, that he could not stir it; but moved the forefinger, beckoning the animal to him. At the suggestion of the doctor we stood on one side, and opened a passage for the dog. The animal crouching in the farthest corner of the room, hung his head, doubtful of the duty required of him; but the moment R—— motioned with his hand, the dog in one bound reached the bed. The wan, vacant countenance of the

sufferer, brightened with the hue and intelligence of health, for he smiled and moved his lips, though he had not sufficient strength to articulate a word. The dog sometimes licked his hand, and then with playfulness, took the moving finger between his teeth, and allowing it to slip from his mouth, would seize it again ; and so, although both were speechless, both understood each other. At last some sad reflection, the thought perhaps of home, or the little chance he had more of sharing the affection of any human thing, as he did now, crossed his mind; for the sick man closed his eyes, while yet his finger moved as before and the noble brute still toyed with it, and oozing from under the shut lids, one by one, the tears ran over, and bathed his temples.

" We shall excite him, doctor," we said in a whisper.

" I think so," he replied; " leave him for the present."

We left the room; but it was with some

difficulty we could get the dog to follow us. The attachment of animals is a common tradition, but I have never had the opportunity of seeing it so feelingly displayed as during the illness of King; nor did the rage of the elements, or the fear of death press heavier on my spirits than the mute love of Sailor and Jacko touched me deeply. No living creatures could have remembered with more devotional sincerity the acts of friendship and human kindness, or demonstrated their grief with greater effect and truth.

Our stay at Bergen was greatly lengthened by the illness of King; for R—— did not like to leave Norway without being assured of his ultimate recovery. During our sojourn, the guide, a Swede, whom we had hired, pointed out the house in which the Marquis of Waterford was lodged after his encounter with the watchman, when his life was nearly lost. Borne on their shoulders, the watchmen carry about with them a long staff, at the end of

which is a circular knob full of small spikes that resemble the rays of a star, on which account the staff is called the Morning Star; and with one of these astral knobs the noble Lord, in a scuffle, was struck on the head. The inhabitants of Bergen still remember the Marquis; and while they condemn the conduct of their countryman, exalt the character of the young nobleman; and I believe myself, that the local trade of the town never received before his arrival, or after his departure, such an impetus as it did from the liberality and personal expenditure of Lord Waterford. Our guide did nothing else but talk of him, and laughed till he cried while recounting the comical freaks of "the sweet man;" or, as he phrased him vernacularly,

"Manen sött."

Here, amid other curiosities, I had the pleasure, for the first time in my life, to meet, face to face, a gentleman who believed in homœopathy. Having shewn me the box, not larger

superficially than my hand, in which was contained all the physic he could possibly take during the term of his natural life, he favoured me with a long dissertation on the efficiency of homœopathy; and hearing that sickness, the sole inheritance man holds in fee simple, had been busily occupied with us, he drew forth from the box a small pill not so large as a pin's head, and, mistaking me, in the delirium of science, for King, told me, that if I would do him the kindness of taking it, I should never afterwards doubt the benefit, in all ills, of homœopathy. Three or four thousand pills of the same dimensions as those I saw, could very easily be placed in a lady's thimble, and there would be room for more. I shall always strive to remember the face of this gentleman when I smiled at his medical advice, and declined the pill. I may be wrong, however, and my friend right; but it will take a very persuasive man, aided by the clearest proof, to make me convinced, that a little ball

not bigger than the eye of a moth, can overcome the mighty attacks of disease engendered in the human frame by an artificial mode of life, pursued from generation to generation through thousands of years. How credulous men are!

The lateness of the season made R—— anxious to quit Norway before the middle of August; and since King could not, under the most favourable circumstances, leave his bed before the end of the month, we thought of our return to England. On the afternoon of the 7th, King being pronounced entirely out of danger, and, as far as human wisdom could tell, certain of regaining his former health, we sailed; but R—— left in the hands of the British Consul a sum of money, to purchase whatever might be required for King's present use, and future passage to England; and writing a note which was to be given to him by the Consul, when he was sufficiently well to read it, R—— told the poor fellow not to be

hurt at our departure; but that we had sailed from Bergen by compulsion, and not according to the dictates of our own hearts. Promising to touch at Harwich, and communicate to his wife the tidings of his convalescence, for we had written to inform her of her husband's desperate condition, R—— concluded by intimating, that the Consul would supply him with every luxury he desired, and he was not to hesitate in the expression of any fancy his sickly state might prompt him to make. R—— told him, also, to join the yacht at Cowes when he returned to England. King lived to see the English shores again, and gratefully, in the blunt, pathetic language of a sailor, to thank his amiable benefactor. He fills, at this moment, his old post.

Although the afternoon was calm, the cutter dropped rapidly down the Fiord, until within four miles of the sea. The pilot, one of the most expert at Bergen, had been very anxious to get the yacht clear from the land before

night-fall, that he might be on his homeward way in good time; nor were we less desirous of taking our departure before set of sun. But Fortune seems ever to act towards some men with the sincerest malice. About half a league, as I have said, from the mouth of this Fiord, one of many that conducts to Bergen, and on the starboard shore, is a rock that juts towards the centre of the channel, and forms a small bay. Marines know the spot well, and avoid it. The surrounding scenery, fraught with the natural softness of beauty and severe grandeur of Norway, resembles most other things that bear, seductively, external comeliness, and carry an antidote unseen. The bay is a whirlpool. Our hyperboreal Palinurus was perfectly acquainted with this modern Charybdis, and used every stratagem of which he was master, to escape it; but the wind being light, left the cutter to the mercy of the current. Nearly three hours the yacht did nothing else but revolve, as if she

were fixed on a pivot, and not all the united exertions of the crew could tow her out of the eddy.

The unhappy pilot stamped his foot every time the cutter took a fresh whirl, and called his favourite Odin to witness his dilemma; but Odin paid as much deference to his prayers as Hercules did, of yore, to the waggoner who got the wheel of his cart in the rut. The cutter wearied not in her waltz; but, whether she felt the want of a partner, or the power of the wind, I know not; for when the pilot had lighted his pipe, and given his soul to its soporific ward, she darted unexpectedly out of the circling haven, and ceased not in her flight until the first wave of the Ocean leaped up against her bow with so much rude impetuosity that her hull staggered under its force, and her gaff-topsail shook with anger at such lack of gentleness.

Amid a multitudinous salute of "Farväl!" the pilot bundled into his pram; and even now

I see him tossed about, looking the very configuration of "Gamle Norge."

The sameness of all other seas is not forbidden to this northern one; and except a more constant repetition of squalls and showers of rain, I distinguished the great family likeness. The 8th of August passed pleasantly enough, and for those souls which can absorb the sublimity of water, and soar to the infinity of space, the scene might have seemed wondrous in width and height; but the subsequent day, while sitting below and reading, I heard a tremendous racket on deck, and before I could exactly arrange the different sounds, the mainsail and gaff-topsail came to the deck "with a run;" and for aught I knew to the contrary, but strongly imagined, the gib and foresail followed their example with like expedition.

"We shall go up in the air, like a balloon!" one of the sailors, with a twang of horror in his voice, exclaimed.

"Ay, or swamped!" a second suggested, loudly, with dreadful determination.

"Ay, ay; and the deck's as good as stove in!" growled a third nautical son of a Shuhite.

I threw the book I had been perusing on the cabin table, and hurried towards the staircase; but one of my friends met me at the door, and moving with the same velocity as myself, we came into sharp collision. He rebounded to the right, and I recoiled to the left hand.

"For God's sake, get out of the way," said he, out of breath, and recovering his legs as fast as he could.

"What's the matter?" I asked, with much alarm. "Is the vessel on fire, or what?"

"No;—nothing," replied he, with a wildness of look that foretold anything but nothing. "Here, steward!" he called out at the top of his voice,—"Alfred!—Gandy!—cook!"—dismay expanding the sources of information, and adding loudness to his vociferation—"Where's my gun?"

The steward, Alfred, Gandy, and the cook were busily employed elsewhere, for they made no reply, and my friend soon found, without their assistance, what, at first, confusion of mind had hid from his sight.

Breathless, too, with the flushed face and disordered dress of haste and horror, my other fellow traveller came thundering down the companion, and the thick shooting-boots he commonly wore clattered the importance of his approach.

"Gracious heaven!" I exclaimed, "What is all this about? If I am to be——"

"Where's the powder?" asked he, and brushing by me, like a rocket, to get across the cabin, brought his shoulder so forcibly in contact with my chest, that he knocked all the breath out of my lungs, and broke my second sentence into pieces.

"Where's the powder?" again asked he, his voice ascending in the scale of articulation.

"How am I to know?" fulminated the one, angrily, loading his gun with the despatch of an adroit musketeer. "Am I a magazine?"

"No; I know that," said the other, tartly.

"Well; what's the good of baiting a fellow when he's busy," replied the first decisively.

I could rest no longer in ignorance of my fate, and I scrambled on deck. The vessel labouring very much in a heavy sea, had not a stitch of canvass on her, and her bare mast tapered into the air like a cocoa-nut tree that had been discrowned.

"What is all this?" I said, appealing to one man who had hold of the tiller, and, with his neck extended like a race-horse, seemed to be steering as if the greatest way was on the vessel.

"Look there, your Honour," and without removing his eyes from the bow of the cutter, he pointed the thumb of his left hand over his shoulder. I turned, and saw, half a mile astern, the cause of all this uproar. But I had barely a clear conception of what I was

looking at, when my companions with loaded guns reappeared on deck. The triggers clicked, and I assumed their guns were to be discharged at once, but D—— called out,

"Not yet; it's too far off."

"Tell us when to fire, then," said my two friends, filing themselves in that attitude which the reader may have observed in a regiment of soldiers, when the word is given to "present."

