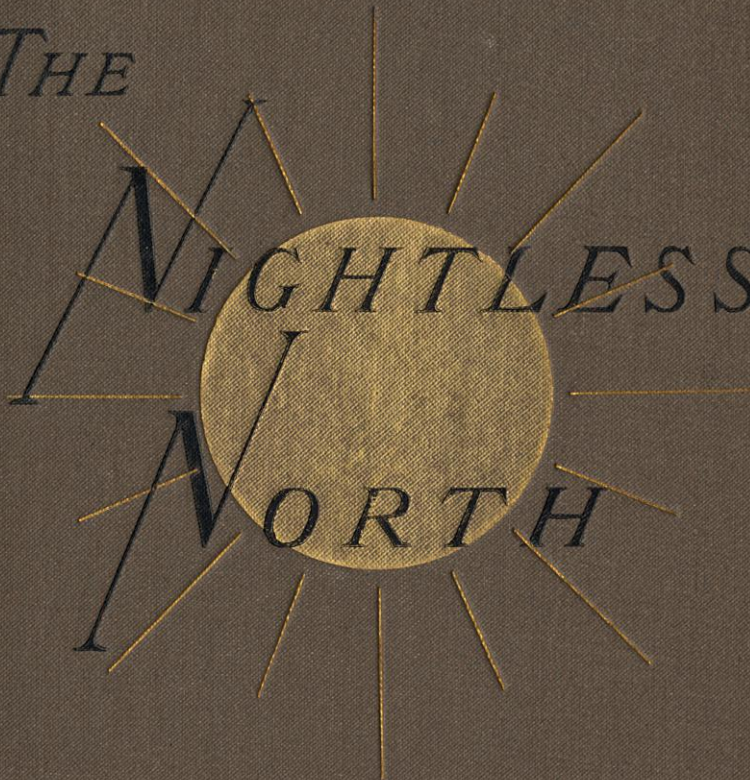


THE
NIGHTLESS
NORTH



A Walk across Lapland

F.L.H. MORRICE

Claude Wilson

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A WALK ACROSS LAPLAND.

BY
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1881.

TO THE

Right Honourable the Lord Aveney

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK,

IN RECOGNITION OF THE KIND INTEREST TAKEN BY HIM

IN MY WANDERINGS.

P R E F A C E.

ANY hesitation which I may have felt in venturing to place before the public a narrative of a three months' tour in Lapland has been dispelled by the kindness of my friends in expressing a wish to hear an account of my wanderings.

I may well say with a great writer, that from all details of geographical discovery or antiquarian research—from all display of 'good learning and religious knowledge'—from all historical and scientific illustrations—from all useful statistics—from all political disquisitions—and from all good moral reflections, the volume is thoroughly free.

Here, then, is merely a diary of what did actually take place—a record of the impressions that were produced upon a traveller who—whatever else—has endeavoured truthfully to describe his travels, not only for the perusal of his friends, but for the benefit

of any of that great body—the public—who may intend to follow
in his footsteps and visit Lapland.

F. L. H. M.

THE NIGHTLESS NORTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE Humber was looking the colour of pea soup, and the tide, running in against stream, raised quite a popple, as we swung clear of Hull Docks one night about the middle of June, in s.s. "Tasso," bound for Thronhjelm on the coast of Norway. The day had been showery, and as the sun set, clouds began to gather up from all points of the compass; the wind, too, whistled among the rigging in a very unseasonable manner, and the prospect certainly did not brighten as night came on.

We had several miles of river to traverse ere we reached the open sea, and it was not very long after the crowd of masts and chimney pots of Hull had sunk into a dull haze that I left the deck and proceeded to make myself as comfortable as I could for the night. My friend Killearn waited above to get a last sight of England as we passed the Spurn; but I don't think he saw much besides the bright rays of the lighthouse itself, for the night was dull and cloudy, and there was not even a star to be seen to show the outlines of the shore. Presently he came down to our cabin, which we shared with two other fellow voyagers, to say he had seen the last of our native land; and in a very short space of time we were both in the arms of the drowsy god.

And now, before I go any further, perhaps this is the best time to explain why we thus made ourselves uncomfortable in a very short and narrow berth of s.s. "Tasso;" in fact, why we left our native shores. Well, we were going for a walk. We had

made up our minds that we hadn't enough exercise in our ordinary life, and we had settled we would 'carry our packs on our backs' and walk across from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Bothnia.

I suppose most, if not all, of my readers are Englishmen, otherwise it would be necessary for me to enter into minute details why we wanted to do this. "Vorfor?" is the question of every foreigner. Why walk when you can ride or drive or boat? Why this useless expenditure of money and time? If you tell him for the fun of the thing, for sport, he shrugs his shoulders, not the least convinced that there can be any pleasure in it, and leaves you, more than ever convinced that an Englishman is an incomprehensible creature, and totally different from any other nation on the face of the globe.

But I am not writing to foreigners, so suffice it to say we were going to see the country, to shoot, to fish, to walk, to enjoy life and amuse ourselves generally with the novelty and the change of scene. Our party consisted of three: Killearn, a large Irish water spaniel Barle by name, and your humble servant. Scotch, Irish and English; so we represented in full the country that we came from. We had carefully considered our dress and luggage, and though perhaps they were both somewhat peculiar, they proved, in all instances, to have been well chosen and of real practical use in the expedition we had undertaken. Our luggage was not bulky; it consisted of a small tent by Edgington, which folded up into a roll about thirty inches long, with a diameter of six or eight; when pitched it stood about four feet from the ground, and was of a most simple and serviceable pattern. Two uprights and guys, and the sides pinned to the ground with small pegs that could be cut on the spot. Inside there was just room for two to lie down, and a small adjutting piece at the end composed the dog's bed-chamber, while space enough was left on either side to store guns, rods, and kit generally. It was said to be waterproof, but of that hereafter, and weighed only fourteen pounds, uprights and all complete. This, with a knapsack, two large waterproof bags and a thin waterproof sheet, composed our luggage. The contents of the bags were various, consisting

chiefly of a change of clothes, cartridges, and a few tins of preserved meat; together with a mixed assortment of knick-knacks, a map, a *pot au feu*, tobacco, a tin plate, medicines, fly books, &c. The tobacco was our only luxury, all else was either necessary or useful.

Our dress was made up in the same style, utility not comfort being the order of the day; knickerbockers, a Norfolk jacket with pockets galore, and a cloth hat; a good thick pair of shooting boots and a pair of waterproof gaiters,—Killearn, however, preferring long boots lacing up the front. Neither had we come unprovided against the attacks of mosquitoes, of whom we had heard dim and fearful tales, for we could produce from our store several veils of different shapes and colours, thick gloves, &c. Our clothes, too, were all of the closest fabric; for these little pests will get through anything short of cast iron, and even as regards that I should not feel that my money was very safe in laying odds against the flies. The Irishman Barle had nothing but his thick coat, poor fellow, which we had considered would be in itself sufficient to repel all attacks: but our foresight was wanting in correctness here, and we became aware of our mistake, but too late.

These articles, then, with an ordinary 12-bore breech-loader and a stout double-handed trout-rod, composed our kit. It was small and scanty, for we were going to be our own porters, but useful in the extreme.

My first sensation on waking was one of extreme relief; I did not feel sea-sick. I opened the port and looked out,—the sea as calm as a mill pond, a bright sun and a lovely day. With a light heart I climbed on deck. We had left the land far behind us, and not a speck was to be seen on the face of the boundless ocean, which, calm and still, sparkled with a dazzling light in the beams of the morning sun. We seemed so lonely on this vast expanse of water that I was glad to go below and apply myself to the ample breakfast provided by the fat and jovial ship's cook.

The feeding on board ship is generally the great event of the day; even on shore the day hinges to a great extent on dinner, I mean that dinner is looked forward to as the time when all meet

and talk over the past events of the day, or the coming ones of the evening. But on board ship during a long voyage not only dinner, but breakfast and luncheon also are each as it were a landing place in the otherwise monotonous day. I soon got to feel this during my stay on the "Tasso." Breakfast finished, what was there to do? Smoke a pipe and talk, and when you had done your pipe what was there to do? Why, talk and smoke another, till luncheon, and so on. But in spite of time naturally hanging rather heavily on our hands we had a very pleasant voyage. We had just hit on the steamer by which many Englishmen were going to their salmon fishing in Norway, and between playing quoits and other games on the deck, talking, looking after the dog Barle and smoking, time passed very pleasantly.

The passage usually takes from four to five days, but we had an extraordinarily short one, and, I think, touched land in a little over three. The night before we sighted Norway, the sea being very calm and still, we had a good look at the *green sun*. A sunset at sea is always a remarkable sight; this was a grand one, the last rays shooting up in their golden splendour through and behind different hued clouds of the most fantastic shapes, which in their turn painted the sea below with bright and varying colours; and then, finally, when the ball of fire sank into the waves, just as its topmost part was disappearing, from a lurid fire colour it suddenly changed to bright, bright green, and in a moment sank.

It was early on the following morning that I awoke to find that we were slowly rolling from side to side; the engines were still, and all that could be heard was the captain's voice above and the footsteps of the people on deck, with a clattering of crockery as we came to the end of each roll. Then the steam whistle went off and sounded as if it had lost half its lungs, and all was silent again but the wash of the waves against the sides of the ship and the voices of the people on deck. I tumbled up and found we were in a dense fog and totally unable to see further than 150 or 200 yards in any direction. We knew that we were somewhere close to the coast, yet dared not move for fear of running on some rock; so continued letting off the steam whistle, and trying to catch an echo from the cliffs that we knew were so near.

These fogs are a great nuisance to vessels on the coast of Norway. A regular broad bank of mist hangs, sometimes for days, as a sort of mask to the rock-bound coast, and when an unfortunate ship once gets well into one of these clouds there is nothing for it but either to run in and chance where you are going, or to wait till it lifts. We chose the latter course, and in a few hours were rewarded for our patience by the curtain rising and disclosing a full and rather unpleasantly near view of the coast. We had run into a regular bay, and were surrounded by hard-looking black rocks of all shapes and sizes. Directly facing us the cliffs ran up almost perpendicularly many hundreds of feet; strata of mist still lay half way up some, and entirely concealed the summits of others; the only thing to lighten the sombreness of the scene was the streaks of snow that had not yet succumbed to the summer heats and that looked like silver threads hanging down the sides of the distant mountains, and in the near ones contrasted strongly and strangely with the dark rocks on which they rested.

The "Tasso" seemed the tiniest insect in such a world; but like the tiniest insect that lives, she possessed the instinct of self-preservation, and the engines having been reversed, her head was got round in the right direction and we were soon steaming along the coast, every succeeding quarter of an hour bringing before our eyes fresh views of a wild and grand description. The sun, too, came out, and before entirely dispelling the "creeping vapour" produced wonderful effects of light and shade.

We had picked up a Norwegian pilot. A good one is an absolute necessity on this coast, the channels in places being of such an intricate and narrow nature. Aalesund was the first place that we were to touch at, and it really seemed as if these great, stern, black cliffs stepped aside and made way for us to enter; suddenly, as we steamed up the Fjord, on rounding the foot of one rough looking mountain, we saw the town of Aalesund lying before us. The first idea it gave one was that of a nice new toy town with clean, regular wooden houses set up on a pea green board. Behind it rose a tremendous sugar-loaf mountain, quite black, with patches of green and streaks of snow lying here and there

on its sides, and a night cap of mist on its crown. We brought to, within one hundred and fifty yards of the village, the water being quite deep close in shore, and immediately half-a-dozen boats came rowing out to meet us. The man who pulls the boat is called a "flötmann," and it is his duty to take people backwards and forwards from the steamer to the shore at a certain fixed rate.

Here for the first time we heard Norse spoken; gibberish, horrible gibberish it sounded to us, as a new language generally does to a foreigner, and from this moment we determined to learn it, if such a thing were possible. Killlearn contented himself with getting one or two sentences by heart, such as "*Findes er noget Bjorn hær*" (Are there any bears in the neighbourhood?) and other sporting phrases of like import. We were very keen on bringing to bag one of these rough inhabitants of the mountains, and certainly began well by learning how to find out from the natives where they lived. But our ideas on the subject were rather vague; I can answer for my impressions being something of the following kind. On an answer being returned in the affirmative, we would put some ball cartridge in our pockets, walk off to where the bear lived, find one, as you would a partridge or a rabbit in England, then wait till you saw the white spot on his chest as he reared up in front of you, as of course he would do, pull the trigger, and if you 'held straight' he would fall down dead. The whole thing to occupy perhaps an hour or two. We learnt two things before we returned to our native island. Bears are not to be found and killed like rabbits and hares, and Lapland is not to be crossed in a fortnight.

Very shortly after leaving Aalesund we found ourselves entering Molde Fjord, one of the most beautiful in Norway, and one which has been so often described that I shall but glance at some of its more prominent features. Mass on mass rising on the right to the height of 6,000 feet in grand wild peaks, some covered with snow, others black and gaunt standing out in hard relief against the blue sky beyond; on the left the little town of Molde with its asylum for lepers, a disease but too common with the inhabitants, stretching down to the edge of the Fjord, and behind it an irregular hill covered with fir trees, which grew more and more

sparsely towards its summit, and then the background of mountains, rising up to match the opposite shore. The grass, when there was any, such a bright green, a strange contrast to the black rocks or the streaks of dazzling snow, whilst the deep blue sea rippled in the bright sunshine at our feet. The scenery of this place is by some considered to be equal to many parts of Switzerland, but I should doubt it rather, although my knowledge of Swiss scenery is, I am sorry to say, rather limited.

From Molde we steamed on through Christiansund to Thronhjøm, and it was now for the first time that we could see to continue our voyage all night, for although it was a miserably wet evening, and therefore darker than usual, yet the different little islands which we passed, and in some instances almost scraped past, in our course, could be distinctly seen, even from eleven o'clock till two in the morning; for it must be remembered that, although while at sea it is easy enough to continue one's course, yet in sailing among these islands and fjords on the coast of Norway the nicest steering is sometimes necessary; the channels are intricate and winding, and to find one's way at night, with any unlimited supply of instruments you please, would be simply a moral impossibility.

We arrived at Christiansund at about 1.30, and had to whistle for a considerable time, before first one and then another miserable sleepy flötman turned out in his skiff to meet us. I tumbled out of my berth to have a look at the place; the town itself is regularly built, and ugly, and the country round flat and bare looking, a striking contrast to the grand scenery on the Molde Fjord that we had just left. I did not remain long on deck, but after waiting to see us pass through a channel between the rocks, so narrow that there was barely ten feet to spare on either side, I was glad to go below and escape the cold and the drizzle.

When I awoke the following morning we were steaming up Thronhjøm Fjord with a fresh breeze blowing right in our faces, and the water dancing and rippling in the bright sun. The scenery here, though not so wild and rough as the Molde Fjord, is lovely in the extreme; and I was content, on the strength of a cup of strong coffee, to lean over the taffrail till twelve o'clock,

and watch the ever varying scenes and colours. At twelve o'clock that morning we brought to in front of Thronhjøm ; I was going to say in "Thronhjøm roads," but that is hardly the name : it is simply the sea in front of the town, but so shut in by natural breakwaters, that "Thronhjøm roads" would be by no means an inappropriate term. This was the end of our voyage in the "Tasso," and we thought of the next time that we should step on board an English steamer ; it would be at Copenhagen in all probability, on our return tour, after having come down the Baltic. We paid our bill, the last in English money for some time, said good bye to the fat and jovial cook and the good-natured steward, lowered our kit and the dog Barle into a skiff, and rowed ashore.

Thronhjøm from the sea seems but a long row of wooden warehouses, but they are so high that the town behind them can scarcely be seen. Yet what am I doing?—going to describe Thronhjøm I verily believe ! That has been done over and over again, and after all I am not about to write a book on Norway, but on Lapland—on our walk across it. Nevertheless, I hope I may be excused if I devote a chapter or two to the description of how we got there, and what we saw on our road. Every one looks at a place or a man in his own peculiar way, and mine, though but a cursory glance, I trust may not be altogether without interest.

CHAPTER II.

There was not much time to do anything the day of our arrival at Thronhjelm, but on hearing that there were some splendid falls on the river "Nid," about four English miles from the hotel, we determined to be energetic and walk over to see them. We were the more inclined to do this as we heard there was salmon fishing to be had on the stream below the falls; so after a meal of enormous lobsters, bread and butter, and a glass of *aquavite* off we trudged.

The falls themselves proved well worthy of the walk; they were grand in the extreme, one mighty mass of water rolling like oil over the top of a precipice of eighty to a hundred feet, and ending in one roaring mass of foam and spray, which flew up again higher than the falls themselves, and fell on us, as we stood some fifty yards off, in blinding showers. Of course there were no salmon to be found above this; the falls were an impassable barrier. But trout were reported in great numbers, and it certainly looked tempting to stroll along the banks upwards, in the shade of the dark pine trees that grew down quite close to the water's edge on either side, and try our luck at the "cerret." However, we decided that salmon were better worth our attention, and proceeded to climb up a rough watercourse to gain the top of a small round hill, where we could see the house of a certain Mr. Patterson, to whom we had been recommended to apply for leave to fish. We found the habitation at last, composed entirely of wood, as all the houses are here; and after knocking for some time, were confronted by an old and weazened woman, housekeeper I should say, who informed us that Mr. Patterson was out, but was expected back every minute. We were shown into his library, or study, and I was surprised to see how very English everything

looked, with the exception of the building itself. This explained itself afterwards. Mr. Patterson was an Irishman, but had lived in Norway such a time that he was a Norwegian in all but birth. He received us, when at last he returned, in a most good-natured way, and told us we were at perfect liberty to fish where we pleased, adding, however, that he was afraid our chances of success would be very small, as it was so early in the season. We left with many thanks, convinced that we were going to be *the* lucky people, and fully determined to try our luck the following day.

A Norwegian house is, to our English ideas, an uncomfortable structure : the want of carpets especially gives it a bare cold look ; it is, as a rule, composed entirely of wood, even down to the steps in front of the door, and this must be so on account of the severe frosts, which would have a prejudicial effect on the stone. But this house of Mr. Patterson's formed an exception to what we afterwards found out to be the rule, in possessing an open English fireplace, instead of a stove ; the latter no doubt is more effectual in warming the room, but where does the yule log burn at Christmas ? and what are you to stand in front of when you come in after a cold drive or a long walk in the snow ? there is no cosy chimney corner ; no cheerful fire to look at ; in fact no *hestia*, no family hearth ! Although to us this seems an uncomfortable way of managing things, yet the inhabitants, I suppose, know best what is the most effectual mode of guarding against the severe frosts of their country, and prefer the black stove to the cheerful blaze of a wood fire. Still, nothing will persuade me that a certain lack of spirit and cheerfulness in the Norwegian is not to be attributed in a great measure to the want of a family hearth.

That night we slept soundly in our simple but comfortable bed ; the furniture of the room was certainly scanty—two beds, a stove, and a wooden table ; no carpet of any sort, of course ; but everything clean, that was the great thing, and devoid of bad smells, which are as a rule but too common and of too fearful a character, assailing you at every corner of the streets.

The next morning we were up betimes. The sun began to shine well in our faces about 2.30 a.m., and that no doubt was a

great help to get us out of bed, for shutters there were not, and blinds but of the thinnest material.

We had several little pieces of "shopping" to do, and I have no doubt left our "mark" in those shops that happened to have no English-speaking assistant within them; for in that case we were driven to pantomime, which grew more energetic and desperate in proportion as the distracted shopkeeper's face showed fewer and fewer signs of intelligence. I was nearly obliged to give up getting a gaff as a bad job, having been presented with flies, hooks, cork screws, and even scythes in succession. As each new implement was produced the shopman's face beamed with delight and pride at having at last, as he thought, understood me, only to fall into despair deeper than ever when I shook my head and began again gaffing imaginary fish, with explanatory gesticulations and grunts. I returned shortly with a red guide book, not unknown, I dare say, to many of my readers, price three and sixpence; I never saw thankfulness so distinctly written on a man's face as when at last I had paid for what I wanted and walked out of the shop. This last incident set me on, with redoubled energy, to learn the language, and in a very short space of time I could talk fairly well. Norse is not difficult; in fact, if an Englishman knows a little German, I should say the easiest language there is to learn, being a mixture of the two, and in many instances almost identical with one or the other.

Killearn had gone up the "Nid" to fish on the Irishman's water, so I turned towards the Cathedral, which is well worth looking at; not that much can be seen of the old structure, but it is being splendidly restored at a great cost, in, I believe, the original design, which is unique and wonderfully effective. When I was there the screen behind the altar had just been finished; carved open work in a dark coloured stone or marble, reaching from floor to ceiling. There is much, however, to be done; the nave has only part of the side walls standing, transepts there are none, but some of the little side chapels that have been restored are very beautiful, and, if ever the whole is completed, it will be a cathedral indeed well worth seeing.

That evening we strolled up to the "Jortens," sort of tea gardens, at which we met some of our fellow passengers, bound for the north by that night's steamer, who had just finished a capital dinner at four-and-six a head, of every imaginable dish, and we inwardly determined we would "do ditto" the night before we sailed for the north, for we could not go by the boat by which they were going, as my passport had not yet arrived from England, and considering that we were thinking of entering Russian territory, we did not deem it advisable to leave such an article behind. We spent a very jolly evening, and strolled home in almost broad daylight at 12 p.m.!

It was a great nuisance the passport not turning up: and Thronhjem is not a place to spend a week, in admiring scenery, so we went into committee as to what we were to do with ourselves till the next steamer came. After some enquiries we heard of a lake by a place named Josvandet, some eight miles out of Thronhjem, and thither we determined to bend our steps to while away the time till the following Friday. Consequently, the next morning found us with a knapsack and a bag, trudging out of Thronhjem in the direction of our fishing ground. It was a very hot day, and the sun baked down on the dusty road in a manner we had thought was impossible in Norway. This was our first attempt at a walk of any kind, and I don't think we felt much encouragement for the task we had undertaken. We had but half the weight that we should have to carry when we had once really started from the Arctic Ocean, yet after six miles along a good high road we sat ourselves down beneath the shade of a rough wooden shed, and pitied our poor shoulders that were aching from the weight of the knapsacks.

There was one thing contained in those knapsacks of which we were excessively proud, viz., our sleeping suits; each had his own, made after his peculiar notion. Killearn's was an ordinary dressing suit of very coarse grey flannel, coat and trousers; mine, I flattered myself, was a triumph of art and common sense combined; the whole costume was in one piece—socks, trousers, coat, and hat, all in one; you get into it somewhere about the middle, legs down first, then pull the head piece over, and button three

buttons in front, elastic straps round the wrists and neck to fix the mosquitoes, and then you were in a kind of sack, quite impervious either to the attacks of the flies or any reptile that might wish to make a closer acquaintance with you. It answered well on the whole, I think, but had its drawbacks, chiefly on account of the trouble it was to get into when sitting down under the tent.

Our road lay along the southern side of the Thronhjelm Fjord, and the scenery was exquisitely beautiful, Killearn said not unlike Scotland, round Loch Lomond. At the spot where we rested we were some way up the hill. Far down below us lay the quiet town of Thronhjelm, behind which rose a rough and somewhat quaint-looking hill with snow on its summit; on our right the Fjord, its waters every imaginable colour with the reflections of the sky, the clouds and the heather-covered hills which descended to its very verge in varying rugged masses, while far in the distance might be seen huge blue cliffs shrouded in mist and gradually losing themselves as the eye reached further and further up the Fjord. But we could not wait here long, and, turning down the side of the hill, left the panorama behind us and emerged into an entirely new country. Hill after hill, covered with dark pines, overlapped each other down the valley, with the white snow on some distant giant, glinting in the far distance.

We had not proceeded a great distance from our halting place when, in answer to our questions, an old man who was mending the road informed us that Josvandet was just over a ridge about a hundred yards in front of us. We climbed the hill; one cottage was visible, and there also was the lake, but where was the village? We made our way along the edge of the water for some time hunting for it, and at last, tired of walking any further, retraced our steps to the house that we had first caught sight of, and knocked boldly. A man, looking like an English mechanic in Sunday clothes, came to the door. We bowed and said our one sentence, that we had carefully got up on the road, "Kann ve har tvo senge hær i nat" (Can we have two beds here to-night)? It was useless; he didn't understand one word we said. We tried every conceivable modulation in tone of

voice, and gesture, and even came at last to saying each word separately, with a "vorstaar" (understand?) after it, and if he nodded, which he always did whether he understood or not, ticked it off on the fingers of one hand; then when we had gone through the whole sentence, and he still stood looking at us, raised our eyebrows and put our countenances into such an attitude, that an onlooker might almost have surmised our question without having heard us speak. The schoolmaster, as we afterwards discovered our host to be, stood still for a moment and stared at us, and then turned to his better half and carried on what appeared to be an interesting conversation.

This was all very well for him, but the case was different with us; the knapsacks were heavy, and we were hot and tired; so we bowed again and then walked politely into his house, and laid down our things. He didn't seem to object, and placed them out of the way, and in a minute or two in came a rather pretty girl with a large bowl of milk. We were very thirsty, for the day was very hot; need I say that the milk, which was most excellent, rapidly disappeared.

However, we had come here to fish, and not to try and make ourselves understood by the schoolmaster, so without more ado we put up our rods, took our fly books, &c., in our pockets, and walked off to the lake, pointing to the boat and again raising our eyebrows as much as to say "Can we?" Our host, having by this time got a clear notion in his own head of what we were and what we wanted, acted quite independently of us. In the end, in spite of his ideas on the subject, we at last found ourselves afloat, with a small light-haired, I might almost say white-haired, boy to row. All the children here are fair to an absurd extent, with their hair like our small boatman's, almost white. This, however, is their only beauty; the rest of their features, as a rule, exemplify the grand compensating power of nature.

We were at last absolutely going to begin catching those crowds of trout and grayling that we had heard so much of before we left England, and so we began—and so we went on—but neither the trout nor the grayling came as rapidly as they ought to have done. In fact, about five o'clock we had to confess we had caught

nothing. But dinner had to be obtained; the man had signified to us before we left, as far as we could make out, that he had nothing to give us to eat but black rye bread, and of that only a very limited supply. So we agreed to separate; dinner *must* be obtained, and each promised to do his best to provide for the wants of the other as well as himself. I fished with every imaginable fly, in every likely pool I could find. It was no good, I felt it was not, and at about eight o'clock we met on the small bridge where we had seen the old man mending the road that morning. Killearn had caught a fish, and my spirits rose; but what a fish! *The smallest* trout I think I have ever seen in my life, it wouldn't have added to one's support for a single hour—much less would it have kept two men going for a whole night. Well, we must go back and eat black bread, that's all, and we'll get out of this infernal place the first thing to-morrow. "I should think we would," replied Killearn, and I am not sure that he didn't even suggest starting at once.

We felt small as we walked back to the little cottage, for we had told them in mangled Norse before we left that we would bring back "many fish" for their dinner. Killearn suggested they hadn't understood, and we consoled ourselves with that. It was no use however, the white-haired girl was waiting on the doorstep, evidently expecting "many fish" for supper; we felt what duffers we were, but did our best to explain how the day was bad, and how we went to the wrong places, not knowing the river, &c. I don't think either of them understood a word we said, and they very shortly disappeared into their own apartment, leaving us in the room we had entered that morning, with a table, a chair, and a worn-out horse-hair sofa, to sit and smoke our pipes, and wonder how we could obtain some dinner. We didn't talk much, no dinner is but a poor incentive to that sort of amusement; after a time, however, there entered a neat-looking matron, who in the middle of a large table spread a tiny table napkin. Another pause, and then in came slices of black bread and butter. We said, "tak, tak," (thanks) as each thing was brought in, rather in the manner of hungry ducks. But after the butter there was a long and heart-rending pause. I was of opinion that

what we saw before us was our dinner ; Killearn wouldn't believe it, and left the room to see if it was not possible to kill a fowl, or obtain something a little more substantial than bread and butter, while I sat contemplating the black bread in no very enviable humour. Suddenly Killearn burst in on my reverie in a most exuberant state of spirits, "My dear fellow, the hens have laid, *the hens have laid!*" We discovered that we had been waiting all this time for this operation to be performed ; two of them had at last laid, and there was an egg apiece for dinner ! This was luck almost too good to be believed, but in a very short space of time in came two charming fresh-laid eggs, which disappeared in company with an inordinate quantity of black bread in a wonderfully short space of time.

After dinner we strolled outside and tenderly fed the fowls that had done us such a good turn. The white-haired girl came out, as also did our host, and we had a most amusing time trying to make ourselves understood. Killearn was quite smitten with the former, but love making when you don't understand one another is, to say the least of it, difficult. Our host was a schoolmaster with five pupils, the juveniles of the country round, and the girl was his niece, helping him in his onerous (?) daily duties. We ought to have fished for pike instead of trout ; we were Englishmen, and very welcome to a night's lodging ; this was the village of Josvandet. These various and interesting pieces of news were the result of a good hour's conversation and gesticulation, and we entered the little house in a state of general laughter.

The people really turned out most hospitable ; and we found a small wooden bedstead, with sides like a baby's crib to keep us from falling out, and clean sheets, but I had seen that bedstead come in from a neighbouring barn in which those noble fowls lived ; I had also seen feathers and rubbish of every description cleaned out from the inside, so magnanimously gave it up to Killearn, and slept on the floor myself. He found out his mistake the next morning, I have reason to believe, for he was by no means alone in the bed. However, in a very short time, in spite of its being daylight at twelve o'clock at night, and having to sleep curled up in a box, for it was little better, I heard by my

friend's regular breathing that he was oblivious to things in this world, and in a very short space of time I had followed his example, to dream of kind fowls and unkind fish, and hot suns and beautiful trees, and black bread and white-haired Norwegians. We had had a hardish day, though indeed an instructive one, and we slept till late the following morning.

We tried fishing again for breakfast, but with small success. We afterwards heard that where we fished for trout, pike only existed, and *vice versa*. The probability is that what trout there are, are large and hard to catch, and I suspect should be trolled for with a large line and a heavy lead, as they are in some of the lakes of the Tyrol. For the water in Josvandet is deep and still.

The same fowls, or perchance some others, had again laid, so we had something to eat for breakfast, our host apologizing profusely for not having more eggs, for all his had gone into Throndhjem to market the day before ; at least that is what we thought he meant on copious reference to the three-and-sixpenny "phrase book."

That morning about twelve o'clock we took a painful farewell of our kind host and his fair-haired niece, and trudged back into Throndhjem ; not, however, without having secured a curious piece of old silver, which first came under our notice in the shape of a large salt cellar. In Norway, and more especially in the north of Norway and Lapland, there is much that is curious and interesting in the shape of old silver ornaments, spoons, bowls, rings, etc. ; but it is hard to obtain specimens, people have bought up all that were to be sold, and now it is often the case that the owners are naturally unwilling to part with their goods unless it be at a price much above their real value. Killearn has an eye and a fancy for these sort of things, and at once "spotted" the salt cellar. It was a curious sort of small drinking bowl of silver, gilt inside, out of which "skaal" (a health) used to be drunk. "Skaal" is drunk by these people, it seems to me, on every possible occasion ; and before we left that morning we all stood round the room with two bottles of port wine on the large table with the little dinner napkin in the centre of it, and having

been each presented with a glass, looked solemnly at each other for half a second, raised our glasses, and, crying "Skaal ! skaal !" bowed all round, and emptied their contents ; very good contents they were, port wine of no mean character.

A good luncheon at the Thronhjelm Hotel was very acceptable, and the afternoon was spent in purchasing the few odds and ends that we were still in need of. On calling at the Post-office my passport was found, to our great joy, for we were horribly afraid that, owing to the railway from Christiana to Thronhjelm being as yet in an uncompleted state, it would come too late for the next steamer north. I believe that this railway is to be completed some day, but it is a difficult undertaking owing to the rough and mountainous nature of the country. A mile or two out of Thronhjelm the line passes over the river Nid at a great height, 100ft. I should say or more, and the bridge that spans the river, instead of being stone or iron, is a wooden one ; stone foundations in the bed of the river, but the superstructure one labyrinth of huge wooden beams scientifically crossing and re-crossing one another. The Norwegians are capital engineers. However, the passport having arrived in spite of the uncompleted state of the railway, we proceeded to pay our bill, a very reasonable one, and collect our effects.

It required no small amount of thought as well as knowledge of the language to understand the coinage of the country, and to see that one was not cheated ; an event certainly less likely to happen in Norway than anywhere else, but still one always to be guarded against. There were two coinages current ; the old, consisting of specie dollars, equal to 4s. 6d. English, the "mark," five of which went to the dollar, and the skilling, 24 to the mark ; the new, consisting of kronor, 1s. 1½d. English, and the "öre," of which 100 go to the kronor.

This causes endless confusion, and when you receive change for anything the people have a way of pouring into your hand a good mixture of both coinages ; paper money, two kronor pieces, ten öre pieces, skillings, marks, and half a dozen other coins ; it takes minutes of patient toil to reckon up the entire sum, and often this can only be done approximately. But I don't remember

being once cheated or given short change. The Norwegians are very honest.

That evening we fulfilled our intention of going to the "Jortens," and found no reason to regret it. The dinner was capital, but the wine inferior; cheap it certainly was; 4s. 6d. for a dinner that, of course, was peculiar to the place in some of its dishes; but which, nevertheless, was infinitely superior to the ordinary 6s. dinners to be had at the hotels or restaurants of England. We found it so comfortable that we overstayed our time—partly, I believe, deceived by the light—and suddenly found it was a quarter to twelve (no early closing here), so paid and rushed off to the hotel. The steamer "Ganger Rolf" was to start at twelve, so there was small time to get our things down. We did so, however, at last, dog and all, yet I was obliged to take the little luggage cart in my own hands, and run with it down to the wooden pier. I was much admired by the younger Norsemen, who showed their delight by vociferous applause.

We were off at last with everything stowed in our cabin, and about one o'clock swung round, heaved up our anchor, whistled, and slowly steamed away from Thronhjelm, leaving it behind us in a sort of early autumn morning light. The cold mist soon drove us below, and we turned into large comfortable berths, once more *en route* for the north.

CHAPTER III.

The steamers that run up the Norwegian coast are well handled, well appointed, and comfortable. The berths were much broader and longer than those we had just left on board the "Tasso;" and the feeding, when you get accustomed to the amount of oil with which everything is drenched, better on the whole than the English steamers, excepting of course those on the great Transatlantic or P. & O. lines. There is, however, one drawback in the shape of an overpowering smell of stale tobacco pervading everything, more especially the berths, which would be a great assistant in making a person feel uncomfortable who could not stand the motion of the vessel. But that motion does not, and could not, exist in our voyage from Thronhjelm to Tromsö; the worst sailor that ever stepped on board would find it impossible to feel uncomfortable, for it is but once or twice that the vessel emerges into the open sea, and then only for half an hour or so; the entire voyage being run in and out of innumerable islands that dot the coast as thickly as possible up to and some way beyond Lofoden.

I was rather disappointed in the scenery, the mountains become lower and lower the further north you get; at Tromsö, however, and in the neighbourhood of the Lofoden islands, it was as wild and grand as ever.

We had a very pleasant voyage, and a capital time for improving ourselves in the language, for there was not another Englishman on board, and it is wonderful how one progresses in that way when it is an absolute necessity to speak nothing but the language of the country. There were a few Norwegians, however, who spoke a little English, and were very eager to learn more. Most of them, at all events those in a good position in life, spoke some

other languages besides their own ; German generally, but some—a very few—French, and a good many English. As a fellow voyager remarked, “ We are a small nation, and we must speak the words of other nations, we are only a little people.”

It was never dusk now, and the hard thing to know was when to go to bed ; I found myself writing one night in broad daylight at half-past one, and was not a little surprised when the steward told me what time it was. The Norwegians on board seemed never to indulge in slumber ; but spent their entire time on deck, drinking “ skaal,” endless brandy and sodas, and hot brandy and water. However, they never appeared to feel the evil effects of it, but reaped all the good, in that they sat and smiled, and talked and laughed, and “ told old tales ” (we imagined they were old tales by the hilarity with which they were received) without ceasing. We smiled too and laughed, and tried to talk, and did a little drinking ; but “ the old tales ” were too much for us, we were not yet sufficiently masters of the language. Before we had arrived at Tromsö we had become quite attached to some of our Norwegian friends, and parted in sorrow ; but the voyage became rather monotonous at times. The scenery was certainly always changing ; but it was all in the same style, low rounded islands covered with birds and seaweed, and low swelling hills inland—and that was all.

Our first eider duck was a subject of great interest ; they are not in season till August ; that was “ hard lines,” so we looked at them and settled how, when the time came, we would take home little bundles of eider down that would expand into quilts and mattresses and all sorts of things. We observed several of these birds upon entering the Vefsen Fjord, where we discovered to our horror that we had left behind us at Throndhjem our waterproof sheet and one or two other little things. What was to be done ? There was a telegraph—the only sign of civilization—that runs up the coast all the way to Tromsö, and then on across country to Vadsö ; it looks odd in this wild, deserted country to see a civilized telegraph wire spanning chasms and climbing precipices, but it is a great thing undoubtedly. Well, there is the telegraph, but how were we to write it in Norse,

not knowing the language? The question must be solved, we *must* have the waterproof sheet, sleeping on the wet ground would be both unpleasant and dangerous.

A happy thought struck Killearn; he was a man of happy thoughts, and often came in with them at opportune moments. There was a man on board who could speak *maintenong* French! Killearn was an adept at this art too; but when he came to write what he wanted to say there were several gaps to be filled up, which no amount of pantomiming could explain to our French-speaking Norwegian. Several of the bystanders came round to see if they could not be of any use; one knew the meaning of a Latin word, and another German, and so on; then each wrote down the Norse word under the Latin, German, or French, and our original friend wrote the whole in a comprehensive telegraphic form, which we despatched for the sum of two kronor! It was a great triumph on Killearn's part, and the result was satisfactory, for at Tromsø we received our missing property, and another telegram that we didn't understand.

A little further north a man came on board at one of the stopping places, who was very amusing in his notions of English people and English ways. One remark he made, perhaps, is worthy of record. He thought he liked English ladies pretty well, "But," continued our friend, "What a pity it is the English ladies are so often drunk!" We assured him that such was not the case; but no amount of asseveration on our part could convince him that even at *times* some were sober. We found out afterwards that he had seen an English woman who had come up fishing with some one, a Frenchman I believe, and who was rather given that way. I mention this as it shows how a nation gets a character from the acts of one or two of its individuals.

Sunday found us past the Arctic circle, and steering for the Lofoden islands, a long range of splendid snow-covered mountains, of which we had, indeed, a grand view. We ourselves, in rather a mist with a pitch black cloud overhead, the sea running high, and the island mountains towering up in the distance with gleams of sun on their black bodies lighting up the streaks of snow that lay further up their sides; all this appearing in a pale greenish light, the most curious effect I ever saw.

We were very angry with ourselves when we awoke the following morning, for we had turned in soon after ten that evening, having been up most of the previous night, and were asleep when we passed the glacier, and the yearly fair, which latter was being held at Lofoden ; consequently of neither can I give any account. I am sorry, as I believe they are both interesting subjects ; but they have been written of in many a previous work, and I will refer the reader thither who is desirous of further information.