"What!" I cried out, now that I found my senses by the visual elucidation of the threatened evil;

"What! you don't mean to say you are going to fire with a couple of fowling pieces at a water-spout?"

"To be sure, Sir," answered D——, giving me a momentary glance that he ventured to take, clandestinely, from the water-spout. "Don't they fire guns to break them?"

"Yes," I replied, "people do,—cannon!"

However, I could not get any one to agree

with me, that a rifle-ball would have just as much effect on the dispersion of the huge water-spout that boiled and waved, like an elastic tower, to and fro with the wind, and roared in the wake of the yacht, as a sigh would arrest the rotation of Sirius; and so, placing my life in the custody of Providence, I went back to my book, and left my companions standing on the poop with guns presented, and the whole crew with leaping hearts and open mouths waiting the efficacy of their artillery. I did not hear the discharge of the two guns; but the water-spout kept them in great trepidation, by approaching within a hundred yards of the cutter, and then resolving into its native cloud and water.

The following day the high lands in the vicinity of Whitby in Yorkshire were seen; and at four o'clock the same afternoon we passed close under the frowning headland, on which the old ruins of the castle stand. A south-west wind appearing desirous to treat us

with another gale, we brought up off Scarborough for the night; and notwithstanding the swell which precluded all other boats from intercourse with the shore, we managed to reach the land in a gig, and stretched our legs on English ground again.

Early in the morning P—— left us for London, fearful that the wind might detain us some time at Scarborough; but five hours after his departure, at midday, with a fresh beeze, we got under weigh; and, though the wind continued heading us the whole distance, reached Yarmouth as the clocks in the town were striking eight.

Having made up our minds not to remain more than the night at this place, the cutter lay in the roadstead.

We must have arrived at a moment of some gaiety, for on a terrace facing the sea, a band was playing, and all the inhabitants had congregated to converse and walk. What a contrast to the country from which we had just

come! No man can judge of the superiority of England, whether in the beauty and elegance of its women, the cleanliness of its towns, the multiplicity and aptness of its comforts, but he who has wandered in other parts of the world. Grumblers are domestic; just the same as spoiled brats cry for the very sake of peevishness, because they know not the pain of denial. As I have not much more time to speak, I would, with my last breath, recommend discontented people to travel; but if they should come back in the same fretful condition, well, let them go to——Bath;—no further.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 12th of August, we sailed from Yarmouth, and at a quarter to seven in the evening, the anchor of the Iris dropped within thirty yards of the pier-head at Erith.

By the first flush of day, taking the early tide, the cutter crept up the familiar, winding River; and while yet I pondered on the reason why I should love my own land, with its

yellow sky and puffing toil, better than the pure Heaven and kindly ease of foreign strands, the Hospital of Greenwich lay within the cast of a stone. The crimson flag was waving on the western turret, just as it waved in May, and so, with his two wooden legs projecting at right angles to his body, sat alone, on the same bench, the lone old pensioner. I seemed to have been sleeping for three months. I felt sad, and knew not why. How ideal is the reality of life! and the inexpressive cause of grief is the consciousness of that truth.

The sailors, as they furled the sails, talked of home. The deer and fawn, ceasing to ruminate, viewed their new country with surprise; but Jacko going into Sailor's hutch, begged, without doubt, to know if he might ride through the town on his back; and Greenwich, like Brundusium, was,

"longæ finis chartæque viæque."

As all men are not of the same stature, so their minds differ in the means of accepting

knowledge, or entertainment, and to please every one is a difficult thing. To hope, therefore, that I should afford amusement to all who read these pages, would be to aspire for that which has not fallen to the lot of any one; but if out of the incongruity of opinions I have expressed, be they ever so weak, or opposed to each other, instruction may be taken, then I shall not have striven without a result. By contrast, virtue and vice are discovered; for it is the mental or physical opposition to the blandishments of vice that reveals the strength and comeliness of virtue. If a man's mind was perfect in wisdom, and stainless in ethics, those glimpses which it gave of wisdom and morality might be too dazzling for the common vision; but the feeblest eye may look on the lessened light of imperfection, seeing plainly the causes of its dimness. To avoid error is to perceive it. For me, I have no moral lesson to teach; but by writing, to

repeat what I have witnessed, and by that repetition to impart to others those things which sheltered, though of the same world, by a different sky, and shadowed by other customs, were pleasing to my mind and sight.

My task is done; and, like a dream, is dreamt the recollection of human things already changed and ever changing. The remembrance of the interesting country through which I have been travelling shall abide by me always; for, encouraged by the desire to speak and muse, as I do now, of the hardy, freely happy, and contented sons of its mountains, I first learned that no greater blessing could be granted than a life of honourable industry, and that, pine who might beneath the infliction of mental or bodily exertion, I had known the exalted destiny of creation in the effort to be useful. Like an exile turning to take a last glance at the blue outlines of his native land, I, too, have lingered to look

back; yet the pleasant retrospection of three happy months is at an end; and I now dream of its delight as one who feels that, in the swift transition of existence, such peace of mind can never come again.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY T. R. HARRISON, 45, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

MR. COLBURN'S

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A NEW AND REVISED EDITION, WITH NUMEROUS PASSAGES NOW RESTORED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT, AND MANY ADDITIONAL NOTES, OF THE

DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

SAMUEL PEPYS, F.R.S.

SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY IN THE REIGNS OF CHARLES II. AND JAMES II.

EDITED BY LORD BRAYBROOKE.

To be completed in six vols., post 8vo, with Portraits, &c., price 10s. 6d. each.
The first three volumes are now ready.

The authority of PEPYS, as an historian and illustrator of a considerable portion of the seventeenth century, has been so fully acknowledged by every scholar and critic, that it is now scarcely necessary even to remind the reader of the advantages he possessed for producing the most complete and trustworthy record of events, and the most agreeable picture of society and manners, to be found in the literature of any nation. A New Edition of this work, comprising the restored passages so much desired, with such additional annotations as have been called for by the vast advances in antiquarian and historical knowledge during the last twenty years, will doubtless be regarded as one of the most important, as well as most agreeable additions that could be made to the library of the general reader.

"Pepys' Diary is now to appear in its integral state. This, the third edition of the best book of its kind in the English language, is therefore the only true edition of the book. The new matter is extremely curious, and, judging from the first volume, occasionally far more characteristic and entertaining than the old. * * * The new matter in the second volume fully supports the expectations awakened by the first. Pepys is marvellously entertaining. The writer is seen in a clearer light and the reader is taken into his inmost soul. Pepys' Diary is the ablest picture of the age in which the writer lived, and a work of standard importance in English literature."—ATHENÆUM.

"Pepys' Diary makes us comprehend the great historical events of the age, and the people who bore a part in them, and gives us more clear glimpses into the true English life of the times than all the other memorials of them that have come down to our own."—EDINBURGH REVIEW.

"There is much in Pepys' Diary that throws a distinct and vivid light over the picture of England and its government during the period succeeding the Restoration. If, quitting the broad path of history, we look for minute information concerning ancient manners and customs, the progress of arts and sciences, and the various branches of antiquity, we have never seen a mine so rich as these volumes. The variety of Pepys' tastes and pursuits led him into almost every department of life. He was a man of business, a man of information, a man of whim, and, to a certain degree, a man of pleasure. He was a statesman, a *bel-esprit*, a virtuoso, and a connoisseur. His curiosity made him an unwearied, as well as an universal, learner, and whatever he saw found its way into his tables."—QUARTERLY REVIEW.

A YACHT EXCURSION
TO
DENMARK, NORWAY, AND SWEDEN.

BY W. A. ROSS, ESQ.

IN COMPANY WITH LORD RODNEY.

2 vols. post 8vo.

THE CAPE,
AND
ITS COLONISTS:

WITH HINTS FOR SETTLERS IN 1848.

BY GEORGE NICHOLSON, JUN., ESQ.

A LATE RESIDENT.

Post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"A work especially adapted for the intended emigrant,—furnishing him with much practical information as to the soil, climate, &c., with other interesting facts and features of this important country, as gathered from the experience of a long experimental residence therein."—MESSENGER.

FIVE YEARS IN KAFFIRLAND:
With Sketches of
THE LATE WAR IN THAT COUNTRY,
TO THE PEACE IN 1848.

WRITTEN ON THE SPOT,

BY MRS. HARRIET WARD,

(WIFE OF CAPTAIN WARD, 91ST REGIMENT.)

2 vols., post 8vo, with Map, and Portraits of Col. Somerset, the Kaffir chief Sandilla, &c. 21s. bound.

Mrs. Ward (the daughter of the late Colonel Tidy, 24th regiment) courageously determined to accompany her husband, Captain Ward, on his being ordered to join his regiment in Africa, in 1842; and embarked in the *Abercrombie Robinson*, which ship, it will be remembered, was wrecked on her arrival at the Cape. Mrs. Ward proceeded with her husband direct to the theatre of war in Kaffirland, and, after the example of Lady Sale in another quarter of the globe, kept a journal, in which she noted down whatever she considered worthy of record during the entire period of hostilities.

"Mrs. Ward's narrative is one of deep interest, full of exciting adventures, and wild and graphic descriptions of scenes the most extraordinary which could be presented to the eyes of a traveller."—SUNDAY TIMES.

THE CASTLEREAGH PAPERS.

Now in Course of Publication, in 4 *volumes* 8*vo, printed uniformly with the* WELLINGTON *and* NELSON DISPATCHES,

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH,

Second Marquess of Londonderry.

EDITED BY HIS BROTHER,

CHARLES VANE, MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY, G.C.B., &c.