The following day we found the steamer full of people who were returning to Tromsø from the fair. They couldn't quite make us out. I sat in a boat on one side of our vessel, while Killearn sat in a boat opposite, and we held a sort of levée. I think Killearn was the favourite, at all events he had a more numerous following. My friends were very eager to learn all about England and the English, and one tall, lean, yellow-haired man was quite a god among them, as he had been over to America, spoke horribly bad American, and imagined he was talking English. The sun came out, and we spent the rest of our time till our arrival at Tromsø talking to these people. From one man, by name Otendr Kristoffersen, I learnt that the people in the many little villages that we had passed on the way up made their living entirely by fishing, and made it easily too, for that in one month a man could catch enough codfish to keep himself and his family for a whole year !

We caught several cod ourselves in the following ingenious manner. There was a long spoon, with two hooks at the tail of it, attached to the end of a good stout line, then, about a yard or two below the spoon, a heavy lead. The mode of catching them was as follows :—Drop the lead and hook, without any bait, over the side till you touch the bottom, then haul up a yard or two, and then, standing by the side of the ship, pull the cord smartly in, by swinging your arm back, let it go again, and again pull it sharply up. The cod are attracted by the glitter of the spoon, and come swimming under and over it to see what it is ; if a fish happens to be just over it as you pull it up he gets “hooked foul.” You can feel the jerk easily enough, and simply pull him in by main force. Not a very sportsman-like proceeding, but I

believe the only way of catching them from the steamer. We bagged a good many in this manner, and some of really a very decent size. They are ugly brutes, with their enormous heads and comparatively small bodies. We didn't eat any, but I believe they are capital.

On Tuesday morning we found ourselves anchored in front of Tromsö. The steamer "Ganger Rolf" stopped here, so it was with no small amount of interest that we looked at the place which was to be our abode till the Saturday night, when another steamer would pick us up and take us on to the North Cape. The reason we had to wait here was that we chose to try a new place rather than remain at Thronthjem. I mean to say that it is not necessary to change as many times as we did in going up the coast, for you can go all the way from Hamburg to Vadsö without changing if you like it; but these Thronthjem steamers only run every fortnight or three weeks, and we had missed the previous one owing to my passport.

There was one other boat lying alongside of us, by name the "Jonas Lee." Four ladies, we heard, English or American, had chartered her to see the midnight sun; she had been up to the North Cape, and was then on her return voyage, the unfortunate ladies not having seen the midnight sun after all; it had been cloudy the whole time! I believe they were horribly disappointed.

Tromsö is a much smaller place than Thronthjem, standing on a little island in the shape of an ellipse by itself; all the houses wooden, of course, and the two streets dirty and dilapidated-looking. There was "Hobson's choice" in the hotel line, the only one in the place being kept by a Mr. Smith, with one eye and a pretty daughter. Tromsö boasts a church and a post-office; but beyond that nothing much, I should say, with the exception of midnight suns and lovely views. Facing the town on the other side of the Fjord rise some very respectable mountains with bare, almost precipitous, sides, which at the time we arrived were covered with snow. I think I was rather disappointed in Tromsö; I had heard such a lot in its praise since we had taken the fairgoers on board at Lofoden; the inhabitants are wonderfully

proud of their town, and cried its virtues up tremendously. When I enumerated the possessions of Tromsö just now I forgot one all important item—its club. We had been promised an introduction by some of its members, and a game at its billiard table. I don't think you could talk to a Tromsöite for five minutes without his mentioning his club; it is *the* thing in the town in their eyes; Tromsö, in fact, would not be Tromsö without it.

At three o'clock we were rowing ashore in a Flötman's skiff, and just before we got in we were favoured with our first sight of Laplanders. They were half a dozen in number, man, wife, and children, in a sailing boat cut very high in bow and stern, with a tremendous "shear"—*i.e.*, very low and near the water in the middle, exactly the same form in which the old Norsemen 1,000 years ago used to start on their marauding expeditions, and scare and rob all unhappy wights who lived near the shores that were within their reach.

The boat in which these Laps were sailing was, as I have said, of just this cut; dirty-brown, with one dirty-brown mast and a ditto coloured sail, dirty-brown people inside, and horrible children of the same hue, that were crawling about the boat more like animals than human beings. Their dress we had not much chance of seeing, they were rather too far off; but the man had on a hat, also dirty brown, shaped somewhat like a bishop's go-to-meeting headpiece. As they passed slowly up the Fjord, reflected in the still waters on which they were sailing, they formed a picturesque group, but I shrewdly suspect that distance lent enchantment to the view! We were horribly excited, the first Laplanders—*bonâ fide* Laps—capital, wasn't it!

We became as usual the subjects of universal interest on our landing, the dog especially was minutely examined; but we had got accustomed to being looked at by this time, and proceeded to pick a porter out of the crowd of bystanders to carry our luggage to Smith's Hotel. Smith! What a name! Smith far up above the Arctic circle! Well, I suppose one must make up one's mind to meeting him in most places. I have no doubt he is to be found the same distance below the Antarctic circle, and in the

intervening space, of course, he lives and flourishes in every corner. Our Flötman seeing us engaging a porter became highly distressed, and intimating to us that he would have nothing of the kind, produced a little truck, tossed all our things on it, and marched off. We followed him with our guns under our arms, Barle followed us, and a considerable contingent of Tromsö made up the rearguard.

Mr. Smith, the one-eyed, was delighted to see us, and though his house was of wood it was comfortable. He showed us one bed room with two beds, he gave us water to wash withal, he took in our kit, and before we had quite finished our toilette came in to say supper was ready. We were nothing loth, and sat down with one other traveller, a Norwegian, to a capital repast of fish and eggs, dried reindeer's flesh, and smoked salmon, coffee, and the inevitable glass of *aquavite*. After dinner Mr. Smith's daughter produced a guitar and sang to it, shall I say sweetly? Perhaps not; naturally, that is the word; but Mr. Smith was very proud of her music, and we said "Capital," and "Mange tak" (many thanks), and about eleven o'clock sallied forth to see the midnight sun. We climbed the hill behind the town, and there he was shining brightly at a quarter to twelve.

It was a queer sight: the sun itself was bright enough, but did not seem to have much power, and somehow you still imagined it was night; his beams glinted strangely on the snow, while down below on the Fjord, in the shadow of the mountains, were dotted about boats full of Norwegians fishing for "torsk" (cod), whose voices came faintly up to us as we watched the peculiar light. We stood thus some time watching the curious effects of dim light and shade, and then slowly descended to shadow again and turned into beds once more, instead of berths. On our way down we were overtaken by a man who told us we were not to walk on the grass, which was long and rank, as it was carefully put up to make the hay that was necessary to keep the cows in the winter; and what would Norwegians do without milk? Cease to exist, I believe. Milk turns up everywhere and with everything, and very good it is. This man walked down with us to the little inn. He was the son of the circumnavigator of Spitzbergen, and his father received

from the Royal Society a gold English watch for his pluck. His son possessed this treasure, and showed it to us with great pride. *He* also wanted to see England, as did everybody that we had spoken to as yet, but he had heard of London pickpockets and burglars, and could not quite summon up enough of his father's pluck to make the plunge. We explained to him the truth of the matter and parted great friends.

The first thing to be done the following morning, Wednesday, was to call at the Post Office, but there were no letters for us, so we returned to our breakfast a little sad at no tidings from home. That having been accomplished, our next care was to find something to do with ourselves for the remaining three days that we had to spend in Tromsö. It was rather a hopeless and aggravating task ; what one man assured us was true, another positively asserted to be false ; one would tell us the Fjord had scores of rivers running into it, each and all containing trout in unheard of quantities, while another when asked if there was any trout stream near, would think a moment, and then come to the conclusion that there was *one* a few miles further up the Fjord, out of which trout had been known to have been taken ! We settled at last in desperation on going to the nearest river we could, and trying our luck ; so packed up the necessaries for one night, a stock of cartridges and a few other odds and ends, including a spring weighing machine—to weigh the fish when caught—another of Killlearn's ideas—and, putting our rods and guns under our arms, sallied forth from Smith's hotel about eleven o'clock to find the landing stage. On our way we called on the English Consul, Hr. Holst, who was most civil and good-natured, and did all in his power to put us in the right track, and it was finally at his instigation that we chartered a boat and two men to pull us over the blue waters of the Fjord to the opposite shore, whence we should have to walk some three or four English miles to find the trout stream he had recommended.

They were capital fellows our two boatmen, and took the money that we paid them without grumbling ; this latter fact is to be, perhaps, accounted for by supposing that they were immensely overpaid ; but they talked and chattered all the way over, and

seemed to enjoy pulling as much as we did sitting in the stern and smoking. Arrived at the other side of the Fjord, which, though it seemed so near, took an hour or so in crossing, we found the sun was baking down on our backs in an unpleasantly strong manner. This, of course, we did not mind, it was the beginning of our training for the walk, and so bidding our friends *adieu* we shouldered our bags and trudged off up the shore.

It was not very pleasant walking ; that part of the soil which was not composed of large round stones, on an average the size of one's head, consisting of a thick layer of black mud, the deposits of the frequent swamps that lay at the foot of the cliff which towered above us, and which were formed by the drainage and dripping from the mountain. Only here and there did we come across sand and comparatively firm ground. After having travelled a mile or two we began to look out with surprising sharpness for the pieces of terra firma, and hailed them with delight when they did appear.

The sun was excessively powerful, and we were by no means in good training ; steamer life is not the best style of living for that sort of thing, one is apt to grow fat and lazy with doing nothing but eating and sitting still on deck. A kind of sandpiper, however, served to raise the monotony of our walk, he got up at our feet, and Killearn knocked him down in the Fjord. Barle went for him in a moment, and swam back with the bird in his mouth. The first shot in Norway and a successful one ; this was a good omen we considered, and walked on again with lightened hearts. It was not long after this that we hit on the stream, rather a small one, that came tumbling and foaming down from the mountains above, with hardly a fishable pool in it, and a bright sun ! This did not look like sport. The farm house, or rather the diminutive shed which we had been told of, stood on the other side of the stream, so we had to wade across in order to leave our luggage there. Here Killearn's boots "scored one ;" he got across perfectly dry, whilst I, with my ordinary shooting boots and leggings, arrived on the other side, of course, completely wet through.

The farm house was rather a shock to us ; it consisted of two rooms, a sleeping apartment and a cooking one, with a small adjoining shed used chiefly, I should say, for collecting all kinds of rubbish in. The family was composed of three women, and an indefinite number of children in different stages of babyhood crawling about a filthy dirty floor. They offered us a large bowl of goat's milk, horribly rank stuff; but we were very thirsty, and did not think it bad till after we had consumed about half. We had great difficulty at first in making them understand what we wanted ; in fact, they would do nothing but stare at us and mutter, "ikke ikke vorstaar" (I don't understand you). This was annoying, as I really had begun to consider myself more or less proficient at Norse. However, we continued saying very plainly, "*Kann ve har tvo senge hær i nat?*" (Can we have two beds here to-night). It was no use, they either could not or would not show any signs of understanding. Suddenly another of Killearn's happy thoughts came to the rescue, and, in a very aggravated tone of voice, "*Jeg thale Norsk*" (I speak Norwegian). A pleased smile of intelligence shot across the woman's face, and then he repeated, "Can we sleep here to-night?" "Yes, we could." Hurrah ! an answer at last.

We afterwards found out the reason of what we considered their obstinate stupidity. It was this ; very few Englishmen ever take the trouble of learning Norse ; those who visit this part of the country come to fish and not to learn the language. "*Intet Norsk fiske Torsk*" (I can't speak Norwegian and have come to catch cod) is a common proverb, and twice, when I had tried to make myself understood and failed, I overheard, "Ah ! Englishman can't speak Norse and has come to fish !" So when they see a foreigner, they at once put him down as "Englishman," banish all hopes of ever understanding what he says, and look peacefully at him till he has worn himself out in his attempts. For, of course, there is a lot in the tone of voice and pronunciation that cannot be acquired under a considerable residence in the country, and the want of this makes it harder for the common people to understand one. Having got over this difficulty, and Killearn having put the eventable question, "Are there any bears here ?"

to which the answer was, that one had been seen *once*, and had killed a calf belonging to the family, off we set to kill some dinner and explore the stream. Killearn took his rod and started for the stream, while I slung mine across my back, and, putting my gun over my shoulder, proceeded to climb the side of the hill.

It was very hard walking, huge tufts and heather-covered hillocks, with swamps in the interstices; but I struggled on, expecting momentarily the grouse and other game to begin getting up. Still higher and higher I climbed, and yet no living animal of any kind. Suddenly I came across our stream; it seemed one continuous fall from where I stood to the Fjord below; Killearn's sport I considered with comfort must have been on a par with mine—of a most meagre description—for in addition to there being, as yet, no fishable “reaches,” the water was of that horrible blue colour which it gets when the snows are still melting, and which is the best mentor an angler has, saying “Go home.”

As I was considering this I was startled by the whirr of a bird on the wing, and almost immediately a cock reeper crossed the stream below me, flying at a good pace; reeper were properly out of season at this time—but forgetful of that, bang! bang! and the pace of that cock reeper was accelerated, if such a thing were possible. This was annoying—very—the first time I had “let her off” too on Norwegian soil. After another hour's hard walk I found myself on a natural plateau, several hundred feet above the level of the sea, with trees growing sparsely here and there; but (happy sight!) the stream winding about on it in a fishable form before it took its headlong leap to the Fjord below; so laying down my gun I put my rod together, selected some likely flies, and commenced whipping the water. I kept it up, without so much as a rise, till I came to the foot of another fall, when on looking up there stood Killearn just above me. He had just finished fishing the same water with like success! We agreed that this was “all bosh,” and that the fellow who told us to come up here was—well—no gentleman.

We put up our rods after this and sat down to smoke a pipe, and over the fragrant weed determined that it was time to be

returning, as the sun was now nearly due west—*i.e.*, six o'clock ; so striking on fresh ground we turned back towards the Fjord. The same luck stuck to us that had blessed us at the beginning of the day, and another hour found us again at the door of the farm house with empty bags and hungry.

We entered and sat ourselves down on a wooden bench in one corner to await what food they could give us, having supplied ourselves with none. While waiting here we had a good opportunity of examining the place in which we were going to sleep. How shall I describe it ? Imagine a house built entirely of wooden beams laid one on the other, rotten and falling to pieces from age ; the inside divided into two compartments, the one next to that in which we were sitting containing two wooden bedsteads, with a mattress black with filth, and an old and worn-out blanket or two on it. The wood of the bedsteads, which were in the form of boxes without their lids, so eaten away with woodworm and so old that they could and did harbour insects of all sizes, enough to stock the town of Tromsø ; a floor, also of rotten wood, dust and dirt, fowls' feathers and moss lying about it, and a table to match placed under the one window of three or four panes of dusty glass that barely let in sufficient light to disclose a pale thin woman sitting at the table, sewing ; no shoes on her feet, hair unkempt, dirty, and miserable looking.

The room in which we were, formed a suitable match to the one I have just described ; it had two windows of the same description, opposite one another ; in the corner, in front of us, was an open fireplace of stone, on which burned a few sticks ; a little to the left stood the (in Norway) inevitable spindle, at which the oldest woman was working steadily, shoeless and unkempt as her companion in the next room. Children, countless in number, kept running in and out of the open door, all without shoes and dressed in one ragged garment apiece. The floor, like the one in the other room, covered with dust and dirt, moss, old rubbish, and fowls' feathers, with the addition of one or two of the fowls themselves. The roof, black with smoke, and a certain indescribable smell about the place. And this was the room, and this the floor, in which we were to sleep ! We looked at each other,

and we knew that the same thought was in the other's brain. "We *can't* sleep here! At least I'm dashed if I'm going to." So we explained this to our shoeless hostess, as she brought us our supper, and as supper was before us we began upon it. I say "began," advisedly; we neither of us continued long, for hungry as we were it was too horribly nasty. Black, bitter rye bread and stale curds of goats' milk! for which latter the term rank is not half strong enough; rankest is better, but even that conveys but a faint idea of what it really was.

We ate as much as we could, as the inmates were all looking on, and we didn't want to hurt their feelings; but *my* feelings at last would stand it no longer; I got up, said "Tak fur magd," and gratefully escaped into the open air. As I did so the master of the establishment walked up from the beach—he had been fishing I think. He appeared rather surprised; a visitor, I should say, in his humble abode was an unusual occurrence. I bowed, and we talked together, sitting on the doorstep, and on offering him a "weed," which I had bought in Tromsö that morning from one of my steamer friends who kept a tobacconist's shop there, we soon became the greatest of friends.

"If we mean to get to Tromsö to-night we must be off," observed Killearn. I assented to the proposition—it was self-evident. Here we are, and there was Tromsö, some seven miles along the shore on the opposite side. So, tired as we were, we got up off the comfortable doorstep. On asking how much to pay we were informed twelve skillings (about threepence) would be the amount, which would include taking us in a skiff to the other side of the trout stream, and thus save wet feet to walk in. We paid and said "Adieu," which word, by the way, all understand—Norse and Laps—and in a few minutes found ourselves with our dog and luggage left on the other side of the little stream, and the Norwegian and his boat disappearing round the corner.

We carried our things a little way up from the shore, and, seating ourselves on a sandy bank, I commenced skinning the first bird that we had shot in Norway, putting in practice what I had learnt from Mr. Baker, that capital taxidermist, at Cambridge. Just as I had finished the task, a great raven came swooping

down almost within shot ; they are very common in this part of Norway, and a price is offered for their destruction—croak ! croak ! and he was sailing up the valley behind us.

He was hardly out of sight when, whistling as they went, three or four small, dark-coloured birds came skimming over the water. We had two or three long shots, but brought nothing to bag, and then we said we really must be off. So set our minds to it, shouldered our baggage, and, without saying a word, tramp tramp, stumble stumble, splash splash, away we went along the edge of the Fjord. A flock of seagulls cheered us a little, especially Killearn, who attempted to stalk them along a flat expanse of sand on which they were sitting, by bending down as he walked. He didn't kill any.

We were making for a farm house that belonged to the British Consul, standing on our side of the Fjord, at which we hoped to get a bed, and, after crossing another good-sized stream by two swinging planks, we found ourselves in front of the door. A comfortable-looking house enough, with an adjoining farm yard full of contented cows. We made a considerable noise for some time, and at last the door opened, and a clean-looking woman asked us what we wanted. "Can we sleep here to-night?" "*Ikke*" (no).

"*Ikke!*" said Killearn in desperation, "What the devil do you mean?" and then repeated again, "Can we sleep here to-night?" The woman shook her head.

I have determined on one thing. If any beggar ever comes to me at half-past twelve at night, and says he has been walking all day, and wants a bed and something to eat, he shall have it. This was, indeed, rather a fix to be in, and no boat to get over to Tromsö and no tent to sleep in!

The woman, however, seemed to pity us as we flung ourselves down on the grass, for we were feeling "done;" and, coming out of the house, descended four little stairs, unlocked a small door, and in about a minute returned with an enormous bowl of new milk. Killearn smelt it before she was well out of the door, and we finished it off; she laughed, and would take no money. We had hardly done when we saw a man walking

towards the shore. He must have a boat, was the first thought that entered both our minds, so we attacked him. He was delighted to take us over to Tromsö. Here was luck indeed. Our fortune had changed at last. He had an enormous St. Bernard dog with him, which was much disposed to fight with Barle ; but we stowed one in the bows and the other in the stern, and, lying down ourselves in the bottom, again lit the comforting weed.

Our labours, however, had not ended yet ; we had to cross a strong current, and although our friend had crawled a quarter of a mile up the coast before attempting to pass over, the stream was so rapid that we had been carried past the landing stage at Tromsö, and were fast retreating up the Fjord. I jumped up and seized one oar, whilst he took the other, and for five minutes we pulled might and main. We could only just do it ; but we did succeed at last, and landed on *terra firma* on the right side of the Fjord. Our boatman indignantly refused the offer of any remuneration, so we thanked him cordially and wished him good night. When we got to the hotel, to our surprise, the inmates had not retired to rest ; they sleep very little in summer, and make up for lost time in winter. Boiled eggs and hot coffee soon came, and as soon disappeared ; and half an hour later we were soundly asleep, the last thing we heard being the notes of the guitar at about two in the morning.

When we awoke it was raining in a steady determined manner that bespoke a wet day, so we did not hurry over our breakfast, and settled to spend the time quietly in the town. As we were smoking our morning pipe at the door of the inn the one-eyed Mr. Smith came up, and asked if we had seen the "museum." No, we had not ; indeed, we didn't know that such a thing existed. Half an hour later found us knocking for admission. It is well worth the trouble of a visit ; besides some capitally-stuffed specimens of bears, especially one splendid Polar, seals, reindeer, and all sorts of queer quadrupeds, natives of these climes, there was a good collection of Lap silver and Lap dresses, ancient swords and ornaments, perhaps once the possessions of the vikings of Norway ; with one room devoted entirely to old Church decorations, inscriptions, &c. ; and also a number

of stuffed birds of the country, well set up. We spent several hours in this place very pleasantly, and, then, as the clouds had lifted a little, strolled down the town.

We had hardly got a hundred yards when we met a *bonâ fide* Laplander—a horrible moving heap of skins and dirt. This was our first close inspection of the breed, and I think, from what I afterwards saw, he was a fair average specimen of his countrymen. He was about 4ft. 6in. high, face and hands absolutely grimed with dirt, a peculiar sort of hat—somewhat like the headpiece that Britannia wears on the English penny—made of black cloth, with the stiff four-cornered flat piece above, and striped from corner to corner with red or yellow; his long uncombed hair fell some way down over a tunic of skins that reached to his knees, and a broad leathern belt was fastened round his loins. This skin is never properly cured, and the smell may, therefore, be better imagined than described, while, of course, it becomes a regular harbour for animals of the worst description. A pair of thin and wrinkled hands, more like eagle's claws than human limbs, protruded from the sleeves, and his thin bow legs were tightly cased in dirty white cloth, probably the production of his wife's spindle. His feet showed disproportionately large in leathern shoes, turned up in a point at the toes, and made very big about the ankle and instep; they are stuffed full of dry hay, and bound round and round several inches up the leg with a coloured sort of string or thong of leather.

These shoes serve as a capital protection against the severe cold, but last only a short time, six months being the average wear, we were told. They are simply one piece of leather all round, reindeer probably, the soles being composed of two discs of leather attached to the bottom of the foot, one under the heel and one under the toe; sometimes reindeer's skull bone is substituted for leather in this part of the shoe.

He was a queer-looking figure, and as he walked by with his ugly slouching gait, and glanced at us with small piercing black eyes, he looked capable of any amount of villany, and we remarked that we would take good care, if all his fellows were like him, not to trust Laps far out of our sight. I think it was a

good resolve, for they are a mean lying race, and in every way a striking contrast to their Norwegian neighbours. The Lap is short, dirty, badly built, dark-haired, mean, and a thief. The Norwegian is tall, clean, well-built, light-haired, magnanimous, and honest.

We heard from our host that the Laps had come down to the sea coast with their reindeer for the summer, in order to escape the mosquitoes and heat inland, and that they were encamped not very far up the mountains on the other side of the Fjord. Having a day to spare we thought we should like to go and have a look at them; so the following morning about eleven o'clock we again landed in front of the British Consul's farm, where we had been given a drink of milk and refused a bed two nights before, with our guns and a few cartridges, on the chance of getting a stray shot, and set off up the valley in the direction of the Laps' encampment. After a time the valley came to an end; the walking there was bad enough owing to the thick undergrowth of beech and the uneven and swampy nature of the ground, but when we began climbing the side of the mountain we found out what hard walking really was. I say walking; but it was a good deal more scrambling, hanging on tooth and nail, and struggling up the slope through huge blocks of stone and landslips, showers of earth and small stones rattling down at each step. The guns, too, we found greatly in our way, and many were the narrow escapes that mine had of being bent and rendered useless against the great boulders of rock among which we were making our way.

However hard we climbed, the top always appeared about forty feet further up; it seemed absolutely endless; but presently we got into more open ground, the trees grew more and more scantily, stumpy, and dwarfed, until at last we cleared them, and were on the Fjeld—that part of the mountain above the tree line. The walking here was easier, and we came across frequent patches of snow two or three feet deep, until at length we gained what virtually was the top. We had been about three hours getting there, and not one feather or moving animal had we seen on the way. I sat down on a rock, and contemplated the splendid bird's eye view of the valley below; its silver stream and Tromsö on its

island, with a network of Fjords and islands running far away as the eye could reach. But where were the Laps? Not a sign to be seen of them in any direction.

Killearn was more energetic, and walked up a little further to see over the other side; he came back shortly, saying there were no signs of Laps there, and that he had reached the real summit. I don't believe him to this day. I am sure there was the usual forty feet again before him, but that was too much even for his energy. Just as he got back clouds began drifting up and shutting out the view, and in about a quarter of an hour we were in a thick wetting mist, so deemed it advisable to descend. We didn't lose our way, in fact it would have taken a clever fellow to do so; to run down the hill in front of us was all we had to do, and in about an hour and a half we found ourselves again at the British Consul's farm house, our legs feeling rather shaky and nothing in our bags.

It was then that Killearn discovered we had lost our weighing machine. The last time we had seen it was two nights before, when we sat on the grass in front of the house, drinking milk.

As we walked up to the place we met three men. Killearn accosted one with the inevitable, "Do you speak English?"

"Yah, yah!" looking very pleased and intelligent.

"Well, do you understand, *weighing machine*?"

"Ah! yah, yah."

"We have lost one which we left here, have you seen it?"

"Yah."

"It's mine, please give it to me," holding out his hands.

"Yah."

"Well, where is it?" and more energetically, "Give it up, *vorstaar*, give it up, you idiot."

And then vanished the intelligent expression, and he began with the everlasting *ikke, ikke*.

We were tired, and felt more inclined to damage him than I can tell you.

It is a way they have, the Laps especially, to every question you ask, they say, "Yah, yah," in hopes of its being a compatible answer, and thus saving all further trouble, looking the while as

if they understood every word you said, and then, finally, when you ask a question that requires a further answer than "yah," and angrily repeat it, the intelligent expression vanishes, and they stare stupidly at you, and begin "*ikke ikke vorstaar*," till you feel inclined to commit an assault.

We did, however, find our weighing machine just where we left it, and returned hungry and contented to a good dinner of fish and eggs, and dried reindeer's flesh. After dinner that evening we were introduced by one of our steamer friends to the Tromsø Club, of which we had heard so much on board the steamer. We were hospitably received by the members who happened to be present, played one game of billiards, and were in the middle of another, when in came a tall, ill-looking man, who watched us a moment, and then seemed to be discussing something in an angry manner with some of the members. In a minute or two our friend who had introduced us came up to say he was very sorry; but Hr. Somebody, who was head man and secretary of the club, disapproved of strangers being introduced; so we bowed and walked out, registering many fearful vows that on no condition would we ever again be tempted to enter a Norwegian club room. It was an unnecessary piece of rudeness on the part of Hr. Somebody, yet I must say, in fairness to the Norwegians, the only time during the whole of our tour that we were subjected to any incivility.

The following evening the steamer was to leave that should convey us round the North Cape to Vadsö; so the day was spent in the town, purchasing a few odds and ends, two of which, perhaps, are worth mentioning.

First, a peculiar yellow fly with large white wings, which we were recommended, I think, by our host, and which afterwards did more service than all those we had brought from England.

The second was not really a purchase at the time, though I obtained some of the things afterwards. In a small shop where we saw a collection of skins, with several Laps standing about the door, we found that, in addition to the skins which they had brought in for sale, the result of their previous winter's hunting, some of the poorer families had made away with pieces of their

old silver in the shape of rings, spoons, snuff boxes, &c ; all very old and of a peculiar pattern. They are by no means unknown in this country, but I think the rings may be worth describing. A Lap engagement ring is a broad band of silver, sometimes inlaid with gold, and traced with queer patterns and signs ; to the outside of the ring itself are attached several smaller rings, hanging from it, five or seven in number. On an engagement being made the ring is presented, and every time the fair one sees cause for displeasure with her lover she breaks off one of these little rings. If the whole five are gone the engagement has been broken off, and, I presume, she keeps the ring for her trouble. If this is the case, an evilly-disposed Lap female could amass no small fortune in rings, provided the lovers came in sufficient numbers. But, I suspect, 'once bit, twice shy' is a proverb acted on here, as elsewhere. However, it is a good custom ; it teaches a person to look before he leaps, and to consider the possibility of a ring-breaking *fiancée* becoming a heart-breaking wife.

That night we paid our bill, seventeen dollars, which, on expostulation, was knocked down to fifteen (£3 7s. 6d.)—little enough for board and lodging for two people for five days—but the bills will generally be reduced if the demand is made ; in fact, I think it is usually expected to be made, and you are overcharged at first, to allow for the deduction.

By twelve o'clock we were once more settled with all our belongings on board the "Nordenskjöld," bound for Vadsö and the North. In half an hour we had turned a corner in the Fjord, and Tromsö, with its codfishers, its Club, and its museum, its one-eyed Mr. Smith, and its dirty Laps, was lost to our view, as it lay peacefully in the faint mellow beams of the midnight sun.

The saloon passengers in the "Nordenskjöld" were few in number, and the chief object of interest was a clean Lap whom we had on board. He was a novelty, and, as I found out afterwards, a rarity. He was the servant of a Norwegian, who was out on a surveying expedition in the country that lies between the Alten and the Tana, with a friend, an Austrian, who spoke English perfectly. This Lap was quite a decent-looking fellow, considerably above the average height of his race, not dressed in

skins, but in a rough homespun tunic of a coarse white material, with stripes of bright red and yellow across from shoulder to shoulder, and leading from that stripe, as it were, four more reaching half-way down his back; with a huge knife, or rather billhook, hanging from his side. I believe his skin-clad brethren whom we saw at Tromsö all wear this coarse home-spun tunic under the skins; but there was one great peculiarity in our friend on board,—he was in the habit of washing, whereas Laps, as a rule, are most careful to avoid anything of the kind.

He was a sensible Lap, too, and the surveying officer's friend told us that he was of the greatest use; that he had drawn out a map of the Tana country from his own head, without the use of any instruments or reference to any book whatever, and that it had been as nearly correct as possible in distances, positions of mountains, &c.

We had one other interesting passenger—a Norwegian lady. She had come from Christiana, and was going by boat up the Tana to a little place called Seida, walking thence to Vadsö, some fifty English miles, all by herself, with a Lap to carry her luggage. She was a strong-minded person, certainly, possessed a weather-beaten complexion, spoke strong American, and “guessed” she would reach Vadsö in four or five days.

On arriving at Hammerfest I was delighted to receive a letter from England, but somewhat disappointed to find it had been written the day after I left! Truly we were getting at length out of the civilised world, and this last thought was comforting at any rate.

Hammerfest looked a miserable little knot of houses when we anchored in front of it; it was raining hard, too, which did not serve to lighten the natural gloominess of the place. Nevertheless, the entire population, men, women, and children, were all ranged in a thick crowd, staring at us; for the water was so deep close in shore that we lay within easy speaking distance of the beach. The hills round were rough and rugged-looking, and completely bare of trees; in fact, nearly so of vegetation of any sort, and the score or so of dilapidated wooden houses at their feet looked but miserable representations of the big

letters that are seen on maps, HAMMERFEST. In all the maps this wretched place is marked as big as Tromsö and Thronthjem. I believe, however, there is a considerable trade carried on in cod-liver oil, and also in slate.

At dinner that evening our Austrian friend raised our spirits somewhat by describing the chances we should have of good sport when we got away into the Tana forests ; but warned us against the mosquitoes of that district, which he had heard were equalled by no insect in existence. We said we didn't mind that sort of thing, and should be all right, as we possessed veils. Our opinions were changed on this subject in about another fortnight.

The feeding on board the "Nordenskjöld" was very good, and Norway beer made a capital addition. If it were not for the quantity of oil with which everything is drenched, and the habits of the people when at meals, which are none of the cleanest, one might almost imagine oneself on board an English vessel. The "sexa," or little dishes of dried reindeer, smoked salmon, slices of egg, rolls, and bread and butter, with a glass of *aquavite*, is peculiar, and I think almost the best part of the dinner. These dishes stand on a side table by themselves ; you go up to this and take one or two things before beginning dinner, aided by a glass of *aquavite* (the spirit of the country), and this is supposed to give you an appetite for the regular dinner to which you sit down afterwards. "Sexa" is never charged for in the bill, and the dinner itself is very reasonable.

The next day, at breakfast, we heard that the captain had determined to pass round the North Cape instead of going inside the island, of which it forms a part, as he might have done, and indeed, as it is usual to do when the weather is bad and the sea at all rough. This was good news, and about luncheon time I went on deck just as we were rounding the most northern point in Europe. The scenery from Tromsö had been tame, very tame, in comparison with what we had seen on our first arrival in Norway, but here it became grand again.

The North Cape itself, a huge black cliff, rises sheer to a height of several hundred feet, and against its feet the waters of the Arctic ocean hurl themselves in impotent fury and burst in foam. On

the extreme edge of its summit stands a statue of King Oscar II., a man who has certainly won the hearts of the people in the more northern part of his dominions. During our journey I should think six or eight people showed me his photograph, telling me at the time, "He gave it to me with his own hand!" Every one was loud in his praises, and proud of having seen or spoken to him. This statue, though of great size, appears so small from the sea below that it almost requires the aid of a glass to distinguish it; we did just see it, however, with the naked eye, looking like a little peg of wood driven into the ground.

This was our highest northern point, and soon afterwards we found ourselves steaming down the Porsanger Fjord, to call at a little town almost at the extreme end. I think it was about this time that we settled first of all to land at a place called Berelevaag, and walk across to Vadsö, but subsequently we heard such miserable reports of the bareness of the country in this part that we gave it up. It was all open Fjeld, without a single tree. One man, who had laid the telegraph across it, vouched for the truth of this, and said that no animals were to be found, and that no one lived there but a few Laps, who came down to the coast in the summer. So we finally settled to land at Stangness, a place at the mouth of the Tana river, and make our way thence to Vadsö for letters, before we regularly started across country.

We picked up a whole family of Laps on Porsanger Fjord, boat and all; one of whom we were very nearly taking with us as a guide and carrier of part of our luggage. I went up to him and addressed him in Norse; but he didn't understand one single word that I said, and, as Lap is an almost impossible language to learn under four or five months, I came to the conclusion he would be more trouble than profit, so gave him up. We were rather sorry to do so, as he was fairly clean and respectable-looking; he got out at the next stopping place, and we saw him no more.

These long Fjords in the far north of Norway, such as Porsanger and the Tana, to my mind, possess little or no natural beauty of scenery. On a favourable day, however, when the sun kindly shines, and the steamer goes splash, splash, through the

still water, it is very pleasant to sit astern and watch the changing forms of the low hills on either side, and feel the utter stillness and peace of the place. We had been very lucky in our weather all the way up, and especially free from fogs, which latter, however, hang more in dense banks some distance from the shore itself; in fact, we had seen one or two of these curtains of mist out at sea while we ourselves were turning and twisting about the islands and Fjords inland. But we were not destined to get off scot-free. As we came out of the Lax Fjord we found ourselves suddenly enveloped in one of these coast fogs, and there was nothing for it but to crawl on at less than half speed in a most dismal manner. This was the more aggravating as at the mouth of this Fjord, on a certain rock, there exists a regular colony of birds, Solent geese, I think, and on a clear day the steamers are in the habit of firing off a small cannon or making some other noise to disturb them from their homes, when the sky becomes instantly blackened, or rather whitened, with them, in such marvellous numbers do they come out.

Finding we were well in for this fog I went below and turned in; to my disgust, however, when I again appeared on deck the fog was all gone, and I heard that we had after all been able to see the birds, a gun had been fired, and everybody on board, Killearn included, had seen the sight, excepting me.

We were now fast approaching the end of our sea journey; at four that afternoon we should be at Stangness, at the mouth of the Tana, and there we were to begin our walk. We had thought first of going to a small place called Berelevaag, on the Kargo Fjord, as I said before, and we were really only saved, from what I am sure would finally have been death by starvation, by the good-natured workman who had set up the telegraph wires across that horrible country to Vadsö. It was the captain who had advised us to do it; he didn't like Englishmen for some reason or other, and told lies to amuse himself and at their expense, on every subject on which an unfortunate traveller might question him.

The country round on both sides of the Tana Fjord looked black and dismal enough, snow still lying about on the great sweeps of high lands, and not a tree to be seen, or a vestige of

any human habitation. We didn't stop to look long ; but were busy below packing our bags, and, with Killearn's weighing machine (which was to be used for fish), dividing the "kit" into two equal portions, so that one of us might not have more to carry than the other.

We paid the bill, a very inexpensive one, for you are only charged for the *direct* distance from one town to another, *exclusive* of the trips up the long intervening Fjords. Up some of these Fjords the large steamers do not run ; but the towns at the end keep small tugs to meet the large boat at the mouth, and so the through traveller's time is saved, his money always is, and very fairly too, as I have just explained.

As we finished "paying our shot" we heard the strains of a violin coming from the cabin ; we looked in, and found the room completely filled with passengers—at the end a little fat man playing a peculiar sort of violin, with a double head, in the most exquisite manner ; a Varanger violinist, who could make his fortune in England, I should say. We listened, delighted, till he bowed all round, and replaced it in its case. He was quite a master of his art. Then hot brandy and water was ordered all round, and his health repeatedly drunk.

The steamer whistled—we were nearing Stagness, and about to be left to our own resources. We climbed on deck, the anchor was just going down, we were at the end of our sea voyage. But the plot thickens ; I must take breath, and begin another chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Well, this might be Stangness right enough, but where were the houses? Where was the village? Not a sign could we see, with the exception of one tumble-down shed.

We were answered that this was the head of Tana Fjord, so jumped into a Lap boat, with a jovial-looking Lap in it to pull, and said farewell to steamer life for some time to come.

We had about a couple of hundred yards to the beach, and in order to get there our Lap began to row, as it seemed to us, in a most peculiar manner; he proceeded to seat himself in the bottom of the skiff, and, having inserted the handles of two large paddles into holes in the side, jerked away as if his object was to break the paddles rather than move the boat. In spite of this we made pretty good way, and in a few minutes touched the shore. He waited only to be paid a trifle, and then turned and rowed back to the steamer, leaving us standing there with about 120lbs. of luggage, and but a very vague notion of the direction in which we had to walk.

There we stood, watching the steamer—the last piece of civilization—out of sight, and when she had turned a corner in the Fjord we proceeded to load up and tramp off.

Sixty pounds to carry for any distance on one's back is, at no time and under no circumstances, a task to be smiled at; but to begin on sixty pounds late in the afternoon along a rough pebbly beach, and that sixty pounds distributed about as badly as it could possibly be, is nothing short of down-right slavery. We didn't know much about this sort of thing at present, and carried two bags with a strap over one shoulder, while only one package, the knapsack, was arranged properly—*i. e.*, with straps over *each* shoulder, so that it hung on one's back.