Every observer of passing events—every attentive reader of History—will acknowledge that the British annals exhibit no period more eventful, more glorious, we may say more marvellous, than that formed by the close of the last, and the opening years of the present, century; and it is equally undeniable that no Statesman had a greater share in the most important political transactions of that period than the late MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY, better known as LORD CASTLEREAGH.

Many of the present generation may, however, need reminding that this eminent Statesman commenced his official career as Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; that he held this arduous and responsible situation at the time of the Rebellion in that country, and of its invasion by the French; and that to his talents, energy, and persevering exertions we are mainly indebted for the great measure of its legislative Union with Great Britain—a measure which has been productive of incalculable benefit to Ireland, notwithstanding the clamouring of factious demagogues for its repeal.

Transferring the sphere of his activity to England, after the accomplishment of the Union, Lord Castlereagh filled successively the offices of President of the Board of Control, Secretary of War and of the Colonies, and Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and became the chief representative of this country in the negotiations for the peace of Paris, and at the Congress of Vienna.

The high official situations held by Lord Castlereagh brought him either into society or correspondence with almost all the leading political personages of this and other countries; and he thus became possessed of a collection of Letters and Documents, more copious and more valuable than probably any Minister of his time could have acquired. From these materials, his Brother, the present Marquess of Londonderry, to whom they devolved, has prepared for publication a selection from that portion which concerns Ireland, accompanied by a Biographical Memoir of his illustrious Relation. The work will be found one of surpassing importance, not merely on account of the records and illustrations of the extraordinary events of a past period which it furnishes, but for the startling points of comparison with occurrences of the present day that are incessantly forcing themselves upon the attention of the reader.

THE COURT AND TIMES

OF

CHARLES THE FIRST:

INCLUDING

MEMOIRS OF THE MISSION IN ENGLAND OF THE CAPUCHIN FRIARS
IN THE SERVICE OF QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA,
BY FATHER CYPRIEN DE GAMACHE.

Edited by the Author of "Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea, Consort of George I.," "The Court and Times of James I.," &c.

2 vols. 8vo. 28s. bound.

"Works of this kind form, perhaps, the best and most attractive portion of the literature of the day."—MORNING POST.

"Such collections as these do more to bring us familiarly acquainted with the *real* aspect of life in bygone times, than all the essayists and historians put together; we live the times themselves over again, while we are admitted to the most secret thoughts and the most confidential communications of those who personally mingled, in the double capacity of actors and spectators, in the scenes which they describe. The public cannot feel too grateful to the editor and publisher of these volumes."—JOHN BULL.

"These valuable and interesting volumes serve to illustrate the court and times of the first Stuart kings in a very effective manner. The reader is presented with the minutest details of a period wonderfully fruitful in strange events. The gossip of the court mingles with the important details of transactions of state, a piquant anecdote is contrasted with a grave conspiracy, and a momentous discussion in the House of Commons is relieved by an interesting recollection of Shakspeare's Theatre, or, a lively account of Ben Jonson's Masque. The student of history, anxious to make himself well acquainted with the chronicles of the past, should not pass over without perusal these important and interesting memoirs; while to the lover of romance, or to the diversified taste of the general reader, their romantic contents will render these volumes peculiarly attractive."—SUN.

"This new historical work consists of a series of authentic letters written by influential and well-informed persons, and containing much information respecting the important transactions that were then taking place, both at home and abroad; and particularly detailing the movements of the great men of the Court and Parliament. Many interesting details are also given of the private lives of a great number of the distinguished personages who flourished during this important and eventful reign, and whose names figure in almost every page of the work. It includes a remarkable original memoir of the Mission to England of the Capuchins, who were selected to attend Henrietta Maria on her marriage with Charles I. Father Cyprien de Gamache, preacher to the Queen, is the historian, and to him we are indebted for many interesting particulars respecting the Royal family, both before and after the execution of the King. The work is a most interesting, useful, and entertaining production, and will be equally acceptable to those who read for study or amusement."—MESSENGER.

THE CONCLUDING VOLUME

OF THE

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHORESS,

And other Illustrations.

N.B.—Subscribers are requested to complete their Sets without delay, to prevent disappointment.

A FEW COMPLETE SETS of this Work may now be had, in 12 vols., elegantly bound, with gilt leaves, price 6*l.* 6s.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

REPUBLICAN FRANCE,

FROM 1790 TO 1801.

BY DR. MILLINGEN.

Post 8vo, with PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR, 10s. 6d., bound.

"This work is full of the most interesting details and vivid pictures of the Revolution of 1790. It is a book which everybody must read. It is full of anecdote, and the most interesting matter of every kind."—SUNDAY TIMES.

THE SUPPLEMENT

TO

BURKE'S HISTORY OF THE LANDED GENTRY

Of England, Scotland, & Ireland;

Containing the History and Genealogy of 500 additional Families, with references to upwards of 10,000 persons connected with them by marriage or descent; besides new particulars respecting the Families comprised in the first two volumes. Royal 8vo, 15s.

"The vast number of new names introduced into this volume greatly increases the value and interest of this laborious work. The care and accuracy observable in the history and genealogy of these families fully sustain the reputation of the larger publication to which this volume forms an indispensable supplement; and when the whole shall have been completed by the publication of a general index, it will form the most comprehensive work of reference of its class that has ever been accomplished in this country."—ATLAS.

"We have received the supplementary volume of this valuable work. The established reputation of its learned editors affords the best guarantee of the ability and care with which they have discharged the important and interesting task of recording the histories of our landed gentry. No library can be considered complete without this useful and ably-executed work."—MESSENGER.

Works of Fiction.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

A Tale of Domestic Life.

BY FREDRIKA BREMER,

AUTHOR OF "THE NEIGHBOURS," "THE HOME," &c.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT,

BY MARY HOWITT.

3 vols.

"A first-rate novel, equal to any of Miss Bremer's former productions."—MESSENGER.

"This smiling, happy, story will make the very gloomiest reader in love with life. It is among the very best of Miss Bremer's works. The character of General Herkules is as finely drawn as any one of Scott's old warriors, not excepting the Baron of Bradwardine."—JERROLD'S PAPER.

"A picture of domestic life that is no less sweet and touching than it is powerful and true. It will be universally read, and none will read it without deriving profit as well as pleasure from the perusal."—SUNDAY TIMES.

ANGELA:

OR

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "EMILIA WYNDHAM," "TWO OLD MEN'S TALES," &c.

3 vols.

"A very charming book."—ATLAS.

"A worthy pendant to 'Emilia Wyndham.'"—JOHN BULL.

"Angela will certainly add to the well established fame of one of our best and purest novelists."—BRITANNIA.

"A charming work, full of point and brilliancy. Unquestionably one of the most interesting and stirring novels of the season."—SUNDAY TIMES.

"The author of 'Angela' is, to our mind, the best lady novelist of the day. We cannot but express how deeply we admire this new novel. We believe it to be one of the very highest productions of an English pen."—WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

LEONORA:

A Love Story.

3 vols.

"In 'Leonora' Lady Boothby has proved the universality of her talent in depicting character both as a novelist and an actress."—JERROLD'S PAPER.

"One of the most beautiful books of the kind we ever remember to have met with. This very charming tale cannot fail to excite a most powerful interest."—SUN.

Works of Fiction.

THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

3 vols.

" Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.
In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle—
Be a hero in the strife!"

LONGFELLOW.

A FATHER'S CURSE:

A DAUGHTER'S SACRIFICE.

Trials of Domestic Life.

BY MRS. BRAY,

AUTHOR OF " THE WHITE HOODS," &c. 3 vols.

" Worthy of one whose earlier achievements in the realms of fiction attracted the notice of the most accomplished critic of the day—Southey."—JOHN BULL.

" Mrs. Bray's novels deserve welcome. These volumes will justify our recommendation of them to all such as care for the provincial romance of England."—ATHENÆUM.

MRS. ARMYTAGE:

OR,

FEMALE DOMINATION.

BY MRS. GORE.

FORMING THE NEW VOLUME OF

COLBURN'S STANDARD NOVELS.

With PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHORESS, 5s. bound.

" Mrs. Gore's best novel."—LITERARY GAZETTE.

" ' Mrs. Armytage' is not only a well written book, but a book with an excellent purpose, most discreetly worked out. It stands the test of a second reading, as only a thoroughly good book can."—EXAMINER.

" Mr. Colburn's Series of Standard Novels is peculiarly select. From it are excluded all which have a mere transitory popularity; in it are included all which tend to elevate the character of the modern novel, and to raise the republic of fiction to its proper elevation."—MORNING POST.

Works of Fiction.

MILDRED VERNON:

A Tale of Parisian Life,

IN THE LAST DAYS OF LOUIS PHILIPPE'S REIGN.

3 vols.

THE KELLYS AND THE O'KELLYS:

OR

LANDLORDS AND TENANTS.

A Tale of Irish Life.

BY A. TROLLOPE, ESQ.

3 vols.

"A capital work—one of the best novels of the season."—MESSENGER.

"A very amusing and well-written tale. We heartily congratulate Mr. Trollope on the very able manner in which he has portrayed the scenes and characters of Irish life."—BRITANNIA.

"We like this novel better than Mr. Trollope's former one. The true 'emerald' humour pervades its scenes. Lord and Lady Cashel are a pair of characters whom Miss Austen would not have disowned."—ATHENÆUM.

JAMES THE SECOND:

An Historical Romance.

EDITED BY W. H. AINSWORTH, ESQ.

3 vols., with Illustrations.

"A very interesting romance."—JOHN BULL.
"A novel of great interest and ability."—SUNDAY TIMES.
"This romance has considerable merit."—EXAMINER.

ADVENTURES

OF

A MEDICAL STUDENT.

BY THE LATE R. DOUGLAS, SURGEON R.N.