We didn't walk far in this state, as may, perhaps, be imagined, and on coming to a lovely clear stream trickling down the side of the cliff, determined to pitch our tent for the first time and take a rest. We discovered a plateau, about thirty feet up the side of the cliff, covered with thick short turf; this was the very place, and I went in search of pegs for the sides of our little house, whilst Killearn devoted his energies to getting up a fire.

It was rather a hard matter to find pegs in such a spot, for trees there were not, and shrubs only of the most dwarfed dimensions. I returned at length with the requisite number—eleven—and in a very few minutes the tent was reared in all its glory, and the pot was on the fire for a cup of tea.

We had chosen a most lovely spot for our first camping ground on the side of the Fjord facing the mouth of the Tana river. The sun was beginning to cast long shadows from the mountains on the calm water that stretched away at our feet. On the left hand, sweeping round in a graceful curve, lay long stretches of low hills, with forests of white birch growing some way up their sides, fading into a blue mist as the eye followed them up the valley; the rest of the Fjord seemed entirely shut in by snowy ranges of distant mountains, and behind us an almost perpendicular cliff rose precipitously to a considerable height.

The only thing that disturbed the utter stillness of the place was the cry of the Solent goose, or ganet, as he swooped over the face of the Fjord, now and then folding his wings and darting down like an arrow into the still water, as he fished for his dinner. Several seals, too, were rolling about and playing on the surface, some almost within shot at our feet, splashing and making such a noise that we kept thinking some one was bathing below. I very nearly got a shot at one that night; but he was too "cute," and disappeared just as I was drawing a bead on his little black head.

As we sat there smoking our pipes, and watching the ganets, round a corner came a skiff with a couple of Laps in it; they were singing as they rowed, and seemed in high spirits, probably full of *aquavite*. They spotted our tent at once, and we heard their boat grate on the beach below. In a minute or two their heads appeared over a rock at our feet, and then they climbed on

to our little plateau, and stood staring at us without saying a word. Killearn ventured "Good day!" to which a grunt was the only response, and so we sat and smoked on, and left them to their own devices.

Presently a man appeared, walking along the beach; as he came nearer we could see he was decently dressed, evidently a Norwegian. He, too, spotted our white tent, and came climbing up the side of the cliff. He turned out to be a capital fellow, and said he lived a little further on down the shore, was master of a guano factory, the manure being made out of the decayed heads of codfish (piles of which we had seen standing and bleaching in the weather as we came up the coast); a very profitable business to be in, I believe, as the number of establishments of the kind would seem to show.

He was very anxious that we should share his roof for the night, assuring us that we should find the ground very cold to lie on with only a waterproof sheet under us; but we couldn't possibly give up our first night's camping out, and, although inwardly I felt more inclined for the chance of a comfortable bed, we thanked him for his offer, and declined, saying, however, we would certainly call on him for breakfast the following morning.

Before he left we asked him to question the Laps if either of them would show us the way over the Fjeld to Vadsö; for he spoke their language as well as his own, as, indeed, all the Norwegians do up here in the North. But they demanded an enormous sum for the job, which we had to refuse, and our friend sent them off to their boat, remarking that they were "just like their fellows, spoilt by *aquavite* and Englishmen." The former, I should say, being the real reason; perhaps he had some particular spite against the latter that made him speak in this way of them. They went laughing and singing down to their skiff, and their voices came faintly back to us as they pulled away across the Fjord to the little village at the mouth of the Tana.

We pressed our friend to take a cup of our tea; but he refused, and wishing us good-night, and reminding us of our promise to come to breakfast the following morning, disappeared down the side of the cliff, and we were again left to our own meditations.

The tea was gratefully received ; the water had taken a most preposterous time to boil ; but it was done at last, and we produced our leathern cups, and finished off the pot. This tea was some that we had purchased in compressed cakes at Morrell's, and a pound of it lasted us well all through our tour, a small piece about half an inch square, or even less, making sufficient for six or eight cups. It was a capital idea, and really sometimes I don't know how we should have got on without it.

Tea finished, we proceeded to divest ourselves of our clothes and get into our sleeping dress, I into my sack and Killearn into his smoking suit. Divest ourselves of our clothes ! Did ever mortal man hear of such a "green" act. Of course, before we had laid down half an hour on the waterproof sheet, with our heads on the bags and Barle at our feet, we were almost perished with cold, and, in spite of first one and then the other covering himself up in the garment he had taken off, cold and miserable we remained. Not for one moment did I close my eyes that night for the cold, the noise of the ganets and the broad daylight were together enough to have kept awake a man tired out with a much harder day's work.

About five o'clock, as far as I could tell by the sun, I could stand it no longer, and, opening the door of our tent, stepped out. Barle seemed to have had enough of it too, and was only too delighted to get into the open air again. Ugh ! how miserably cold and unkempt I felt. Scrambling down the side of the cliff to the water below, I performed my ablutions as best I could. We had brought two large pieces of soap, and it was a blessing we did, it is not an article of general consumption in Lapland. I had hardly finished my toilette when Killearn appeared slowly crawling down towards me. I never saw a fellow look so utterly miserable in my life ; but he said he felt fit enough, so, of course, did I, and, taking my gun and Barle, left him washing, and set off up the side of the hill to see what I could bring to bag. There was hardly cover enough to hide a good-sized rat, and I returned in an hour with nothing for breakfast. Soon afterwards Killearn came in with a like report. We were feeling fit enough now, if it wasn't that the inner man called

loudly for support, and we fervently blessed our Norwegian friend of the night before, and agreed that about the best thing to do was to strike tent and march on to his house as soon as possible. So we rolled up our little house, packed the bags again, and, slinging our things over our shoulders, marched off along the beach.

We hadn't far to go ; round the headland to our left we saw the factory about a mile off, with a neat little wooden house standing by it. We soon arrived at the door, having threaded our way through whole regiments of cod's heads, all more or less in an advanced stage of decomposition.

It was about seven o'clock now, but the master of the establishment was not yet up. We found a servant girl in one of the outhouses, milking a cow, who went in to the house to give information of our arrival, and returned in a minute or two with the good news that the master would be down directly. Our baggage was then deposited on the wooden doorstep, and we strolled down to the little jetty whence the manure was shipped when made.

The establishment was charmingly situated, entirely sheltered from the north and east, with a clear sparkling stream, full of small trout, running close by the back of the house into the sea below. There was one drawback to it, however—the smell—it was excessively strong, and of a very unpleasant character.

When we got back to the house again our last night's friend met us at the door, and, apologising for keeping us waiting, showed us upstairs into a room, very well fitted up ; plain, but neat and clean. He asked us how we had fared the night before, and we said all right.

How did you like the mosquitoes ? were there many about ?

We really hadn't thought of them ; oh yes, once, as we were walking from the steamer, Killearn suddenly raised his hand to his neck with an involuntary exclamation, remarking that the flies bit very sharply. That must have been a mosquito ! Our surmises afterwards proved to be correct ; that animal *was* a mosquito, the first of countless sharp fangs that were destined to enter our flesh, and Killearn had had the honour of having first blood drawn.

In a few minutes a clean table cloth was laid, and boiled salmon, eggs, and fresh milk, with some capital home-made white bread, were put before us. Our host would not sit down with us, although we pressed him to do so ; but, after seeing that we had all we wanted, disappeared, and left us to eat our "frokost" by ourselves. We cleaned up most of what there was, and felt pounds better, and then went downstairs and smoked a pipe with our friend, and talked over the best way of getting to Vadsö.

He held out no hopes of obtaining a guide to go over the Fjelds ; but thought that, perhaps, we might come across one on our way up the Tana, and that our best course would be to take a boat up that river and try at the different little places we passed to get some one to undertake the job. He could convey us to the mouth of the stream in his own boat, and give us a letter to the "handelsmann"—general storekeeper—who lived on an island there, to procure a boat to take us up the river.

We thanked him very much for his offer, and determined forthwith to act upon it ; so conveyed our baggage down to the little wooden jetty while our host went in search of his man. He soon returned with a Norwegian—thank goodness not a dirty Lap—and all our things were stowed away in an ordinary English-looking boat.

We asked "How much shall we pay?" but our host was horribly offended at the question, and we felt that we had hurt his feelings ; so we thanked him heartily for his hospitality, said adieu to his wife, who had just made her appearance (it was now nine o'clock, so they were not early risers), and settled ourselves in the stern of the boat, with Barle in the bows, and felt at peace with all mankind.

It was some way to pull, three or four English miles, I dare say ; but it was such a lovely morning, and everything seemed new and strange ; our boatman, too, was a capital fellow, and talked and laughed the whole time. But in spite of all this, about half way across I felt exceedingly like sleep, and don't remember much distinctly but Killearn saying to the man, "Han sove," (he is asleep,) and being aware that the man was looking at me and laughing. Shortly afterwards Killearn got into much the same

state, and we were only awoke by large drops of rain falling on us. On looking round we found we had entered the Tana, and that the little island of which our host had spoken was a few hundred yards ahead.

On the shore to our left, from twenty to thirty Laps stood round a couple of fires lit at the foot of the low cliffs, laughing and talking at the top of their voices. We appeared to be the subject of their merriment ; but how, or in what particular way, I cannot say. The island on which the handelsmann's house stood was composed of unadulterated mud ; in its highest part only a few feet above the level of the river, in the shape of a capital *O*. In the centre stood the wooden house and store-room, round which were clustered half a dozen dirty-looking Laps, while the rest of the island was entirely covered with drying codfish, which hung in long lines between poles about four or five feet from the ground.

Our arrival on the island was the sign to those Laps who were on the mainland for a general stampede, and they came swarming across in their little low canoes, and had their fill of staring at us as close as they wished. We jumped out, and walked through them, leaving the boatman in charge of our things, and on entering the house of the handelsmann were shown upstairs into a room which served as sitting room, consulting room, shop, and post-office, all in one. One young Norwegian, who was writing, could talk a little English, so we explained that we wanted two men to take us up the Tana to a river called the "Mashok," where we had heard that there was good fishing to be had. But we limited the price ; this was a "tip" from our strong-minded female on board the Nordenskjold. We said we would give six marks and no more, and that, if no one could be found to take us for that money, we would walk.

The proper charge is two marks and a half per Norwegian mile, which is equal to about seven English miles, and the distance to "Mashok" was from two to three Norwegian miles. We looked out of the window with some anxiety to see the handelsmann go down to the Laps below ; whatever he said was received with ironical laughter, and our hearts sank within us. Then he passed

round to the other side of the house, and we waited impatiently for his return. Presently he came up to say that two young men would take us for the money, and the boat, or rather canoe, would be ready at once. So we thanked him for the trouble he had taken, descended the wooden staircase into the cooking room, and emerged again amongst the Laps.

They seemed to have become very hilarious since we had left them, and one little, weazened, crooked-kneed specimen of about four feet nothing, with very long skinny arms, came up and jabbered away at us with great spirit, waving his arms and shaking his fist. We asked what he said, and were told he was remarking that he hoped the ——— England would not go to war with Russia, for that if she did he would have to starve or live on rats and vermin, and that he would take it out of the Englishman, &c., &c. He was full of *aguavite*, and it added spirit to his discourse and energy to his actions in a very amusing way.

He had some reason to be excited about the matter, for in the last war with Russia our ships did their duty so well that not one Russian grain ship managed to get to a port in this part of the country; the consequence was not pleasant to the unfortunate Laps; they depend almost entirely for their bread on Russia, and when that source of obtaining food was cut off I dare say the vermin had a mean time of it. But a kick from our boatman cooled this energetic Lap wonderfully. The Norwegians treat these Laps more like beasts, or little children, than men. I don't mean that they are cruel to them; but they seize them, and shake and scold them, and the little Lap runs off and does what he is told at once.

Our man having done us this good turn was desirous of returning to the "guano-fabriken," so we gave him some *trink-geld*, with which he was charmed, and said adieu. Presently the canoe which was to take us up the river was paddled over from the shore by two boys, but strong-looking fellows enough, in which we soon got our things stowed away.

A Lap river skiff is a most peculiar specimen of boat building; it only draws an inch or two of water, with high bow and stern à la Norwegian, and when loaded the gunwale at the middle rises

only an inch or two above the water, so light that two men can carry it easily, and a perfectly flat bottom.

In the middle of this flat floor we piled our things, and sat down on the top of them. Our two boatmen, however, shook their heads, and made us descend to the bottom itself, and lean up against our bags; if we had not done this we should have upset to a certainty, and, even as it was, we rocked about in the most unpleasant manner. In this position we shoved off with a Lap in the bows and a Lap in the stern, each armed with a fir pole about 8ft. or 10ft. long, very light, with which they punted the canoe up the stream, keeping close to the edge, where they could find shallow water. They both worked on the same side of the boat, and it was astonishing at what a pace we went along.

These poles are called "stanges," and you ask to be "stanged" to such and such a place. It is the only way of going up these rivers, a larger boat would be impossible to manage owing to the frequent falls and rapids. If, however, we had been going down stream the "stanges" would have been laid aside, and one Lap would have been sitting *on* the bottom in the bows, paddling, while the other in the stern steered with a large broad blade.

We had not gone a hundred yards before it came on to rain; this was unpleasant, and, as we were sitting back to back, and had only one waterproof sheet between us, it was evident some change of position must be made, so we shouted "till land," and pointed to the shore; they understood, and the canoe was hauled half out of the water, and made safe to stand up in. When we got there we didn't quite know what to do or how to arrange so that we should share the benefit of the waterproof sheet; our Laps, however, saw what we wanted, and came to the rescue. The thing was not broad enough for us to sit side by side, so they proceeded to arrange two bags at one end and two at the other, leaving room for themselves to stand behind these packages, one at the bows, the other in the stern; then there was just room for one's feet to come up close by the opposite bags (or by the other's head if he was lying down at full length), and the waterproof sheet could be spread over us both. And so we sat, facing one another, with a Lap stanging behind each one's back; this was capital, and we pushed off and continued our journey.

This arrangement was finished just in time, the rain came down in a deluge ; but the waterproof did its work, and we remained snug and dry enough. We hadn't gone a great distance further when our boatmen again put in shore, what for we couldn't tell, as we didn't understand a word they said, and they did not speak Norse. One of them jumped out, and disappeared among the trees on the bank, in spite of our expostulations and, I am afraid, rather warm language. There we waited ; abuse did not seem to have the slightest effect on his stolid companion.

He returned shortly with a whole bundle of bushes cut from the stunted birch trees, and intimated to us to get out ; whereupon he proceeded to lay them in the bottom of the boat, and again disappeared to return with more. He used the great knife, which he carried, more as a billhook than as a knife, hacking and chopping at the boughs instead of cutting. We couldn't make out what on earth all this was for ; he jabbered something, we hadn't the faintest idea what, and, finding that of no effect, lay down himself on the top of the boughs, got up, and pointed us to do ditto. Happy thought, he was making a bed for us ! Well, the bottom of the boat was rather hard, and no doubt we should have found out exactly *how* hard it was at the end of twenty-eight miles. We blessed our laps inwardly, said "tak," the only word they did understand, and ensconced ourselves among the boughs, a capital seat they made too, and once more we started up stream.

Here we learnt our first Lap word : we ought not to have said "tak," but "gedosema." It took us about half an hour to get that out of them ; but it was right, as we afterwards found out.

They were a queer pair, these Laps ; they talked away the whole time they were working, and hardly turned a hair till they had gone about ten miles. As for the rain, I should say it was much the same to them, rain or no rain ; indeed, their thick homespun tunics of rough black cloth would keep it out almost as well as our waterproofs.

At this part the river was one mass of shoals and sandbanks, and from two to three hundred yards wide, still tidal, with no very strong current ; its banks covered with dwarfed white birch, about 6ft. or 8ft. high, which grew just a little distance up the

hills on either side, and then disappeared and left room for the open Fjelds, which swept away in long stretches as far as we could see. Once or twice the bed of the river narrowed, and the stream came rushing along at a good pace; then, if we happened to be on the outside of a curve, it was as much as our fellows could do to hold their own and push the canoe along, especially as the water, of course, was deeper there, the river having gouged it out as it swept round the curve. We kept on shipping water, too, which was annoying, and we hadn't got more than half way to the "Mashok" before we were completely wet through. This was the more aggravating as the rain above had stopped; but it continued coming up all the way in sharp showers, and it was anything but warm as we sat there.

After a certain time we began to get rather tired of the amusement of watching a couple of fellows punt themselves black in the face, and struggling to keep ourselves dry. The novelty may be interesting for an hour or two; when that wears off the matter becomes tedious. Still, on and on they went, as if they had begun only half an hour before, and round this hill and round the one in front of it, and past stream after stream, and still no "Mashok." We thought we would have some food, and began on the black bread that we had bought at the mouth of the river. It *was* nasty, and we offered the rest to the Laps; they wouldn't have it, but went on monotonously stang, stang. Really they were becoming rather annoying, also we were not feeling as comfortable as we originally did, in spite of the boughs that had been kindly arranged for our use. Were we never coming to the "Mashok?" Did these fellows know their way? Had we passed it? Can you move your legs a trifle? These were the questions that now came pretty frequently, and we sat and wished we had walked instead of cramping ourselves up in a Lap canoe.

At last we did turn in shore, on a sandy flat, and one fellow grinned and, pointing with his stang, said "Mashok." In another minute our conveyance was high and dry on the sand. Dry, did I say! no, the thing was half full of water, and we and all our goods were soaked accordingly.

These two wiry little Laps had punted us against stream for twenty-eight miles without stopping—130lb. of luggage, ever so much more of water, our two heavy selves, and a dog. I must say they are capital fellows at their own work, and last well.

It wasn't a very cheerful prospect ; a sand flat for a hundred yards or so, and then a sand bank at the end of that. The self-evident thing to be done was to see what was the other side of the bank ; we were awfully stiff, but trudged off, sinking ankle deep at every step in the soft ground. Killearn got to the top first, and shouted back, in a delighted tone of voice, that there was a house on the other side. We knew what that meant, that meant milk and home-made bread, and, perhaps, porridge ; so we started cheerfully back again to fetch our goods, and had very soon carted them over to the other side of the bank among the dwarfed birch trees—our friends of the morning.

We got up a roaring fire, and the tent pitched in front of it, and all our moistened goods hung up to dry. Presently the two Laps appeared (on their arrival they had made off at once for the house), and, by their gesticulations, conveyed the intelligence to us that they would like some money. We paid what we had agreed to, of course, and equally of course they held out their hands for more ; but they didn't get it, and, after jabbering and holding out their hands for some time longer, they stopped, had a good stare at us, and then shambled off (for they are hideously ugly walkers), disappeared over the sand hill in the direction of their skiff, and were seen no more.

We were beginning to feel more comfortable now, and shortly afterwards Killearn started off for the house ; he returned with a basin of milk and the time. The time was 7.30, and the milk was capital ; we ate some black bread with it, and did not think it so disgusting as we did in the morning—hunger is verily the best of sauces—and then felt really comfortable by the side of the huge fire, which had by this time got a good hold of a half-decayed tree, and was throwing out a splendid heat.

The spot in which we had chosen to pitch our tent was the best we could possibly have had under the circumstances ; the soil was really nothing much more than sand, and the rain that had been

falling all day had sunk through it, and left the surface comparatively dry for us to sleep upon. That night we did not divest ourselves of our ordinary clothes ; but took off our boots, for, as Killlearn remarked, he remembered from reading Xenophon that those fellows who took off their boots in the retreat of the 10,000 walked the other chaps blind, who were too lazy to do so. These were the only things we did take off, and I pulled my sack, which was of ample dimensions, well over everything, fastened up the hood, and lay down for the night.

All the way up the river we had been free from mosquitoes, thanks to the rain ; but now the rain stopped, and they began buzzing about and biting in the most aggravating manner. A pipe when inside the tent kept them off pretty well, for they got suffocated ; but when outside we had to sit in the smoke of the fire to keep at all free from them. Sleep, however, was hopeless without veils, for the tent could not keep in the tobacco smoke long, and when that was done those who had tumbled down in a stupor woke up to re-commence feeding, and those who were outside joined them. So we covered ourselves up in veils, and were soon sleeping the sleep of the just, or rather of the tired, for no one can tell what a bore it is to sit or lie in one position for any length of time in one of these narrow little Lap canoes, being jerked along by the rough pushes of the stangers.

The next morning we awoke to find the sun again blessing us with his beams, and all signs of the rain of the previous night disappeared. It was late, too, as we could tell by the sun (with the aid of our compass), almost eleven o'clock. Killlearn was to get up the fire and make the pot boil, whilst I started off for the cottage to get what I could for breakfast. The man who owned the place was a peculiar mixture of Lap and Norwegian ; a red flannel shirt, a Lap hat, Lap home-woven continuations, and high Norwegian knee boots. He was standing outside his door, mending his salmon nets. As I approached he stopped in his work to call off a mangy-looking cur who was making demonstrations of a hostile character.

I walked up and said "good day." To my delight he answered in indifferent Norse ; Lap was his natural tongue, and, as was sure

to be the case, we found we could understand each other capitally, for neither was speaking his own language, and he knew just as much Norse as I did.

He was delighted to give me all he could offer ; but I had to pay a trifle for it ; however, trifle though it was, I have no doubt he charged me twice as much as he would have done any one of his country people, and thought he was making a good thing of it.

I returned with half a 16lb. salmon, some black bread, and a huge bowl of fresh milk, to find Killearn had got up a good fire and some tea ready made. This was capital, and we sat down to enjoy our breakfast ; but such was not to be our luck—the mosquitoes had a word to say to that, or rather the “müg,” as we had now learnt to call them. They seemed to have smelt roast-beef Englishman from afar, and congregated round our heads and necks in endless numbers. Killing them was not the slightest use ; we did kill them by scores and hundreds, but there were always just as many left, so we gave that up as a bad job, and put on our veils for the first time.

A veil that is sewed up at the back is not a pleasant thing to wear at any time ; but to try and eat one's breakfast with it on, without letting a “müg” come inside along with the mouthful, is an uncomfortable and aggravating task. Try as we would, whenever a mouthful went in, also there entered one, two, perhaps three hungry “müg,” who at once set to work upon one. Then one was forced to catch them inside the veil, to clutch and rub for a minute or two before one finally settled him, only to have the same thing recur again and again as you continued your breakfast. I felt quite in a fever at the end of it, with my hair all frizzled, and my face and ears red with rubbing. It was very aggravating.

A pipe after breakfast did some little good, and kept the brutes off to a certain extent ; but we couldn't smoke for ever, and when that was done down went the veils, and were well tucked in under the collars of our coats. Suddenly, as we were sitting there, we heard the rush of many feet, and over the sand hill appeared unto us five or six sportive cows. They seemed much taken with our tent ; but that was more than we were with them, for how on

earth were we to leave our house for the day to the tender mercies of these animals, while we climbed the hills or followed the river in quest of dinner? We shouldn't find one thing standing on our return; for cows, as everybody knows, are the most inquisitive and destructive animals going.

Killearn took up his rod, said he was off, and that the cows might go and do what they liked, and in a few minutes I found myself alone, staring at the tent with the cows staring at me. My language as regards Killearn was, I am afraid, anything but select at that moment. He was gone, however, and, for my own sake, I didn't wish to return and find tent and baggage trodden into one indistinguishable mass.

There was a small piece of grass land fenced off from the surrounding forest, close to the house. Every house about here has that little piece of hay, which they make and collect with the greatest care to feed the cows on during the long winter months. I pulled up the pegs, and dragged the tent over to the other side of the rails, under it I put all our other articles of furniture, and, feeling they were safe for the time, shouldered my gun, and, with Barle at my side, and a good store of cartridges in my pocket, walked off in the direction I happened to be facing at the time.

The sun was blazing down with great force, and the "müg" were as happy and annoying as "müg" can be. My great aim was to get up on the open Fjeld, where I hoped for a breath of air; but between me and my object lay a long marsh, through which I had to tramp. I hadn't gone far when "tweek, tweek," and up sprang a large sort of snipe—bang!—and down he went right into the middle of a smelling stagnant pool of black water. Barle saw him, and went for him in a moment; but the place was half water half mud, and he had some difficulty in retrieving him; he had gone in a brown dog, he came out a black one. All through that swamp not another feather did I see, and the hot sun, the smell, and the "müg," made it so disagreeable that I was thankful when at last I found myself climbing up the side of the hill among our friends, the stunted white birches. Here was a chance for a grouse; but I only saw one, and Barle put him up out of shot. The walking was better here, the ground being covered

with soft moss, and little green mounds where trees had once grown, and fallen, and lain, and rotted, and disappeared.

A climb of about an hour brought me to the Fjeld, and, as I got out in the open, I faced a cool breeze that came sweeping over the downs, a delightful fresh change from the sultry valley I had just left. I threw up my veil and found, to my delight, that the breeze was too much for the "müg," so long as I kept on walking facing it. Barle, too, was as pleased as I was with the change, for he hadn't a veil, poor chap, and the beastly flies had plagued him terribly down below. He ran and *cavorted* with glee, and we felt that the climb and the walk through the swamp was well worth the result.

It was charming walking along one great sweep of Fjeld, with here and there a hollow and a bush or two, which I fondly imagined might harbour an unsuspecting grouse; and endless, ever-changing views of the valleys on either side. But although I had escaped from the heat and the "müg," I had also got out of the way of all signs of game, and after walking some way further, and only bringing to bag a bird rather like a black woodcock (what his name was I never ascertained), I determined to descend again among the "müg," and put up with that rather than no dinner.

I had been able to follow the course of the river with my eye all the time; it took a sudden turn to the right from our camp, and I had, in fact, made a short cut over the Fjelds to a higher part of the stream; it was now running peacefully along, a mile or two below where I stood. On my way down I came upon a small lake, deep, clear, and still, a "tarn" among the mountains, completely shut in on three sides, with a small stream running out at the end and trickling down to the river below. I walked some way round the edge, among the rushes and low bushes, in hopes of a duck; but no duck appeared, and, as I had by this time lost all clue as to the exact whereabouts of the river, I returned to the little stream at the outlet of the lake, and followed it down to the valley.

It was *the* place of all others where woodcock ought to be; on either side of it, for about a dozen yards or so, grew a small

plantation of dwarf alders three or four feet high, in soft, swampy ground. I hunted it all carefully down ; but not a bird did I flush ; and some time afterwards I was sitting on the bank of the river, hot and tired, gnawing a piece of black bread, and waging a fierce and continued war with the "müg."

I had lit a short pipe, which I managed to smoke inside my veil, and was sitting contemplating my ill-fortune, when "Quack quack ; quack quack !" I jumped up and seized my gun, but it was too late, I fired in a hurry, and a duck and mallard passed out of sight up the stream. Well, I certainly was the most unfortunate fellow going. Dinner gone ! But this roused me, and I set off scrambling along the banks of the stream to hunt for more duck. I hadn't gone very far when three got up wild, and then another, and as I was considering how to circumvent them, I saw a couple swinging up the stream some way off, yet, apparently, coming right over me. Down I went in the brush-wood like a shot, and down went Barle ; one was steering right over my head, about five and thirty yards up ; I rose just as he got over me, he swerved a little, no good—bang ! and down he came, head first into the water below ; a most satisfactory shot, and, what was more, dinner at last. One more fell to my gun on the way home, and then I struck up across the Fjeld again, leaving the river with its tempting pools, full of trout and salmon, behind, with a set determination to come and try my luck there the following day.

It was quite chilly by this time, for the sun was low on the horizon. Down the other side, and across the swamp, I picked up another small bird—edible I hoped—and shortly afterwards found myself again by the little piece of enclosed grass land. The tent and baggage lay as I left it, but there was no Killearn ; so I emptied my pockets, set up the tent in its old quarters, and had soon blown the embers of the morning's fire into a cheerful blaze.

About half an hour afterwards Killearn appeared, looking as if he had had enough of it.

"Well, what luck?"

“Pretty good, enough to keep the pot boiling.” And he flung himself down on the grass, with the remark that thick Norwegian underwood and English veils did not go well together, and began to empty his bag. He had done pretty well; one grilse about 5lb, one trout about 2½lb., and several smaller ones; whilst my bag consisted of a couple of duck, a couple of snipe, and one or two “odd men” to whom I can ascribe no name. This was capital, enough to keep the pot boiling indeed, and, as soon as Killearn was rested a little, we set to work to cook dinner.

First course was boiled salmon. No one knows what salmon is who hasn't caught him himself, and worked hard for him, cooked him himself, and eaten him an hour or two after he is out of the water. He was first-rate. Then, whilst we were eating him, a duck was roasting; plucking him was a most aggravating job, and some of his fluff we left on, thinking that we could digest it with less trouble than the plucking would be. A stick with a notch in it was then stuck in the ground, and, having made one end of a piece of string fast to the duck's tail, the other was tied to the notch in the stick, so that the duck himself turned round and round in front of the fire—a capital amateur turnspit—and a short time after we had finished our salmon he was pronounced cooked.

We agreed that the fairest way to divide him was to cut him in two in the middle, so that one might have the two wings, and the other his two legs. This was done, and my share was the wings. I scored here, as when Killearn came to dissect his part he found it raw. We had hung it too high above the fire, and only the bottom part had been roasted. We wept rather over this, and had to content ourselves with a wing apiece and a little “snack” of breast. The gravy, too, had come to grief, for we had put a plate under the duck to catch it, and, mixing it with water, kept pouring it over him all the time he was roasting. We began with a good supply; but it gradually grew less and less, and we couldn't understand the reason why. It was explained to us when we took him down, for on turning him over a splendid stock of rich gravy ran out of his inside; we had roasted him wrong side up! The feathers, too, were not so nice to masticate, as may be

imagined ; but, barring these few drawbacks, he was first-rate. Barle enjoyed his bones raw and cooked, and the pot was washed out, and we had a "dish of tea" apiece ; and, when we finally lit our pipes, we felt satisfied with everything and everybody.

Suddenly Killearn's eagle eye caught sight of the mass of feathers that had been plucked off the duck ; he was an eider duck, and there is a heavy penalty for shooting them at this time of year. The Lap would see them, and we should be prosecuted. So we dug a hole in the sand with our knives, and buried the evidences of our law-breaking. We might have saved ourselves the trouble, I think, for the Lap never but once came near our tent, and even if he had seen the feathers would, probably, not have cared whether we shot an eider duck in July or not.

However, it was a relief to us, and, shortly afterwards, as the fire began to burn low, we encased ourselves in our several night apparatus, and, calling Barle inside the tent, lay down to take our rest. This was one part of the day that we always enjoyed, for we could manage to fix the "müg" by puffing the tent perfectly full of clouds of tobacco smoke ; in a few minutes those that were inside tumbled down drunk, and those that were outside thought better to remain there. Then we took off our veils, and I wrote my diary, from which I am inditing the present matter, and then we turned round on our sides, and slept the sleep that tired mortals occasionally do.

One word about mosquito nets. To be of real use they should have a small hoop of whalebone or something of the kind, about the height of the mouth, so as to keep the net from touching any part of the face, as otherwise the "müg" soon find out the place where they can work away through the net, and you might just as well not have one on at all. I awoke once or twice with a whole *bunch* of them in one place, and the irritation something fearful ; but this could have been avoided by having a hoop as I have described, and I would strongly advise any of my readers, who propose to go to this part of the world in summer, to have their nets constructed in this manner.

CHAPTER V.

When we awoke the rain was pelting against the sides of the tent, which kept it out bravely. It kindly held up for an hour or two, to allow us to get our breakfast, and gave us time to light up the old tree stump again. We had a rare breakfast too—salmon and porridge. The porridge was another of Killearn's bright ideas; he said that, not knowing the Norse for it, he entered the house and stirred imaginary porridge over the fire, and the people understood it in a moment. We had to make it ourselves, however; but could obtain milk "galore," and, as Killearn was a Scotchman, of course he understood that sort of thing down to the ground.

The porridge was excellent, and a grand addition to our previous bill of fare; one thing we were rather hard up for, and that was spoons. We borrowed two; one was of bone and one of anything you please, it was impossible to say what, while both were gnawed and bitten in a rather nasty-looking manner; however, they did all right, and we agreed that porridge was the best thing we had had since we had been in Norway.

The rain just gave us time to finish our breakfast, and then down it came again; not ordinary rain, but large stable buckets full poured down on our devoted heads. Of course we made for the tent at once, got in the dog, shut the door, and said, "Never mind, it was an excellent time to write and mend one's things."

Now, I must tell you this tent of ours was a capital tent to keep your things in, or to lie down and sleep in; but it was the worst tent we could possibly have to sit up in and wait for a storm to pass. My head would keep bobbing against the sides, when sitting up, and every time it touched the canvass it got wet and cold. So we were arranged in most peculiar positions to avoid

the wet canvass, and finally ended, having finished our sewing and writing, by lying down flat on our backs and waiting. Then it was that we lamented our want of forethought in not bringing a change of clothes; the only duplicates we had were stockings, and I, much against Killearn's will, had brought another coat. If we had only had a change we might have gone out, got wet through, and come back and changed, regardless of the weather; but as it was, what were we to do? To come back and sit down in our wet things till they dried would be wretchedly uncomfortable, not to say dangerous.

As we lay there wondering when the deluge would cease the wind began to rise, and, rustling through the trees, in a short time it was blowing half a gale. Things began to take an unpleasant turn, for our tent was pitched on what was naturally pure sand, and the pegs becoming loosened, flap, flap, went the sides. The sheeting itself, too, could not stand the driving rain and the wind combined, and drip, drip, came the unwelcome water; beginning at the bottom, soaking our bags and rods, and then higher and higher, till at last we could stand it no longer. It was becoming very cold, too, so we tossed who should go out and hunt for a place of refuge; the lot fell on Killearn, who took the waterproof sheet, wrapped it well round him, and disappeared through the door of the tent, leaving me to hold on to the miserable, wet flapping thing as best I could. I stretched myself out on my back, and, with my legs at two corners, and my two hands at the other two, endeavoured to keep the tent upright until his return. He came at last, with the news that there was a cow shed, or something of the sort, a few hundred yards off, which was roofed in, but owned no walls. This was better than nothing, for move we must, as the tent was thinking of going up bodily, like a balloon, every minute. So everything was packed up in the bags, Killearn carried three, I carried one and the tent, which I seized as we went out, the two main pegs, which we always carried with us, coming up as easily as possible, and off we scuttled to the shed.

We were very wet about the knees and shoulders by the time we got there, though the distance was only a few hundred yards, and

the cold had increased so that our fingers took a long time setting up the wet tent under the shelter of the roof.

The place itself was full of odd bits of wood, and evidently used by the Lap owner as a sort of carpenter's shop ; with these we proceeded to light a fire on the lee side and cook some porridge. We finished off two of our pots full and felt a trifle warmer, and then determined that the best thing to do was to turn in. It was fearfully cold, and we were still damp, which made it worse. A happy thought ! The waterproof sheet on which we were lying had holes all round the edge, with brass edgings to them ; we ran a string all through these holes, and pulled it tight over us as we lay close together, thus making it into a sort of sack.

Before going to sleep we agreed upon two points ; first, that the tent was not waterproof, and that, therefore, we would have it dipped in oil when we got to Vadsö ; and, secondly, that we must leave our present camping ground on the morrow, for we had not yet started on our journey across to the Baltic, and had to go to Vadsö first, for letters, which we calculated would take us about a week. Then, finally, we consoled ourselves by the reflection that " anyhow the mÿg were done " by the rain ; and that was a great relief. Barle had suffered a good deal from the brutes, but we had kept them off him to a certain extent by a mixture recommended to me by my doctor before starting. What it was composed of I can't say ; but it is really a valuable preparation, as, until it is rubbed off or becomes quite dry, it is an effectual check to those plagues of a summer in Lapland, the mosquitoes.

It was awfully cold that night ; Killearn especially felt it very much, for he was lying on the windward side. However, following the instinct of that noble animal the pig, we kept close together, and induced Barle to curl himself up over our feet.

The next morning we found that we had made a grand mistake in wrapping the waterproof round us. When we got up we might just as well have been sleeping in a marsh, we were as damp all over as possible. This, of course, was the natural result of having no ventilation, and getting in damp.

It was a lovely morning, and by seven o'clock a good fire was burning and a pot of porridge cooking on it, with the tent spread out to dry in the sun. We finished up the remnants of our "bag" of two days back, and then settled with our Lap neighbour to cross over to the other side and try at one or two houses that he knew of, and see if we couldn't get some one to show us the way *op over Fjeld* to Vadsö.

An hour or so later saw us marching off to the banks of the Tana, with all our worldly goods on our backs. On the shore we found a little Lap boat, just like the one we had come up in, and, having stowed away our things, we pushed out into the stream. Our friend was going to have a look at his salmon nets on the way. We had seen several on the journey up; they are inexpensive, though troublesome to make. Stakes are driven in across the stream at some shallow part, and through them are twisted boughs to form a sort of check to the current; at the furthest end of the stakes runs a net at right angles—*i. e.*, hanging down the middle of the stream—with a *purse* at the end. The salmon takes advantage of the slack water, on his way up stream, and when he gets to the end, and falls ever so little back into the bag, his fate is sealed.

The haul was a good one that morning, three fine fish—21lb., 18lb., and 16lb.—and we thought how the Englishmen fishing above would have blessed the man if they had known it.

A little time having been wasted in taking out the fish, we very soon landed on the other side, and, dividing weights pretty equally, followed our guide up the side of the hill to a little Lap hut. The man we had expected to find was not at home, and we turned away to try another further on, not over sanguine in our hopes. We walked along the bank of the Tana, for some distance surrounded by dwarfed alders and birch, and finally turned up, through an enclosed piece of grass land, to a little wooden house that stood on a sort of plateau overlooking the river.

Our friend having entered the hut, returned shortly, and informed us that the man who could take us *op over Fjeld* would be back directly, and would we walk in till he came. We had thought, a week or so ago, that a Norwegian farmhouse was

about as dirty an habitation as human beings dwelt in ; we now changed our minds, and set down a Lap's as a degree dirtier. It was much in the same style, excepting that the bed room and sitting room were all in one. After we had been there a minute or two, I saw, what I had at first taken for a bundle of skins, begin to move, and a face looked out from under them ; it was a Lap in bed ! They sleep at all times, and their clothes, I believe, they never take off from year's end to year's end. He seemed, as he moved, to add a fresh piquancy to the already strong scent of the place, and I was on the point of moving to escape it, when the door opened, and in came an old man, a ditto of the first Lap we had seen in Tromsö, with dirty grey hair hanging over his reindeer skin tunic.

Our friend who had brought us acted as interpreter, and we told him what money we would give to be guided over to Vadsö. A long debate ensued between him and the Lap ; it seemed to be turning in our favour, when suddenly the wife threw herself into the conversation, and became very excited in words and gestures, giving us looks as if she would like to " do for us." There was a pause for a minute or two after her harangue, and then we heard the fatal word " ikke "—I knew our fate was sealed.

" Ikke nok penge " (not enough money).

" It is his wife," remarked our friend, " if it was not for her he would go."

We tried a little longer to persuade him, but it was of no use ; our purse was limited, and the wife was completely the master, so we said " Adieu," to which the dirty old hag paid no attention, shouldered our 60lb. apiece, and trudged off in the direction we were told would bring us to a road that led to Varanger Fjord direct from the Tana, called the " Kongs veien "—the king's highway. It is the only road that exists in this part of Norway, and has been but lately made ; in fact, it is yet unfinished in places. From the head of Varanger Fjord steamers, we had been told, ran weekly in the summer to Vadsö, so we should have no difficulty when we once got there.