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR. 3 vols.

"A most remarkable series of narratives, remarkable for the power—we will not hesitate to add, the genius—with which the whole of them are treated."—JOHN BULL.

"Resembling the 'Diary of a late Physician' in the tragical and often terrific character of the tales."—MORNING POST.

MR. COLBURN'S
LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BURKE'S
HISTORY OF THE LANDED GENTRY;
A GENEALOGICAL DICTIONARY
OF THE UNTITLED ARISTOCRACY OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND:
A COMPANION TO ALL PEERAGES.

2 vols. royal 8vo. beautifully printed in double columns, 2*l.* 10s. bound.

The Landed Gentry of England are so closely connected with the stirring records of its eventful history, that some acquaintance with them is a matter of necessity with the legislator, the lawyer, the historical student, the speculator in politics, and the curious in topographical and antiquarian lore; and even the very spirit of ordinary curiosity will prompt to a desire to trace the origin and progress of those families whose influence pervades the towns and villages of our land. This work furnishes such a mass of authentic information in regard to all the principal families in the kingdom as has never before been brought together. It relates to the untitled families of rank, as the "Peerage and Baronetage" does to the titled, and forms, in fact, a peerage of the untitled aristocracy. It embraces the whole of the landed interest, and is indispensable to the library of every gentleman.

"A work in which every gentleman will find a domestic interest, as it contains the fullest account of every known family in the United Kingdom. It is a dictionary of all names, families, and their origins,—of every man's neighbour and friend, if not of his own relatives and immediate connexions."—*Bell's Messenger.*

"A work which contains curious information nowhere else to be found, and to which professional genealogists may refer with advantage."—*Quarterly Review.*

"A work of this kind is of a national value. Its utility is not merely temporary, but it will exist and be acknowledged as long as the families whose names and genealogies are recorded in it continue to form an integral portion of the English constitution. As a correct record of descent, no family should be without it."—*Morning Post.*

WALPOLE'S MEMOIRS
OF THE REIGN OF
KING GEORGE THE SECOND;

EDITED, WITH A PREFACE AND NOTES,
BY THE LATE LORD HOLLAND.

Second Edition, Revised, in 3 handsome volumes 8vo, with Portraits, price only 24*s.* bound (originally published in 4to, at 5*l.* 5*s.*).

The manuscript of these "Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second" was found at Strawberry Hill on the death of Horace Walpole, along with that of the "Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third," lately edited by Sir Denis Le Marchant, in two chests, relative to which the author left written directions that they were not to be opened till a considerable period after his decease. That time having arrived, the seals were removed, and the nobleman to whom the Memoirs had been bequeathed (the Earl of Waldegrave), decided on giving them to the public; and that they might possess every possible advantage, it was arranged that they should appear under the editorial auspices of the late Lord Holland, whose intimate acquaintance with the period illustrated, family connexion with the most celebrated individuals of the time, and distinguished scholarship, appeared to point him out as, above all men, peculiarly fitted for the task of preparing them for the press.

Known as the son of the ablest minister the age produced (Sir Robert Walpole), and having many of his nearest friends and relatives members at different periods either of the government or of the opposition, it is impossible to imagine an individual more favourably circumstanced than Horace Walpole to record the stirring scenes and great events that made the reign of George II. so remarkable. But to these advantages must be added a talent in portraying the characteristics of his contemporaries, and a vivacity in describing the scenes in which they figured so conspicuously, in which he is without a rival. The result is a history which, with the veracity of a chronicle, affords equal entertainment with the most vivacious romance, and though sufficiently attractive in its own merits to all classes of readers, is essential to every library containing any portion of the Walpole Works and Correspondence.

"We are glad to see an octavo edition of this work. The publisher has conferred a boon on the public by the republication."—*Britannia.*

"Few historical works that have appeared can equal these volumes, either in amusement or instruction."—*Sunday Times.*

"Perhaps, without exception, the liveliest piece of historical gossip in any language. It is a valuable contribution to the history and philosophy of human nature."—*Daily News.*

"A work of greater interest than has been placed before the public for a considerable time. The Memoirs abound in matter which is both useful and amusing. The political portions of the work are of undoubted value and interest, and embody a considerable amount of very curious historical information, hitherto inaccessible even to the most determined and persevering student."—*Morning Post.*

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM OFFICIAL RECORDS,
AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS, PRIVATE AS WELL AS PUBLIC.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY.

Complete sets of this interesting work may now be had, in 12 vols., embellished with Portraits, and other Illustrations, elegantly bound in morocco, with gilt leaves, price 6*l.* 6*s.*, and any volume may be purchased separately, price 10*s.* 6*d.* bound in cloth.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"These volumes have the fascination of a romance united to the integrity of history."—*Times.*

"Miss Strickland has made a very judicious use of many authentic MS. authorities not previously collected, and the result is a most interesting addition to our biographical library."—*Quarterly Review.*

"A most valuable and entertaining work. There is certainly no lady of our day who has devoted her pen to so beneficial a purpose as Miss Strickland. Nor is there any other whose works possess a deeper or more enduring interest. Miss Strickland is to our mind the first literary lady of the age."—*Chronicle.*

"A valuable contribution to historical knowledge. It contains a mass of every kind of historical matter of interest, which industry and research could collect. We have derived much entertainment and instruction from the work."—*Athenæum.*

"We must pronounce Miss Strickland beyond all comparison the most entertaining historian in the English language. She is certainly a woman of powerful and active mind, as well as of scrupulous justice and honesty of purpose. And, as we before remarked, the considerable number of new documents to which she has had access, and the curious nature of some of these documents, impart to her production a character of which it would be hard to determine whether the utility or the entertainment predominated."—*Morning Post.*

"This work is written by a lady of considerable learning, indefatigable industry, and careful judgment. All these qualifications for a biographer and an historian she has brought to bear upon the subject of her volumes, and from them has resulted a narrative interesting to all, and more particularly interesting to that portion of the community to whom the more refined researches of literature afford pleasure and instruction. The whole work should be read, and no doubt will be read, by all who are anxious for information. It is a lucid arrangement of facts, derived from authentic sources, exhibiting a combination of industry, learning, judgment, and impartiality, not often met with in biographers of crowned heads."—*Times.* (Third Notice.)

HISTORY OF

THE CAPTIVITY OF NAPOLEON

AT ST. HELENA.

BY GENERAL COUNT MONTHOLON,

The Emperor's Companion in Exile, and Testamentary Executor,
Now first translated and published from the author's original manuscript.

4 vols. 8vo. Vols. III. and IV. may be had separately to complete sets.

"General Count Montholon, Napoleon's companion in exile, and testamentary executor, has determined by detailed and honest statements, to bring every thing connected with this important event before the eyes of civilised Europe. We have read his volumes with intense interest and curiosity, and we are eager to acknowledge the general good sense, right feeling, and strong desire for impartiality that have signalised them. They contain innumerable passages of interest, amusement, and information."—*Court Journal.*

THE ONLY AUTHORISED ENGLISH EDITION.

Now in course of publication, embellished with portraits. The first six volumes may now be had bound in three, price 31*s.* 6*d.*

M. A. THIERS' HISTORY

OF

THE CONSULATE AND THE EMPIRE

OF FRANCE, UNDER NAPOLEON.

A sequel to his History of the French Revolution. Translated, with the sanction and approval of the Author, by D. Forbes Campbell, Esq.

Having filled at different times, the high offices of Minister of the Interior, of Finance, of Foreign Affairs, and President of the Council, M. Thiers has enjoyed facilities beyond the reach of every other biographer of Napoleon, for procuring, from exclusive and authentic sources, the choicest materials for his present work. As guardian to the archives of the state, he had access to diplomatic papers and other documents of the highest importance, hitherto known only to a privileged few, and the publication of which cannot fail to produce a great sensation. From private sources, M. Thiers, it appears, has also derived much valuable information. Many interesting memoirs, diaries, and letters, all hitherto unpublished, and most of them destined for political reasons to remain so, have been placed at his disposal; while all the leading characters of the empire, who were alive when the author undertook the present history, have supplied him with a mass of incidents and anecdotes, which have never before appeared in print, and the accuracy and value of which may be inferred from the fact of these parties having been themselves eye-witnesses of, or actors in, the great events of the period.

*** To prevent disappointment, the public are requested to be particular in giving their orders for "Colburn's Authorisld Edition, translated by D. Forbes Campbell."

THE

COURT AND TIMES OF JAMES I.,

ILLUSTRATED BY AUTHENTIC AND CONFIDENTIAL LETTERS, FROM VARIOUS PUBLIC AND PRIVATE MANUSCRIPT COLLECTIONS.

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NUMEROUS NOTES, BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF SOPHIA DOROTHEA."

2 vols. 8vo. 28s. bound.

It may be asserted with confidence that scarcely any similar publication can exceed these volumes in interest, or rival them in the extent and variety with which they illustrate contemporary history. They contain the Confidential Correspondence of the Reign of James I. written to and from the Principal Ministers of State, Ambassadors, and other persons either connected with the court, or occupying positions which afforded them means of obtaining the most secret information. Among these will be found, Robert Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury; Dudley Carleton, Viscount Dorchester; Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury; Henry, Earl of Northampton: William, Earl of Pembroke; Edward, Lord Wotton; Richard, Earl of Dorset; George Calvert, Baron Baltimore; Viscount Andover; Thomas, Earl of Arundel and Surrey; Sir Clement Edmondes; Sir Isaac Wake, Sir Henry Fanshawe; Sir Thomas Edmondes; Sir John Throckmorton; and various other eminent diplomatists and statesmen.

Of the innumerable subjects on which the volumes afford information, it is scarcely possible to give an adequate idea, but among many others may be named, The Trial of Sir Walter Raleigh and his subsequent history—The Gunpowder Plot—The Murder of Sir Thomas Overbury—The Trial of the Earl and Countess of Somerset—The Rise of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham and his Family—The Early History and Death of Henry, Prince of Wales—The Private Lives of Queen Anne of Denmark and Prince Charles—The Stories of Arabella Stuart and Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia—The Visits of the King of Denmark and the Count Palatine of the Rhine—The Proceedings of the Houses of Parliament, the Privy Council, the Courts of Law, and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge—The Court Masques and Entertainments—The Revels of the Inns of Court—The Theatres, &c.

In its illustrations of the Literary History of the time, the work is extremely rich, abounding in anecdotes of Ben Jonson, Carew, Wither, Daniel, the Killegrews, Sir Henry Saville, Sir Robert Cotton, Camden, the brothers Shirley the famous travellers, Bacon, Sir Julius Cæsar, Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, and many scholars of note both at home and abroad. Added to these interesting features the work contains notices of almost every person of celebrity in the kingdom, so that there is scarcely a family whose members have figured in the history of this portion of the seventeenth century, that will not find in these volumes some reference to their ancestors.

DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE
OF
JOHN EVELYN.

A NEW AND REVISED EDITION.

To be completed in 3 volumes, handsomely printed in post 8vo, with Illustrations. (Preparing for Publication.)

DIARY AND MEMOIRS OF SOPHIA DOROTHEA,
CONSORT OF GEORGE I.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS.

Cheaper Edition, in 2 vols. 8vo, with Portrait, 21*s.* bound.

"A work abounding in the romance of real life."—*Messenger.*

"A book of marvellous revelations, establishing beyond all doubt the perfect innocence of the beautiful, highly gifted, and inhumanly treated Sophia Dorothea."—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

LETTERS OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

EDITED, WITH AN HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,
BY AGNES STRICKLAND;

New and Cheaper Edition with numerous Additions, uniform with Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," in 2 vols., post 8vo, with Portrait, &c., 21*s.* bound.

"No public or private library can be considered complete without this valuable work."—*Morning Post.*

"The best collection of authentic memorials relative to the Queen of Scots that has ever appeared."—*Morning Chronicle.*

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE CHARLES STUART,
COMMONLY CALLED THE "YOUNG PRETENDER,"

WITH NOTICES OF THE REBELLION IN 1745.
BY C. L. KLOSE, ESQ.

Cheaper edition. 2 vols. 8vo, with Portrait, 21*s.* bound.

"This work may justly claim the credit of being the fullest and most authentic narrative of this great era of English history."—*Messenger.*

MEMOIRS OF LADY JANE GREY.
BY SIR HARRIS NICHOLAS.

1 vol. 8vo, 8s. 6d. bound.

MEMOIRS OF
MADEMOISELLE DE MONTPENSIER;

GRAND-DAUGHTER OF HENRI QUATRE, AND NIECE OF HENRIETTA MARIA OF ENGLAND.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

EDITED FROM THE FRENCH.

3 vols. post 8vo, with Portrait, 31*s.* 6*d.* bound.

This illustrious lady, who was generally styled "La Grande Mademoiselle," acquired a widely-spread and well-merited renown on account of the extraordinary nature of the enterprises in which she was so conspicuously engaged. She was related to the great Condé, and took a leading part in the events of the troublous times in which she lived—a part, indeed, fitted rather for a captain-general, than for one of her gentle sex and high station; but in which, however, she acquitted herself to admiration.

Imbued with the chivalrous spirit of the age, Mademoiselle de Montpensier joined the League of the Fronde, and it seems difficult to decide whether she or the illustrious Condé,—was the head, or as it has been termed "the soul," of that famous confederacy. By her connexion with it, she forfeited the Queenly crown of France, besides involving herself in many subsequent disasters. Nothing, however could deter her from pursuing what she conceived to be the line of her duty, and she never once faltered in her devotion to the cause which she had espoused.

After various remarkable adventures, Mademoiselle de Montpensier signalized herself in an especial manner during the last terrific struggle of her party—the Battle of St. Antoine. Reckless of danger, by her presence in the thickest of the fight, she animated the spirits of the devoted band of heroes under Condé, who so distinguished themselves on that occasion; and, by her courage and address, succeeded in rescuing them from the dangers by which they were environed.

The subsequent career of "La Grande Mademoiselle" assumes a more pacific character. She was no less distinguished in love than in war, having been importuned by a host of suitors, who aspired to the honour of her hand; and, at one time, her destiny seemed likely to be linked to that of her great warrior-relative, Condé. After rejecting the overtures of kings and princes,—among whom may be mentioned Charles the Second of England,—this Sovereign Princess finally fixed her affection upon the Cadet of a noble house—the Duke de Lauzun, the same who rendered such good service to the Queen of James the Second, and who was conspicuous alike by his birth and his courage. For him no sacrifice appeared too great to be made by her—no trial of strength and constancy of woman's love, too severe. Her adventures, indeed, may be said to combine the charm of romance with the authenticity of history.

MEMOIRS OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE,

Comprising her Opinions, and Anecdotes of the most remarkable Persons of her Time.

Cheaper Edition, 3 vols. post 8vo, with portraits, &c., 21*s.* bound.

These memoirs must interest all classes of readers. Throughout the whole of the brilliant period of the life of her uncle, Mr. Pitt, Lady Hester Stanhope (who was the partner of his secret counsels) was drawn into daily intercourse with the most remarkable people of the age—statesmen, wits, diplomatists, men of letters and science, women of fashion and celebrity, and all the members of the royal family, with whom she was upon terms of familiar intimacy.

"These volumes are such as no one who takes them up can easily lay down."—*Quarterly Review.*

THE SEVEN YEARS' TRAVELS

OF

LADY HESTER STANHOPE,

FORMING THE COMPLETION OF HER MEMOIRS.

Cheaper Edition. 3 vols. post 8vo, with numerous Illustrations. 18*s.* bound.

"This work is intended to complete the 'Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope.' As the 'Memoirs' embraced a period of about fifteen years, in which were traced the causes which led to the 'decline and fall' of her Ladyship's somewhat visionary Empire in the East, the 'Travels' take up her history from the time she quitted England, and, by a faithful narrative of her extraordinary adventures, show the rise and growth of her Oriental greatness. A distinct line may at once be drawn between this and all other books of travels in the East—for it boasts of a heroine who marches at the head of Arab tribes through the Syrian Desert—who calls Governors of Cities to her aid while she excavates the earth in search of hidden treasures—who sends Generals with their troops to carry fire and sword into the fearful passes of a mountainous country to avenge the death of a murdered traveller—and who then goes defenceless and unprotected to sit down a sojourner in the midst of them."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S MAXIMS AND OPINIONS;

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

Second Edition, in 8vo, with Portrait, 12*s.* bound.

"The best book that has been published respecting the Duke of Wellington."—*Times.*

MISS BURNEY'S DIARY.

VOLS. VI. AND VII., COMPLETING THE WORK.

THE DIARY AND LETTERS
OF
MADAME D'ARBLAY,

AUTHOR OF "EVELINA," "CECILIA," &c.

Including the period of her residence at the Court of Queen Charlotte.

EDITED BY HER NIECE.

CRITICAL OPINIONS.

"Madame d'Arblay lived to be a classic. Time set on her fame, before she went hence, that seal which is seldom set except on the fame of the departed. All those whom we have been accustomed to revere as intellectual patriarchs seemed children when compared with her; for Burke had sat up all night to read her writings, and Johnson had pronounced her superior to Fielding, when Rogers was still a schoolboy, and Southey still in petticoats. Her Diary is written in her earliest and best manner; in true woman's English, clear, natural, and lively. It ought to be consulted by every person who wishes to be well acquainted with the history of our literature and our manners. The account which she gives of the king's illness will, we think, be more valued by the historians of a future age than any equal portions of Pepys' or Evelyn's Diaries."—*Edinburgh Review.*

"This publication will take its place in the libraries beside Walpole and Boswell."—*Literary Gazette.*

"In our minds, this delightful Diary has been the most agreeable variety of the season. Miss Burney's first volume ought to be placed beside Boswell's 'Life,' to which it forms an excellent supplement."—*Times.*

"A work unequalled in literary and social value by any thing else of a similar kind in the language."—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

"This work may be considered a kind of supplement to Boswell's Life of Johnson. It is a beautiful picture of society as it existed in manners, taste, and literature, in the early period of the reign of George the Third, drawn by a pencil as vivid and brilliant as that of any of the celebrated persons who composed the circle."—*Messenger.*

"Miss Burney's Diary, sparkling with wit, teeming with lively anecdote, and delectable gossip, and full of sound and discreet views of persons and things, will be perused with interest by all classes of readers."—*Post.*

"This work presents an unrivalled combination of attraction. That extraordinary man Johnson is painted far better than he is by Boswell."—*Court Journal.*

"We know not when we have been so delighted with a book as with Miss Burney's Diary. Every page teems with interest."—*Weekly Chronicle.*

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE ALBERT;
AND THE HOUSE OF SAXONY.

Second Edition, revised, with Additions, by Authority. 1 vol. post 8vo, with a Portrait of the Prince, 8*s.* 6*d.* bound.

"The best and most authentic Work on the subject of the Prince Consort and his Family."—*John Bull.*

THE SECOND VOLUME OF

LORD BROUGHAM'S LIVES OF MEN OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE,

WHO FLOURISHED DURING THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.

(With Original Letters),

Comprising ADAM SMITH (with an analytical view of his great work), LAVOISIER, GIBBON, Sir J. BANKS, D'ALEMBERT, and DR. JOHNSON.

Royal 8vo, with Portraits, 21*s.* bound.