Our little Lap friend deserted us here, and it soon became evident that we could not carry our baggage any great distance in the way we were then doing. So we called a halt, and, after some manipulation, succeeded in arranging the tent and one bag, so that the former rested high up on one's shoulders, while the latter hung low down one's back. This, of course, is the proper way of carrying any heavy weight, and we soon found what a great difference it made. The other bag and the knapsack had to remain as they were before—the knapsack in its proper place, on the shoulders, but the bag a dead weight on one side.

We were walking along the side of the stream, and making for a Lap village called Seida, whence the road to Varanger Fjord began its course. It was about fourteen English miles from the Mashok river, and we wanted to get there if possible before camping, so pushed on steadily without saying a word; we were feeling sad at heart too, for we had been told that bears inhabited the Fjeld, in the direction of Vadsö. The man whose wife had just persuaded him not to come with us, was a great bear shot—"had killed many bears." However, I have since had good reason to believe this to be absolutely untrue.

Presently we came to a dead lock; a river thirty or forty yards broad flowed into the Tana on our side of the bank, and formed a fairly effectual barrier to our further progress, for it was rapid and full of big rocks, and would have been hard to cross, more especially so with any weight on one's back. Not a house was to be seen. The only thing to do was to walk up the stream and hunt for a fordable place. But fortune was in our favour; we hadn't gone many hundred yards when we came on another solitary Lap habitation, and better than this, it had a boat belonging to it moored on the bank. The owner told us that the stream was full of trout, and that he could put us over for six skillings. We accepted his offer, and on getting to the other side settled to halt for a few hours and try a cast in the promising-looking waters.

I took my gun, and wandered up the side of the stream with an eye to a duck; but the underwood on the bank was so fearfully thick, that I could with difficulty force my way through, so

returned after a short time with a couple of some sort of snipe, to find Killearn in a high state of glee. He had only tried a few casts, and had pulled out four very fair fish. This was good hearing, so I put up my rod as well, and together we fished up a small piece of rough water. Beyond this there was nothing probable for a long distance up the river ; it all seemed a clear calm pool, more like a mill pond than a stream ; so we fished it down again, and at the end counted up together twenty-four capital fish.

We had had nothing since breakfast that morning, and it was now about nine o'clock, so we cut three stakes, and fixing them upright in the ground, hung the waterproof sheet on them to keep off the chilly wind, and lighting a fire in front of it, proceeded to fry our fish. We borrowed a sort of frying-pan and some butter from the Lap, and four of the fish were soon pronounced cooked. On these we set to work with great ardour, but did not swallow more than one or two mouthfuls ; we had forgotten to take the scales off ! and found our mouths full of the horrible fishy things, to rid ourselves from which was a work of some skill and much patience. Has anyone who reads this ever tasted fish's scales ? If he has, he will know what we experienced ; if he has not, my advice would be, take very good care never to do so. A fish's scale has all the properties of a limpet, and when once it touches the roof of your mouth, there it sticks with a tenacity which is truly desperate. The next four fish were a greater success, and the trout of course did not want scaling. Then we lit our pipes, and sat watching the rushing water below us, until the increasing cold reminded us that we should be moving.

Pipes finished, everything was packed up, including the ten remaining fish, and off we started for the Kongs veien, distant now about seven miles. The Lap, who had lent us the frying pan, said he would walk with us and show us the way ; not but what it was easy enough to find, yet his company was amusing ; and at twelve we filed away in a line, first the Lap, then myself, and the rear brought up by Killearn and Barle.

It was rather odd, you may think, starting for a walk at twelve o'clock at night ; but it must be remembered that it was quite light, and, as we found it considerably cooler than by day, we settled to do all our hard work at that period, and sleep when the sun was most powerful.

It was easy and pleasant walking, the ground being covered with different kinds of moss, and the sturdy birch trees far enough apart to enable us to steer clear of their branches, which same was no small comfort, as I know nothing more aggravating than walking through a thick forest with a veil on.

Seida is marked on the maps as a large and flourishing town, if you may guess from the size of the letters in which the name is printed. Seida in reality consists of seven Lap families, some in low wooden huts, some in houses composed of wood with bricks of turf or peat. It is a queer-looking place, more what I should imagine an Indian village to be, the houses standing some distance apart, each with its little enclosure of grass land round it, having in the centre a sort of platform of rough poles on which the hay is stored ; and round the whole village a fence of long rough stakes, each being some ten feet in length, but laid in a slanting direction, at an angle of about forty-five degrees from the ground, with a binding of willow some four feet up. It forms an impenetrable barrier, and would stop hunting better than any wire fence that ever existed, as the long jagged ends of these stakes stick up irregularly some distance above the binding, and the fence itself is a moral impossibility either to break down or get through. The smallest dog even would have some difficulty in forcing an entrance, as the poles are laid so close together.

These fences are erected to keep in the reindeer ; but at the time of year when we were there they had all migrated to the sea coast, which they do periodically for the hot summer weeks, in order to escape the mosquitoes. Nearly the whole village goes with them, and we only saw about half a dozen Laps, who were left to look after the houses, or who, perhaps, were too old or too ill to migrate with their brethren.

Here we called another halt, as our shoulders were feeling anything but comfortable with the weight we had to carry, and threw ourselves down on the grass for a rest. We very shortly had the whole force of the village to view us, and highly interested they seemed, more so than ever when the Lap who had walked with us from the trout stream proceeded to give an account of us, who we were, whither we were bound, and what weight we carried. They kept on lifting our bags, and shaking their heads with a knowing look, as much as to say they would be sorry to have to carry that to Varanger Fjord.

The Kongs veien has only just been finished; it was begun about five years ago. Running from Seida on the Tana to Nyborg at the head of Varanger Fjord, it is planned thence along the edge of Varanger Fjord to Vadsö. This latter part, however, is not even begun. The road itself is capitally engineered, the great enemies which had to be overcome being the bogs and swamps, numbers of which the road crosses, and in places it has fallen away owing to the continual moisture and the soft nature of the soil. It is just wide enough for two carriages to pass, and that is all. The work is sound and thorough; a good foundation of rocks, about the size of a man's body, or even larger, then smaller stones as big as one's fist filling up the interstices, and finally the top covered with a fine sort of grey slate shingle. But this top covering varies as the nature of the ground through which the road passes.

There is not much use in a road from Seida to Nyborg as far as I can see, for the Laps do not own carriages, and a bridle path does as well for them; in fact, during the time we were on it we saw but one conveyance pass us, and that more akin to a wheelbarrow than a carriage. I believe, however, it is intended that there should be a ferry at Seida, and that the road should then be continued up to Hammerfest, Tromsö, or the Alten. If this is ever carried out it will be a grand thing to open up the country, which at present is but one vast desert; but when once it had a road through it would soon become peopled, for there is no reason why it should not be inhabited, unless it be the present difficulty of carriage to and from the interior,

A good road from Vadsö to Hammerfest or the north of the Alten and Tromsö would be a first-rate thing, serving for sleighing in winter and driving in summer. At present this Kongsveien from Seida to Nyborg is the only road of any sort or kind that exists in this part of the country. The nearest approach to one are the clearings of the forest that are to be found here and there inland, where the trees are simply cut down and taken out of the way, so as to leave space enough for a couple of sleighs to pass. In summer these are of course useless; but in winter, when the snow has levelled all inequalities, and frozen hard, they make capital sleigh roads.

From Seida the road follows the valley of the Tana for a mile or two, and then, having reached the top of a great wooded spur that runs out right into the river, it turns off abruptly at right angles, and heads away for Nyborg on the Varanger Fjord.

We walked a mile or more after this turn, and then, on coming to a clear stream, agreed that we had had enough of it and must camp. We were too tired to cook anything that night, for we had had a long day. We had started at seven a.m., had been "going" all day, and it was now about three a.m.—very nearly twenty-four hours of it. So we made a cup of tea, ate a little black bread, and in a very few minutes were asleep on a soft mossy bed, with the mackintosh under us.

The next morning we had the greatest difficulty in lighting a fire on account of the rain; but we did get a small one up at last, cooked what we wanted, and then retired inside our tent to wait till the weather should improve a little. The clouds, however, didn't seem the least inclined to lift, and the rain continuing in a steady downpour soon extinguished our fire. The canvas, too, gave signs of not being quite so waterproof as we had imagined, even without a wind to drive in the rain, and, although we had it firmly pegged down, with a ditch round it to take the water off, and were, therefore, under no fears on that ground, still our hearts sank within us as higher and higher the rain began dropping inside.

The tent was evidently useless in a really heavy rain, and a good oiling at Vadsö was our only chance of having a shelter

from the frequent storms. When these storms come they are fierce and long, lasting for two or three days, or even more. The climate here is never a very settled one in summer, I fancy ; at all events long-continued fine weather is the exception, unless it is for two or three weeks just in the middle of the hot season.

It was rather an unpleasant position that we were in ; a pouring rain, everything wet through, and fourteen miles from any house. I started off to search and see if I could not find some sheltering habitation ; but returned, having seen nothing but trees and water. Killearn then tried his hand with better luck ; he came back in a short time to say he had found a miserable Lap hut, an impossibility to enter, and had had great difficulty in waking up the inmates ; and that when at last one sleepy, half-dressed creature came to the door, he found that it was four o'clock on Monday morning. We couldn't quite make this out at first, for we had gone to sleep at three o'clock on Sunday morning ; we must have slept all through Sunday, and had breakfast about half-past eleven that night, thinking it was morning, lunched at about two o'clock on Monday morning, and here we were wet through, and fourteen miles to walk, at four o'clock ! We certainly had slept well, but we had had enough to make us. Sunday had evidently been a cloudy day, or the sun must have awoken us, and, as I have remarked, when the day was cloudy, it was impossible to say what time it was, as we had no watches, and used the sun and a compass as our timepiece.

We didn't sit long meditating on this ; but packed our wet things, rolled up the tent, squeezing all the water out of it that we could, and shouldered our baggage once more. It was my turn to carry the tent, and, as it came on to my shoulders, I felt the water pressed right through to my back ; the weight of it, too, pulled down the collar of my coat, leaving it in a sort of cup shape to catch all the rain it could and shoot it down the nape of my neck ; my boots went squash, squash, as I turned on to the high road, and my hands and face felt bitterly cold. Altogether at that moment I thought a walk through Lapland was a mistake.

The scenery here is nothing particularly worth looking at : the road rises gradually till it reaches the highest part of the Fjeld between the Tana river and Varanger Fjord, most of the time passing through a forest of trees, and then when it emerges on to the high ground nothing but ugly sweeps of open country, something like Dover Downs, with here and there a black-looking still lake, on one side of which appears the inevitable swamp, with its little stream and growth of dwarf alders.

About half way we were surprised to meet our friend of three weeks ago—the telegraph—which strikes across the country from Alten, up the Tana, and then to Varanger Fjord and Vadsö. It is only a single wire, and the posts are of a great thickness. In some parts they have been erected with great difficulty on account of the rocky nature of the ground, and small square blocks of stone work have been built round their bases to the height of three or four feet to keep them upright.

A few miles after meeting the telegraph we sighted the sea, and felt ourselves almost like the ten thousand Greeks, who cried “*Thalassa ! Thalassa !*” when they sighted the Euxine after their troublesome journey through the middle of Asia Minor.

It was a very anxious moment, the first sight of Nyborg (the little village at the head of the Fjord). Supposing it should be another Seida—another collection of Lap huts—what should we do ? To enter them we had determined would be an impossibility, the Fjord itself would be preferable. But joy ! we almost yelled with delight (only we had not very much yell left in us), when we saw a two-storied, clean-looking wooden house, with a storehouse below it, rising from piles driven into the water ; the house roofed with slates and having a garden in front. It was evidently a Norwegian’s abode, and the only one among a collection of mud and wooden huts. When we got close up to the place we were at a loss to know whether it was a private house or an inn, so neat and clean did it look with its white wooden balcony and garden in front, surrounded by a wooden wall of whitewashed boards. But, whatever it was, we determined to get a bed there that night.

A nice, clean-looking woman came to the door as Killearn knocked, and a minute or two afterwards he beckoned me up from

the palings, at the bottom of the garden, on which I was resting, to say two beds should be ready for us directly.

The place was evidently an inn, as much as anything can be called one in this part of the world, for there are few, if any, travellers, and they generally go to their friends' houses. There were four or five, however, staying here besides ourselves, and we watched them lounging about smoking long pipes as we waited for our beds to be prepared.

Bed again ! It was a charming notion. They were queer sort of couches, too, constructed on the Lap plan ; a long box without a lid standing on legs, with posts sticking up at the four corners, and the inside filled with feather mattresses, &c. It was a real luxury ; although, not being able to stretch oneself out at full length, we got up rather stiff the next morning. Just as we had got comfortably composed, in came a girl with " mittag ;" it was just the dinner hour, two o'clock, and they gave us a capital meal, very good-naturedly bringing it up to our rooms ; but I suppose they pitied our condition, which wasn't a very gay one, I must confess.

After that we slept, and when we next saw the world it was Friday morning. We proposed to get up for breakfast, but all our clothes were gone ! There was no bell, but stamping did as well, for we were immediately over the kitchen. Our chambermaid informed us that we could have our clothes if we liked, but that as yet they were not nearly dry, although they had been hanging by the fire ever since we came in ! I had a dry coat and a dry pair of stockings, but these were hardly sufficient to appear in. So in about half-an-hour up came breakfast, and a very good meal it was. Such fish, fried in the shape of pancakes, and curds and cream mixed with a sort of preserve, but only water to drink. The Norwegian here keeps his liquor for winter, and in summer does almost entirely without it, excepting to speed a parting guest, or, sometimes, welcome a coming one.

The preserve that we had is a regular standing dish, and is eaten in a soup plate with an endless supply of cream. There are several different sorts of little fruits, in the bilberry style, that grow about on the hills and in the woods, and these they gather and preserve in great quantities ; and very good they are.

Our clothes were dried in the course of the afternoon, and we again appeared in public. There were five other people staying in the house besides ourselves, and one great man, a magistrate, *Fögt*, who was on his way to hold his court at Tana, the little place at the mouth of the river, just opposite the spot where we pitched our first camp.

One of the party spoke English ; and from all we got the same advice that our German friend on board the " Nordenskjold " had given us, viz., to buy some reindeer skins to sleep on at night ; for, although the waterproofs would keep off the actual damp, yet the cold of the ground in the driest weather was always intense. We had found that it was so, and that afternoon followed our host down to his store-house at the head of the Fjord, and looked at some skins. He traded in them, probably exchanging the stores from his shop for them with the Laps. We picked out a couple of the finest and largest, and paid five shillings and sixpence apiece for them. They are splendid skins, with thick dark hair, through which it would be quite impossible really to feel the cold.

The steamer did not go until the day after, and as we were told there was a small salmon stream running into the Fjord on the other side, we determined to try our luck there the next day, hoping that the floods would have by that time subsided.

When we sat down to supper, what was our surprise to find that the strong-minded Norwegian lady, whom we had left at Stangness on board the " Nordenskjold," had accomplished her journey here by herself, as she said she was going to do. She said that she had been delayed by the rain. Yet it has always been a mystery to me *where she slept* : it must have been in one of the horrible Lap huts we passed ; if such was the case, she was indeed a marvellous person, and cared for nothing. I really think she was a little " cracked." She seemed to be none the worse for her walk, however, and was highly amused at our adventures.

After supper is finished every one folds up his napkin, replaces his chair against the wall, and bowing first to hostess and then to host, who always sit down with their guests, says, " Tak for magd ;" then we retire to the next room, pipes are lighted, and

coffee, delicious, strong, black coffee (which has its equal nowhere out of Norway), is brought in with cream of the richest, and the really pleasant part of the day begins.

The last thing we did that night was to take a tracing of the latest map that had been made of the country below the Tana and the Alten, which was in the possession of one of the people staying in the house, who had himself something to do with the survey.

It was a capital house, the kitchen fitted up with an open stove, five or six bedrooms, eating room and sitting room, with out-houses and stables galore (the latter, by the way, with one horse in them), all built round a court-yard at the back. The only room that boasted a carpet was the sitting room, but everything was clean and neat as a new pin. From our room we had a lovely view up the Fjord, and we sat at the window watching the long shadows, and arranging our tackle for the morrow.

The following day the steamer left for Vadsö, but not until eight or nine o'clock in the evening, so there would be plenty of time for a fish in the "Vester elv." About ten o'clock we left the shore, and pulled away for the other side of the Fjord in one of the boats that belonged to our host. It seemed a very short distance when we started, but it took us a good two hours hard rowing, and, when we got there, we had the greatest difficulty in finding the river on account of the many low mud headlands which ran out into the sea. We did get there at last! and pulling some distance up stream, fastened our boat firmly to the bank.

The whole country near the river was one vast swamp for a considerable distance, and the water a thick mud colour. It was rather a hopeless prospect; however, we did try, and had a cast or two. After half-an-hour with the fly, I might have been found digging under an alder bush with my large knife for worms. But even they did not exist, and at last I gave everything up as hopeless, found Killearn, who was in a like state of despondency, and together we proceeded to make our way back to our boat.

We had a long walk over the swamp in front of us, for we had come up thus far in hopes of finding the water in better condition.

It was, indeed, a most aggravating bog to walk over, composed of high tufts of soft moss, scattered about in winding chains, or isolated in a swamp, which would let you in far above your knees. We were thankful to get on firm ground again by our boat, but we had not yet got through our marsh troubles. When we had arrived in the morning it was high water, and we had moored our boat to what then was the bank of the river; but now it was low water, and the boat was lying on its side, some twenty or thirty yards from the water, with an intervening space of soft black mud.

There was nothing for it, the boat must be got off, so in we went. The smell was horrible; but the boat floated at last, and we dangled our legs over the sides, washing them, till it got too cold to hold them there any longer.

We were just in time; half an hour longer and we should not have got over the bar at the mouth of the stream; as it was, we scraped along the bottom, and only just punted clear.

We were back early, and, as we had some time to wait for the steamer, we finished packing the things we meant to take (we left our rein-skin and several other things behind, as we should have to return there), and then Killearn took his rod and wandered up a little brook, over which we could jump, in search of trout. He caught several wee little chaps; but they were excellent, and we ate them for supper before leaving that night. About half-past eight we saw the little boat in the distance steaming down towards us, and our host came to tell us to get ready, and to advise us not to walk back along the shore, as we intended to do, but to wait for the return steamer. We told him we should enjoy the walk, and were glad when we found ourselves on board a little Thames steamer, bound for Vadsö. It had a cabin, to which I retired, as I heard we should not be in till 2.30 in the morning, and, lying down on a cushion, tried to go to sleep.

Varanger Fjord is very uneven in its depth; soon after starting, when we were steaming right up the middle, we touched the bottom, and went grating and bumping along in a very unpleasant manner; but the boat was pretty sound, and I soon became unconscious to matters in this world, in spite of the sun, which came streaming through the port-holes at 11 p.m.

Just before anchoring off Vadsö I was awakened by the scuffling of many feet, and, on going on deck, discovered the cause was the letter-bag, which had been just despatched on board the large coast steamer that had come all the way up the coast from Hamburg, with the incoming mails, and which was impatiently waiting for the return bags before leaving again for the South. Not much time allowed to answer one's letters. These steamers only came to Vadsö once a fortnight, and we had not thought it necessary to post any to Nyborg, so they would now have to wait till the next ship came up, which was rather annoying.

Vadsö looked cold and cheerless, the water perfectly still and of a pale green colour ; white and neatly-cut houses, and a hill for a background, bending away in the distance without so much as a gorse bush on it. There were a good many ships, however, in the harbour, nearly all of them, as we were afterwards told, Russians, from Kola and Archangel, trading in flour chiefly. One small boat with one small boy was the only conveyance of any kind that we could see, and into it we jumped, dog, luggage, and all, and told the youth to pull to the pier. There wasn't a sound to be heard, all Vadsö was asleep, and we climbed up the landing step with but two pairs of eyes to stare at us. We felt quite melancholy.

We had been told by our host of Nyborg that there was no inn at Vadsö, but that if we went to a certain Hr. Pilfeld he would be sure to take us in. So we desired our small boat boy to show us the way. It was not a difficult one to find, about a hundred yards only from where we stood. But Hr. Pilfeld was like his fellow men in Vadsö, asleep, and no amount of knocking would awake him. Finally he did awake, and appeared at the window in his shirt sleeves ; the knocking seemed to have had a prejudicial effect on his temper, for he informed us in a " voice decided, though mild," that he hadn't a bed in the house, and, shutting the window, disappeared.

It was no use our expostulating, we evidently were not going to sleep there. The boat boy knew of no other house in Vadsö. There was but one course open to us ; we returned again to the

little steamer, in the cabin of which the captain, who spoke English, very kindly gave us leave to lie down till seven o'clock the next morning, at which hour he started for Sud Varanger, on the other side of the Fjord.

At half-past six on the morning of Thursday, July 12th, we were again roused from a state of semi-slumber to find the steamer on the point of heaving up her anchor, and the small boy with his boat ready for us. We thanked our good-natured captain, who charged us nothing for the use of the cabin, and rowed ashore. This captain on board the little Varanger steamer was another witness to the vigilance of the English fleet in our last war with Russia; he said he devoutly hoped that we should not go to war again, for the stoppage of the Russian supply of grain was a terrible blow to the inhabitants of Finmark.

The first thing to be done on going ashore was to procure something to eat, so we again marched up to the habitation of Hr. Pilfeld, and, hoping to find him in a better temper, asked for "frokost." We were refused point blank. This we attributed to two causes—first, that Hr. Pilfeld was not down yet; second, that the "slavey" objected to wait on extra people. But there was no hope, so we turned away and wandered through the streets of Vadsö, from house to house as we were directed; but it was all the same, and finally, sick with the smell of oil which pervaded the whole town, we again entered the house of the unfortunate Pilfeld. To our surprise the demeanour of the "slavey" seemed suddenly to have changed towards us, and coffee and rusks soon made their appearance; not long afterwards followed Hr. Pilfeld himself, to whom we apologised for waking him at such an early hour, and related the circumstances of the case. He seemed a very nice man, and gave us a capital breakfast. But he afterwards charged for the entertainment in a manner that would fully compensate him for his trouble of the previous night.

After breakfast we set to work hard at shopping. The first thing, of course, was to send the tent to be boiled in linseed oil; then duplicate shirts, a store of matches, more preserved meat, and a hundred other little things had to be purchased.

It was not a very pleasant morning's work, but a necessary one.

At luncheon, or rather dinner at 2 p.m., our host informed us that a whale had just been brought in, and if we liked he would take us down with him to have a look at the huge beast. Of course we closed with the offer at once.

The whaling here is, I believe, monopolised by a Mr. Clarke, who owns three steamers, and manages to keep the pot of an enormous establishment boiling between the three. They are long, low-looking craft, with a peculiar gear rigged up in the bows, and kept carefully concealed from the vulgar gaze. This is a piece of mechanism by which the harpoon is flung with great accuracy, and saves all the old boat work, which used to be so dangerous and exciting. Mr. Clarke is very proud of his machinery, and, as it is constructed in a peculiar way, is very jealous of any one seeing it and discovering the secret. We heard, however, that it was just possible that we might be allowed to go out on a whaling expedition, as Englishmen were sometimes permitted to do so: but, although we should have enjoyed it immensely, our time was limited, and we determined, come what might, to start for Haparanda that night.

A couple of Russian sailors rowed us over to the long, low, dirty-looking steamer, with a dark line lying along side of it; *that* was the whale, and we disembarked on his back. This we couldn't have done if it hadn't been for the ribs of skin that covered part of his sides, and afforded us a sufficient foot-hold. He certainly was an enormous beast, about 60ft. long. He was to lie there until the tide rose, when they could pull him into the factory and cut him up.

A whale of this size is worth a good deal of money. But it is hard and dangerous work catching him, for if the harpoon does not strike in a vulnerable part, as soon as he feels the shock off sets the huge fish at full speed, dragging the little steamer after him as if it were a walnut shell. A man I was talking to on board said it was not an uncommon thing to be pulled through the water at the rate of 16 or 17 knots, whilst they were doing all in their power reversing the engines. If the brute happened to be in deep water, and the chain fouled, or was not long enough, you may imagine what a poor chance the steamer would have on the whale deciding to descend to the bottom.

We had been in hopes of getting away at six o'clock ; but the tent was still dripping with oil, as it hung in the back yard of Pilfeld's house, and it was an impossibility to carry ; so we waited till after supper.

Before leaving Vadsö, we packed up a lot of things that we considered were unnecessary to take with us on our walk across, and left them to the care of "Expeditour Jentoft," who, for the sum of two kroner, promised they should be safely despatched to Christiania, there to await our return *viâ* the Baltic. We have never seen those things again. May this be a warning to others who purpose to do anything of the kind. In spite of all letters and expostulations, the luggage is hopelessly lost.

After eating an enormous supper we packed up our goods, and weighed them in equal shares for our return walk to Nyborg. The bill was very high, twenty-three kroner (about twenty shillings) for one day, but the tent cost twelve kroner. That tent became a sorrow unto us ; before it went into the oil it weighed 14lb., when we rolled it up greasy and wet it weighed 27lb. It was a dreadful blow to us, as we had not the faintest idea that the soaking in oil would make such a difference. Neither was it over pleasant carrying it in such a state ; but, with the aid of the waterproof sheet, we managed to sling it on our backs, and at about twenty minutes to ten that evening we marched out of Vadsö, with 52lb. each on our backs, to the amusement of the population and the wonder of our host, Hr. Pilfeld, who told us that he did not believe we should ever reach our destination, and that he would not do what we had taken in hand for £20 ready money, English.

However, we meant to get to Jacob's Elv (10 miles) that night, and were soon on the hill looking down on Vadsö, as it lay dirty, bare-looking, and still, with its few masts standing out against the bright water in front of it, at the mouth of Varanger Fjord. We had begun our walk to Haparanda at last.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a lovely evening, and the view over the Fjord was exquisite ; the sun, being low, threw the town of Vadsö into shadow, so that only its taller houses and masts stood out in strong dark outline against the blue waters beyond, while the hills on the opposite side of the Fjord were clothed in a soft haze that was wonderfully beautiful. But the charm of the scene was in a great measure destroyed by the clouds of "müg," who swarmed round our heads in dense masses, and forced us to keep the veils well tucked in under the collars of our coats. Yet, try as we would, there were always one or two who managed to get inside the veil, and then the aggravation of that one was beyond all belief. By this time even the "buzz, buzz," of the creatures was almost as annoying to us as their bite, and that evening I was almost in a fever, my blood was in such a state.

And so :—

The hosts of insects gathering round my face,
And ever with me as I paced along.

We made our way by a sort of under cliff, at times descending to the beach, and climbing round headlands ; but there was no attempt at a road of any sort, and the frequent swamps formed by the dripping of the rocks above were a source of endless trouble—some tremendously deep ; and, with our extra weight on our backs, we sunk in far above our knees.

The few habitations that we passed were miserable specimens, generally built close to the water, with their stock of cod hanging on poles drying in the same manner as we had seen them at the mouth of the Tana. We stopped at none of these places ; but walked steadily on till we should come across the first stream, which we knew must be Jacob's Elv, and of which we had had good reports in the fishing line.

The Fjord was full of seals, and birds of all description were flapping about, fishing. It was a lovely, still evening, but all entirely spoilt by the "müg." The dog Barle, too, seemed to have lost his spirits, and walked soberly behind us; the flies bothered him desperately, poor fellow, in spite of his thick coat. A little before one o'clock we sighted the Jacob's Elv. I took what I thought would be a short cut across to it, while Killearn carefully kept round the coast. I hadn't gone very far on my short cut when I found myself getting well into a large swamp; but I was determined to push through, in which I succeeded, only, however, to arrive on the high ground by the banks of the stream wet through, and covered with mud and water, several minutes after Killearn, who had gone a round of two or three times the distance. He had kept to a line of pegs that we had noticed running along, about a hundred yards apart, all the way from Vadsö; we found out afterwards that they were placed there by the engineers to mark out the line of the Kongs veien, which, as I have said before, is to be continued all the way up the Fjord.

We turned in that night, as soon as we could pitch the tent; but the smell of the oil was so bad that we had to leave the door open, or sleep would have been impossible; the horrible thing was not nearly dry yet. However, in spite of oil and swamps, we were soon unconscious of what was passing outside.

The next morning we awoke at about eleven o'clock, with nothing to eat, so started off to the village about three hundred yards down the river, to forage. At the first house we entered no one could speak a word of Norse, and it was so unutterably filthy, and smelt so horribly, that we quickly decamped and tried another a little way further on. Here we got on better: one man could speak Norse, and though everything was not of the cleanest, we were soon doing justice to black bread, boiled fish of some kind, and coffee. It was in this house that I have to record the one single instance of bad porridge. I can't believe, however, that any one who lived in Norway didn't know how to make porridge. They seemed not to look on us with a very favourable eye, and perhaps would not give themselves the trouble. They all appeared very much taken with Barle; he was a novelty (the Lap dogs

being all of one kind, rather like our Pomeranians), and fed him with everything they could think of. But he still seemed seedy, the "müg" were too much for him I think.

We had a "full house" to see us put away the black bread and the coffee; all the village were called in, I should say, and having lit their pipes, sat and had their fill of staring, without saying a word. The true Lap does not smoke; he has learnt it in many instances from the Norwegian, who both smokes and chews to an enormous extent. These fellows, though Laps, had picked up the habit from their neighbours, and, as I said, sat there smoking sedately as they contemplated us. I dare say we were rather an odd sight, for the "müg" had so aggravated us the previous day that I had given way to my feelings, and rubbed the skin when I felt the irritation of their bites to be almost unbearable. The result was, that I could with difficulty see out of my eyes, and my whole face was swollen to an enormous size. That's another lesson I learnt. When a "müg" bites you, don't scratch him; but, as a Norwegian afterwards remarked, "lat han spise" (let him eat)!

We didn't waste much time over breakfast, for it was already well on in the day, and the breakfast itself had no qualities to tempt us to delay. On our offering to pay for what we had eaten, the people stared and seemed "knocked all of a heap." The idea was evidently strange to them. so we took the hint, pocketed the money we had produced, and, lifting our hats, bade them adieu.

On getting back again to our tent we found a nice-looking old man, a Lap, I think (but speaking Norse and dressed like a Norwegian), examining our things in a critical manner. He asked us if we were going to fish, and, on our replying in the affirmative, intimated that he should like to accompany us. I said we didn't want a guide and knew the way. Oh, yes, he didn't mean that, but he should like to see the sport, and had a boat at our command gratis if we would care to use it! Of course he was perfectly welcome to come and look on if he liked, so off we started, having fastened up the tent with all our things inside it.

We walked some way up the river before we commenced to fish, and our old man proved of the greatest use in showing us a short

cut over the side of a hill and down an almost precipitous road to the river on the other side. On arriving at the bank we found a canoe moored, into which our friend told us to get, and pushed across. It was very lucky for us that he had taken it into his head he would like to see us fish, for the river was absolutely unfishable from the side on which we had walked up, and ten to one if we had ever found the boat.

The Jacob's Elv is not a very large stream, about five-and-twenty yards broad at the place we crossed over, tumbling down between huge slabs of rock, or lying in silent dark pools beneath them. It is a charmingly pretty little stream, though the surrounding country is bare, and, for a near view, as ugly a country as one could well imagine, being entirely destitute of vegetation of any larger size than an ordinary gorse bush. Along the stream itself, however, the white birches grow to a considerable size, and make a pleasant contrast with the moss-covered slabs of rock that peep out among them and form the banks themselves.

We sat down on one of these slabs, and began making up our casts, our friend looking on with the greatest interest. Killearn finished first, and had dropped his line into the water to soak, whilst he folded up his fly-book and prepared for a start. It hadn't been there a minute before he took it up, and, to his surprise, found a $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. trout fast at the end, which he played and landed. This certainly looked like work, and I wasn't long beginning in the run just in front of me, whilst Killearn went higher up the stream to fish down and meet me. In the first two or three casts I had one about the same size, and, fishing on slowly to a little fall, counted five in about half an hour. Our friend was charmed, and lay on the rocks and smoked till he saw a fish hooked, and then jumped up and became awfully excited till it was safely landed; he was a thorough old sportsman. Salmon, he informed me, were in the stream, so I changed my trout tackle for some three-strand gut and a salmon fly, and tried down the next pool, and the next, but to no purpose—I didn't get a rise.

Time was now getting on, and we had to walk thirteen or fourteen miles that day, as we meant to be at Nyborg by Saturday night; so I again changed for trout tackle, and when we arrived

at the boat counted up fourteen capital fish, averaging over a pound apiece. This wasn't a bad morning's work, and we put up rods and paddled over the stream again.

Our friend insisted upon our coming into his house, which stood on the banks of the stream close by—a neat little wooden shed with a stone fireplace—made us sit down, and in a few minutes placed before us some capital coffee and fresh milk, with a little black bread. The coffee was excellent, and we were very glad of it; but I can't say so much for the black bread, we hadn't come to liking that horribly bitter concoction yet. Both the old man and his wife pressed us to stay; but we had not the time, and, after smoking a short pipe with him, said "Adieu," and "made tracks," with our string of trout, for the tent again. We didn't offer him any money, and he didn't seem the least to expect it, but only wished we would come again. He was a jovial old fellow, and I was really quite sorry to say good-bye.

It was late in the afternoon when we again got to our camp. We felt rather slack; but rest was not to be thought of, so we struck the tent, which was oily and moist still, rolled up all our goods, and carried them to the edge of a sort of creek that runs up some way at the mouth of Jacob's Elv. Here we got a boat and a man from one of the houses in Ensness, and were paddled across to the other side; fording was out of the question, and to begin a walk wet through was not advisable.

The trout that we had taken out of Jacob's Elv were a great trouble to carry, for we could not put them inside any of our bags, and had to hold them in our hands, which were already full with rod and gun; finally we slung them on to the tent and let them hang down our backs; but this was open to the objection that sooner or later their heads would pull off; in fact, by the time we had got to a little place about three miles from Ensness we could only count ten—four were missing.

At Klubrick we determined we would stop and have some food. There were only two houses to be seen, and they were built close down by the water's edge, on a small rising ground that was almost an island. One very dirty man came out to meet us as we threw down our load, and eight or ten half, or wholly naked,

children ran into different outhouses or places of cover, like frightened rabbits, as soon as we made our appearance over the brow of the hill.

We asked if we might stop and eat there; the woman said we might stop as long as we liked, but anything to eat she didn't possess, with the exception of a little porridge. We showed our fish, and, on asking for leave to cook them, were taken into an outhouse, which on first entering was so full of smoke we could see nothing. As we came in two or three of the half-naked children, who had taken refuge here on our first appearance, rushed by us with terrified looks, and vanished round the corner outside.

When our eyes became a little accustomed to the smoke, which was of a very pungent nature, we saw through our tears that we were in a little cow shed, half of which was occupied by two small cows, standing back to back, and the other half by the door and a block for cutting wood, on one side, and, on the other, by a stone hearth on which smouldered the remnants of a fire.

We soon got up a blaze, whilst the woman went for the pot; and on her return selected four of the finest trout and put them on to boil. They didn't take long doing—a fire of wood throws out a great heat—and when they were finished they were put on a dish, one of our tin ones (for the people here always use their fingers), and we were shown the way into the room in which the family lived. A table was laid with bread and curds, to which our hostess added the fish, and we sat down on a couple of three-legged stools, very glad to get something to eat.

It was a queer place that we were in, a small room of about 12ft. square, the walls black with smoke, and one small window. The furniture was sparse, one large bed occupying half a side of the room or more, the table and stools on which we were sitting, the inevitable loom, and one or two dilapidated chairs. On and under the bed were crowded all the half-naked children, collected here after the fright they had received from our arrival. One pale woman sat spinning with hardly any clothes on, and an old deaf man, with white hair, was on a chair by the window, bending over a Norse Bible, from which he occasionally looked up to see

if we were still eating or to quiet a troublesome child. The children, though some of them had but the merest apology for a garment, seemed happy enough, and lay about the bed in various attitudes, intent on us ; but the mother, poor soul, looked as if she had had enough of it, and was weary.

We finished off our trout and a capital dish of porridge, and were glad to get out into the open air, for the atmosphere of the little room was close and stifling. The old man who was reading the Bible told us he had only once before seen anyone walking along the edge of the Fjord, and those were two Englishmen about five-and-twenty years ago. He couldn't understand, if we had the money, why on earth we could not go by steamers. The usual question, "Vorfor?"

We didn't wait long talking with him, for we had to get on to Hammerness that night, where we meant to camp ; so having paid a trifle for our food, which was gratefully accepted, we continued our march along the shore. Presently we came to a part where the cliff came close down to the sea, almost perpendicularly ; however, we found a small sort of path, and clambered along as best we could. It was hard work though, and the stunted and gnarled trees that grew on each bank were fearfully aggravating as they bumped our packs from side to side. It was slippery and rocky too. The trout, poor chaps, had a mean time of it as they hung down our backs. We had only started with four ; but one of these was now left, and his body hanging on to his head by a mere thread. This was a bore, as we had intended those four for breakfast on the morrow, being determined not to begin on our potted and preserved meats until compelled by absolute necessity.

The rest of our walk to the next stream, and a little place called Hammerness, was monotonous and tiresome ; climbing hills of loose slate or rough stones, or struggling through black swamps. Headland after headland, and bay after bay did we walk round ; the straps cut into our shoulders, and Hammerness seemed as if it never was coming. We would have stopped gladly at the first stream, but there was not a drop of pure water anywhere, and we trudged on in silence. At last we came suddenly

round a point on a biggish stream and one house—Hammerness it must be! Up went the tent, and we turned in in a very short space of time. There were some ducks of different kinds on the water, but we were much too tired to look after them, or even to care whether they were ducks or not. I was awoke some time during the night, or early morning, by hearing a low growl from the dog Barle, and on looking up saw he was standing with his ears cocked, and his head bent in a suspicious way towards the door of the tent. I jumped up and looked outside, and just caught sight of a Lap shambling away over the brow of the hill. He was not up to any good, I dare say; but I let him alone, and was soon again in the arms of Morpheus.

The following day, Saturday, after making a sort of attempt at a wash in the Hammerness stream, we decided to walk on to Nøeseby before breakfast. It was a foolish decision, for to begin walking before you have had anything to eat, with a heavy weight on your back, and a hot sun, is sure to be fatal. But it was a gloriously bright morning, and the atmosphere so clear, that the spire of the little church at Nøeseby, which stands out into the Fjord on a low point of land, seemed scarcely a mile away. It turned out to be nearly four, and we had had quite enough walking by the time we reached the buildings. On the way we passed a large Lap settlement, called Bergeby, which was composed entirely of mud and wattle huts, and seemed to have a teeming population. As we came up to the first house, suddenly one of the Laps raised a loud sort of cry, "Hoa—a," holding his voice for some time, which was immediately taken up by all the men round who could hear, and swelled into a tremendous roar of human voices, which lasted perhaps half a minute. One man was digging near us: he dropped his spade and shouted; another was working on the shore: he stopped and shouted; and two little boys were driving in a herd of eighteen or twenty cows from the hills above, and they stopped driving and joined in the chorus. I never found out what was the meaning of this exactly, but I believe it was either a certain time of day being given out, or else a bell to some sixty or eighty workmen who were busy with the Kongs veien, which, by the map, you will see has been brought as far as Nøeseby.

The Government is making the road, and at an enormous expense, for men could not be got to work under a dollar (four and sixpence) a day ! The reason of this was that they had made large sums of money, fishing, during the last two or three months ; some as much as two or three hundred dollars, and, of course, with such an easy and quick way of making a livelihood, they think twice before they put themselves out by digging on a road in a hot sun. I should say this fishing was one of the reasons why the country is in such a backward state ; for the people are lazy by nature, and most of them fish for one or two months, and smoke pipes for the remainder of the year. No trade, no work, and no prosperity of any kind is the natural consequence.

We made our way towards a charming-looking Norwegian house, standing on a small hill rather above the rest of the town, overlooking the Fjord ; it turned out to be the residence of the clergyman, Hr. Lasen, who received us in the most hospitable and good-natured way (for verily we were horrible ruffians to look upon), and spread before us a capital breakfast, to which we did full justice. It was baking day, unluckily for us, so we got no bread ; but its place was taken by some first-rate thin meal cakes, and we finally finished off with our old friend the jelly preserve, called "moulta," eaten in soup plates with cream.

Our host was a most pleasant and amusing man, and we found Latin a great help when either was at a loss to understand what the other said. He told us that all the people here were Lutherans, and that they came enormous distances to the kirke ; he himself having to walk over the Fjelds every other Sunday to a place called Polmak, on the Tana, some twenty-five English miles, and back again the same day. But he didn't seem to think he did any very great deed, although, to my mind, I would rather be excused in winter. However, he sometimes took reindeer and sledges I believe. His house was charmingly comfortable and well-furnished, with such a view over the Fjord from the windows of the room in which we had our breakfast.

He was fond of reading English, but could not pronounce it or speak it, and was highly excited at hearing that Killearn came

from the land of Rob Roy ! It seemed odd to hear people talk about Sir Walter Scott and Shakespeare in this benighted part of the earth's surface ; one man, whom we met later on, would have it, that such a person as Shakespeare never existed at all ; but that various people wrote the plays ascribed to him, and that they were afterwards all collected together and printed under the suppositious name, Shakespeare.

About two o'clock we told our good host we really must be off, as we had to be at Nyborg that night. He asked us for our names, which we left in pencil, not being able to muster a card between us, and then we bade Hr. Lasen and his wife a cordial adieu, and loaded up once more on a road ; soft and bad, but still a road. The swamps are dreadful things to get over, and in several places they had undermined and washed away the works of man, in spite of drains and bridges.

Two or three miles from Nøeseby we saw the first reindeer ; there were three of them on the shore. When they sighted us they stood still for a moment, and then came rushing by quite close between us and the sea, a stag and two deer ; but they were evidently tame, and belonged probably to some Lap, who had brought his herd down to the sea coast for the summer. A raven, too, aggravated us considerably by getting up almost under our feet when we had nothing in our guns ; we might have killed him and got the reward, for there is a price set on every raven's head ; but we had half an hour before agreed that it was dangerous to knock about over logs and stones with loaded guns, and had taken out our cartridges.

At half-past five we again walked into the little house at Nyborg, much to the surprise of its inmates ; for we had told them before leaving on Wednesday that we should be back at six o'clock on Saturday night ; and here we were, punctual to our word, at half-past five. We had had lovely weather, and a charming walk, but were carrying too great a weight, which spoilt most of the pleasure of it. Twenty-five pounds is ample for a walking tour, if you want to enjoy it ; anything much over that makes your pleasure more or less a business and a trouble. The weather had been very good to us, the "müg" very bad ; but on the

last day, owing to a fresh breeze springing up, the latter had been driven away. An east wind is a thing they don't appreciate, it is too cold for them. Our rooms, and the house generally, felt horribly stuffy after the open-air life we had been leading for the last few days. There is one thing I have found out that must be a great drawback to living in this part of Norway, and that is that in winter you must always keep your windows shut because of the cold, and in summer you must always keep them shut because of the mosquitoes. The windows, too, are generally *double*, and well plugged up round the cracks with moss or paper, and this as much to keep out the flies as the cold. The effect of this bottling up is very unpleasant.

The following day was Sunday, and heartily welcomed by us as a day of rest; coffee and rusks were brought before we got up in the morning, as usual, and then breakfast at eleven o'clock, and dinner at two or half-past. Soon after breakfast Fögt (sheriff) Flor started for Tana to punish a Lap who had beaten his wife. Before his departure in came some glasses of raw yolk of egg, beaten up with an equal quantity of sugar and rum, of which we were requested to partake in his honour. The first glass we thought wasn't bad, but the last spoonful of the second went down with difficulty; it was a case of "bolt," and a drink of water. The other people, however, seemed to enjoy it immensely, especially the Fögt himself, who remarked that we had nothing like this in England—that, in fact, in England we had nothing that was really good with the exception of roast beef and porter.

Fögt Flor in his remarks on England was very grand. He said, just before starting, that he knew perfectly well why England had wanted to go to war with Russia, it was to recover the money her subjects had lost in the Turkish Bonds! and with this sapient remark, and a commission to give his compliments to the daughter of the landsman at Karasjok, to whom he was engaged to be married, he drove off in his carriage along the Kongs veien.

That afternoon was spent in sending some more things back to Christiania, especially cartridges, of which we had taken an absurd quantity. When everything was gone, we found we had a hundred and eight pounds to carry to Haparanda—that included

guns and reindeer skins. We decided, too, that carrying fifty-two pounds was no fun, so got our host to bargain with a Lap to take some of our things and go with us as far as Polmak on the Tana. We were to start at nine o'clock the following morning. This Lap owned no reindeer and had nothing to do, yet it was with the greatest difficulty that he was at last persuaded to undertake the job for two dollars (nine shillings), and this for a distance of about fifteen miles. It is a myth to suppose labour is cheap up here. Living is, most certainly, but the population is a scanty one, and what people there are live on their fishing, and will not give themselves the trouble to do any other work unless they are well paid for it.

That evening we heard rather an amusing characteristic of Russia. Our host told us that the Norwegians never take their reindeer into that part of Norway that lies south of the Varanger Fjord, "Sud Varanger;" for that if the animals happened to stray over the border ever such a little way the Russian seized on them, and kept one-tenth—*i. e.*, if there were twenty reindeer passed over, only eighteen would be sent back. And this is no small tax when it is remembered what large herds are owned by some Laps; they can be counted by thousands. Supposing five hundred were to break over their fences during a time when they happened not to be strictly watched, fifty would stick to the hands of the Russians!

The last thing we saw before retiring was a rainbow at midnight; it was twelve p.m. exactly, and a perfect bow was to be seen as we looked over towards the southern side of the Fjord.

CHAPTER VII.

The bill at Nyborg, including our reindeer skins and a lot of hard round biscuits, which we took with us, came to about £2 10s., and that for five days was not too much—about three-and-sixpence per day apiece for board and lodgings! The Lap whom we had engaged the day before was a horribly dirty little fellow, about four feet six inches; he turned up at nine o'clock, and was given the biggest bag, weighing forty pounds, while we ourselves carried about thirty-two pounds each. We felt as if we could walk for ever, it was such a change from our former load.

To our surprise, when we got outside the door, a Lap woman joined us; she was our man's wife, and came to carry his clothes and food, as he carried our luggage. The only difference in the dress of a man or woman is the peculiar head-piece, the latter wearing a sort of stiff ornament covered with cloth and sticking up from their heads just like an ancient Greek helmet. One will do as much work as the other; indeed, I am not sure whether, in our case, the woman was not the better walker of the two. But neither of them were in very good training, and stopped three or four times in the eleven miles to the Tana, always picking out a halting place by some stream of peat water, and drinking copiously. This, of course, only made them more thirsty, and they would have done better to have followed our example, and drunk nothing until they had finished their work. It is after all the most comfortable way of doing it, for, as far as my experience goes, the more you drink when on an expedition of this kind the more you want and the less work you are able to do.

We started with the two Laps walking first, one behind the other, then Killearn, and then myself; but we found out this wouldn't do, and made them follow us instead, for there was a

certain scent borne back to us on the breeze that was anything but pleasant.

For some distance we retraced our steps of the previous week along the Kongs veien ; but when we reached the Tana we left the road, and turned up-stream along the shore (I call its banks shore, for it was still a tidal stream, and the ground alternately slimy mud and shingle). We walked some distance up this—three or four miles—and then as we came to a good-sized stream running into the Tana on our side, sat down, and ate some luncheon, while the Lap waded across it, and disappeared round the corner of a headland in the direction of a little low island called Mannsholm in search of a boat that he knew of. We put up our rods and began to fish ; but it came on to rain, and we caught nothing, felt cold and wet, and abused the Lap for not turning up. However, he appeared at last, or rather his head did, for that was all we could see of him as he sat *in the bottom* of his skiff, and came paddling down the stream towards us.

We were glad to get settled, and, with the Lap in the bows and his wife astern, we “stanged” away up stream for Polmak, catching a few small fish as we went. When we got within a mile or two of Polmak we dropped the woman, who jumped ashore and disappeared jabbering among the bushes, and went on more slowly with only one “stang.”

Polmak consists, as far as we could see, of five houses and a church, standing above a good expanse of beach, sand and shingle, with a background of some low wooded hills. To the biggest of these houses we at once made our way on landing, and were hospitably received by a certain Hr. Skanke, a relation, as we afterwards found out, of our strong-minded Norwegian lady, who had walked from Seida to Nyborg by herself. We brought all our things under cover, for it was raining cheerfully, and were very shortly informed that there was some food waiting for us. We never ordered any ; but it was considered certain that we should want to eat, and whoever considered so considered rightly. We had some of our fish dressed, too, and that, with salmon and black bread, made a capital supper.

Our object was, from Polmak to get conveyed by boat to a place called Galgoguoika ; but there were only two Laps in the place who were ready to go, and they wanted six dollars—far too much—so we decided to walk. At the last, however, one Lap said he would take us as far as a place called Storrfooss for a dollar, which offer we accepted, and were soon being “stanged” slowly up stream, lying on our deerskins at the bottom of the boat.

When we got a mile or two past Polmak we had the first sight of Russian territory. The boundary line here is kept clearly marked by the forest being cut away to a breadth of a few yards, and when there is no wood, heaps of stones are raised at intervals. It is rather an odd spot to choose for a boundary. The line begins on the *opposite* side of the Tana from a small stream called the Skoarrejok, and runs away for some time in a straight line, then curves up to the source of the Pasvik, and meets the coast at the mouth of the Pasvik river. From here to its source one-half of the Tana is Russian and the other half Norwegian, and if any one wishes to fish for “lax” (salmon) he has to pay a certain sum to the *Landsmann* of each country. The *Landsmann* is the person who looks after the fishing chiefly, and is the great man of the town in which he lives and the country round.

The scenery in this part of the river is nothing worth speaking of, but the hills are wooded higher up their sides. Our old friend the telegraph was still running along the banks ; we walked by him all along the edge of the Varanger Fjord, and became heartily tired of the sight of the posts—they seemed to pass over the ground in such easy strides, while we were toiling along below them.

Storrfooss is not a large place. It consists of one miserable Lap hut, and the only occupant of that was a little girl ; two men belonged to it, but they were out. This was a nuisance, for we had meant to push on that night to Galgoguoika, where an Englishman was fishing.

We hadn't waited long, however, wondering what next to do, when a boat came floating down the river, and in it two men. They also wanted six kroner. We offered them three, to which they shrugged their shoulders, and said it was impossible ; so we

said all right, we should walk, and, pitching our tent, lit a fire, while they stood and stared at us, cooked our remaining fish, crawled inside our tent, and shut out the view of the ugly little Laps. Outside we heard them laugh (a Lap laughs at everything), and walk away. It was pretty late, they told us, so after all perhaps it was as well to camp here for the night.

The first thing I saw the following morning was the old Lap again ; he was trimming up a new stanging pole ; but when he saw our fire going, curiosity prompted him to drop the pole and come slouching up to us. As we finished our breakfast he asked us if we were going to Galgoguoika for five dollars ; we said certainly not, that we would sooner walk, and began packing up our things. Shortly afterwards, seeing we were in earnest and meant walking, he proposed three dollars, which we accepted, and took our things down to the boat ; but here another difficulty cropped up, he was only single-handed, and his companion had not yet come up from looking at his nets lower down the river. It was worth waiting for, and we strolled back to his house.

It was a queer old den, and dirty, of course, beyond all description ; two children, a boy and a girl, gave us occupation for our eyes and thoughts for some time. They were eating food ; first course, boiled salmon ; the little girl, who was rather good-looking, ladled the tail of a salmon out of a pot that was simmering on the open fire-place. She picked it almost to the bone with her teeth and fingers, and then threw the remains to her small brother, who crunched it up like a dog. The next course was curdled milk, in a flat round wooden receptacle ; it was half emptied, and both boy and girl bent over it for some time with little short-handled spoons having immense bowls, and with surprising rapidity manipulated the spoon between their mouths and the platter ; then when the stock began to run short the boy was dismissed, and the girl proceeded to wipe the bottom of the thing beautifully clean with her little finger, and what I shall call, for want of a better name, the continuation of it towards the wrist, enveloping her whole hand with her mouth after each wipe. That finished, the bowl was replaced on the shelf. To be washed ? Oh no ! To wait for the next deposit of milk ! The old Lap mean-

time was lying on his filthy couch in the corner, half asleep, with his bandy legs sticking up in the air over the end. He was a well-known character, we afterwards found out, and went by the name of "Gamle Chouika" (the Old Mosquito);—chouika is the Lap word for "müg," and, indeed, he looked like one, with his big head and proboscis of a nose; he acted up to his character, too, as a blood-sucker when he tried to draw six dollars from us for the work that was properly worth two or three.

We waited some time longer, and then went down to the stream again to look for the absent Lap. A small boat was just in sight a long way down the river; but as it drew nearer "Gamle Chouika" recognised him as his friend, and prepared for a start. However, we were not off yet; just as our things were comfortably arranged in the boat, the new arrival asked how much we were going to give, and on hearing three dollars flatly refused to go, and began taking our things out of the boat; "Gamle Chouika," too, backed him up. We said very well, then we should walk, and began loading ourselves up, without really having the slightest idea of walking. We were just going to give in, when I caught the words, "They *are* going to walk," so we redoubled the preparations, and, I believe, took a step or two along the shore. They held out till the last, and then "Gamle Chouika" came up, and said we could go for four dollars and a half. No, if they would take us for three we would go, and if not we should walk. Finally they came down to three dollars and a half, to which we agreed, and, unloading ourselves, spread our reindeer skins in the bottom of the boat and pushed off. The bargaining took some time; but it saved two dollars and a half, and was worth it, as it showed our friends that we were not so entirely in their mercy as they might otherwise have thought.

The skins we had bought at Nyborg turned out to be of the greatest use, both in the boat in keeping us dry and also in the tent. The previous night we had been warm and comfortable, instead of cold and miserable as we had been before.

The Lap skiffs are really a most comfortable mode of locomotion; but a waterproof of some kind is necessary to keep off the water as it drops from the ends of the long stanging poles, which

it does every time the men lift them out of the water. We enjoyed the journey to Galgoguoika thoroughly, with a skin under us and a skin over us, and spent the time in fishing, smoking, eating, and writing our diaries. We caught a number of trout on the way up; but didn't try for a salmon, as the fishing, although said to be free to all who will pay a certain sum to the Landsmann, virtually belongs to the one or two people who fish regularly here from year to year; and it is considered, and would be, an ungentlemanly act if anyone else were to come and fish in the water already taken. Mr. L——, an Englishman, was fishing that part of the Tana we were now passing over, and it was to his house or tent at Galgoguoika that we were making our way.

Shortly after we started we came to a "foss" or rapid, from which our previous camping place took its name, Storr-foss—*i. e.*, great or heavy rapids; it was, indeed, more like a fall than a rapid, and we had to get out and walk a mile or two along the shore. The empty boat even did not go up it, and our things were carried over land and re-loaded in another skiff on the upper side of the foss. The scenery here was much more worth looking at, especially near the Storr-foss itself, where the river rushes along between two high rocks, and foams and leaps down its narrow channel in a grand manner for a mile or two. The "Old Mosquito" and his friend worked away capitally after this, and only stopped once for luncheon till about half-past eight that night, when we arrived at Galgoguoika.

We had luncheon at a little stream called "Lakse jok," in which Killearn had a try for a trout, and returned in about half an hour with four capital fellows. Our boatmen disappeared into a Lap house to cook some coffee and salmon, and a long time they took about it, but they had had hard work, so we did not hurry them. However, we had to go up at last and turn them out, and were received in a very unfriendly manner by the Lap dogs of the establishment, who had no idea of letting in strangers. The place was just like all the other habitations we had seen; a clearing in the forest of a few acres of grass, with the wooden house in the middle, and its accompanying erection of poles on which to stack the hay when made. The "müg" here were terribly

bad, and instead of enjoying the country and scenery we were fully employed in keeping off these curses of a Lapland summer : keeping them off, did I say, that was an impossibility—endeavouring to keep them off was what I meant.

As you go up the Tana the country becomes more and more covered with forest, and the trees grow gradually higher, as also do the hills, but the scenery is rather monotonous. Each bend of the river displays the same wooded hills, overlapping each other up the valley, and though decidedly pretty, and in places beautiful, there is nothing grand about it. The way our fellows forced the skiff up stream through some of the rapids that were running like a mill race was wonderful ; it must require long practice ; and then it always seemed a wonder to me how they escaped upsetting, for they stood up to their work ; whereas, if we had stood up and done nothing but try and keep our balance, we should have gone over to a moral certainty, skiff and all.

We met one or two boats coming down stream with their occupants sitting in the bottom, paddling leisurely along, and steering where the current was strongest—in the middle of the stream—whilst we crept up as close as possible to the bank in order to escape the current. They always had a bit of chaff when they passed, which invariably finished up with, “ Who have you got there ? ”

“ Englishmen.”

“ Englishmen ! where are they going to ? ”

“ Karasjok and Muonioniska ; from Muonioniska to Haparanda.”

“ Haparanda ! ”

And then we could hear a roar of laughter, which died away as they were borne down the stream. They laugh at anything, these fellows, and ugly brutes they look when they are at it. But every one seemed mightily tickled at the idea of our going to Haparanda.

At half-past eight that night we arrived at Galgoguoika, which, being translated, means “ the old woman.” Why so called I never found out, except, perhaps, because an old woman was drowned in the rapids that tear along at railway speed just below the house. There is only one habitation, and that was

built or rather added to and repaired, I believe, by Mr. L——, who was fishing there at that time. It stands on the top of what is almost a cliff, about sixty or seventy feet above the river, on a sort of plateau, surrounded by stunted birch trees, with a splendid wild view up and down the Tana, and hanging over a deep and dark-coloured salmon pool famed for the number of fish that have been taken out of it.

When we arrived its owner was out fishing, but his "talk," or "gyp," received us, and, shewing us into the house, asked what we would like to eat. We said that we would wait for Mr. L——'s return, and, as he would not be back till twelve or one o'clock that night, amused ourselves by erecting our tent and getting ready for the night's repose.

We had been fellow passengers on board the "Tasso" from Hull to Thronhjem, and I have already recounted how we were delayed at Thronhjem, whilst Mr. L—— went on to the North the same day. When we parted we were under the impression that Russia was to be the scene of our adventures; but we had subsequently changed our plans, and Mr. L—— was naturally not a little surprised on landing to find we had turned up again.

We were received in the most kind and hospitable way, and spent a very pleasant evening (or rather morning, for it was six o'clock when we retired), once more under the shelter of an English roof, and comparatively free for an hour or two from those dreadful plagues the mosquitoes. The friendly help we received from Mr. L—— was as gratifying as it was important for our further journey; we not only received two men to "stang" us to Levojok the following day, but were given funds sufficient to continue our journey by boat.

The next day we breakfasted at 2 p.m., for the best time for fishing is at night. We had not had such a breakfast for many a week, and felt accordingly grateful and happy. At six o'clock that evening we bade our kind host adieu, and, with the two men whom he had secured for us, started up stream again.

However good the fishing, and I believe it was very good, nothing would ever tempt me to come up and live by myself, the only Englishman amongst half a dozen Laps and a horde of

mosquitoes. Although in the house at Galgoguoika everything was done that could be done to keep the "müg" out, there were always from twenty to thirty wanted killing when you awoke in the morning. The windows and doors were all fitted with the finest gauze, and L—— himself had ample mosquito curtains round his bed, and yet, having killed every mosquito before going to sleep, we found the room *full* on waking, and some half a dozen inside L——'s curtain. The very act of opening the door to enter or leave the house brought in three or four; and besides that, it is impossible to believe what diminutive apertures they will squeeze through.

We had about five-and-thirty English miles to boat from Galgoguoika to Levojok, which we had settled should be our next stopping place; but it was all against stream, and many rapids to be passed, so it would take us twelve or fourteen hours. At Levojok two more of our steamer companions were fishing, and these were, in all probability, the last of our race that we should see until we got to Stockholm.

It was a lovely evening when we started; but the hills on either side of the river were so high that the greater part of the time we were in their shadow, and then it was cold. The lights and shades and the reflections in the water were lovely. We lay in the bottom of the skiff, smoked our pipes, and enjoyed it thoroughly. It is monotonous, though, this sort of travelling, as you cannot change your position much without being in danger of upsetting, and we were not at all sorry when we put ashore opposite a little stream called Massingjok to cook something for luncheon.

It sounds rather odd, talking about luncheon at twelve o'clock at night, but, as we had turned night into day, it was *our* luncheon hour. We left all our things in the boat with the exception of our plates and knives and forks (we had brought a knife and fork apiece that folded into each other and could be easily carried in the pocket); we also took out some tea and a 16lb. salmon, which Mr. L—— had kindly given us before we left Galgoguoika.

When we had climbed up over the bank there was the usual clearing in the forest; but this time two or three houses in it,

one a decent-looking wooden building. These better sort of houses are built by the more prosperous and industrious Laps; the beams are all obtained from the Karasjok country, and are floated down the stream, as no timber of sufficient size grows in the immediate neighbourhood. These beams are squared and laid one on the top of the other, the interstices being well plugged with moss, while the roof consists of three or four layers of birch bark, which is quite impervious to any amount of wet.

Into one of these houses, which was standing half-finished close to the river, our men entered without the slightest hesitation. Only one room was inhabited; we lifted the latch and looked in. The inmates were all asleep, one or two grunted something and lay down again, and we shut the door and made our way to a *bonâ fide* Lap mud and wattle cabin. A door of twisted briars and gorse was opened, and I had a look inside.

In the centre was a fireplace, from which the smoke of a few smouldering embers escaped by a hole in the roof; while stretched out on a layer of faggot wood on either side lay two Laps, in their clothes, fast asleep, and completely filling up all the interior. The odour of the place I shall not attempt to describe. This was Gamle Clem's house, and I suppose one of the sleepers was Gamle Clem. He didn't seem to mind the least in the world being awakened in a very rough and ready manner, and shuffled off at once, returning in a minute or two with some firewood. Our fellows soon had a good blaze going, but the hole at the top didn't act as it ought to, and the place became so thick with smoke that we could with difficulty distinguish the forms inside.

We had made a vow never to enter a Lap hut, but it was bitterly cold and we had nothing to eat, so we chanced all consequences for once and crawled in. The smoke was of such a pungent nature that we could scarcely see, the tears came so fast; but we stuck to it, and while Killearn cut a piece off the shoulder of the salmon, I got the pot filled with water and boiled it in a corner of the fire-place. We only stayed inside to cook what was absolutely necessary, and then ate our food outside, using the roof of the hut as a table. Gamle Clem supplied milk and offered butter; the latter, however, we refused. All the filthy nature of

the Lap culminates in the treatment of his butter. We had heard and been warned against this before we came, and we had had ocular demonstrations thereof since our arrival.

Our men were devouring dried salmon, which they had cooked by frying it on sticks over the fire—"stegt lax" they called it), and then pulled it to pieces with teeth and claws. I am not sure it wasn't better than our boiled fish, for we were as yet far from being adepts in the art of cooking.

We stayed here some time, but at last, about three o'clock, got the men off again. The whole river was in shade now, as the sun was very low, and it was miserably cold. We were glad of our reindeer skins, and wrapped them round us, our only fear being that Gamle Clem might have parted with some of his domestic vermin, for they were there by hundreds; but we were very lucky in this respect all through our journey. The view was not worth looking at, and everything felt dank and cold, so we drew the waterproof over our heads and were soon asleep.

How long we slept I don't know, but we were awoke by the cry of "Englismann, Englismann, fiske lax med stange" (There's an Englishman fishing with a rod). He added "with a rod," for *his* idea of catching salmon was netting them. We looked up at once, and there, to our surprise, we saw another of our "Tasso" fellow-passengers, Mr. B——, who had just hooked a big fish and was playing him. We told our fellows to get ashore at once, out of the way. He had a hard time of it, for his fish was hooked foul, and there was a strong stream; but it was gaffed at last, a splendid fish about 32lb.

Fishing on the Tana would not give me much pleasure, for it is all boat work, no casting from the bank; you sit in the middle of your skiff, with two Laps, one to row and one to steer; then, beginning at the head of a pool, they row across the stream, keeping the boat at an angle of 45 deg. with the banks, and on either side you have a rod trigged up, trailing an enormous fly or spoon. There you sit, and they row backwards and forwards, a little lower down each time, until the pool is finished, and when a fish chooses to take you, whirr-r, and away go so many yards of line, and, while one Lap reels up the unsuccessful line, you play

your fish, and, if you can, land him. But this, to my mind, takes away half the pleasure of fishing. There is no special skill required to sit in a boat whilst another fellow rows, and on a bad day the monotony must be almost unbearable. It is true you have all the fun of playing and landing your fish for very little trouble; but simply *as a sport* I for my part say that it cannot be compared to a day in a Devonshire trout stream.

As soon as B—— had finished the pool he came ashore, and very good-naturedly shared some bacon and biscuits with us; then, as there was another heavy rapid just above, we walked over land for a mile or two to lighten the boats. It was horribly cold, and we were glad of the exercise. When we got to the head of the foss B——'s boat was waiting for him, while ours was just coming in sight round the corner. This was rather a nuisance, but there was nothing for it but to wait in patience.

His men were two Karasjok Laps, sons of the schoolmaster there, and very nice fellows. The Karasjok men pride themselves upon being the best boatmen on the river. However, I must say this in favour of our two, that they had come a longer distance, and had had harder work before than the Karasjok men.

They appeared at last, with the boat half full of water, and all our deer skins, &c., capitally wet. We abused them, and, after bailing out the water, once more got afloat. I think we slept again after this; at all events I have but a dim recollection of what happened, until the boat grated on the shore, and we were told we had arrived at Levojok.

It was ten o'clock on Thursday morning, and we had left Galgoguoika at six the previous night, a longish journey to make in the bottom of a punt!

We couldn't see the house at Levojok from the river, it stands a little back, and is hidden by trees; but a climb of a few steps brought us to it—a really fine mansion suitable for a family, and on a larger scale than the one we had left at Galgoguoika. We were most hospitably received, and partook of a capital English dinner, chiefly composed of salmon. We smoked our pipes for a short time, recounting our adventures and what we intended to do, and then turned on to a reindeer skin in the corner of the

room and tried to go to sleep. The mosquitoes were so bad that I didn't meet with much success ; where the brutes came from it was impossible to say, for I got up several times and killed all I could see in the room and in the windows ; but it was no good, so I soon gave it up as a bad job (sleep was evidently out of the question), and enjoyed the luxury of a bath before breakfast.

It is all very well to say we'll bathe in the river every morning as we go up ; we said this before we got there, but we did not consider the oath-compelling mosquito. They put you into the water in a moment ; but when you have to get dry in the open, surrounded by them, you find yourself dressing, wet as you are, in preference to standing a minute longer unprotected. The water, too, is always very cold, though the sun may be hot enough.

After some trouble that morning our host's "talk" got two men to say they would "stang" us to Karasjok for six dollars. So about 4 a.m. we said adieu to B——, who was going to start fishing, and then began to see about getting off ourselves. When we came to inquire for the men, however, we found to our disgust that one had decamped, not being satisfied with six dollars, and left us in the lurch.

It is about seventy English miles from Levojok to Karasjok, but it would take us such a long time to walk that we preferred the river if possible, so tried on the same plan as we had done at Sterrfoss, lower down the river, and, putting our things on our backs, walked off among the birch trees, along the bank of the Tana. We had gone about half a mile, no Lap had come, and were discussing what was to be done, when one of the two men who had promised to go for six dollars appeared shambling along on our track. He came to say that if one of us would help him to "stang" for a (Norwegian) mile or so up stream he would then pick up his wife, and the two could take us on to Karasjok for the sum we offered. We closed at once, walked back with him to Levojok, and loaded up the skiff.

I was to take first turn at "stanging," and was placed by the Lap in the bows, while he stood astern, and Killearn sat in the bottom of the boat. The best man always goes astern, as in that position he has more power over the conveyance. The start was

nothing very particularly grand ; I nearly took a header the first push off, and the skiff itself was in imminent danger of upsetting. "Stanging" is very hard work, for you can't see how far off the bottom is, or what it is composed of, and if you happen to get the end of your pole on the top of a rolling stone, when you put your weight on it to give a push, it slips off, and the effects are dangerous in the extreme to the other occupants of the boat as well as yourself ; you must feel well first for a sound footing, and then push with your arms, not your body. Even when this has been acquired, the soft black mud that frequently composes the bottom is a severe trial to the boat's equilibrium, as the stang goes so deep into it that you have the option of holding on and running a chance of upsetting, or letting go and then putting back again to pick the thing out of the mud. I generally chose the latter course, as it was the safer one, though it certainly retarded our pace somewhat. The morning had been misty and cold, with a slight frost, the valley of the river being quite filled with a thick mist, while the rounded tops of the hills appeared above it like islands in the ocean. But this had all cleared off by the time we started, and it was not long before the sun's rays became unpleasantly warm, waking up every "müg" in the district, and giving him life and strength for his day's work. Poor Barle suffered from them severely, and was daily growing thinner. We did what we could for him by wrapping his body in the waterproof ; but his head, of course, had to remain out, and there the flies gathered in one huge bunch.

A mile or two past a small stream called Torrejok we put ashore on the Russian bank, and the Lap disappeared to find his wife. We had had enough of Lap habitations, so sat in the boat and smoked, and tried to get cool—no easy matter, for the sun was now baking down on us with great force, and shade there was not.

Our Lap returned shortly, and we were introduced to his wife *and* two filthily-dirty little children. Killearn said he thought they were going to get into the boat, but the idea seemed too absurd ; of course, they were only come to see their people off. Killearn was right, however. In spite of expostulations and

threats, a mass of dirty clothes, stinking fish (for the Lap always carries his provisions with him), and children were piled into the boat alongside our luggage ! We did our best to keep a clear line of demarcation between ourselves and our companions ; but the space in the boat was limited, and our efforts were not very successful. There was nothing for it but to give in, for if we refused to go on we should have had to walk, and that would have delayed us a week or more on our road. So we arranged ourselves as best we could, and proceeded slowly up stream.

We were fried with the heat : 'The sky was an oven, and a sound one, too, with no cracks in it to let in any air ;' and we lay in the bottom of the skiff, having no sort of protection from the rays of the sun, whilst the air was absolutely black with mosquitoes. As we proceeded the hills became higher and steeper, with here and there a single fir tree among the forest of white birch, and the long sweeps of open Fjeld, that we had been accustomed to look at so long, could only be seen occasionally in the distance through gaps in the hills.

We tried to fish, and caught one or two small ones ; but it was too hot to do anything but lie still, and we were thankful when we pulled up at a little stream, the Baisejok, at the head of a considerable rapid. There was a hut there, and the usual enclosure of grass land, in a corner of which and under the shade of a big bush we lay down, and gradually got cooler. Our Laps decamped to the hut, but from experience we knew better than that, and asked them to bring us some milk where we sat. A comfortable luncheon soon brought us round ; but the dog Barle seemed to feel it very much, and we could do nothing for him ; the "müg" wormed their way in between his thick hair, and, when once there, no amount of brushing would get them out. How the dogs of the country manage to survive a summer is a mystery to me ; perhaps it is that they spend the greater part of their time inside their masters' huts—no "müg" intrudes there, he would be suffocated under the minute—perhaps it is that by a kind of adaptation their skins have become sufficiently thick to be impervious to mosquito bites. Whatever the reason may be, they certainly never seem to suffer any great inconvenience from the flies.

When once a mosquito has settled with his proboscis in your skin, nothing will induce him to move while life lasts. You may push him with your finger, but he still continues at his work, and if you puff tobacco smoke in his face he hangs on until the fumes render him senseless. At a foss lower down the stream I had unluckily lost my gloves, which, of course, could not be replaced, and it is needless to say my hands were one indistinguishable mass of bites, and twice their ordinary size. One gets somewhat hardened after a time—begins one's course of adaptation—but even the Laps themselves are not impervious.

There is a great difference, at this part of the Tana, between the Russian and the Norwegian bank; the former being ugly and sparsely wooded, while the latter is wonderfully picturesque, with its birch-covered hills interspersed here and there with the darker foliage of the pine. About four o'clock we again got under way, and succeeded in catching a few small trout; but it was still oppressively hot, and remained so until we arrived at our next halting place, a small village on the Russian side opposite a stream called the Gallijok. It was just before we arrived here that we parted with our old friend the telegraph; it branches off at Helmen, and strikes across country for the Alten. To our delight, when our "stangers" returned from having coffee at Gallijok, we saw that they were unaccompanied by any children, and, on asking about it, heard they had determined to leave them here with some friends until their return, as they added to the weight of the boat.

The journey from here to Segelness, where we were going to pass the night, was much more enjoyable—the "müg" were the only drawback—for the sun had now sunk below the hills, and although sometimes we came out of shadow into its full glare, it had lost most of its power. As we neared Segelness the pines on the hill sides had become pretty numerous, indeed we had passed one hill entirely covered with them. We had heard of the pine forests round Karasjok, and longed to get into them; for one of the reasons why we had not walked from Polmak, instead of boating, was the difficulty of making one's way through the thick bushy birch trees with a veil on; but the pine forests, with no underwood, would be a very different thing.

About twelve o'clock that night we landed at Segelness. By this time it was very cold in the shadow of the hill, under which the village stood; I call it village, but I only saw one house, inside which in one small room slept seven people. They soon turned out, on our approach, to have a stare. These Laps do delight in a good stare; however, I don't suppose that they stared any more at us than my countrymen were in the habit of doing at the two specimens of their breed lately "on view" at the Westminster Aquarium.

By the time we had got our tent pitched, under some bushes on the bank, the river below us was scarcely visible through a thick white mist that rose all over it. This we knew was the sign of a frost, so got up a roaring fire just in front of the tent door, by the help of which and some reindeer skins we hoped to keep pretty warm for the night. Although we felt the cold all the more severely after the heat of the day, we were thankful for it, as it did not suit the mosquitoes, who decamped and left us in peace to boil and eat some salmon that had been kindly given us before leaving Levojk.

The population of Segelness, seven in number, queer, wild, half-clad people, stood in a semi-circle round us, silently watching us eat and smoke. Knives and forks were strangers to them, and I dare say it was interesting to see them handled. Not a word would they speak in answer to our questions, and, when we finally turned in, they grunted all round and left us.

The people here consider shoes and stockings a useless frivolity in summer, and never wear them. Now and then, perhaps, you may see paterfamilias properly shod; but his children, at this time of the year, never are, and his wife seldom. Our boatman started with shoes; but as soon as he got into the boat, with a soul of economy, he took them off, and continued "stanging" barefooted. Hats, too, are as a rule dispensed with; yet how they can do without these articles of clothing is a mystery to me, for a Lap has not a particularly superabundant crop of hair. However, I suppose long use has "adapted" the skin of their heads to hot suns and mosquito bites, yet even *they* occasionally scratch and abuse the "chouika," and they have been brought up

and lived among them every summer of their lives. The following day our little man became especially irritated, and several times dropped his "stang" to wage war with the "müg," and as he passed his hand over his forehead and hatless head, he squashed many scores on his skin.

That morning we were awoke by the heat after a most refreshing sleep, and Killlearn managed to forage a piece of reindeer's haunch for breakfast. How this reindeer came to be killed at this time of the year I never quite found out : horrible suspicions afterwards came over us that he was not killed—but had died. However this may be, he was excellent, and we suffered no ill effects therefrom. The steak took a tremendous time doing, and we finally managed it by following the Lap's example, cutting thin strips and running them on to stakes of wood, the other ends of which we stuck in the sand, by this means hanging the meat close over the fire. We had some capital sort of cake with it. The Lap's cake is made in the form of a thin disc, quite hard, and six or eight inches in diameter—horribly bitter stuff. But what we had was called Quain kak, about ten inches in diameter and much thinner ; it was sweet and crisp, and we took away a lot of it with us.

These elv or river Finns, sometimes called Laps, that we had seen all the way up the Tana, and from whom we had purchased our cake and milk for very trifling sums, are quite a different set to the Fjeld Finns. The former own no reindeer, and are, I believe, poorer altogether ; their dialect, too, is somewhat different, and they live by fishing ; while a single man of the latter sometimes owns a herd of many hundreds of reindeer, by whose skins, and horns, and flesh he makes his livelihood. He lives on the Fjelds and in the forests, and only comes down to the sea with his reindeer at stated times in the year, as I have before noticed. The river Finns are called by the name of the river on which they live or are born, while the Fjeld Finns have their own surnames in the ordinary way.

Before we left that morning, the oldest Lap came up to us, and, after a good deal of mumbling, I understood him to say we had burnt some of the wood that he had collected for his winter stock,

and that he desired to be paid for it. There was a great pile of pine wood standing close by our tent, and we had not unnaturally used it. With such an endless stock round him, however, only waiting to be picked up, it was an odd request to make ; yet he looked a poor, miserable wretch, and we gave him a trifle.

As far as my experience goes, a Lap is *the* laziest fellow under the sun, not excepting even a southern Spaniard, and only the temptation of receiving very high pay will ever induce him to work at anything.

When we had started again for Karasjok, the heat of the sun and the glare from the water was very unpleasant. It was hotter, if anything, than the previous day ; the Laps thought so too, and between Segelness and Karasjok consumed innumerable ladles full of water, which they scooped up from the river with the bail as they went along. I am not quite sure they had not the best of it, for sitting still and being roasted is always worse than working under a hot sun.

We stopped once more on the way up for coffee at a small place called Hirkness, on the Russian shore, and shortly after that came to where the Tana divides into two main branches, the Karasjok and the Anasjok, the latter, if anything, the largest stream. We took the one on our right, the Karasjok, and pushed on, through perfectly calm water, towards the town of that name.

The hills on either side were now completely covered with tall pine forests, which stretch from here in one almost unbroken line to Gefle, just above Stockholm ; indeed, almost to Stockholm itself. They looked very grand, with their dark foliage, and the sun, which was now getting low again, lighting up their rich-coloured stems, which could be seen where some one or two had given way to the elements and fallen to the ground, to lie and crumble away ; for, of course, but one tree in a hundred—I might almost say in a thousand—is ever used.