WOMAN AND HER MASTER;
OR, THE HISTORY OF THE FEMALE SEX FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT DAY.

BY LADY MORGAN.

Cheaper Editton. 2 vols., post 8vo, 16*s.* bound.

"Lady Morgan has imparted to history the charm of romance. We have read her series of rapid but brilliant and vigorous sketches with an interest which many a Novel fails to excite."—*Weekly Chronicle.*

MEMOIRS OF THE

LITERARY LADIES OF ENGLAND.

BY MRS. ELWOOD.

Cheaper Editiou. 2 vols., post 8vo, with portraits, 12*s.* bound.

"The literary ladies of England form a brilliant list, many of the most beautiful and permanently useful portions of our literature being the productions of female pens. A collection of memoirs of those eminent persons was much wanted, and Mrs. Elwood's work supplies the desideratum. It will furnish, especially to young readers of her own sex, much instructive matter in an interesting form."—*Chronicle.*

LIFE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR,

BY THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.

1 vol., small 8vo, with Portrait.

"This life of the Conqueror is the first attempt made to do full justice to his character and talents."—*Britannia.*

"From various sources Mr. Roscoe has drawn facts which have never yet appeared in relation to the life of William the Conqueror."—*Weekly Chronicle.*

MEMOIRS OF LADY SUNDON;

AND OF THE

COURT OF QUEEN CAROLINE, CONSORT OF GEORGE II.;

Including Letters of the most Celebrated Persons of the Time, now First Published from the Originals,

By Mrs. THOMSON,

Author of "Memoirs of the Court of Henry VIII.," &c.

2 vols., post 8vo, with Portraits, 24*s.* bound.

"We recommend this work to general circulation, not less for its attractiveness as a record of Court personalities than for its historical value."—*Atlas.*

"Lady Sundon was the Queen's Premier—at once her favourite attendant and chief Minister. She had correspondence with the most eminent and most notorious persons of her time, and hence her Memoirs become veritable and amusing illustrations of the Court of George II. We conscientiously recommend the volumes."—*Britannia.*

LETTERS OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND;

Now first collected from the Originals in Royal archives and from other authentic sources, private as well as public.

Edited, with an Historical Introduction and Notes, by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F. R. S., &c. Cheaper Edition. 2 vols. post 8vo, with portraits, 12*s.* bound.

"A valuable addition to our mass of historic materials—as valuable no doubt, as almost any other that has appeared in our time."—*Athenæum.*

"We have here the sayings and doings of our sovereigns told by themselves in a manner far more interesting than in any work we are acquainted with."—*Literary Gazette.*

LETTERS OF ROYAL & ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES

OF GREAT BRITAIN,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND;

Now first published from the Originals, with Introductory Notices,

By MARY ANN EVERETT WOOD.

Cheaper Edition, 3 vols, post 8vo, with Facsimile Autographs, &c. 18*s.* bound,

"This collection of letters is very curious and very valuable. The general reader will derive great instruction from its pages, and the reader of history will find it of considerable service. The editress has accomplished well a remarkably laborious task. She has collected together the letters of the most illustrious women of England, whose lives extend over a period of four centuries and a half, and has taken infinite pains to render the subject of the letters intelligible to the reader by prefixing notes, varying in length as the occasion requires. The work certainly deserves a wide success."—*Sunday Times.*

BURKE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE,

NEW AND REVISED EDITION FOR 1848.

Corrected throughout from the personal communications of the Nobility, &c., and containing all the New Creations. In 1 vol. (comprising as much matter as twenty ordinary volumes), with upwards of 1500 Engravings of Arms, &c., 38*s.* bound.

"Mr. Burke's 'Peerage and Baronetage' is the most complete, the most convenient, and the cheapest work of the kind ever offered to the public."—*Sun.*

"Mr. Burke's 'Peerage and Baronetage' is certainly the most perfect and comprehensive encyclopædia of personal and national history ever given to the public; combining surprising accuracy and important information, with the greatest brevity and clearness, and exhibiting, in a condensed and lucid form, the lives and achievements of the many eminent men who have shed lustre on the rolls of our nobility, from the steel-clad barons of Cressy and Agincourt, to the heroes of Blenheim and Waterloo."—*Globe.*

BURKE'S DICTIONARY

OF THE

EXTINCT, DORMANT, AND ABEYANT

PEERAGES OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

A COMPANION TO ALL OTHER PEERAGES.

Cheaper Edition, beautifully printed, in one volume, 8vo, containing 800 double column pages, 21*s.* bound.

It should be particularly noticed that this work appertains nearly as much to extant as to extinct persons of distinction; for though dignities pass away, it rarely occurs that whole families do.

MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS;

Comprising the Lives of the Speakers and Eminent Statesmen, and Lawyers, from the Convention Parliament of 1688-9, to the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832;

BY WM. CHARLES TOWNSEND, ESQ., M.A.

RECORDER OF MACCLESFIELD.

Cheaper Edition. 2 vols. 8vo, 21*s.* bound.

"Much useful and curious information is scattered throughout these volumes."—*Quarterly Review.*

"I take the opportunity of acknowledging the valuable assistance which I have on several occasions received from Mr. Townsend's 'History of the House of Commons.'"—*Lord Campbell—Lives of the Chancellors.*

REMINISCENCES OF

PRINCE TALLEYRAND;

Edited from the Papers of the late M. COLMACHE, the Prince's Private Secretary.

2 vols., post 8vo, 21s. bound.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

BY MADEMOISELLE DUCREST.

Cheaper Edition. 3 vols., small 8vo, 18s.—The same in French.

MEMOIRS OF THE

COURT OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

By MADAME CAMPAN, First Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen.

Cheaper Edition, in 2 vols. 8vo, with Portraits, 12*s*.—The same in French.

"We have seldom perused so entertaining a work—it is as a mirror of the most splendid court of Europe, at a time when monarchy had not been shorn of any of its beams, that it is particularly worthy of our attention."—*Morning Chronicle.*

MEMOIRS OF THE QUEENS OF FRANCE.

BY MRS. FORBES BUSH.

Cheaper Edition. In 2 vols. post 8vo, with Portraits, 12*s*. bound.

"This charming Work comprises a separate Memoir of every Queen of France from the earliest of her annals to the present time. The work of Mrs. Bush cannot fail of being a desirable acquisition to every library in the kingdom."—*Sun.*

MEMOIRS OF

THE BABYLONIAN PRINCESS,

MARIA THERESA ASMAR,
DAUGHTER OF EMIR ABDALLAH ASMAR;

Containing a narrative of her residence in Mesopotamia, Jerusalem, Mount Lebanon, Kurdistan, Ispahan, Teheran, and Shiraz, together with an account of her travels in Italy, France, England, &c.

Dedicated, by permission, to Her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

2 vols, post 8vo, with Portrait, 21s. bound.

STORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

A Companion Volume to the "Story of the Battle of Waterloo."

With six Portraits and Map, 7s. 6d. bound.

It is the object of this publication to present the English Nation with what has long been a desideratum—A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR, down to the peace of 1814, in the smallest possible compass, and at so moderate a cost, as to be accessible to all classes of readers; and it is confidently trusted that this narrative, as completed by its able Editor, will satisfy all who take an interest in the glorious period to which it refers, and will be regarded as a worthy and indispensable companion to "The Story of the Battle of Waterloo."

THE NEMESIS IN CHINA;

COMPRISING

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE WAR IN THAT COUNTRY;

With a Particular Account of the COLONY OF HONG-KONG.

From Notes of Capt. W. H. HALL, R.N., and Personal Observations by W. D. BERNARD, Esq., A.M., Oxon.

CHEAPER EDITION, with a new Introduction,

1 Volume, with Maps and Plates, 10*s.* 6*d.* bound.

"The most amusing and instructive voyage that has appeared since the days of Anson."—*Sun.*

"A work which will take its place beside that of Captain Cook in the annals of the maritime history of this country."—*Weekly Chronicle.*

"This is the most important publication that has appeared respecting our late contest with China. In all that relates to the Nemesis especially, and to the naval operations of the Expedition, it is replete with the most lively and stirring interest."—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

TRAVELS IN ALGERIA.

BY VISCOUNT FEILDING AND CAPTAIN KENNEDY.

2 vols., post 8vo, with Illustrations, 21s. bound.

"We feel special pleasure in recommending this interesting and entertaining work as one which throws much light on the customs and condition of a brave but unfortunate people, and affords much valuable information as to all that is remarkable in the country they inhabit."—*Hood's Magazine.*

REVELATIONS OF RUSSIA.

By an ENGLISH RESIDENT.

Third edition, revised by the Author, with additional Notes, and brought down to the present time. 2 vols., post 8vo, with Illustrations, 21*s.* bound.

"Such books as the 'Revelations of Russia' are to be had only for their weight in gold; and I know an instance where as much as 500 roubles (about 22*l.*) were paid for the loan of a copy."—Letter from St. Petersburgh, in the *Athenæum.*

RUSSIA UNDER THE AUTOCRAT NICHOLAS I.

By IVAN GOLOVINE, a RUSSIAN SUBJECT.

Cheaper Edition, 2 vols., with a full length Portrait of the Emperor, 16*s.* bound.

"These are volumes of an extremely interesting nature, emanating from the pen of a Russian, noble by birth, who has escaped beyond the reach of the Czar's power. The merits of the work are very considerable. It throws a new light on the state of the empire—its aspect, political and domestic—its manners; the *employés* about the palace, court, and capital; its police; its spies; its depraved society, &c."—*Sunday Times.*

REVELATIONS OF SPAIN.

By T. M. HUGHES, Esq.

Second Edition, revised and corrected. 2 vols. post 8vo, 21*s.* bound.

"A very clever book—the result of considerable experience."—*Examiner.*

"As a picture of the actual state of Spain, this work is intensely interesting. We cannot too strongly recommend it to the notice of the reader. There is scarcely any subject of interest connected with Spain and its inhabitants that the author has not handled in detail."—*John Bull.*

REVELATIONS OF PORTUGAL,

AND NARRATIVE OF AN OVERLAND JOURNEY TO LISBON.

BY T. M. HUGHES, ESQ.

SECOND EDITION. 2 vols., post 8vo, 21*s.* bound.

"Mr. Hughes' volumes are full of entertainment, and contain much valuable information on the real state of the Peninsula."—*Britannia.*

LORD CASTLEREAGH'S NARRATIVE
OF HIS JOURNEY TO DAMASCUS,
THROUGH EGYPT, NUBIA, ARABIA PETRÆA, PALESTINE, AND SYRIA.

2 vols., post 8vo, with Illustrations, bound.

"These volumes are replete with new impressions, and are especially characterised by great power of lively and graphic description."—*New Monthly.*

"Lord Castlereagh's Journey includes his Lordship's voyage up the Nile to the second cataract—his account of the Pyramids, Luxor, Philœ, Thebes, and all the wonderful monuments of the ancient world accessible to the traveller—his visits to Mount Sinai and other places famous in Biblical history—his descriptions of Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and the sacred localities of Christianity—his characteristic sketches of the modern Egyptians, Arabs, Armenians, Jews, Druses, and Turks, and his personal recollections of Mehemet Ali and the nobles of his Court, the great Sheiks of the Desert, and the Princesses of the Lebanon. To future tourists in the East the work will be extremely valuable."—*Globe.*

NARRATIVE OF AN
OVERLAND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

BY SIR GEORGE SIMPSON,
GOVERNOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S TERRITORIES IN NORTH AMERICA.

2 vols. 8vo, with Map, &c., 31s. 6d. bound.

"The great novelty of this expedition arises from its having been principally performed OVERLAND. The position and influence of the author, his enterprise and scientific attainments, have enabled him to make extensive additions to our limited knowledge of the various interesting portions of the globe which he traversed. The contributions to the geography of the great American Continent, in particular, over which he proceeded from Canada to Vancouver, will be found extremely valuable, as well as his notices of the various tribes of the aborigines with whom he came in contact—his residence at Sitka, and account of the Aleutian Archipelago—his descriptions of Kamschatka and Siberia—and his journeys over those vast regions of the Russian Empire, concerning which we have hitherto received such scanty information."

"A more valuable or instructive work, or one more full of perilous adventure and heroic enterprise, we have never met with."—*John Bull.*

"It deserves to be a standard work in all libraries, and it will become so."—*Messenger.*

"The countries of which this work gives us a new knowledge are probably destined to act with great power on our interests, some as the rivals of our commerce, some as the depots of our manufactures, and some as the recipients of that overflow of population which Europe is now pouring out from all her fields on the open wilderness of the world."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

HOCHALAGA;
OR, ENGLAND IN THE NEW WORLD.

Edited by ELIOT WARBURTON, Esq.,

Author of "THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS." Third Edition.

2 vols., post 8vo, with illustrations, 21*s.* bound.

"We recommend 'Hochelaga' most heartily, in case any of our readers may as yet be unacquainted with it."—*Quarterly Review.*

"This work has already reached a third edition. We shall be surprised if it do not go through many. It possesses almost every qualification of a good book—grace, variety, and vigour of style—a concentrated power of description, which has all the effect of elaborate painting—information carefully collected and judiciously communicated—sound and enlarged views of important questions—a hearty and generous love of country—and the whole pervaded by a refined but sometimes caustic humour, which imparts a constant attraction to its pages. We can cordially recommend it to our readers, as well for the amusement of its lighter portions, the vivid brilliancy of its descriptions, and the solid information it contains respecting Canada, and the position generally of England in the new world."—*John Bull.*

NARRATIVE OF THE
TEN YEARS' VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY
ROUND THE WORLD,
OF H.M.S. ADVENTURE AND BEAGLE,

UNDER THE COMMAND OF CAPTAINS KING AND FITZROY.

Cheaper Edition, in 2 large Vols. 8vo, with Maps, Charts, and upwards of Sixty Illustrations, by Landseer, and other eminent Artists, price 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bound.

"One of the most interesting narratives of voyaging that it has fallen to our lot to notice, and which must always occupy a distinguished space in the history of scientific navigation."—*Quarterly Review.*

These volumes detail the various incidents which occurred during the examination of the Southern Shores of South America, and the Beagle's circumnavigation of the Globe, and add considerably to our knowledge of Hydrography, Geography, and Natural History, and of the Habits, &c., of the Aborigines. There will be found in them the materials of two distinct works, embracing every thing worthy of notice in the expeditions during a period of nearly ten years. The first volume by Captain P. P. King, F.R.S., relates to the expedition under his command, with an Appendix by Major Sabine, R.A., F.R.S., containing discussions on the magnetic observations made during the voyages. The second volume is by Captain Robert Fitzroy, and relates to the second voyage, with an Appendix, giving the determination of many positions and measurements of meridian distances, and other nautical information. The work is beautifully illustrated with etchings and engravings on steel, by Mr. Landseer and other eminent artists, from drawings by Mr. Martens and Mr. Earle; and with Charts and Plans by Mr. Gardner and Messrs. Walker: and an entirely new Map of South America, by Mr. J. Arrowsmith, in which the position of places may be ascertained to within less than two miles. In the volumes notices will be found of the Cape Verd, Falkland, and other Islands in the Atlantic Ocean—of the coasts of South America, from Pernambuco to Guayaquil—of the Galopagos Islands—the dangerous Archipelago, or Low Islands—Otaheite—New Zealand—Australia—The Keeling Islands—Mauritius—the Cape of Good Hope, &c.

N. B. Mr. Darwin's Journal of the Geology and Natural History of the Voyage may be had in a single volume, 8vo, price 18*s.* bound.

THREE YEARS IN CONSTANTINOPLE,
OR, DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE TURKS.

BY CHARLES WHITE, Esq.

Cheaper Edition, 3 vols. post 8vo, with 34 Illustrations from Original Drawings, price 21*s.* bound.

"Mr. White's useful work is well worthy of the attentive study of all who would know Turkey as it is. It may be safely taken as a text book, with respect to Turkey, its people, and its manners. Full, searching, complete, it will dissipate many prejudices, dispel many vague notions popularly entertained of the much maligned Turks."—*Morning Chronicle.*

TRAVELS IN KASHMERE,

The Countries adjoining the Mountain Course of the Indus, and the Himalaya, North of the Punjab.

BY G. T. VIGNE, ESQ., F.G.S.

Cheaper Edition.

2 vols., 8vo, with a valuable Map, engraved under the sanction of the Hon. East India Company, and 22 Illustrations. 21*s.* bound.

"These volumes place their author in the foremost rank amongst the adventurous travellers who have explored the jealous regions contiguous to the British Indian Empire, in the condition of which we have reason to feel so deep an interest."—*Herald.*

LETTERS
FROM THE
SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL NAPIER.

2 vols., post 8vo, with Illustrations. 21*s.* bound.

TRAVELS AND TRAVELLERS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

Authoress of "The Barnabys," "The Robertses," &c.

2 vols. post 8vo, 21*s.* bound.

A WINTER IN ITALY.

BY MRS. ASHTON YATES.

2 vols. post 8vo, 21*s.* bound.

"Mrs. Yates' Letters indicate a mind of the highest intellectual culture."—*Quarterly Review.*

LORD LINDSAY'S LETTERS ON THE HOLY LAND.

Fourth Edition, revised and corrected, one vol., post 8vo, 10s. 6d. bound.

"Lord Lindsay has felt and recorded what he saw with the wisdom of a philosopher, and the faith of an enlightened Christian."—*Quarterly Review.*

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS;

OR,

ROMANCE AND REALITIES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

BY ELIOT B. G. WARBURTON, Esq.

Seventh edition, 2 vols., with numerous Illustrations, 21s. bound.

"Remarkable for its colouring power and play of fancy, its useful and interesting information. Among its greatest and most lasting charms is its reverent and serious spirit."—*Quarterly Review.*

LETTERS FROM THE EAST.

BY JOHN CARNE, ESQ.

Written during a Tour through Turkey, Egypt, Arabia, the Holy Land, Syria, and Greece.

Cheaper Edition, 3 vols., post 8vo, 18s.

"Mr. Carne's works are rendered peculiarly valuable by the graphic descriptions, written on the spot, of the present actual state of the places which have been the theatres of the great events recorded in the Bible."—*Courier.*

TRAVELS IN PALESTINE,

Through the countries of Bashan and Gilead, East of the River Jordan; including a visit to the Cities of Geraza and Gamala, in the Decapolis.

BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM, ESQ.

Cheaper Edition, 2 vols., 8vo. With numerous Engravings, 21s.

Also, by the same Author,

TRAVELS IN MESOPOTAMIA,

Including a Journey to the Ur of the Chaldees, and the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon.

Cheaper Edition, 2 vols., 8vo, with Thirty Engravings, 21s.

Also, by the same Author,

TRAVELS IN ASSYRIA, MEDIA, & PERSIA.

2 vols., 8vo, 21s.

"These volumes conclude the series of the author's Journeys in the East, which present the reader, not only with the modern condition of the interesting countries described, but the results of personal investigations as to their antiquities, which enables the author to throw light upon ancient history; and also upon the inspired writings."

CANADA AND THE CANADIANS,

By Lieut.-Col. Sir RICHARD BONNYCASTLE.

Cheaper Edition. 2 vols., post 8vo, 12s. bound.