It was nine o'clock on Saturday evening, when on rounding a bend in the river we came in sight of several thin wreaths of smoke about half a mile off, and were told that it was the smoke of Karasjok we saw.

The town of Karasjok is one of the capitals of the Laps, and stands in a small plain bounded on two sides by the river of the same name, and completely shut in in every direction by undulating hills, covered with stately pine forests. But nothing can be seen of it from the river, the banks are so high, its course having been gouged out to a great depth by the heavy winter floods, of which we could see the witnesses in the shape of uprooted trees and huge blocks of stones twenty or thirty feet above our heads as we sat in the boat.

I was rather disappointed on landing, naturally expecting to see a crowd of Laps, and a score or two of canoes. There were only four canoes on the bank, and two women looked at us complacently over the top. This explained itself afterwards—the inhabitants had all decamped with their reindeer to the sea coast to escape the “müg.” We had come up just in time to enjoy them. On climbing to the top of the bank we found we were at the edge of no inconsiderable village, seventy or eighty houses, all of wood, with the spire of a church standing up among them. It seemed odd to see everything deserted, and a score of people the only inhabitants.

On inquiry, we learnt that there was a handelsmann (or shopkeeper), a landsmann, and a clergyman, all Norwegians, living in the town, but the two latter were absent at the present moment. The handelsmann, however, was in his house, and we told our boatman to show us the way. We walked through one or two enclosures, put up for hay, and a good substantial two-storied house stood before us—the handelsmann’s. He came out to receive us, and said he should be happy to give us a bed for as long as we wished to stay. We then returned to our boat to get up our baggage, and, as we came back to the house, saw the Norwegian colours had been run up on a flag-staff that stood on the top, in honour, we imagined, of the new arrivals.

It was a great comfort to sit down on chairs once more to a comfortable meal, with some capital home-made bread, rather like French rolls. The handelsmann and his wife sat down with us, but were evidently not accustomed to strangers, and spoke but little.

After supper, hearing that the landsmann, Hr. Ouvre, was not yet returned, but was expected that night, we put off our visit, and strolled through the deserted village. Everything was as still as possible, and the only people we saw were two girls, daughters of the Lap landsmann, washing some dirty clothes in the river.

The houses are all detached, each standing in the centre of its grass land, which is fenced round, and in which the reindeer are herded during the winter. Some we entered through the doors, which were left open ; inside they were utterly devoid of furniture, with the exception of an occasional bench, while the walls shone black and polished with long usage. They were all built in the same style—long beams of fir wood laid one on the top of the other, and the interstices corked with moss ; while the roof was composed of the birch bark, large sheets of which, more than a foot broad, lay piled about in different parts of the village. In two places the grass had been dug up, and the land planted with potatoes, among which we were not a little surprised to see half a dozen fires burning. On asking the reason of this, we were told it was to protect them from the frosts, and that they had just been lit, as the fog, which had already hidden the river from our view, was a sure sign of a coming frost.

I was sorry not to be able to see the interior of the church ; but if it was in the same style as the exterior, perhaps I did not lose much. A plain wooden building with a sloping roof, and a small tower ending in a wooden steeple, the beams, however, being placed *perpendicularly*, and not horizontally, as in the other houses. But the “ prest ” was absent, and no one had the key.

About eleven o'clock we again returned to the handelsmann's house, and were shown our sleeping apartment. It was a very small one, stuffy and hot in the extreme, being just under the roof. There was a window, but that was a double one, and had never been opened ; however, there were two comfortable beds, and that was refreshing, as these were the first we had enjoyed since leaving Nyborg.

The following day was Sunday, and we meant to take it quietly and rest. A capital breakfast at eleven o'clock set us going for the day, the two chief articles of food being hermetically-sealed reeper

(grouse), and Huntley and Palmer's biscuits. Reeper was then out of season; but what we partook of tasted like fresh reeper, and made a capital hash. Fancy Huntley and Palmer's biscuits in such a place as this! but I suppose they are like Englishmen—to be found in every corner of the earth. They came here by sledge in winter, over the Fjeld from Alten. There is a forest track over which the post walks in summer once a fortnight, and sledges in winter once a week, so here we had an opportunity to send some letters, which we afterwards heard arrived in England about three days before we did!

Sleighting is *the* means of locomotion that these people have. The sledge is in shape somewhat like a baby's cradle on runners, with just enough room to sit and put your legs out at full length. It is composed of wood, pretty stiffly made, and to it are harnessed the reindeer. There is a great deal of art even in sitting in one and keeping your balance, and, of course, much more in driving. The deer, too, are by no means as good-tempered as they might be, and it is no uncommon occurrence for them to turn round and "go for" the unfortunate driver, if they think they are over-driven. The thing to do then is to jump out and get under the sledge, and let the animal vent his wrath on that, which he does, butting at it with all his might. When he has had enough of this he stops, and says he is ready to go on again, and the driver reseats himself and proceeds on his journey.

They must be rather awkward customers these "rein," with their tremendous horns, and I would sooner be excused meeting one out of temper and loose. The pace, I believe, is very good, and we were told that the distance from Vadsö to Haparanda (about two hundred and twenty English miles) could be accomplished in winter with sledges in seven days. But then everything is bound hard and fast with the frost, and you can almost take a bee line from point to point. In summer, however, this is a very different matter, owing to the innumerable swamps, the rough impassable ground, and the rivers; and you often have to make long detours, going over about three times as much ground as you would have to do if the frost and snow had levelled everything down.

Our hostess spoke Finnish, Lap, and a little Norse, and I spent a very pleasant morning, picking up a little of the first two languages. They are quite different from each other; the Lap, or, as she called it, Finsk, spoken by the *bonâ fide* Laps, and the Finnish or Qvensk, spoken by the Finns, a larger people, partly under the rule of Russia and partly of Sweden.

Our host came in to "mittag" at two o'clock, and we got him to see if he could engage a man to go with us and carry some of our things "over Fjeld," which he very kindly promised to do, while we strolled out along the banks of the river to, as we fondly imagined, enjoy the scenery and the day; veils, of course, securely attached, and my unfortunate hands deep in my pockets. It was lovely walking along the moss on the bank of the river: the view was not extensive, shut in on all sides by pine-covered hills, yet wonderfully pretty. I sat down on a bank of moss to rest; but had hardly seated myself when myriads and myriads of diminutive flies sprang up in all directions from the ground round me, and made an attack *en masse*. My veil was not the slightest protection, they went in and out through the meshes as they pleased, enjoying it immensely, I daresay; but they drove me nearly frantic, for they had rather a sharp bite, and all seemed hungry. I jumped up, and tried to get rid of them by running along the bank against wind; but it was no good, they had not the slightest idea of giving up such a chance at a roast-beef Briton, and I did not get rid of the last until I arrived at the door of the handelsmann's house again. He told me they were a kind of little fly which the Laps called what sounded to me like "moutscha;" but, to my great relief, said they only inhabited the low lands in certain places, and that we need have no fear of them in our walk "over Fjeld" to Muonioniska.

That evening there were two new arrivals at Karasjok, the landsmann, who had returned from his rounds, and two forest masters, who had come across country with their attendant Laps, from Porsanger Fjord, I think, marking trees to be cut down, &c. They brought with them fearful reports of the number and activity of the "müg" in the forest—"many, many thousands of müg"—and, of course, they all came to the one unfortunate

human being who happened to be in the neighbourhood. One of the men had come up in the Nordenskjold with us from Tromsø, and we had made an acquaintance with him when fishing for cod over the side of the vessel: it was rather queer our meeting thus again.

The landsmann, too, Hr. Ouvre, appeared for supper, and we sat down a party of seven—our host and hostess, the two forest masters, Hr. Ouvre, and our two selves. We spent a very jolly evening, and were most hospitably treated by every one. Landsmann Ouvre advised us to take a horse to Muonioniska to carry our food and some of our luggage, and said he thought that he could procure one for Tuesday if we would wait another day; the price was to be about twenty dollars (£4 10s.) We thanked him for his advice, and agreed it would be better to have a horse if possible. The party were very much divided as to the distance to Muonioniska; no one had ever been there, and each spoke from hearsay. The shortest distance mentioned was 120 miles, and the longest 280; we split the difference and considered 200 about right. It proved to be a little over, as far as we could tell, but it cannot be stated with any accuracy.

Although they all differed on this subject they all agreed on another—a sadder one, which was that the best thing we could do with our poor old dog would be to shoot him. It was the “müg,” they said, and the dogs of the country were the only animals who could stand them; not always could they, even, who had been brought up among the brutes. So we retired that night with sad hearts, for Barle’s chance of life seemed small, through the long walk to come.

Hr. Ouvre was again at breakfast the following morning, and we afterwards walked out with him to his house to deliver our message from Fögt Flor to his daughter. He was a charming specimen of a Norwegian—a man of about forty-five, the picture of health and strength, a handsome face with light hair and beard, and a most pleasant manner. As we passed through the different enclosures he told us that in winter they were all full of reindeer, —as many as thirty thousand, he said; but these numbers I

doubt very much, and had no chance of proving. They own a great number undoubtedly, but I should have said three thousand was nearer the mark.

Hr. Ouvre's house stood next to the church, and if the outside was not imposing, this was fully made up for by the charmingly-furnished interior. We were shown into a sort of double room with folding doors; no carpet, but a polished floor of some light-coloured wood: in one corner stood a piano, in another a collection of birds; there were also a fair-sized library, a sofa and some comfortable chairs. In fact, we felt once more as if we had returned to civilization. I have no wonder at Hr. Flor falling in love with the daughter. She was a charming girl—though, perhaps, the contrast to the surrounding females rendered her more lovely in our eyes—very English in her face, and shortly afterwards (when the two forest masters came in and wine was put on the table) she played to us with a very good touch on the piano some old English airs, amongst others “Home, sweet home!”

We sat there talking and listening to the music, and felt rather out of place in our rough dress and generally unkempt appearance. At length the forest masters had to go, and we drank the parting “skaal” and said adieu. Landsmann Ouvre, however, came out with us to see them safely out of Karasjok, and then walked a little way along the bank of the stream.

Two girls were washing some clothes in the river, the same two we had seen there the previous day; they were Laps, dirty and dishevelled, and clad in the usual manner, with bare feet. We were told that they were the daughters of the Lap landsmann, who lived next door to Hr. Ouvre. What a difference! It struck me very forcibly that these people, living close by a civilized Norwegian and seeing the advantages to be gained by cleanliness and order, should yet remain firmly bound in their old filthy habits, and prefer dirt and idleness to cleanliness and comfort. But such was the case, and such I suppose they will remain if they live together for another hundred years.

That evening a Lap was presented, who said he was willing to accompany us to Muonioniska for sixteen dollars; he also owned

a horse, which he would sell for thirty dollars. He was firm in his prices, and so we had to take this offer or nothing. Hr. Ouvre, however, was most valuable and obliging in his advice, and we at length knocked off six, and agreed to take the man and horse for forty dollars. He seemed very dissatisfied at the bargain, said he would go, but that he could not start till the morrow, as his horse was at Assebagti, a little village eight or nine miles up the river, and he would have to fetch and shoe him. Assebagti is a sort of summer resort of the Karas, who do not own herds of reindeer; they go there to feed their cows, and what few horses there are, on a little grass land that exists in the neighbourhood. Our guide's name was Johannes Andersen Bauto; he looked a very respectable little chap, and a trifle cleaner than most of his breed. We got him to sign an agreement that he would go to Muonioniska with us and a receipt for the money for the horse, and then sent him off to Assebagti to get the animal.

You may be surprised, after the description I have given of the Laps, at hearing of Johannes signing his name; but all the Laps at Karasjok can write their names, though elsewhere I should think it doubtful. Karasjok, it must be remembered, is their capital, and boasts of schools and a schoolmaster; the latter was absent at this season, but the handelsmann had the keys of the school-house, and showed us over it. There was not much to see: two large rooms, one for the Elv-Finns (river Finns) and another for the Fjeld-Finns; the forms black and polished, as also the walls, with much use, and a large and good map of Europe hanging on the wall. I never saw the Lap language printed but here: it looked so odd to see "Thames jok" running by London. The place was covered with grease, and the walls were charred where tallow candles had been placed, for the schools are only used in winter. An enormous fire-place in the Elv-Finns' room completed the furniture of the establishment.

I tried to fish for an hour or two in the afternoon, but the "müg" were too much for me, and I was driven in doors again in a very short time, to wait till supper and write my diary. I could not help thinking,—if the "müg" are so bad here as to drive me in, what will happen *op over Fjeld*, where report says they are ever so much worse, and where there is no house to be driven into?

The following morning we had intended to start at ten o'clock, but when ten o'clock came we both felt so 'seedy' that we determined to put it off till the evening, and carry out our original intention of travelling by night and sleeping by day. I especially felt far from well, and attributed it to the sun, though, on after thoughts, I think it must have been the bottled reeper. We did not appear at "frokost," and Johannes came up to know what time we would start and settle about how the luggage should be carried. He had washed himself up wonderfully, and absolutely had on a clean kind of smock-frock over a clean tunic. We thought ourselves indeed in luck to have fallen in with such a man for our guide. We told him we should start at five o'clock that evening, and he disappeared to get everything ready.

About half-past four we went to see about our horse and guide. The former proved to be a miserable animal, about fourteen hands, his ribs plainly visible, and, poor beast, horribly bitten, I might more correctly say *eaten*, by the "müg." He was standing over a fire, with his head almost in it, the smoke of which kept the insects off him to a certain extent. As for Johannes, we could not find him at first, and when we did he was lying sprawled out on his bed, decidedly the worse for liquor. I asked him if he was ready; but he only muttered something about "two young Englishmen," and that he was not going for sixteen dollars. We made our way, in a fearful state of mind, to Hr. Ouvre, to whose kindness we were truly indebted, both during our stay at Karasjok and for our subsequent journey over Fjeld. He came back with us, and pitched into little Johannes in good round Lap; what he said I don't know, but it sounded like abuse, whatever else. It produced a beneficial effect. Johannes raised himself from his couch and began arguing the point. He raised all sorts of objections; the horse wasn't shod, the money wasn't enough, there were no ropes or straps to load with, and a hundred other things. But after an hour or two, thanks to Hr. Ouvre, the horse was shod, the money dispute made up, the ropes obtained from the handelsmann, and things looked a little better.

But if this was the sort of beginning, it did not look very hopeful for our future journey. We were assured, however, that

when once off, Johannes Andersen was a capital fellow, and would do his duty well ; but that 'aquavite' was at the bottom of it all, and that if it was not for 'aquavite' the Laps would be much better people than they are.

About eight o'clock that night the 'hest' (horse) was brought round to the door and loaded up, the skins being tied on first, one bag and the tent on one side, the other bag and the knapsack on the other, while we carried our rods and guns. A long rope was tied round his head, and we were ready for a start. Johannes moved off, and all the people in the village collecting round, bade us adieu, shouting, "A successful journey!" "A successful journey!" We were very sorry to say good bye to Hr. Ouvre and his daughter and the handelsmann, and shook hands all round, promising to return again in winter, and enjoy some of the festivities, which we were assured took place at that season.

The bill for our board and lodging was not a heavy one, about seven dollars (£1 10s. 6d.), for two of us for three days, including the rope for the horse, and half a dozen long loaves of black and white bread, which we reckoned ought to last us a fortnight. Johannes had taken his own provisions in the shape of a lot of reindeer bones, some butter, and Finn cake, all of which were fastened inside his extra tunic, the arms of which were tied up, and then placed on the top of our luggage. He was quite cut up, poor little chap, as we moved out of Karasjok, and when they all shouted "Successful journey!" the tears came into his eyes. It might have been the 'aquavite' that caused this ; but he was pretty sober by this time, and I really think it was honest grief at leaving his home, and—perhaps—the thought that possibly he might never return.

CHAPTER VIII.

We quickly lost sight of the little town of Karasjok, as we climbed a fairly-beaten mountain path among the tall pine trees ; and soon afterwards emerged into the open Fjeld, but only for a few hundred yards, when we again descended, the pony picking his way down an old watercourse in the most clever manner. Crossing a little stream we found ourselves once more in a thick wood, with pretty glades and moss-covered openings here and there, and the stream gurgling and winding about among it ; but in spite of these charming surroundings, we were glad when we once more got up in the open Fjeld, for here we could feel the breeze again, and the " mäg " were not so troublesome.

It was a long climb before we got on level ground. When once there we could see the valley of the Karasjok far below us, and a great stretch of undulating Fjeld in front, bounded by a ridge of hills that looked blue and hazy in the distance. There was a break in the chain facing us, with a small conical hill in the middle, which Johannes pointed out as our line of march. We must cross that hill before camping. We took out the compass, and found it was about S. by W. from Karasjok, and we kept that direction as nearly as possible the whole of the way to Muonioniska, a town in Sweden, on the river of that name, which afterwards joins the Torneo, and empties itself into the Baltic at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia.

We soon lost all traces of a path, and after a mile or two over bare open Fjeld, covered only with a coating of reindeer's moss several inches thick, we lost sight of the conical hill amidst our old friends the white birch trees. The pines we had left behind in the valleys, and we saw them no more till we got some distance further south. The walking here was very good, for the trees did not grow too close together, and the ground was covered with

a thick soft moss ; the tussocks, where trees had once grown, were our great enemies, for you could not tell where your foot would find a resting place. There might be a stone at the top covered but a few inches deep in moss, or you might sink knee deep before getting a firm foot-hold. On the whole, however, we had nothing to complain of, and as we carried very little on our backs, we enjoyed the walk immensely.

Johannes had not quite such a gay time of it, for the horse, poor brute, was so bullied by "müg," and so weakened by bad food, that he could hardly move, and the rope between Johannes and his head was always quite tight, while the animal's neck was elongated in the most extraordinary manner. The horse certainly carried the baggage, but Johannes had to pull the horse.

However, we didn't think much of his sorrows, for we considered his pay enormous and worth a good deal of labour. One of us took it in turns to walk away to the right or left of our course in search of dinner, while the other kept in the rear of the "hest" to see that nothing dropped off. It was as well we arranged matters thus, for we had not gone very far when the pot which composed the whole of our *batterie de cuisine*, and which was by this time in a rather dilapidated state, having lost its handle, dropped out of its fastenings. What we should have done if some one had not seen it drop and restored it again, I am sure I cannot say ; no soup ! no tea !—it would have been a fearful loss.

We were pretty successful in the game line, and after walking some distance further, counted a couple of grouse and three sort of snipe. This we considered enough to last for some time, and as the nature of the country had changed, and the walking was harder, we formed one long line and trudged on in silence.

We had now, indeed, come to a land of swamps. It was not a land with swamps in it, but rather one big swamp for miles round with a little dry land in it. They were not very deep, and in many places covered thickly over with a stiff-growing prickly bush, through which it was hard work to force one's way. Here and there we came on long stretches of green bog, and then Johannes stopped and felt about with his stick. Sometimes we

had to make long detours to overcome the difficulty; for, although in many cases a man might have scrambled over them, a horse with his feet so small in comparison to the weight of his body, and loaded up too, would have sunk at once up to the girths. Now and then for a treat we got on an open piece of dry ground, rising a little above the surrounding land, and covered with reindeer moss and a few scrubby trees.

The country was by this time a dead flat all round us, broken only by the ridge of the hills, that I have before spoken of, in our front. We were approaching these fast now, and soon but one stretch of bog lay between us and them; yet it was no easy matter to get there, although we were so close. It was like being in a labyrinth. Line after line of hillocks rising above the bog, did we follow, affording a shaky, but comparatively firm, footing, always to come to a sudden stop in front of a bright green patch that we knew was impassable for the horse; but, after an endless amount of turnings and twistings, we did at length succeed in hitting on a path that went pretty straight. The horse behaved in the most clever manner, and jumped from tussock to to tussock in imminent danger of upsetting all his load, only once as yet having got so firmly stuck as to require our aid to extricate him.

Just before ascending the range of hills we called a halt; it was about two o'clock in the morning the sun told us, and both man and horse wanted rest and refreshment. It was some time before Johannes could satisfy himself on a halting place; grass for the horse was rare, and only to be found in places. He settled at last on a little rising ground where a few tall, rank *blades* grew, and unloaded the poor animal, who seemed very much fatigued, and caused us to become seriously anxious as to his ever reaching Muonioniska. Johannes reassured us, and said *it was his nature!* He was nearly mad, poor brute, with the flies—they had literally eaten places into his skin.

We were a little surprised to see Johannes lighting a fire among the long grass; but thought if he preferred bog to dry land it was really no matter of ours after all, so let him alone, and, pulling down some trees in the right stage of decay—for

they are found in every stage, young and old, dead and dying, and of all sizes—we soon had a good fire and the pot on. When the weather is dry a fire in this country is the easiest thing to make possible ; a match applied to the bark that curls off the trees, and the whole log is very soon in a flame.

By the time we had got our fire going we saw why Johannes had been lighting one at the same time in the bog ; it was for the horse, not for himself, and, having got up a good blaze, he threw on some roots that he picked out of the swamp, which immediately sent up a dense black smoke, over and in which the pony was standing to free himself from his tormentors.

We had some of these roots on our fire, and came and sat down in the smoke of them. It certainly was effective in keeping off the “müg ;” but so pungent that it brought the tears into my eyes when I tried sitting in it, and I spent the greater part of the time during the halt on the windward side, trusting to my veil. A cup of tea, a little grouse, and some black bread, composed our luncheon, and at about three o'clock we again loaded up the pony and made a start.

There was one thing we found excessively useful, and that was our pocket-filter. The water throughout this tract of country is excessively bad, and the filter, although it did not alter the taste, yet saved us from all evil consequences.

A walk of about an hour brought us to the foot of the conical hill that we had seen when we first started, round one side of which we climbed, and soon found ourselves on the summit.

Behind us lay a great flat plain, stretching away to the pine-clad hills of Karasjok, and dotted over with patches of trees and the rough, dark-coloured marsh bushes which I have before described. In front of us lay exactly the same sort of country, with more blue hills in the distance, the only difference being that the patches of trees were more frequent and larger in extent, while here and there we caught sight of a still, blue lake. The hills on which we were standing were ugly, and bare of any vegetation, with the exception of moss and a few stunted bushes in the hollows, and even here on the top of the range we were not free from the swamps. A few yards below us reposed a still, calm lake, with

impassable boggy land for some distance round its edges. We again examined the compass, and were shown the distant hill for which we must steer by Johannes; our course was the same, S. by W.

We did not delay long here, but descended the slope on the other side, and were soon, as far as we ourselves were concerned, lost in a labyrinth of swamps and groves of birches in the valley below. The sun began to make his rays felt more strongly now, and we were glad when our guide came to a halt on one of the small rising grounds, and, turning round, remarked in indifferent Norse—"Jeg tœnke ve skall sover nu" (I think we shall sleep now.)

It was not much of a place for a camp, surrounded as we were by swamps, but a trifle better than the country through which we had been making our way; for in front of us lay a lake, by name "Suolgo jok," which to a certain extent drained the land in its immediate neighbourhood. A small stream which had collected its waters from the swamps near us wound round the front of our camping ground, and, filtering some of its waters, we made tea and boiled a grouse; having disposed of which, the tent was pitched under the shade of a birch tree, and we turned in for the night—or rather for the day, as it was now six o'clock on Wednesday morning. But, although we laid and rested, we never closed our eyes, for the tent, which had been comfortably in the shade at six o'clock, was under the full glare of the sun by nine, and remained so till we raised our camp in the afternoon. This was one of the many lessons we learnt; it was bought by experience, and that, though perhaps an unpleasant way of learning, is, I can answer for it, an impressive one.

It was fearfully hot, and at eleven o'clock I left the tent, and, following Johannes' example, curled up in a reindeer skin at the foot of a birch in the shade and dozed a little. About half-past two that day (Wednesday) we rolled up our tent, and, having eaten some grouse boiled up with a little preserved meat, of which latter article we had a small supply, we again got under way. Poor horse, I pitied him, he must have been undergoing absolute torture, and we had the greatest difficulty, while loading, to make

him stand still, with frequent "burr-'s," a sound which the Norwegians use instead of "woa." Some horses will stop for nothing else; it would be amusing to see some unfortunate started and forgetting the word. We marched off at a sharp walk through the same sort of forest; but it grew thicker here, and horribly annoying to walk through. A reeper or two was bagged, although they were not properly in season; however, necessity knows no law. We made our way through this thick wood for some time, continually thinking our guide was going round in a circle, the real fact being that *he* was going straight, and *we*, if we had been by ourselves, should have been performing a circle in the opposite direction to which we thought he was turning. Suddenly the thick forest opened before us, and over the tree tops below we could see a lake glistening in the sun and winding out of sight. This was the place for luncheon, and we told Johannes, greatly to his wrath, that we would stop here, rest and eat.

The lake was the source of the Vudakjok, a small stream which runs into the Gossejok, and finally joins the Tana. We walked down to the end, then crossed the little brook that dribbled away from it, and sat down on a small rocky hill, sheltered from the sun. The water was always our chief anxiety; for often here the water of these lakes is unfit to drink, as also any stream that runs from them. But this Vudakjok was an exception to the rule, and Johannes pronounced the water capital.

The scenery here is nothing remarkable, the lake lying high up among the open Fjelds; and though the height above the sea may be, and I believe is, considerable, still, when you are up the same height yourself, you don't realise it. On one side of the lake great sweeps of bare hill, and on the other—the side we had just come up—undulating woodland. After eating our luncheon at about 6 p.m., we rested a couple of hours, and tried to go to sleep; but the heat and the flies between them again prevented us, and an hour or two afterwards we were once more on the move, as Johannes told us we had a long way to go to the next good water.

Johannes was a capital little fellow, and, though he was short, yet he was wiry and enduring, and kept up with us in spite of

having to pull the horse half the distance. His boots were infinitely better suited to this sort of walking than ours were, and if any one who reads this ever intends to travel over this country, I would strongly advise him to use the boots that the people themselves wear: they are twice as light, water-tight, and *give* more to the feet.

When we left the Vudakjok we struck straight up over the open Fjeld, keeping the same course. We had opened some of our preserved meat and cooked it before starting, so travelled merrily along on the strength of it, over large sweeps of ground covered with reindeer's moss. A fresh breeze was blowing, too, right in our faces, and the "müg" having nearly disappeared with it, we could throw up our veils in front, and a wonderful relief it was to do so. The reindeer's moss is capital stuff to walk upon, being springy and not too soft; but it becomes very tiring to the eyes after a time, as the unbroken colour gives the country round much the same look as if it were covered with snow.

The swamps here were less numerous now, for we were walking over higher ground, and could steer clear of them with greater ease; but the country was wild and desolate-looking, and not a moving thing did we see, bird or beast, till we came to our next camping place. We had not seen a sign of man since we had left Karasjok, and, indeed, I should heartily pity any unfortunate who ever from choice or necessity set up house in this neighbourhood. Sweep after sweep of large open Fjeld presented itself to our view, and we climbed one slope only to see another of barren, moss-coated land exactly similar to the one we had just crossed. The ground, too, as we proceeded became covered with stones, till at last we were picking our way from rock to rock.

"Vor lange nu till næsten lidt elv" was our continued question (How far to the next stream?) The answer was always the same: "næsten halb mile" (about half-a-mile); and then, after plodding on another hour, "Vor lange nu?" and it was still, "Oh, about half-a-mile." We might have saved ourselves the trouble of asking the question, for I believe our guide himself was almost as vague as we were on the subject; indeed, he afterwards confessed that he had only been to Muonioniska once

before in winter, sleighing, and then the country wore a very different aspect. He must have been a 'cute specimen of a Lap to remember the landmarks as he did.

Næsten lidt Elv we began to consider was a myth, and forbore questioning Johannes, but after some time he discovered a deliciously cool spring (the first we had seen since starting for our walk), in what looked at first sight to be a succession of small shining green pools. We had to dip our leathern cups in with the greatest care, to avoid disturbing the sediment, and I don't think I ever before so much enjoyed a good glass of cold water.

Shortly after this the Fjeld over which we had been walking, which went by the name of "Njamik Corre," came to an abrupt end, and we looked down into a wooded valley below and beheld *Næsten lidt Elv* at last! Just before getting there Killlearn was lucky enough to hold straight for an old cock grouse, which, with a few *Fjeld fågel*, composed our present larder; and about four o'clock on Thursday morning we had our tent pitched and were doing justice to some grouse soup and black bread, by the side of a small stream, the Aimejok—one of the sources of a branch of the Tana.

The Aimejok draws its supplies from a series of lakes and swamps, and a considerable body of water—curiously enough, good water—ran by our camp, in which the following afternoon (Friday), before starting, we had a good bathe, for there was a cool east wind blowing, and the "müg" permitted us to do this after a fashion. About three o'clock we again made a start, feeling all the better for a good sleep, the first we had had since leaving Karasjok.

The country was much the same as that through which we had passed the previous day, with the exception of there being more lakes dotted about, and swamps no end. I began unfortunately by attempting to jump a small stream; but the banks were rotten, and I disappeared in the middle, pretty well up to my neck, but soon walked myself dry again.

As we passed over some rather high ground I noticed a flock of birds that appeared to me very like a "stand" of golden plover. I also observed several different kinds of hawks; but, although I tried hard, I could not get near enough for a shot.

We had rather a long tramp before luncheon, and Johannes being, as we were, dry, pulled up after some time by a peculiarly flourishing swamp, walked into it, and soon returned with a couple of plants rather like celery, only four times the size, which he proceeded to cut and eat. He offered us some; they were excellent, and as good as a drink of the water itself in which they grew. Johannes assured us they were most supporting, and the best things you could eat on a walk. Shortly after this, even he was brought to a standstill. We arrived at the crest of a hill, the end of a Fjeld, or group of Fjelds, as it were, and below us, in a semi-circle, lay one vast valley of swamps. Which direction were we to take? The small islands of firm dry land could all be seen below us in a bird's-eye view, showing white against their neighbouring swamp, while the passable swamp could be distinguished from the impassable one by the dark-coloured foliage of its prickly shrub. At last we thought we had made out a line, and descended into the valley below.

It was a long and tedious journey through this enormous valley of swamps, for I know no other or better name to give it, but at length about nine o'clock we arrived at a small stream called Guldvelven, on the other side, where we stopped, and finished off the last of our sausage rolls.

The poor old dog Barle had been very bad all the morning, and when we started again, after a short rest, he lagged behind so that we had to try and carry him on the pony; it was no use, and we walked slowly and sadly on to give him time. The mosquitoes had reduced him to a mere skeleton. It was not for want of food, for between the Lap's rein bones, remnants of the birds we had shot, and some bread, he had plenty. It was a foolish thing to bring an English dog to such a country, and this was one of the lessons bought by experience, which I hope may prove of use to others. He had been nearly useless to us since Karasjok, or, indeed, since Vadsö; and this partially accounts for the scarcity of reeper, for it is well known that you may walk through a country full of these birds, and see but one or two, if you have not a good dog with you. We had been told by every one that we should find plenty of duck and game of all kinds on the Fjeld;

but in this they did not know what they were talking about, or else they purposely deceived us. I can answer for not seeing or hearing a duck of any sort until we got on the Muonio elv. The result was rather sad to us, for we had an insufficient supply of food, and our luncheon at the Guldelven was of the most meagre description. We had only about half a tin of preserved beef left, and that was to last us till we arrived at Beldoöma, a small Russian village.

Soon after luncheon we struck the Bautojok, a tributary of the Karasjok, and really larger than the main stream. They may well be compared to the Barle and the Exe in Devonshire, the former being the larger river, yet, when they join, their united waters flow on under the name of the latter. How this comes about I can't say, but I presume that the smaller stream was the first to be explored. The comparison, however, ends here, neither the scenery nor the waters of the two streams being at all alike.

We walked along for some distance by the side of the Josjok, a further branch of the Bautojok, hunting for a fordable place. Among a close and thick growth of trees, here and there interspersed with the everlasting swamp, a reeper got up, which I shot: he fell into the stream, which was here almost like a lake, hardly any motion being perceptible. We were wondering how to get him out, when the game old dog dashed in for him, and, to our surprise, succeeded in reaching him and began to return: he had not got half-way, however, when his hind-quarters failed him and he began to sink. Killearn very pluckily plunged in after him, as he was, in his clothes, and with the greatest difficulty succeeded in bringing him to land—nearly drowned. Luckily, Johannes had found a fording place close by, and there we crossed over to the other side, about knee deep. Barle was now so bad that he had to be carried. Killearn took the guns, and, as we were both wet through, we agreed that the best thing to do was to camp for the night; so finding some rising ground, much against Johannes' wish, pitched the tent, lit a good fire, hung out our things to dry, and turned in, having first wrapped up the dog in the skins.

The following morning we were awakened by a tremendous gale of wind, which very soon rooted up our tent. Pegs and

everything went flying over our heads and left us in the open. We did not attempt to rig it up again, but Killearn got up a fire, while I went down to the Josjok and tried for a trout. A fly was no good, but while spinning with a minnow I hooked a small pike, and returned triumphantly with him for breakfast.

And now I have to record a sad event : we had to shoot Barle before starting—he was too ill to travel. The previous day his hind-quarters had failed him several times, and he was nothing but a bag of bones. Poor brute ! it was a mercy to kill him ; the mosquitoes had worried him to death. Indeed, I have often since wondered that he did not go mad long before. It is a lesson to others never to take a valuable dog into this horrible country in summer ; if you want a dog, buy a native one when you get there.

We started off very sad at our loss at two o'clock on Friday afternoon, and it soon came on a steady downpour of rain. The walking was luckily pretty good, but the country abominably ugly : a dreary stretch of swamps, with a few patches of dry land shining out white and bare, the deer's moss their only covering, with the exception of here and there a group of low bushes. Having again crossed the Josjok, now a small rivulet, we found ourselves in the watershed of the country, with the chain of low hills that form the Russian boundary in the distance. The few streams that we had crossed as yet were all running northward, the various sources of the great river Tana ; but we hoped that night to gain the highest point, and reach some of the sources of the Muonio or Torneo running in the opposite direction.

Many of the lakes we walked carefully round, in hopes of finding some sort of bird or beast for dinner, but not a feather did we see, and, after accomplishing some further distance, we called a halt in a swamp a few miles north of the Russian boundary. It was still raining, and we had the greatest difficulty in lighting a fire and cooking two of our three pieces of preserved beef for luncheon. Things began to look serious, and we lamented that we ever had believed in the assurance of our Karasjok friends, that game of all kinds was so abundant over these wild and desolate Fjelds. We had two long days' march, Johannes told us, before we arrived at any habitation of man ; so did not wait long

in the swamp, but packed up and walked off again, determined to cover as much ground as we could before camping that night.

We had only gone a few hundred yards when, on crossing an old watercourse full of large round stones—ironstone by-the-bye—I stepped and sprained my knee; it wasn't exactly the time to choose for damaging one's walking powers, and we stopped and called a council. Luckily we had been sensible enough to bring with us one of those elastic knee bandages, which I fitted on, and, binding the strained limb firmly round, found, to my great delight, that I could get along again at a fair pace.

Soon after this we began to get on higher ground, the swamps became less and less numerous, whilst the walking improved in proportion, the ground being entirely covered with the soft, springy deer's moss. As we got nearly to the highest of the low range of hills, it was curious to look back and see the country for miles and miles behind us, dotted over as thickly as possible with lakes of all sizes and descriptions. It looked a dead level from where we were, but we knew that it was really composed of undulating ground, with swamps in the hollows and rocks on the hills. Johannes informed us that we were somewhere near the Russian boundary, though where exactly the line of demarcation ran he could not say.

A few hundred yards further on we had lost sight of the plain behind us, and continued our journey up and down an endless series of barrows or little hills, quite bare of everything but the moss, the colour and monotony of which were very trying, and we looked out eagerly for the next water, which we knew would be that of some Baltic stream. We were in the great watershed that divides Sweden from Norway all the way to the Cattegat, and which, where we were, forms the boundary of Norway and Russia.

For some miles more we trudged on and still no signs of water or of living thing, with the exception of one solitary hawk, that flashed from under a large rock and was soon lost sight of in the sky.

On Johannes telling us that we were as nearly as he could tell on the Russian boundary, we sat down and had a pipe and a rest. It was about twelve o'clock on Friday night, and we had taken

some nine or ten hours from our camping place on the Josjok ; the bad walking and the long detours of the early part of our journey having delayed us much. I was rather surprised at not finding some clear line marked between the two countries, but I do not think it matters much who owns the land. If I were a Norwegian, the Russians might have all they liked. The only thing that is worth anything, as far as can be seen, is the iron ore, which, though not so plentiful just here, exists in great quantities in places. But it is useless, as there is no possible means of transport. The supply of fuel, too, would of course be limited.

That night we pitched camp well over the Russian boundary, having by great luck called a halt near a line of dwarf alder bushes, where we had heard the sound of running water, and after a long search had discovered a beautifully clear spring, cold as ice, bubbling out of the side of the hill. We began conjecturing who would get to Haparanda first, ourselves or the stream, and retired to the deerskin feeling we had "broken the neck" of the journey. The supper that night was not a very grand affair, being composed chiefly of bread, if I remember rightly. The rain had kindly stopped, but we had to lie down in our wet things ; they did not cause us much inconvenience, however—we had had a long day, and were very soon asleep.

Johannes was very careful, before lighting the fire, to scrape away the deer's moss for the space of several yards, for it is highly inflammable, and, though damp, would burn at a great rate when a spark fell on it, or when the wind fanned the flame. He did this as much to preserve the moss itself from damage as to prevent our tent being burnt whilst we were asleep ; for when once fairly alight, it would burn for miles, and then in winter, when the reindeer scraped away the snow, they would find nothing to eat underneath ; which would, perhaps, be the death of some unlucky party of Laps who happened to be travelling in this direction. This moss is the staple food of the reindeer in winter. It grows, attached to the ground very slightly, several inches thick, and can easily be scraped off with the hand. This we did before driving in the tent pegs, for otherwise they would not have held firm ; we also lifted it up along the edge of the tent, when pitched, and

then turned it down again over the canvas, to keep out the "müg." It was so thick that this was a fairly effectual plan, and with one of our rein-skins hung over the crack left at the entrance we were pretty free from them, though of course our veils could not be dispensed with for a moment.

On Saturday, about one, we had an apology for a breakfast—our last piece of meat (one inch square) boiled up into soup, with the smallest allowance of bread, as we were running short of that article, and knew we had a long day's walk before us into Beldoöma. Before we had finished our meal large heavy clouds began gathering up from all sides, so we hurried on to get everything packed up. We were just in time. As the waterproof went over the horse's back the first drop fell, and in about five minutes we were completely wet through. The storms here when they come certainly are tremendous ones, and it would be a good waterproof that would withstand them.

It was about three o'clock when we marched off. We were in hopes of reaching Beldoöma late that night or early on Sunday morning, so we pushed ahead regardless of the rain. A mile over a strip of rising ground brought us to a dead check at an old watercourse, thirty or forty yards wide, though whence the water came was rather a mystery to me. The storms must be very sharp, and the climate a moist one indeed at times, for at present there was one little apology for a stream, which was almost lost among the huge angular rocks that were brought here by, and formed the bed of, the torrent. We could climb over without much difficulty; but it was the horse we had to think about, and, after some discussion, he was unloaded, the packages carried over, and then slowly and carefully he picked his own way, more like a cat than a horse, and arrived in safety on the other side. Although such a mean-looking creature, he was a most useful one for this sort of expedition. He could jump, climb, and swim as well as he could walk, and was so thin that he could not possibly get thinner.

Directly in front of us a solitary-pointed hill rose to a considerable height, several hundred feet above the swamp we were now in, and over the summit of this we should have to pass. It

seemed a good climb, but we consoled ourselves by thinking of the view we should have of the surrounding country when we once got there. The rain had now settled into a determined drizzle as we continued our way up the side of the hill ; but it was pleasanter walking than the valley below, as all the bogs were left behind, as also, in a great measure, were the mosquitoes. When we had got about half-way up we called a halt, and had a good look at the country over which we had just passed. It was a singular sight. Immediately below us was the valley of swamps we had crossed since camp, and beyond that a perfectly white undulating surface, dotted about with single trees some distance apart from each other. The idea it gave me was that I was looking at some cultivated country, where a particular kind of tree was grown at regular intervals ; for the dark lines that showed where the ground fell made it appear as if the place was fenced off into different fields. Beyond this wide expanse were the usual low blue hills, and that was all there was to be seen in that direction.

When we again moved on towards the summit, Killearn parted company with us, and said he would walk round the base and try for a shot at something, whilst I followed Johannes and the horse. As we proceeded the patches of rough, broken rocks became more and more frequent, until at last no turf was left between them, and the whole face of the mountain was one mass of loose stones, along which the horse had to pick his way. It was with some difficulty that we at length gained the highest point, and there we stopped whilst Johannes pointed out to me Beldoöma in the far, far distance, and between us and our goal one dead level, chiefly composed of swamps, interspersed here and there with the moss-covered higher ground, on which, however, the trees seemed to grow more thickly than we had seen them on the other side.

The southern slope of this hill, or, I may almost call it, mountain, was a strange contrast to the side we had come up ; for, where on the latter we had encountered rough masses of rock and reindeer's moss, here we soon found ourselves knee-deep in a kind of heather, which was very bad to walk in, as the vegetation concealed numerous large stones, over which we were continually

stumbling. The descent, however, did not occupy much time, and we quickly reached the edge of a rather dense birch wood at the foot of the hill.

But there was no Killearn in sight, and we began to feel rather anxious as to what had become of him. We waited there half-an-hour or more, and I ate half my remaining bread, and fired off two or three shots in hopes of his hearing it. He turned up just as we were going to organise a search, having had a rare climb over almost impassable ground, and having seen nothing alive since he left us. We waited a few minutes whilst he had some bread and a rest, but not for long, as the rain was coming down heavily now, and we were for the second time drenched through.

After this I honestly believe we crossed about thirty bogs, turning and twisting about in the most wonderful manner, and often having to make a detour of a mile or more to reach a place a few yards in front of us; the horse behaving in a most plucky manner, and floundering through liquid mud up to his houghs. How long this continued I can't exactly say, for our clock, the sun, had gone out, but on coming to a fairly clear stream we determined to rest and have luncheon. A couple of fires were soon lighted; one to keep the "müg" off the horse, and one for ourselves, and as Johannes said we were only one Norwegian mile now from Beldoöma, we cooked our last reeper and ate our last small piece of bread; at least Killearn did—I luckily kept mine for any future contingency that might arise.

The "müg" here were simply dreadful, they did not seem to care in the least for the rain, and swarmed round our devoted heads by hundreds; not even the smoke from the roots that Johannes picked would keep them off, and they crawled inside one's clothes and up one's sleeves in such a manner that any *rest* was altogether out of the question. Here, too, we found, to our horror, that the "hest" had a sore place on his back! It was not to be wondered at, but it was rather a serious matter. However, poor "hest" had to bear it as best he could; we should have to reach Beldoöma before camping, for we had nothing left to eat, and as for shooting anything, we had given that up as a bad job

by this time. In the Fjelds about Karasjok, I daresay, in the season, with good dogs, a very fine day's sport might be had with the grouse, of which, by the way, there are various kinds, though none the same as the Scotch red grouse. But without dogs, a man might walk his heart out for a few brace. As I have already remarked, you may go into a part of the country that is full of these birds, yet if you have not a dog with you, you will not flush one in ten.

We did not stop long here to rest, for the "müg" and the smell from the swamps made the place anything but pleasant, so having managed to ease the sore place on the pony's back with the aid of our handkerchiefs, we started off once more. For several miles the same sort of swamp continued, culminating at one spot, where the vegetation seemed to belong to a much more southern latitude, for so thick was it that we had to use our knives to force a passage for the horse for a hundred yards or so. This was the only place of the kind that we came across during our walk, and I am at a loss how to account for it. Just as we were well stuck in the middle, a reeper got up under my feet, but I was so entangled in the surrounding underwood that I could not get up the gun, and we had to think of supper gone and "grin and bear it."

This, however, seemed the turning point in our fortunes, and on emerging from the dense thicket, we found ourselves, certainly in a forest still, but the trees growing thirty or forty feet apart, and the intervening ground covered once more with the springy deer's moss. Several miles of this country, in which the trees were nearly all pines—and very picturesque they looked, with their dark foliage standing in relief against the white ground—several miles of this brought us once more to a thicket, though one not quite so dense as that we had cut our way through. It turned out to be a narrow strip, and we were suddenly brought up by a broad, deep, and still river flowing at our feet.

Johannes now confessed that he had become somewhat confused in his landmarks, and, having lit a fire for the horse's benefit, he unloaded.

While he went one way I went another, along the banks of the stream, to hunt for a "foss," or rapid, by which we might cross over. After having explored the banks for some distance, which were coated with the same luxurious vegetation, I retraced my steps, without having discovered a fordable place, to find Killearn almost asleep. I awoke him, and we had some tea, and sat in the smoke of the fire waiting for Johannes' return. He had been gone some time now, and we began to feel anxious about him. All sorts of ideas were started as to what had become of him. He had tumbled into the stream; he had deserted us; he was stuck fast in a bog. At last we settled that I should finish my pipe, and, if after that he had not returned, we should institute a search, and, if that failed, a raft, a compass, and a bee line S. by W. should take us to Beldoöma.

However, Johannes did arrive before the pipe was finished, and brought the news that he had found a fordable place some way down the river; but, before starting, said he was very hungry, so produced his old tunic, and out of it brought three reindeer bones. We watched him eat in silence, and no very good humour; for we were hungry—very. Presently a happy thought struck him, and, turning to me, he said:

"Will you have a reindeer's bone?"

"I should think I would," and in another minute we were each supplied with a hard-smoked rib of reindeer out of the tunic of the Lap, and eating it with as much gusto as if it were the greatest delicacy of the season. We proved the old proverb to be true, "Hunger is, indeed, the best sauce;" but afterwards, in calmer moments, when I reflected what I had eaten, the thought made me shudder.

The ford was merely a rapid where the stream had widened a little, and it was with some difficulty that we managed to cross, as the water was quite knee deep. Johannes took his boots off; but we, not liking to run the risk of cutting our feet, kept them on, and poured out the water when we got over.

When we crossed this stream we seemed suddenly to have arrived in a new country. It was much more hilly, with swamps still in the valleys; but the hills entirely covered with splendid great

pine forests, some of the trees very old, and the walking underneath them, of course, capital, and a cheerful change.

To our dismay, however, after we had walked some way further, Johannes came to a standstill, with the pleasing remark that he wasn't quite certain where the village of Beldoöma was, and proceeded to climb up a tree, to get a view of the surrounding country. We sat on a fallen one, and I, for my part, wondered what had ever tempted me to come into such a country.

Johannes' tree had not done him much service, but he walked on in the direction he *thought* the town lay.

With many and frequent stops and reconnoiterings we came to a small stream, at which we sat down, and Killearn wished much to camp; but that would never have done, as we had nothing to eat and the water was bad, so, for the first time, we applied to a small flask of brandy, and soon afterwards fell into a sort of cow-track, which showed that we could not be very far from the abode of man. It was a long distance yet, however, and Killearn felt so knocked up we had to put him on the horse for the last mile or two. The latter part of the walk had been cheering, and the country through which we were now passing reminded me much of the park of an English country house; substitute reindeer's moss for grass, and it was the same thing, gently undulating ground, with here and there a clump of fir—out of one of which flapped a capercaillie, but I was too slow to get a shot.

Shortly after this we came in sight of half-a-dozen wooden houses about a mile ahead, and Johannes told us it was at last Beldoöma that we saw. We were very glad of the sight, and, having crossed the stream in a Finn or Quain skiff, were soon the centre of a curious crowd, in front of the largest house in the village.

The people here are altogether a superior race to the Laps, living in decently-built wooden houses. They laid before us some capital food, amongst other things a cheese so hard that it could only be *sucked*. These people must have wonderful teeth! However, perhaps it was a good thing.

Famish'd people must be slowly nurst,
And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst.

CHAPTER IX.

We had not seen a sign of man from Karasjok to Beldoöma ; it is an uninhabited tract of country. Here we found we had left all Laps, or properly Finns, behind us, and had come into the land of the Quains, or inhabitants of that district which is marked in our maps as Finland, and which used to belong wholly to Sweden, but now belongs partly to that Power and partly to Russia.

These fellows are a very different race from the dirty little Laps we had left behind. They are tall, well-made men, and cleaner in their habits, living in neatly-built wooden houses, and not in wattle-and-mud huts. The latter fact is easily accounted for, as northwards of Karasjok there are no trees of any size to build a house with, and the materials of the few wooden houses that do exist there are floated down the river from Karasjok ; while *here* splendid pines grow in every direction, and only want to be felled and cut into the proper form.

The house we had entered was built much in the same style as those of the better-class Laps that I have before described ; the beams laid longways one over the other, and the interstices caulked with moss. The first thing I noticed on entering was a huge stone erection that entirely filled up one corner of the room ; it was the fire-place—a large open hearth, and a chimney opening out at the bottom to an enormous size, something like those not uncommonly seen in some of the older cottages in a quiet out-of-the-way English country village, with a large hook, on which to hang the cooking-pot. The floor was kept decently clean, and ranged round the room were three or four couches of the same pattern as those that the Laps use, but supplied with clean linen and a kind of patchwork quilt. A chair or two and a table

completed the furniture of the apartment, while in one corner stood some half-dozen queer and dangerous-looking muskets—I mean dangerous to the user—of a very antiquated pattern, flint locks and butts of the most fantastic shapes.

These are the people who speak Finnish, which the people of the country call “Qvensk,” and of which a short list of words is to be seen in Murray’s Guide to Sweden and Norway. They change their clothes at night, which the Laps never think of doing either at that or any other season, and are a clean, honest, and industrious set of fellows.

Many acres of the country round Beldoöma had been cleared of the forest, and a good crop of grass and some green rye were growing not far from where we pitched our tent. We were told, however, that there was but little chance of its ripening this year, as it had been a very bad season. The larder of these people, too, is a better one than that of the Laps; they gave us to eat, on our arrival, some quain cake, good butter, coffee, dried rein köd (reindeer’s flesh), and the cheese made from sheep’s milk, which I have already mentioned.

We slept till eleven or twelve o’clock on Monday morning, and woke up quite refreshed, and feeling as well as possible in spite of our trials of the previous day. The sun was shining brightly, and all remnants of the storm and rain had passed away. Our tent since it had been oiled had not experienced any wet weather until we came to the Russian frontier; but since then it had been one continual downpour, and it was with no small satisfaction that we sat inside it, and remarked that the outlay at Vadsö and the extra weight in consequence, had well repaid us our trouble; for it was now completely waterproof, and I would recommend any one, who purposes taking a journey of this sort, to adopt the same plan of oiling before setting out.

Before starting we found a capital breakfast of rye porridge, fish, reindeer, and some milk prepared for us, to which we did full justice. Afterwards, hearing that the bogs were very numerous and hard to traverse, and the route before us a difficult one, we invested, at the instigation of Johannes, in another guide; the real fact being, Johannes was not sure of his way much further.

We were determined, too, not to starve any more, and filled our bags with a good supply of *quainkak* and reindeer.

We paid half a dollar (2s. 3d.) for our food and lodgings, and about two o'clock started off once more along a footpath through the enclosure of grass land. At the furthest extremity stood a small house, built on piles, at which we halted and picked up our fresh guide. What his name was I never found out, but we christened him "gamle mann" (the old man), because of his always referring to his age when pressed to walk faster. He didn't look much like work, and started away at a slow pace, was old and shrivelled, dirty and bandy-legged, and carried a small knapsack made of bearskin over his shoulders, which contained his stock of provisions and smelt abominably.

It was a most lovely morning, and the walk through the pine forest, shaded as we were from the direct rays of the sun, was thoroughly enjoyable. We were not, however, by any means, free from our friends the swamps. They were not nearly as numerous as we had been told; but when they did come they made up in quality what they lacked in quantity, they were deeper and more impassable than ever. Luckily for us we were following a sort of rough track, and so at the worst places found long poles laid over the face of the ground, by walking on which the weight of one's body was dispersed over a greater surface, and the place rendered passable. It was no easy matter, however, to keep one's balance, as the poles were round and very narrow. Once I slipped, and went in considerably more than knee deep. The horse, again, delayed us a good deal, and once or twice had to be unloaded, and his baggage carried over separately.

After walking some distance further we suddenly emerged on a clearing in the forest, in the centre of which, tightly packed together, and surrounded by the same sort of fence that we had seen at Seida on the Tana, stood a large herd of reindeer, three or four hundred, while close by were a couple of Lap huts or wigwams—for they were more like Indian wigwams than houses—composed of large stakes of birch with the leaves and branches left on at the top, their ends stuck in the ground and tied together at the summit, while a rough sort of matting wound

round the outside completed the walls of the establishment ; a fire was lighted in the centre, the smoke of which escaped through the interstices of the leaves and branches that were left at the apex.

Our arrival was vociferously greeted by half-a-dozen Lap dogs, and a minute afterwards the master of the herd emerged from one of the huts, and came forward to meet us. He was a *bonâ fide* Lap, not a Finlander, and lived too far inland to go to the seaside for the summer. The mosquitoes, he said, plagued his herd sadly, and to mitigate the evil as much as possible there were two enormous fires at each end of the enclosure, sending forth volumes of smoke, which, in a way, kept off the "müg."

The family consisted of himself, his wife, and one daughter, who seemed to vie with each other as to who should present the dirtiest appearance ; but they received us hospitably enough, and in a few minutes we had unloaded our "hest," and were sitting in front of one of the wigwams, discussing, or trying to discuss, in Lap the weather and our walk. I say trying to discuss, for we spoke very little Lap, it is a fearful language to learn, and our friends were decidedly backward in their Norse.

Presently the woman of the establishment proposed that we should have some milk, and, on our expressing our gratification if she would do us that honour, the daughter armed herself with a lasso and a sort of wooden ladle with a handle, and entered the enclosure. She looked over the deer for a minute or two, and then, having selected one, threw the lasso with great precision over the heads of several others, and dragged the animal through the intervening crowd, in spite of all resistance. In a few minutes she returned with the bowl full of fresh milk ; this she strained through something that looked very much like thick cocoa-nut matting, into an enormous wooden bowl, and, our host having drunk first, presented it to us.

Reindeer's milk is not the sort of stuff you can take a good draught of—a mouthful or two satisfied me. It is very thick, one might imagine half cheese, and rich beyond everything, a peculiar rancid taste also belongs to it. I should say it is very supporting, and a little goes a long way.

Shortly after leaving the Lap encampment, or, as Johannes called it, the Rein By (reindeer village)—*y* pronounced like the French *eu*—we came upon some men making hay in a little open plain of eighteen or twenty acres, and a few hundred yards further on brought us to a small place by name Ketonella, standing on the banks of a broad sluggish river, the upper waters of the Ognasjok, which falls into the Baltic, a stream of nearly the same size as the Muonio, a few miles east of Haparanda.

This stream we should have to cross ; but, as the master of the house was away with the only boat, it was difficult to see how we were to proceed. Johannes took the pony and himself up to the house, whilst Killearn and I walked down to the banks of the stream. On the opposite side we espied a boat lying on the bank ; but the question was how to get it, the river was from 180 to 200 yards wide. Killearn solved the difficulty by very pluckily volunteering to swim over and get it. It was wonderful to see the activity he displayed between divesting himself of his last garment and jumping into the stream. The “*müg*” were here by thousands, and, perhaps, that is how it may be accounted for.

I did not feel very comfortable, sitting on the bank and watching his black head go bob, bob, as he swam over, for the water was cold, and there is such a thing as cramp. I should have felt in duty bound to go in for him if I had missed his head for a bob or two, and, as my swimming powers are, I am sorry to say, of a limited description, I did not much relish the idea.

I was glad when I saw him standing on the other bank ; but laughed myself perfectly ill to see him performing all sorts of wondrous evolutions as he tried to get the boat off, now and then going bodily into the water again—the mosquitoes were there evidently. His rapid movements did not cease when he began paddling the boat across, and he had not got half-way when he took “*a header*” into the stream again, and pushed it before him till he arrived at our bank.

I wiped him down with a reindeer skin, but was laughing so the whole time that he got quite angry. The mosquitoes had indeed had a gay time of it—Killearn assured me he had not.

As soon as he was dressed we ascended the hill to the cottage, to find Johannes had prepared coffee and porridge, to which we did full justice.

Before we had finished the door opened, and in came our friend of an hour back, the head of the Rein By. When we proposed a start Johannes said he did not want to go any further, that he would if we liked, but that he would sooner take less money, and give the balance to the man who had just entered to take us on to Muonioniska. He had had enough of it, he said, and didn't sleep the night before, and, poor old man, he did look thoroughly worn out and tired. We were very angry at first; but finally gave in, and started with our two new guides. Johannes was of opinion that "Englishmen can walk," and I venture to say it will be some time before he undertakes the same journey under like circumstances. He was going to wait here till winter, and then return to Karasjok "med rein" and sledge. We were very sorry to say adieu to Johannes, he was a capital fellow, and never out of temper; but he had been fairly walked down, and, perhaps, it was well he did not try and go on to Muonioniska.

When we reached the bank of the river the other boat was coming up, and in it the master of the house we had just left. As this was in a better condition, and more water-tight than the one Killearn had come across in, we got into it, and, putting the "gamle mann" and the new guide in the other, pushed off. The horse was, of course, unloaded and swam behind.

It was late when we reached the other side, and as we finished loading up our animal, who was already, as the "gamle man" remarked, "ganske soult" (very tired), the first drops of a storm fell, which lasted us well into Sieppi, our next halting place. The country through which we passed was wonderfully pretty; hilly, and covered with fir and beach, yet in places open and grounded with the deer's moss. The bogs had almost disappeared, yet Sieppi was a long way off, and we were wet through; there was no path, and I began to think seriously we had lost our way. Our Finn friend was lame of one leg, and limped on, just rounding trees and corners of rock, in front of us, and always keeping the same distance, till at last he became quite aggravating,

and yet there was nothing to do but to walk on after him. The swamps were less frequent; but now and then we came across a great valley of them, utterly impassable, and smelling abominably. The country here is full of wolves, and a little Lap dog belonging to the Finn kept continually bounding off at full cry into the forest on either side. His master said he was a capital dog for them, yet I was surprised to see a wolf run from a dog. I suppose our near presence saved him, for I always had been under the impression that a wolf considered a small dog quite a delicacy.

We were, of course, completely wet through; the walking became rocky and horribly bad, and at about one a.m. on Tuesday morning a halt was made, and out came the cold reindeer and *quain kak*. For five minutes we ate pretty vigorously, for all were getting pretty much fagged out, and we had some way to go still. The horse got very tired after this, and one of us had to keep behind him with a stick, continually urging him on through the dripping underwood. We walked on for another hour or more, and had just asked, "How far now?" and received the usual answer, "About half a mile," when suddenly appeared what to us seemed, and what in that country really was, a splendid mansion, in a clearing in the forest—one Quain house, with its surroundings—and this was Sieppi. We were thankful to have done our day's work, and stood on the wooden steps in front of the door waiting to be admitted, completely drenched through and through, and the rain still pouring steadily down.

We were most kindly received by the good man of the house, whom we had disturbed from his slumbers, and who appeared in a sort of white homespun night-dress, looking clean and civilised. Having first seen the horse fed and shut up in a stable, which latter place is not so much fancied by the "müg" as the open air, we were shown into the milk room—the spare room of these people. Their houses are all built in exactly the same manner; the interior being divided into three compartments, one at each end, and a small one in the middle immediately facing the front door, which is approached by an imposing flight of five or six wooden steps, with a landing at the top. In this centre compart-

ment is stored the milk and cheese on long shelves, and into this room we were shown for the night. A fire was soon lighted, a small box of a bed brought in, and coffee. These Finns really are the most good-natured and hospitable people I have ever had the pleasure of meeting.

Having got into some partially dry clothes, for the rain had even penetrated the waterproof bags and knapsacks, we polished off a bowl of curds and whey, and, finishing our coffee, soon tumbled in. The thing that made the day particularly tiring was, in addition to the rain, the number of fallen trees we had to walk over—continually lifting our legs. It was worse, I think, as far as hard work goes, than the swamps. But we had soon forgotten all about fallen trees, and rain, and swamps, and Laps, and knew no more of the outer world until eleven o'clock the following morning. "Le sport" was again at a discount, but if you were to come and live at Sieppi for the winter, very good wolf and bear shooting could, I believe, be had.

The house we were sleeping in was built in a most solid manner; the roof of birch bark had an additional covering and security against violent winds, in the shape of long pine poles of considerable thickness, laid down it and over it from the ridge to the eaves, only a few inches apart from each other; while the fabric itself was raised several feet from the ground, and stood upon piles. What the object of this was I cannot say, unless, perhaps, to avoid being snowed up so quickly in the winter season. The family who lived here were a very prosperous one, as was attested by the numerous acres of rye and the number of outbuildings connected with the house; and when we left the next morning they all walked with us, to the number of seven or eight, some distance into the forest before saying adieu. We had to pay, however, one dollar for a night's lodgings and food for ourselves and guides.

Soon after our start we had to ford a small stream, and then, getting into a sort of path, went along at a rare pace, hoping to arrive at Muonioniska before the first of August, as we both desired to be back in England for September, and time was short. The only things that checked us at all were the many fallen

trees, which were very tiresome to walk over ; but the day was lovely, and, as we trudged along under the tall firs, we forgot all our previous hardships, and thought there was no place like a Norwegian pine forest.

An occasional bad swamp, and the lame Finn, were our only sorrows. The former was unavoidable, but the latter was aggravating in the extreme ; he had a way of turning round like a weathercock, using his sound leg as a swivel, and saying "Yah !" and laughing whenever he was addressed. He laughed inanely when we got well stuck up in a bog, and stood doing nothing till he was ordered ; and when we were walking along on *terra firma* was continually stopping and saying, "Yah, ha ha !" with a ghastly grin on his dirty face. It finally culminated when Killearn, having fired at a grouse, turned to me, and asked for my cartridge extractor. Before I could get out an answer the sound leg was planted, and the lame one swung round, "Yah, ha ha !" It was really too much, and his speech met with such a reception that he was quieter for the rest of the journey. He was a miserable specimen, this fellow, and a sorry contrast to our dear Johannes.

Here we had a last glimpse of a high group of mountains called the Onestusturre, with snow on their caps (we had seen them at intervals all the way from Beldoöma) ; grand-looking hills, rising by themselves in the middle of a collection of swamps and forest. Shortly after this we arrived at a small house, Segiemini, situated at the head of a lake of the same name, where we rested our horse and had some luncheon. A Lap had married a Norwegian woman, and a great difference she had made in him. If I had been asked I should have said that the result would have been exactly the reverse—*i. e.*, that he had made a great difference in her. We gave them some of our tea, which was received all round with great curiosity and delight.

From this place we had to take a boat three miles across a small lake, and, having sent off the "gamle mann" to walk round with the horse at seven o'clock, started ourselves in a Finn boat at half-past. It was a charmingly pretty lake, with the woods coming right down to the edge, and dotted about with islands, all picturesquely wooded, with here and there great red

rocks peeping out. The sun was getting low, and the shadows and reflections on the still water produced a wonderfully good effect. The rest, too, of being in a boat after our long walk was well appreciated, and we were very sorry when the row was over, and we had stepped out opposite a small house at the other end of the lake.

It was curious, when we were about half-way, to see the broad clearing in the forest at either end of the water, where the trees had to be cut down to form a winter sleigh road, and the lake, of course, was taken advantage of, as it saved three miles of trees being felled. It was made in a perfectly straight line, regardless of hills and valleys, and we could trace it up to the summits of the hills on either side, where a gap in the forest could be seen against the sky line.

A couple of men met us on the shore, and from them we heard that no horse had yet been seen, so got our things out of the boat, and waited in the house over a cup of coffee and a pipe. Eight, nine, ten o'clock came, and still no signs of man or horse, and we began to be of opinion that the "gamle mann" had bolted, with the horse for his plunder; but shortly after ten he turned up, having, I am convinced, had a good sleep on the way. We were very thankful, for the house was a horribly dirty place, and full of filthy children, with a couple of ragged-looking girls working away at their spindles. We only just waited for the "gamle mann" to have his coffee, and trudged off again, hoping to get to Muonioniska before twelve o'clock.

One of the men who had met us on our first landing said he lived at Muonioniska, and would join us in our journey, and we started off quite a cavalcade, one Lap, two Finns, a horse, a dog, and our two selves.

We had a fearful job over a swamp a few hundred yards from the house, and the horse had again to be unloaded and pretty well dragged through. Here it was, too, that I slipped off one of the poles that I have before described, which were laid over the surface of the bog, and was instantly immersed up to my shoulders. Had I been alone in such a position it would have been rather awkward; but a helping hand soon placed me on high

ground again, and, the walking improving after this, we proceeded at a capital pace—for it was getting dusk, and by no means too warm.

The lame Finn was a general nuisance—I think he had had some liquor at the last stopping place ; he wouldn't walk fast enough, and quarrelled with the "gamle mann," led us into bogs, and altogether aggravated us to boiling point. But we got on pretty well on the whole, and about half-past one on the morning of Wednesday, August the first, on surmounting a sharp pitch, Muonioniska and its river lay in the valley below, with the first distant sight of Swedish territory on the opposite bank.

The town of Muonioniska lies chiefly on the Russian bank ; in fact, the church, and nearly all the houses, do ; but the "handelsmann," or shopkeeper, lives on the Swedish shore, and owns a large establishment which supplies the town, whither we determined to cross over and ask for a bed at once. The man we had picked up at our last stopping place volunteered to take us there ; indeed, we were now standing in front of his house, and the boat was within a few yards of us. So we arranged that he should keep the horse for the night, and were soon paddling across the river, which is two or three hundred yards wide at this point, sluggish, and, we were told, very deep.

We set foot on Swedish ground at a quarter past two, exactly in front of a nice-looking, two-storied house, which we were told was the "handelsmann's," and walked at once up a neat path to his door, at which we knocked in vain for some time, and finally gained admittance by awakening the "slavey" through a window on the lower floor. It was bitterly cold by this time ; at all events I felt so—possibly to be attributed in a great measure to my bath of mud and water—and we were very glad when, at last, the handelsmann, Hr. Forstram, appeared and bade us welcome.

It was a ghastly time to wake up a peaceable house ; but he was most kind and good-natured, and showed us at once into a double-bedded room, in which, however, we still recognised the box-like shape of the beds ; and, to our surprise, in about half-an-hour, entered the "slavey" with a tray of hot things and some capital coffee. Our own countrymen, as a rule, would make but a

poor show in hospitality in comparison with these people. We expressed our gratitude as well as we were able, and in a very short space of time the viands were disposed of—capital they were—and we were trying the softness of a Swedish bed.

Our guides had wanted badly to be paid that night ; but we told them to be off, and come the following morning. They kept watch in an out-house close by, I believe, to see we did not run away ; but they might certainly have saved themselves the trouble.

We came down about eleven o'clock, to find the "gamle mann" and the "lame Finn" both very eager on getting their pay. The latter took his quietly enough, and only asked for a drink ; but when the "gamle mann" received his he almost "went for us" with rage. He made a great row, and called all sorts of creatures to witness that he was an honest man, and, finally, sat down in a corner of the room and looked at us without saying a word.

Breakfast came in, and we applied ourselves to it, afterwards smoked our pipes, and wrote our diary ; but still the old Finn sat there, speechless and motionless. Finally, just as we were beginning to wonder if he would grow a fixture where he sat, he asked if we would give him a glass of aquavite. I said I would, if he promised to leave the house as soon as he had drunk it, and never return to bother us again. The bargain was struck, and with a very sulky face he at last left the room. I could not help feeling a great relief, for the old wretch watched every movement one made, as he sat there, and reminded me what an unpleasant thing it must have been to be under the evil eye of some witch of old.

Muonioniska is a queer-looking little town, and from the window at which we were sitting in the handelsmann's house we got a good view of it across the river. There is certainly nothing to be seen in the shape of a street ; but the houses, which are built of wood, stained a dark red colour, with birch bark roofs, are dotted about here and there, singly or in groups, on the side of a great sloping hill. The church, built in the same style, stands above the surrounding houses, on a sort of hillock at the south end of the town, and boasts a wooden steeple and a

weathercock. The space between the houses, and beyond them as far as the top of the hill, is covered with crops of hay or rye ; and, after a few hundred yards of the same sort of thing along the banks of the river, the pine forest and its swamps begin again.

We looked at this forest, and thought of its swamps and its mosquitoes, and longed for the money to hire a boat down stream to Haparanda. Our funds were certainly very low—too low, we found, to enable us to do anything of the kind. But Hr. Forstram came forward in the most kind and generous way, and offered to lend us 180 kroner (£10) if we would return him 185 within a month or two. I was as much surprised as delighted, for what security had he that we should not “bolt,” and never be heard of again ? It was a good fortnight’s journey to Stockholm, and we should be back in England long before the time expired for repayment. It showed that this part of Sweden, at all events, is not frequented much by the British “sharper,” and, indeed, I see no reason why it ever should be, for it certainly would be worth no one’s while to go all that distance for the sake of a few hundred kroners. Muonioniska is wealthy in houses, wood, and pure water, but it would be hard to say in what else.

Our friend who had walked with us from Segiemini now appeared, and offered his services to take us in his boat down to Haparanda. The price he wanted at first seemed enormous—150 kroners (a little over £8)—for three men, for he insisted on having two others on account of the rapids, to convey us 180 miles. The journey would take from three to four days, so we should have to pay at the rate of sixteen shillings per day per man. Hr. Forstram assured us we should not get there for less money, but we finally beat him down to 110 kroners and the horse that we had brought from Karasjok. Less he would not take, and as it was that or nothing, we finally agreed to start that afternoon at three o’clock, and said “adieu” to our faithful steed. He had done his duty well, and we felt sorry to leave him, but he had a good home, I think, as our friend was a jovial, kind-hearted man, and, from the appearance of his establishment, well off in this world’s goods.

Hr. Forstram told us that the reason it was such an expensive job was that the return journey up stream took such a time—seven or eight days—on account of the number and length of the rapids ! so that altogether it would be nearly a fortnight's work, and at that rate we should be paying about three or four kroners per man per day, including their feeding on the way down, which does not seem very much, although the lump sum of 150 kroners sounded a good deal at first.

It was not until six o'clock that our men appeared with their boat, for they had been delayed some time in nailing on additional planks to the sides, as the rapids, they said, were in rather a bad state. We were very angry with them for wasting so much time, but we afterwards had reason to be glad of their caution.

The boat was certainly a most splendid affair : on the same plan as a Lap canoe, only much longer, and with more beam ; plenty of room to move about, and even to stand up in it, without any great danger of turning over. Our rowers were fine-looking fellows (as all the inhabitants of Finland are), a father and two sons, averaging 5ft. 10in., and broad in proportion, with a very English cast of countenance ; in fact, were it not for their rather peculiar costume, they might well have been mistaken for Englishmen. They wore long Finn boots, coming up over their knees, made without any soles (excepting as far as the two circular pieces of leather I have before described answered that purpose), and turned up in a point at the toes ; bright red flannel shirts, and ordinary pea jackets. They had brought with them an enormous trunk, which took up a considerable space in the boat, and which contained a splendid " mixed lot " of Quain kak, butter, " baccy," clothes, and various other nick-nacks to which we were not introduced.

We, too, had no small amount of luggage, and it took some time arranging our deerskins and bags in a comfortable position. This boat was broad enough for us both to lay facing one direction, and as before, on the Tana, we had had occasional disputes as to who should sit facing the bows, I was delighted to find that such need not now be the case, and at about half-past six we had said adieu to our good-natured host, Hr. Forstram, and pushed off into the waters of the Muonio.

Our bill at the handelsmann's had been very nearly seventeen dollars ; but then we had supplied ourselves with a leg of mutton, rusks, and various other items, such as oatmeal for porridge, bread, &c. ; for we had had enough of " shooting and fishing for dinner," so took every precaution to keep ourselves going in the food line until our arrival at Haparanda.

It was with a sense of great relief and rest that I lay in the bottom of the skiff, and, listening to the measured splash of the oars, watched the houses of Muonioniska growing indistinct in the distance, till suddenly they vanished as we rounded a bend in the river.

CHAPTER X.

We were travelling down stream now, and the motion was easy and pleasant, compared with the rough "stanging" process we had experienced on our journey up the Tana. We passed a boat with three men in it, all stanging away with their long poles, and creeping slowly up close to the Russian shore, and I looked at these fellows and at the forest beyond, which grew close down to the river's edge, and thought how glad I was that I had done with swamps and "stanging" for some years to come—I think I decided at the time, unless unforeseen circumstances should occur—for ever.

The mosquitoes still followed us in great numbers, and annoyed us nearly as much as they had done during our walk. It was a curious fact, which I cannot account for, that when we were walking, if I held my gun over my shoulder, the "müg" would come down in endless battalions over my coat sleeve and on to my hand; but, if I "trailed arms," and let my hand hang by my side, never a "müg" touched it. In neither case did they pitch directly on my hands, but always walked down my coat. I suppose it was the motion of walking that made it a dangerous task for them to undertake; but, as I said, I cannot quite account for it. Here, as I was at rest in the boat, they had a grand opportunity, and I had to keep my unfortunate gloveless limbs carefully covered up under the waterproof.

A mile or two below Muonioniska there is a tremendous rapid, running with more or less violence for four or five miles, down which we went at a great pace in the most exciting manner. The two sons rowed a pair of sculls each, through holes in the side—bow and stroke—while right astern stood the father with a huge triangle of a blade, about four feet long and two feet wide, the

top tapering to a point, which he used as a rudder in the most dexterous manner, turning the skiff about with a single sweep of the huge instrument, and clearing the great rocks—some just covered with water, and, therefore, all the more dangerous, being invisible—by only an inch or two. He seemed to know all the Scyllas by heart, and we never “touched a twig” till we found ourselves once more floating in calm water below the rapid.

The oarsmen had to use all their strength, as they sat in the bottom of the boat, to keep pace with the stream ; for had they failed in doing this we should have been swept round broadside on, and the result might have been an unpleasant one. At one part of this rapid the whole river forced its way through two rough cliffs on either side, scarcely forty yards apart, and this, our Finn informed us, had been the scene of many a fatal catastrophe. In summer, however, accidents were comparatively rare, he said. The danger was that we should touch on one of the numerous sunken rocks ; once upset, and the chance of reaching land in safety would have been a small one.

Soon after this the river divided at the head of a long fir-clad island, of which we could not ascertain the name, and, where the two streams again united at its foot, we put ashore, near a long salmon-net of stakes erected half-way across the river, in the same manner as those on the Tana. A single house, occupied by the owner of the net, stood a little way back from the bank ; we walked up to it, and asked for some salmon. They had none fresh, all they caught being at once salted down. We invested in a small piece, out of curiosity, and, our Finn having supplied himself with some necessaries that he had forgotten before leaving Muonioniska, we once more pushed out into mid-stream.

The scenery was rather tame, yet pretty ; the low sweeps of hills completely covered with the dark pines which grew in places quite close to the water's edge, varied here and there with the bright colours of a swamp, or the deep brick-red of some recent landslip or river cliff. But scenery and sun were both eclipsed by a dense driving mist, and we drew our tent over us and rested at the bottom of the boat, listening to the regular splash of the oars, broken only when one or other of the rowers stopped to refill his

pipe ; for these Quains are inveterate smokers, and the long pipes were seldom absent from our boatmen's mouths.

We passed another rapid, and got drenched, as we sat up to watch the fellows steer us through. It was indeed lucky that our men had insisted on nailing up fresh boards to the gunwale ; high as it was, the water came pouring into the boat and dashed showers of spray over us. We were not sorry when, a little further on, we put ashore opposite a few houses on the Russian bank, and were told that we must sleep there that night.

Haarumper was the name of the place. Two or three Quain families lived there. Into the largest house we entered, and after a few words of introduction from our man, were shown into the milk room, a fire was lighted, and a box bed placed at our service. These beds are most handy, being made to put out at the side, so as to give room for two to sleep if necessary. After cooking some porridge (in the art of which we were instructed by a Quain woman), we turned in.

It was really quite dusk now at night, and we were thankful for it, for no one, who has not tried it, can imagine what a trial it is never to have any night. Whilst camping out, I often used to hide my head under a bag or anywhere, just to be in the dark for five minutes.

We had certainly left the land of Laps. Our boatman, on entering the house, simply walked in and asked for his night's lodgings without more ado, whereas Johannes always went through a sort of ceremony. When the owner of the house (as far as our experience went, the mistress) came forward he walked up, and, placing his hand round her waist, said, "Bouris, bouris!" (greeting), while she performed the same operation on him. It might have been that Johannes knew the inmates of old, but of that I cannot say ; as far as I could make out from my imperfect knowledge of the language, it was a general custom.

That night was a sleepless one for me—there were other inhabitants of the bed besides Killearn and myself, and I soon turned out on the floor ; but they were there, too, as also were a number of "müg," which had come indoors to escape the rain. The cold, too, was severe, and I soon gave up sleep as a bad job,

and, dressing, wrote up some diary and lighted the fire again. The fire-places in all these Finns' houses are the same. A huge stone-and-plaster edifice, white-washed, stands in one corner of the room, filling up nearly a quarter of the whole apartment ; in the centre is a small square hole—the fireplace. I imagine when a large fire has been burning for some time the whole surface of the structure becomes heated, and effectively keeps the place warm ; but it is a smoky, clumsy contrivance, and certainly did not answer its purpose the night we slept at Haarumper.

Our men came in at half-past six the following morning, and requested us to hasten over breakfast as we had a long day's work before us. We got off about eight—(the inhabitants refusing to receive any remuneration for their trouble)—in a pouring rain, through which the Swedish bank was scarcely visible, and arranged ourselves comfortably at the bottom of the boat, with the tent, which acted capitally as a waterproof, over us. It turned out a miserable day, and nothing could be seen much beyond the river on which we floated, except now and then a dim glimpse of the forest on either side. A duck or two flew over our heads, the first we had seen for several weeks, and as we got further down stream we passed several rapids of more or less violence. The woods were frequently cut down in places, and a house or two could be dimly seen standing in the clearing.