"There is excellent advice as well as information of a practical kind which ought to be treasured up by the intending emigrant, to whom we recommend a perusal of Sir Richard's book, as giving graphic views of the present toil, for future independence, which all must encounter." —*Morning Chronicle.*

PETERSBURGH AND MOSCOW;
A VISIT TO THE COURT OF THE CZAR.

BY RICHARD SOUTHWELL BOURKE, ESQ.

2 vols., post 8vo, 21s. bound.

ECHOES FROM THE BACKWOODS;
OR, SKETCHES OF TRANSATLANTIC LIFE.

By CAPTAIN LEVINGE.

Cheaper Edition, in 1 vol., post 8vo, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d. bound.

ADVENTURES IN GEORGIA, CIRCASSIA, AND RUSSIA.

By Lieut.-Colonel G. POULETT CAMERON, C.B., K.T.S., &c
Employed on a Special Service in Persia.

2 vols., post 8vo, 21s. bound.

ADVENTURES ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER,

Comprising the Narrative of a Residence of Six Years on the Western Side of the Rocky Mountains, among various tribes of Indians hitherto unknown; together with a Journey across the American Continent.

BY ROSS COX, ESQ.

Cheaper Edition. 2 vols., 8vo, with Plates, 16s.

"During the period which Mr. Cox spent among the various tribes on the banks of the Columbia, he ascended the river nine times, and descended it eight. Dangers of the most trying kind and adventures of every description, fearful and agreeable, accompanied his steps. He recorded the real romance in which he took a part, and has now enabled us in-dwellers of cities to participate in its extraordinary interest."—*Morning Herald.*

TANCRED;
OR, THE NEW CRUSADE.

By B. DISRAELI, M.P.

Author of "Coningsby," "Sybil," &c. Third Edition. 3 vols., post 8vo, 31s. 6d.

"'Tancred' is full of charming effects of style and fine delineations. The descriptions of oriental life are only to be compared with those of Anastasius or Eothen."—*Edinburgh Review.*

"'Tancred' is a brilliant book. It has entertained us more than either 'Coningsby' or 'Sybil,' and we think may stand higher in public favour."—*Athenæum.*

"We hold it to be impossible for the author of 'Vivian Grey' to write a work of fiction which shall not be clever, brilliant, witty, and dashing. 'Tancred' is all this, and something more. Its writer has borrowed for a season the pencil of Roberts, and become a gorgeous painter."—*Times.*

ZOOLOGICAL RECREATIONS.

By W. J. BRODERIP, Esq. F.R.S.

1 vol., post 8vo, 10s. 6d. bound.

"We believe we do not exaggerate in saying that, since the publication of White's 'Natural History of Selborne,' and of the 'Introduction to Entomology,' by Kirby and Spence, no work in our language is better calculated than the 'Zoological Recreations' to fulfil the avowed aim of its author—to furnish a hand-book which may cherish or awaken a love for natural history."—*Quarterly Review.*

THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON'S
JOURNAL OF HER CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON.

Cheaper Edition. 8vo, With a Portrait by Count D'Orsay, 7s.

"Beyond all comparison, the best thing that has been written on Lord Byron—the truest, cleverest, and most pleasing. With all possible delicacy, consideration, and good nature, the true character of Byron is laid open even to its inmost recesses."—*Spectator.*

ADVENTURES OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS,
IN SPAIN, FRANCE, AND BELGIUM.

By JAMES GRANT, Esq., late 62d Regt.

"The main charm of this very attractive work must ever be the truthful outline it presents of the heroic devotion and dauntless daring of the heroes 'in the garb of old Gaul,' during that momentous conflict ending with Wellington's last triumph on the plains of Waterloo."—*Caledonian Mercury.*

THE JESUIT AT CAMBRIDGE.

BY SIR GEORGE STEPHEN.

2 vols., post 8vo, 21s. bound.

"One of the best written novels published for many years, both as regards its excellent purpose and vigorous style. Nothing can be more exact to truth than the author's painting of the scenes of college life."—*Messenger.*

"This vigorous protest against Jesuitical growth displays consummate literary tact, and is a production of infinite talent."—*Somerset Gazette.*

ZENON;

AN HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

By the Rev. RICHARD COBBOLD, M.A.

Second Edition, 3 vols., post 8vo, 21s. bound.

"The incidents of this work are at once various and striking, and moral and religious truths of great importance are both simply and powerfully expressed. The work has afforded us so much pleasure that we can sincerely recommend it to our readers."—*Messenger.*

By the same Author.

II.

THE HISTORY OF MARGARET CATCHPOLE,

A SUFFOLK GIRL.

Fifth Edition, 1 vol., with Illustrations, 10s. 6d. bound.

"Truth is stranger than fiction. We have here a veritable history with incidents more startling and extraordinary than are to be found in any romance with which we are acquainted."—*Norfolk Chronicle.*

"Compressed into the compass of one volume, this biography will become a standard work."—*Britannia.*

III.

THE HISTORY OF MARY ANNE WELLINGTON,

THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER, WIFE, & WIDOW.

DEDICATED, BY EXPRESS PERMISSION, TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

Second Edition, 1 vol., with Illustrations, 10s. 6d. bound.

"This interesting work we have no doubt will attain a greater popularity even than Margaret Catchpole."—*Sunday Times.*

"In this most interesting work, we have the stirring scenes of a soldier's life, and the history of his daughter, wife, and widow, under the various difficulties of a situation calling for all the energies of a manly heart, and all the strength and relying love of a woman's unshrinking spirit. The work is full of incidents, narratives of extraordinary events, perils, and preservations."—*Bury Herald.*

KING ARTHUR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEW TIMON."

Post 8vo, 5s.

THE NEW TIMON:

A POETICAL ROMANCE.

Fourth edition, 1 vol. post 8vo, 6s. bound.

"One of the most remarkable poems of the present generation—remarkable in a threefold degree—its conception being strictly original—its language and imagery new—its tendency eminently moral. It has beauties of no ordinary lustre; the animus of the work is essentially humanising, its plot ingenious, and its effect altogether bold, harmonious, and original. No poem of equal length has issued from the English press for a number of years, with any thing approaching to the ability of 'The New Timon,'—it augurs a resuscitation of our Bardic glories."—*Sun.*

POETICAL WORKS OF HORACE SMITH,

ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "REJECTED ADDRESSES."

Now First Collected, 2 vols., post 8vo, with Portrait, 12s. bound.

"A host of readers we are confident will participate in our gratification at the publication of these volumes, for Horace Smith is now amongst the English classics."—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

"In this work the reader will find, not only Christmas reading for every day in the year, but as abundant proof of honest cheerfulness, manly warmth of feeling, and genuine enjoyment of every thing enjoyable, as in any two hearty little volumes of the same size in the language."—*Examiner.*

POETICAL WORKS OF BARRY CORNWALL.

3 vols., small 8vo, 21s.

"It is delightful to turn awhile from moral and political animosities to the unalloyed sweets of such poetry as Mr. Cornwall's; and to refresh our fancies, and strengthen and compose our good affections among the images of love and beauty, and gentle sympathy and sorrow, with which it everywhere presents us."—*Edinburgh Review.*

THE HALL AND THE HAMLET.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

Author of "The Book of the Seasons," "Rural Life in England," &c.,
Cheaper Edition, 2 vols., post 8vo. 12s. bound.

"This work is full of delightful sketches and sweet and enchanting pictures of rural life, and we have no doubt will be read not only at the homestead of the farmer, but at the mansion of the squire, or the castle of the lord, with gratification and delight. In these volumes there is more originality, more wit, more humour, more pathos, than in any of those which have already issued from the same pen."—*Sunday Times.*

CHEAP LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINMENT.

Elegantly bound in 19 Volumes, price only 5s. each, printed uniformly with Byron and Scott, and beautifully embellished with the Portraits of the Authors, and other Engravings, by the Findens and other eminent Artists,

COLBURN'S STANDARD NOVELS;

A Select Collection of the best Works of Fiction of the most Distinguished Modern English Writers.

CONTENTS.

Mrs. Armytage; or, Female Domination. By Mrs. Gore.
Emilia Wyndham. By the Author of "Two Old Men's Tales."
Mr. Ward's Tremaine.
Capt. Marryat's Frank Mildmay.
Mr. H. Smith's Brambletye House.
Mr. H. Smith's Zillah. A Tale of the Holy City.
Sir E. L. Bulwer's Pelham.
Sir E. L. Bulwer's Disowned.
Sir E. L. Bulwer's Devereux.
Lady Morgan's O'Donnell.
Lady Morgan's Florence Macarthy.
Lady Morgan's Wild Irish Girl.
Mr. Gleig's Chelsea Pensioners.
Mr. Lister's Granby.
Mr. James's Richelieu.
Mr. Hook's Gurney Married.
Mr. Hook's Sayings and Doings. (First Series); comprising Danvers, The Friend of the Family, Merton, &c.
Mr. Hook's Sayings and Doings. (Second Series); comprising The Sutherlands, The Man of Many Friends, Doubts and Fears, and Passion and Principle.
Mr. Hook's Sayings and Doings. (Third Series); comprising Cousin William and Gervase Skinner.

"'Colburn's Standard Novels' present a series of those works of fiction that have most tended, with the writings of Sir Walter Scott, to elevate this description of literature. This publication presents a concentration of imaginative genius."—*Globe.*

"Mr. Colburn's series of Standard Novels is peculiarly select; from it are excluded all which have a mere transitory popularity; in it are included all which tend to elevate the character of the modern novel, and to raise the republic of fiction to its proper elevation."—*Morning Post.*

"What an admirable opportunity is here presented to such as are about to form a select library of fiction!"—*Sun.*