About one or two o'clock we arrived at a fair-sized town called Kolari, which owned a church and a handelsmann, and here we put in for luncheon. We thought we would try the salt salmon that we had bought the day before. One mouthful was sufficient ; it was more like rock-salt flavoured with salmon—horrible stuff. Even the fresh fish on these Baltic streams, and more especially on the Torneo, are miserable specimens of salmon, the flesh of a pale colour and tasteless, the fish himself lank and poor. How different to those we had tasted on the Tana ! which were splendid fellows, such a colour, and richer and better flavoured than any I have ever had before or since.

The fish on the Baltic streams will, I believe, never take a fly ; certainly, I did not see or hear of anyone trying to induce them to do so, and all that were caught were netted in the long

stake nets. But of these we had not passed many on our way down—one on the Torneo to ten we used to see on the Tana. The inhabitants have a better means of livelihood; communication is more frequent, and supplies of all kinds come up from Haparanda, while the neighbouring forest forms a continual source of profit and employment to the people. Hundreds of trees are brought down to the river and lashed together into one huge raft, on which half-a-dozen or more men embark and quietly float, steering it clear of rocks, &c., till the stream carries it down to Haparanda. These rafts remind one of the way in which the trees are floated down the Rhine from the Black Forest; but the analogy is not a perfect one, for the small-sized Norwegian pine is not to be compared to the giants of Thuringia, one of which would be equal in bulk to four or five of the inhabitants of these more northern climes.

But to return to our mutton, or rather our mutton bone, for there was not much flesh left on it. Our appetites had been good since we left Muonioniska: sitting in a boat and doing nothing somehow always makes one feel inclined to eat. Some porridge helped us out with our luncheon, and then, waiting a little time for the skins to dry, we once more got into our boat and pushed off. It was a very monotonous time that afternoon: the rain never ceased for one second, and our spirits were damped as well as our clothes. The only excitement was when we came to a rapid. When that was passed we rowed over long stretches of almost still water, and considered that boating down the Torneo was, after all, not such fun as it had appeared *in futuro*.

About half-past ten that evening we landed at a little town called Lapeo, situated on the Russian bank just below the junction of the Torneo and the Muonio. The latter is really the larger stream of the two, but their united waters flow on under the name of the Torneo: a parallel case to the Karasjok and the Anasjok. The last few hundred yards before landing had been an exciting one, steering through a tremendous rapid just at the junction of the two rivers. The water was high, and we were carried along at a grand rate and narrowly escaped an upset, for we just grazed a sunken rock. An inch or so more, and we

should have been over ; but our man took it very quietly, whirling us from side to side with his great blade, and finally landed us in safety at the foot of the foss.

There was only one decently-clean house, and the master of that was absent, looking after his cows. Whilst we were waiting about for his return, a miserable object came gesticulating up to us from one of the other huts, and asked us to sleep in his abode. Our man informed us that he was a lunatic, and told him to go away. He seemed highly incensed at this, and performed all kinds of antics, shaking his fist and jabbering incoherently. Poor fellow, he was quite daft—an uncommon malady among the Finns ; but too well known, I believe, with the Norwegians. We were glad when an old woman, and evidently her daughter, appeared, carrying a huge wooden pail of milk slung on a pole between them, the ends of which rested on their shoulders. They were very hospitable, turned out some of their children, in spite of our remonstrances, from a large and clean room, with beds in it and a good fireplace, and brought us in a good stock of dry fir wood, with which we soon got up a roaring fire, for it was getting cold, and quite dark now at night.

We sat over a cup of tea debating whether we should go up the Torneo the following morning to a place called Kengis-Bruk, the most northern iron foundry in the world, to the manager of which we had an introduction ; but time was getting on, and we could not spare the day, so settled to continue our course down stream instead.

The master of the establishment came in early the following morning, and, hearing where we had been, and where we were going to, became highly interested, and, before leaving, gave us an introduction to a friend further down the river at Alkula ; but we afterwards passed this place by mistake, without knowing it, and heard nothing more of him.

We had to pay him before leaving, for our night's lodging, and were not franked again till we returned to our several homes—a trifling sum, a shilling or two : but a heavy charge for sharing a bed with the aboriginal inhabitants thereof, and having to cook one's own food.

It was still raining when we left Lapeo, and the only individual who came to see us off was our friend, the lunatic, of the previous night. It cleared up, however, after we had been gone for an hour or so, and we tried our luck fishing, catching one or two little things; but it was cold, wretched work, and I amused myself by trying some of our boatmen's tobacco. They seemed to smoke all day long, so I thought it would be pleasant to occupy myself in the same manner. They were delighted to offer me a pipe, but it was the only one I asked for. I suppose it *was* tobacco, but of the vilest description; a bundle of the leaves tied together by the stalk in bunches of six or seven, which you had first to cut up on a board into small pieces, rub in your hand, and then load your pipe. It was very strong, very hot and very nasty, and I gave up that employment to watch the different houses and clearings in the forest that were continually coming into view; in fact, it was seldom you could look up or down stream without seeing buildings of some kind on one bank or the other.

At one of these small but neat-looking villages we pulled up about two o'clock for luncheon. Pello was the name of the place, and there were a considerable number of houses on both banks. Pello was the name of both villages, and on a Russian map you will find it marked on the Russian side, while on a Swedish map it is marked on the Swedish side. This is to be seen all down the Torneo; the Russian town on one side with its church, perhaps, and the Swedish town, with *its* church, on the other; both bearing the same name, but beyond that having nothing in common; indeed, rather the opposite, being very jealous of each other, for the Russian Finns and the Swedish Finns are not very good friends as a rule.

A good-sized house, that of the handelsmann, stood close to the shore on the Swedish bank, and, rather to our fellows' disgust, we told them to put ashore there, and walked up to get some luncheon. The handelsmann was not at home; he had gone down to Haparanda, marketing; and after some discussion we were shown into a spacious and charmingly-furnished apartment, with piano, books, mirrors, curtains, and all sorts of

articles of civilization. We were just congratulating ourselves on having fallen thus on our feet, when the mistress entered, and politely informed us that she could not accommodate us with luncheon. This was a blow ; but there was nothing for it, so we bowed and made our exit. The shop stood close by, into which, after a good deal of knocking, we gained admittance, purchased more rusks and bacon, and descended again to our boat. Our man informed us that the only house we could go to was on the Russian side, and we had to give in. There were plenty of others on the Swedish shore, but he was determined not to go there, being a Russian Finn, and as he had "pam in hand," and could say what he liked about us to the inmates, we had to follow where he led.

The house he took us to seemed a miserable affair after the luxurious apartment we had just left. We were shown into a small room about eight feet square, containing a Finn fireplace, a rough wooden table, and a bed. The smell of the place, too, was anything but pleasant ; but we were hungry, and soon had some bacon and the fish we had caught frying on the fire. The bacon was uneatable ; the fish nearly so, on account of the numerous small bones, and we had to fall back on our accustomed fare of porridge, which was made for us by our hostess, and made very well too, as it always is anywhere in Sweden or Norway, more especially so, perhaps, in the latter country.

When we once more made a start the rain had at last stopped, and we glided gently on down the Torneo enjoying the scenery and the sun, and felt generally contented with all mankind. The only thing that marred our happiness was the conduct of our Finn. We had overheard him, when we left Pello, saying to our hostess, "Charge what you like, they are Englishmen, and will pay !" If it had not been for him we should have had our frying pan and smelling room in peace, but, as it was, we were robbed of two kroner. We determined in future to give a kroner and ask no questions. It answered well, and was always as much, and probably more, than was expected. Even here the unfortunate English traveller is considered to be full of gold, and desirous of nothing so much as to get rid of some of his superfluous wealth.

From Pello to Haparanda the banks may almost be said to be covered with one continuous town, so thickly are they populated. I don't think you could find a clear English mile on either side without a house in it. Duck, too, of various kinds become more numerous, and we were told that really the best duck shooting is to be had east of Haparanda. Our informant was a credible one, and I believe it is so. Certainly, I can answer for one thing, it is no good going into the interior for it. We shot one or two flappers, which were now in season, and our men became fearfully excited, rowing after them when they dived. These Quains were capital, contented, honest fellows. They told us that Russia was a great nation, and that England was gradually subsiding, and only waited for a conqueror. I was rather surprised to find that they either knew or cared anything about the matter, and more than surprised to hear them speak well of the Russians. I suppose this is to be accounted for by the fact that they have very little to do with them. I mean, being so out of the way, they are left pretty well to their own devices.

That evening we slept at a regular hotel, or rather post-house, at a place called Vanhannen, and felt that we had really returned to civilization. A huge wooden house, in the same style as all the other habitations we had passed on our way down ; but cleaner to all appearance, though not so in reality, as we found out the following morning. On a table lay a scale of charges for eatables and conveyances, printed in Russian, Swedish, and Finnish, in parallel columns. The establishment was a large one, and on a fair road that runs along by the side of the river. The inn formed one side of a grass-covered square, with a pump and a lever contrivance in the centre, while two other sides were enclosed with a low row of stables and the dwelling-house of the owners ; the fourth side opened out into a field of rye, and some distance beyond was the forest again.

They gave us capital porridge, and were a little surprised when we sent for more, several of them coming in to have a look at the foreigners, with the enormous appetites. Here it was that we first met with a diminutive basin to wash in and towels, and we turned into comfortable box-shaped beds, which had lost their

sides, by the light of a crackling wood fire, for it was eleven o'clock, and almost dark.

The following morning our man called us at six, and by half-past seven we had finished breakfast, paid the barefooted girl, who I presume was hostess, but who, indeed, looked more like a "slavey," and went afloat again for the last time. Our fellows refused to take us any further than Vieteniemi, a small posting station on the Swedish bank; the reason they gave for this being the many bad rapids there were between that place and Haparanda. But the real cause, I believe, was that they were playing into the hands of the carriage-keepers, for we should have to finish our journey by that species of conveyance. Indeed, as we drove along the banks, later on that day, we kept a sharp look out, and could not discern a single rapid that looked as bad, or even half as bad, as some that we had passed through further up the river. The rafts, too, twenty or more of which we counted between Vanhannen and Haparanda, passed over these rapids safely enough; but we could say nothing, and could not force our fellows—they simply declined to take us any further.

The morning was lovely, with a bright sun, and it was very pleasant to sit in our skiff and watch the different towns that we glided peacefully by. In one a marriage was being celebrated, and the sound of a peal of church bells was borne softly to our ears. The river had by this time become several hundred yards wide, and when near one shore, bright as the day was, the houses on the opposite side could not be well distinguished.

The glare from the reflection of the sun's rays on the water was excessive, and we were not sorry when the sky suddenly clouded up. In half-an-hour it was raining "cats and dogs," and we once more lay down under our tent, and saw no more till about three, when we landed, and were told we had arrived at our destination—the post-house of Vieteniemi.

This is the furthest point that can be reached by road from Haparanda; travellers desirous of passing northward must do so on foot or horseback, along a sort of bridle path, unless they prefer the Russian bank, or the slower process of "stanging" up the river. The post-house was not a very grand establishment,

and as we walked up we passed two miserable, raw-boned animals feeding in a swamp, which turned out afterwards to be the sole stock-in-trade of the worthy proprietor. We found our way through a number of cocks and hens to an imposing flight of wooden steps, and had soon deposited our luggage, and ordered "first and second pair out," as well as a repast of what could be soonest prepared.

We paid our Finns in gold, at which they seemed not a little surprised, and hardly able to comprehend. It took them some time to add it up, but the paper money they understood well enough. Gold is a scarcity in Sweden; the few pieces I had been given by the handelsmann at Muonioniska were the only ones I ever had the pleasure of handling, either in that country or its neighbour, Norway. The reception of the money, I am sorry to say, seemed to occupy their minds considerably more than the parting with us, and we left them counting it over and talking their breakjaw language "nineteen to the dozen," to apply ourselves to dried reindeer and sago pudding.

The distance from Vieteniemi to Haparanda, by road, is, roughly-speaking, five-and-twenty English miles, and is accomplished in three stages. Here, as I believe in Norway, the posting is carried on under a regular fixed rule, and there is no fear of your being cheated. The charges are painted up in each house, and the distance and houses clearly marked out along the road by posts; the one just outside the house itself having a black board hanging at the top, with a little roof over it to preserve the letters, on which is written the distance and fare to the next station.

About six o'clock we moved off with our two friends whom we had seen in the swamp on our first arrival, and two conveyances that, I believe, were dignified by the name of *carriole*, but which were simply wooden boxes placed on wheels, without an attempt at springs of any sort. A little boy and a girl were sent with us to bring the animals back when he had finished the stage; the latter dressed very picturesquely, with a bright-coloured handkerchief on her head, and sort of sabots by way of shoes. These two, with our luggage, were sent off first in one cart, while we ourselves

followed in the other, and, turning a corner, saw the last of the Finns, still engrossed over their money.

The road, if road it may be called, was fearfully bad ; one mass of holes and ruts, deep enough and rough enough to break any springs that were ever made. In this, then, perhaps the owners of our box-like vehicles showed good sense ; they dispensed with such articles altogether, and saved their pockets from a continual outlay in new springs, at the expense of any unfortunate traveller who happened to pass that way. There were no cushions, and one's legs were cramped up into the smallest possible compass, while it was only by continual use of the ends of the ropes, which filled the office of reins, that we got our animal to advance in something, that couldn't be called a trot, but which was a certain slightly speedier mode of progression than the cart-horse walk that seemed his natural pace.

The rain ceased soon after we started, and we were comforted somewhat for the nuisance of our conveyance by the delightful country through which we passed. Looking down on the broad still waters of the Torneo to our left, now and then broken by a rapid for a few hundred yards or so, the road led along the top of its right bank, among a forest of young fir trees, with here and there an opening where the wood had been cut down, and the land sown with a crop of rye or grass, while to our right lay what seemed an endless tract of undulating forest terminating on some low distant hills. In spite of this scene we were thankful when we again saw a black post, with its little roof, and turned into the grass-covered courtyard of another small inn, where we could unbend stiffened limbs and cease to be jolted for five minutes.

The name of the station was Karungi, a small village, with a large town and church of the same name on the Russian bank of the river. Here we were supplied with some capital home-made bread and reindeer cheese, of which we consumed a considerable quantity ; and at eight o'clock again set off, in a slightly better conveyance, for the next station.

The road was still frightfully bad, and our poor bones felt very sore from the continued and fierce jolting. We passed several gangs of labourers evidently returning from hay-making, and

looking very English in dress and general appearance, with their scythes and haymaking implements over their shoulders. Hay-making here, as in England, is an eventful time. It is a serious matter if it happens to be a bad season, and little, if any, hay saved, for great numbers of cows have to be kept all the winter through, and if there is no hay to be had this is rather a difficult matter, as other sorts of food are hard to obtain, and ice-bound Nature affords no relief.

As we drove along we saw the hay-fields spotted over with, what at first appeared to be, detached pieces of wooden fencing, ten, twenty, or thirty yards long. These are erected for the purpose of drying the hay, and are, I should think, very effective. They stand about four feet high. The wet grass is thrown over the top or on to the lower bars, in great lumps, and when thus off the moist ground, and well open to the air, it soon dries and becomes fit to carry. Some of the rye that grew in places evidently just cleared of forest attained the height of eight feet or even more; some blades being a foot or two over my head at one place where I got down out of sheer curiosity to measure them.

Before we arrived at the next station (some place with a break-jaw name) it turned very cold and dusk, and, as we stood over the fire of the post-house, we congratulated ourselves on having only one more stage into Haparanda. There are two kinds of stations—(fast and slow)—the two we had just passed were of the latter description, and verily they kept up their characters—we had been four hours and a half coming about twenty miles! But the one we were now at was a fast station, and only about five or six miles from Haparanda. A charming old couple kept the place, Quains by birth, but Swedes in dress and manners; yet, as they had been born on the other side of the river, they considered Russia their home, and became quite excited when we spoke of that country in a somewhat light manner. They said they were going back to it in a year or two, and would be glad to get out of Sweden; not that they had any grievances, but simply because they were born Russian Finns, and therefore hated the Swedish side. They were all agog about the late war, and a map and

newspaper lay on the table, from which they had read, and believed as gospel, that the Russians had slain 3,000 of the enemy in attacking a fortress, with the loss of five men killed and one officer wounded on their own side ! We attempted to shew them that such a statement was not quite within the bounds of possibility, but they only held up the paper and asked what England could do against such a Power as that.

The fresh horses were by this time ready, and, seating ourselves in two comfortable carriages, with good springs and a couple of capital animals, we rattled away along a good road in the direction of Haparanda. Here it was we caught sight of a *star*—the first we had seen for many a long week : one after another peeped out as the light in the western horizon grew fainter and fainter.

There were houses along the road the whole distance, and the track itself was in a very good state of preservation ; the horses travelled at a splendid pace, and after about half-an-hour of transient glimpses of the river below, with now and then a huge timber raft floating slowly down to the sea, we found ourselves on the outskirts of Haparanda—in regular streets—rattling over a stone pavement—and finally pulled up at a huge wooden building, three stories high, the hotel of the place. In another minute Hr. Anton Jones stood on the doorstep, a cigar in his mouth and patent leather boots on his feet, welcoming us to his house more as a private friend than as a public hotel-keeper.

We were in a dreadfully ragged state, and I have often since wondered that he did not request us to look elsewhere for lodgings ; but he seemed only too delighted to see us. Having paid our fares, we passed through a brilliantly-lighted billiard room, in which a number of people were collected, smoking and chatting, and entered the *salle-a-manger*, where we were presented with a bill of fare, and ordered *omelettes au champignons* and various other good things that we had not caught sight of for some time. Our host then came in to say he was sorry but his house was quite full, and we must sleep out. *That* we did not mind much, and having finished off a capital dinner, we turned into our little lodgings, which were in a small house kept by an old woman some way from the hotel, and, tossing for who should have the sofa, were soon unconscious of all surrounding objects.

Haparanda is a place with about 600 inhabitants, standing at the mouth of the Torneo river, while the town of Torneo, with about 800 inhabitants, faces it on the opposite bank. The houses are all well-built and clean-looking, though no stone work is to be seen; the streets are broad, and some paved, but all horribly dusty. The following morning, after reading a small library of letters that had collected there (the first tidings we had heard from home since we left), we strolled about the town; and after a capital lunch at the hotel, which, by the way, is a first-rate one—(on account, I believe, of the many people who come up here to get a glimpse of the midnight sun, which can be seen for a few days by driving up-stream twenty or thirty miles)—we took a small boat and crossed to Torneo, to call on a certain Hr. Knockblock, to whom we had an introduction. Hr. Knockblock was in Stockholm, so we returned to Haparanda with a surly Russian for our ferryman, who, when paid for his trouble, threw the money into the mud, and jabbered in such an exasperating manner that he ran a narrow chance of exploring the bottom of the river. However, a Swede came to our assistance, and the matter was settled. Our impression of the Russians was not further improved, when shortly afterwards we met three officials in uniform, who pushed by in the most rude and boorish manner, on their way to the pier. Hr. Jones told us afterwards that up here they all hated Englishmen, and of course knew us by our dress.

That day we retired early, leaving the Swedes in the hotel to their liquor and cigars. As far as I can make out, they go to bed about six a.m., and get up at eight.

Our journey was done, and we were sorry for it. We had boated 320 odd miles, walked 330, and carried about 26.

Thursday was spent in doing a little shopping—amongst other things investing in a pound of the same sort of tobacco as our boatmen had, at 50 ore ($6\frac{1}{2}$ d.) per pound! Cheap enough, indeed, but valuable only as a curiosity. The shops do not show much in their windows, but have placards up outside, informing the passers-by what sort of commodities can be obtained within. I observed that nearly every house had one or two long ladders

reaching to the top of the bark roof, and placed up against the house ; these are there in case of fire, and, indeed, it would be a serious matter if a house were once fairly alight, to extinguish the flames before they had consumed the whole street or village. I should say it would be an impossibility if they once got a firm hold.

That evening we asked for our bill with palpitating hearts, for we only had about £2 10s. between us to carry us to Stockholm. It was with no small delight, then, that we found the account under thirty kroners (33s.), which left us a small margin for our beds and so forth.

The following morning we were called at six o'clock, as a small steamer left for Salmis to meet the large boat, which could not come further up stream on account of the many shallows and flats. Coffee was brought in at the appointed hour ; but I had hardly swallowed the first mouthful when in rushed our matron with dishevelled locks, saying she had heard the steamer whistle, and it would start in half-an-hour. From what I have just stated about money we were considerably keen on catching this steamer, as our united purses only amounted to about 8s., but once on board we should be carried to Stockholm, where we could obtain fresh funds. We dressed at an extraordinarily rapid rate, and were down on the pier, luggage and all, in twenty minutes, only to find that our steamer did not start till nine o'clock, the whistle we heard being that of some merchant steamer on its way up stream. We made use of various terms expressive of our disgust, left our things on board, and sallied forth into the town to pass away the time.

Nine o'clock arrived at last, and after some further delays in pulling off our friend the merchantman, who had run aground on a sand-bank and stuck hard and fast, we were splashing down the Torneo in the small paddle steamer, bound for Salmis, the port of Haparanda, distant about six or seven miles.

One of our fellow passengers, whom a fat Swede that I was talking to dignified with the name of "merchant"—a traveller for a Stockholm tailor—kindly offered to supply Killearn with some clothes ! evidently thinking he was too bad to be seen ; and,

indeed, I am afraid our costume did look rather raffish and disreputable ; but it could not be helped until our arrival at Stockholm, where we should meet the luggage that had been forwarded from Hull many weeks back.

About half-past ten we arrived at Salmis : only one wooden house to be seen, but a good substantial wooden pier, thickly covered with rough hewn timber, which was rapidly disappearing into the side of a large steamer, the "Norra Sverige," lying alongside with steam up, ready to start for Stockholm. We got on board without being asked to take tickets, and after delaying some little time longer to fill in our cargo, at about one o'clock the moorings were cast loose, the screw of the "Norra Sverige" gave one or two powerful turns, stirring up a young whirlpool of foaming water, and we had said adieu to the land of the mosquito and of the midnight sun.

CHAPTER XI.

The "Norra Sverige" was not overburdened with passengers—three ladies were the only other occupants of the aft cabin; a splendid saloon, reminding me more of a yacht than a passenger steamer, neatly decorated, with a fernery right astern and a fountain to cool the air. On either side were the little white and gold doors into the different berths, and, by a very good arrangement, a dark green velvet couch by day was turned into a berth at night. There was accommodation enough for quite forty passengers, so we five wandered where we would, and enjoyed having the place to ourselves. On deck a huge awning was spread, and stools, chairs, and refreshments of various kinds appeared. We sat and appeased the inner man, watching the shapes of the hundred little low fir-clad islands as we wound among them, and it was not till a late hour that we descended again to the saloon.

These Baltic steamers are very well appointed, and the "Norra Sverige" was a fair average vessel. The captain and his men are always civil to passengers, the cabins clean, neat, and prettily furnished, and the food first-rate.

We sat on deck that night and watched the waning light. The shadows deepened on the flat shore, and the stars came out, and then and there Killearn and I recorded our unalterable opinion—life *with* mosquitoes is distinctly not worth having. We had left these plagues at last; one or two had buzzed round us at Haparanda; but now there was not one to be seen, and our veils were in our bags. The relief not to hear their everlasting buzz was immense.

The captain, a very nice man, who spoke English fluently, told us that in summer—*i. e.*, July—the "müg" followed the steamer,

and drove the people nearly wild. They do come as far south as Stockholm in any numbers, but a cigarette will keep them off there ; and though Haparanda can show a good many, it is absolutely free from them compared to the interior.

We got into Lulea about eleven o'clock that night (a great place for beer—"Lulea öl"), and parted with a very cheery companion, who had joined us at a small place called Kalix, not far down the coast from Haparanda, from whom we had picked up a good deal of information respecting Stockholm and its people. He was much interested at hearing we had come across from Vadsö, and informed us that two Laps had once been seen in Stockholm, that they had travelled on further south, and returned in their usual native home-spun dress, *plus a pair of black kid gloves!*—a queer mixture, in which they were shortly afterwards buried, the victims of aquavite and cigars. It was a story one knew before—the savage disappears when brought into contact with civilization.

We found our powers of conversation again rather limited. Swedish is very like Norse, and a Swede can understand a Norwegian ; but he finds considerable difficulty in understanding a beginner in Norse. Not only the language, but also the customs of the two people differ slightly. This we noticed especially in their hours of meals. The Norwegian begins coffee and rusk in bed, breakfast at about ten o'clock, dinner at two or three, and supper at eight or nine. While here we were awoke by the stewardess bringing in coffee and rolls at nine, which were followed by *dejeuner à la fourchette* at twelve or one, a good dinner about five or six o'clock, and supper any time from ten to one. In the dining room stands a small table, covered with diminutive dishes of slices of reindeer, eggs, sandwiches, biscuits, &c., and a bottle or two of aquavite. This is called "Sexa." You stand round and partake of some of these delicacies, washed down with a glass of the spirit, before beginning regular dinner.

Wednesday turned out an oppressively hot day, and, as the fires were supplied with wood instead of coal, we had to dispense with the awning aft the funnel ; for the hot embers, sometimes several inches in length, fell pretty thickly on the deck, and

would have destroyed the sail cloth; indeed, it was rather dangerous to stand there. One lady began to smoke as she was talking with me, and I was too late in brushing off an inch of red-hot wood to save her jacket from having a hole burnt completely through. After this episode I betook me forward, and amused myself with the captain's maps. The scenery was absolutely nothing: a long low line of coast to our right, too distant for any objects to be distinguished; to our left the open sea.

We called at a small place, or rather, as I may almost style it, an English colony, called Skelleftea. The whole establishment belonged to an Englishman—seven or eight houses, and huge saw mills, one mass of timber, with eight or nine large vessels standing in a sort of natural harbour taking in cargo. A lucrative business enough, I should say, with an endless supply of fir trees growing all round.

On Thursday night, after another long and rather monotonous day, we touched at a little place called Jattendahl—rocky hills rising round it in a semi-circle, some of the houses perched on blocks of twenty feet or so of rough grey rock, and fir trees growing where they could between the stones—and, having made fast in a small basin about three times the length of the ship, proceeded to take on board truss after truss of hay. They filled all the extra stowage room, all the passages by the engine rooms, and, finally, piled up a huge hay stack aft the funnel—the very spot where they had refused to rig up the awning on account of the falling embers! A sail was then damped and spread over it, and a small boy set to watch it. We felt anything but comfortable that night in our berths. A cargo of hay, wood, and oil, what a splendid bonfire we might have made! However, a special providence seemed to protect us, and we were relieved from the anxiety the following morning on our arrival at Gefle, to which place the rail runs, and brings with it sacks of coal, a number of which were at once shipped and burnt instead of the long pieces of wood. Gefle is a fine town, with a railway connecting it with Stockholm, and the first stone house we had seen since Thronhjem. Gefle cannot be called picturesque; it is a busy

seaport, and possesses a fair extent of quays and warehouses; backed by a large and somewhat straggling town. Building was going on rapidly in every direction when we were there, and the beautiful was at a discount.

On Saturday morning I awoke at about five o'clock to find we were rapidly approaching Stockholm; that, indeed, we were almost at the gates of "the Venice of the North." The sun was shining in all its splendour, and I looked out from the port as I dressed and caught transient glimpses of rough, picturesque, grey cliffs covered with fir trees, where they could get a footing, with here and there a quaint gabled house peeping out among them. I climbed on deck as we passed the "Djur-garten," or deer park—the pleasure grounds of Stockholm—an island devoted to amusements and shows of every kind, and half-an-hour afterwards we were lying alongside the wharf, with the palace, a huge square block of buildings, towering above us.

Stockholm, as every one knows, is built on a number of islands and promontories in a sort of estuary or arm of the sea, and small steam launches, that take the place of omnibuses, came splashing by us, the water foaming and dancing in the bright sun, while the cry of the ganets, as they plunged in after their morning's meal, the distant hum of the city, and the faint sound of some kettledrums from the barracks, kept me seated on a truss of hay, while my eye wandered from the lofty pile of the royal palace to the fir-clad Djur-garten, and the hill of Mösebacke rising abruptly on the other side of the channel, dotted over with bright clean houses, and streets which seemed to stand on end among them. It was a charming picture. I had been lucky indeed in my first sight of Stockholm.

All that morning was spent in vainly hunting for our luggage, which had been forwarded here from Hull, wandering through the streets "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes," in travel-stained garments, boots, and leggings. At last we did hit on it, right at the other end of the town, and devoted the rest of the day to the enjoyments of a Finnish bath, a hair cutter, and clean clothes.

We spent a very pleasant four days in Stockholm, enjoying the beautiful gobelin tapestry and mosaic tables, to be seen in the

kong's slott (royal palace); the splendid assembly room—the Riddarhuset—the walls of which are completely covered with the shields and coats of arms of leading Swedish families; the church of the Riddarsholm, a peculiar piece of architecture, full of the colours and coffers of the departed great. Here in a chapel stands the sacred urn of Gustavus Adolphus, surrounded by hundreds of kettledrums and standards, memorials of his victories; while on the opposite side, in a similar chapel, rest the remains of Car. XII., with scarcely fewer trophies, the relics of his greatness.

Our evenings were spent in some of the charming open-air cafés, so famous in Stockholm, listening to the strains of what was always a good band; or, better still, in taking passage on board one of the little toy steamers, which did duty as omnibuses, there to watch the reflections of a thousand lights, cooling one's hands in the dark still water, while the sounds of the town came faintly to our ears; then, perhaps, to disembark at the Djurgarten and mix with the coffee drinkers, as they sat in the open air at their little tables, or to watch the play or the dance, or listen to the music of a well-trained orchestra, and wonder why England alone prefers the ill-ventilated room to the open-air café or the tabled shrubbery.

One word before I leave Stockholm. Let no one who ever goes there omit to rouse himself betimes one morning, and climb the steep ascent of the Mösebacke. On its summit he will find a large café, walks and seats along the edge of what is almost a cliff, and a view over the whole city of Stockholm—unrivalled. After coffee and rolls and a cigarette, descend to a breakfast at the hotel, and issue forth, refreshed and contented, to seek out some of the wonders of the place; its museums, its baths, its palaces, its churches. Then return to the Café Blanche as the shades of evening fall, and rest on a bench among its walks and shrubberies, watch the passers by, and listen to the various sights and sounds, and say, with me, it was worth coming all this way to see life on such a sunny side.

I only wish we could have spent many more days in this city of pleasures; but our time was limited, and on Tuesday night we

left the hotel "Kung Carl," and, passing through the streets, with their alluring, but expensive, shops, found ourselves once more at a railway station, and, having taken tickets for Malmö, steamed out of Stockholm a little after nine o'clock, and composed ourselves to slumber as best we could. To this, however, the railway carriages on the Swedish lines are not especially adapted. Imagine a partition running across, from window to window, in a first-class compartment of one of our own lines, and then try and go to sleep on either side of it, and you will soon understand the difficulty of the case.

Before quitting the subject of Stockholm, I may record that we had been disappointed in two things. We had always heard of Swedish beauty, and tried hard to distinguish a pretty face among the women; not one did we see, although a finer and better-looking set of men than the Swedes in general it would be hard to find. The other disappointment was when we took seats at a theatre, one of the numerous shows in the Djur-garten. The curtain went up, and a very third-rate Englishman, dressed in Irish costume, shouted out "Dixey's Land" and "The Grecian Bend," in English, accompanied by various awkward movements of his nether limbs. The audience roared with applause, and when the curtain fell for that scene we left them hilariously happy, to their little tables of brandy-and-soda or coffee, which were sprinkled over the house. We were afterwards told that the stage was by no means a favourite profession among the Swedes, and that nearly all the artistes were foreigners—English as a rule.

We stopped at a small place at eight o'clock the following morning for breakfast; it was rather a hurried affair—you paid a kroner and a half to eat as much as you could in ten minutes. The time was rather short; but the supplies, I must say, were endless, and of a capital description—tables of hot cutlets, chops, broiled fish, hot rolls, tea and coffee, and half-a-dozen other things. I think I had my money's worth, but people who ate slowly must have paid for a good deal more than they carried away.

We steamed on, stopping at long intervals, through a charmingly pretty country of forest and lake, from which latter the

early morning mist was just rising, and covering some of the higher hills with a night-cap of fog. But I did not appreciate it as perhaps I ought, for it seemed tame after the grand bold cliffs on the western coast. What we ought to have done was to have started *viâ* Stockholm and Haparanda, and returned down the west coast. Then we should not have been spoilt for the tame but beautiful scenery of Sweden, by the wilder and grander views in the sister country.

We arrived at Malmö a little after one o'clock, glad to have reached the end of our long railway journey. But we had not much time to spare, the Copenhagen steamer was waiting for us, so we could not go up into the town, and very shortly afterwards were standing on the deck of a small paddle steamer watching the coast of Sweden grow faint in the distance. Denmark can be seen from the Swedish shore, and about three o'clock we had passed over the scene of Nelson's exploits, skirting several small and apparently well-fortified islands, and were slowly pushing our way through a crowd of shipping to our moorings in front of the Custom House—that bugbear of the English traveller—which, however, in our case proved no very great trouble; a couple of reindeer skins and portmanteaus, and three or four weather-beaten bags open at the top, did not promise any very great haul for those ever-active officials, foreign Custom officers.

Danish is almost identical with Norse, although the etymology is slightly different, and we were once more able to make ourselves fairly understood. The Hotel Angleterre is, I believe, the best, and certainly the largest, in Copenhagen; but we could not obtain rooms, as they were already full, so went on to the Hotel Union, situated near the quay and somewhat out of the way, though clean and reasonable.

We were given a capital dinner in the salon of the Angleterre, and spent the evening in wandering about the Tivoli Gardens. We had hit on a fête day, and the many shrubberies and walks were illuminated with thousands of Chinese lanterns and coloured lights. All Copenhagen seemed to have collected there for the sight, which, indeed, was worth seeing, and we stayed far into the night wandering about this pleasant "lung"

of the town (which is many acres in extent, and contains an endless number of shows, plays, bands, and cafés), and returned to the "Union" our eyes dazzled with a grand finale of fireworks.

The illuminations were really wonderfully pretty; the flower beds glittered with the colours of their natural flowers, and festoons of every shape and hue hung from the graceful acacias or formed archways down long avenues of elm. The night was fine, and the crowd of gaily-dressed people that thronged the gardens gave life and movement to the whole scene.

Thursday was devoted to a fascinating stroll through the long corridors and halls of the museum of Thorvaldsen—a collection in which to spend whole days—a collection, I suppose, unrivalled by any single sculptor for the number of works. The chisel and the hammer must seldom have left the great master's hand—upwards of five hundred subjects, and that in about half a century. As I glanced round the huge quadrangle, peopled with the ideas of the great sculptor, and stood over the simple marble slab which marks his last resting-place in the centre of the large open square, I read, through some straggling sprays of ivy, the memorial of his time, and ceased to wonder that he should wish thus to be buried, surrounded by the creatures of his genius, the senseless stone called into a life-like existence at the touch of his master hand.

A few hours was all that I could spare for the famous collection of the Danish artist, and the rest of the day was spent among the flint arrow heads, the instruments of war and of peace, the ornaments, the bones, and even the clothes—relics of the earliest known inhabitants down to those of fifty years ago. In other words we wandered through room after room of the museum of antiquities, tracing the gradual march of civilization till we arrived at a specimen of the work of the last century, and then, tired out, repaired to our hotel for dinner—a very inferior one, by the way, the march of civilization in this respect being somewhat backward at the "Hotel Union."

After dinner I spent several hours in a fruitless search after the luggage that we had forwarded from Vadsö to Christiania, and which we had subsequently telegraphed to be sent on here. I

had to give it up at last as a bad job, and never saw or heard of it again. It was a great nuisance, for therein had been packed many objects of interest that we had collected on our way up the coast.

On Friday, August 17, after a visit to the China warehouse, famous for its kong's porcelain, and another last stroll through the streets of Copenhagen, we chartered a porter, and made our way to the wharf to take passage for Hull on board one of Wilson and Co.'s steamers, "Cato."

We were sad at having to leave behind so much unseen, for the traveller may profitably spend a week or two at Copenhagen itself, and in endless pleasant drives to places of interest that lie within easy reach of the city. But time waits for no man, and by twelve o'clock we were casting loose our moorings, and had walked our last step on Danish soil.

The vessel we were in was built more with a view to her cargo than her passengers, and a small cabin aft, with a dozen or so of berths, composed the entire accommodation for the latter unfortunates. We had forty or fifty horses on board and several emigrants, the latter being stowed away for'ard among the horses and their hay. Poor people, they did look very wretched.

Enormous numbers of Danes and Norwegians emigrate yearly, we were told. Fortune favours but few, and the survivors often return in a few years, their last state worse than their first.

The scene at the wharf was a touching one; aged people bidding their sons and daughters a long adieu, with every prospect of never meeting again; and sisters and brothers embracing, the last time for they knew not how long.

As we steamed out into the open sea we passed some old hulks that were said to have been at the battle of Copenhagen. They looked as if they would never go in for another fight, and stood, propped up in soft mud, as hospitals, sailors' homes, or something of the kind. One of the new generation of sea warriors passed us shortly afterwards, and the contrast was a curious one. We saluted, and steamed on through the fortified islands at the mouth of the harbour into the Cattegat beyond. The day was fine, with a capital sailing breeze, and we passed ship after ship

making the best of fair weather on her voyage up the Cattegat. In many places land can be seen on either side, and once, when we passed the Castle of Elsinore—the abode of Hamlet—the opposite coast with the small town of Helsinborg appeared to be almost close enough to distinguish its inhabitants.

Early the following morning we had cleared the Skaw. I got on deck after breakfast just in time to see the last of the Danish cliffs. After this it came on to blow pretty fresh, and continued that day and the following night a head wind, knocking up rather a nasty sea. The horses, poor fellows, broke loose, and were all thrown on their sides and dreadfully knocked about. I pitied them. They were going over to supply vacancies in the London cabs! Sunday was spent in trying to alleviate their sufferings; but several lay where the violent rolling of the vessel had thrown them, and could not be induced to move till they were absolutely pulled out in the docks at Hull, whilst four or five died.

The voyage proved rather a longer one than usual, and monotonous also, in spite of horses and emigrants. A fog came down, and we crawled on at half speed, unable to determine our whereabouts. At twelve o'clock on Monday morning it lifted, and disclosed the coast of England once more. We were about twenty miles north of the Spurn light.

Two or three hours afterwards the "Cato" was cleaving her way through the waters of the ever-muddy Humber, and, as I leant over the bulwarks and watched every object in the great seaport grow more and more distinct, I felt a certain satisfaction that our journey was finished, and, I think, determined that, if ever again I left my native shores, it should not be for a Walk in Lapland.

THE END.



Swedish Geog. Enskilt Län.

24

23

W. Gr. 22° E. Gr.

30

SCALE OF MILES.
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20

x camp.
— telegraph.
— route.
— boundary.
. jok. riv. river.
varre, carro. height, field.

a

Maantiede 2

D 704

