

fatiguing to walk in rainy than in fine weather. The day after the rain I hooked nine fresh-run salmon in one small pool near the sea, gaffing and landing five. One day, while crossing a steep face of rock, I slipped with rubber boots on and fell into a deep pool in the river, laden with a heavy bag of brown trout. I recovered my rod from the bottom of the pool next day, having been obliged to let it sink in my efforts to reach the opposite bank by swimming.

After quitting Baeverdal I joined a friend, son of the Hon. Mr. Justice Denman, at Christiansund, on the *Tasso*, which landed us on the long flat island of Hitteren, on which we had leased from some farmers the right of shooting red deer over their land. Norwegian red deer have generally finer horns and are heavier than Scotch red deer, one having been killed by my brother on the small island of Tusteren, a short distance to the south of Hitteren, weighing when cleaned nearly thirty stone. The folk "Ferguson" was sent round by a rough cart road to Strom, while we walked across the island to the same place to the hospitable roof of old Egensen. Next day a note from our interpreter arrived, written in very bad English, asking for more ponies, and stating that he "tank plenty bandy up de hill." He meant trouble, not brandy. At Strom we agreed that whatever foreign matters might be present in the milk and *fladbrod* that the interior of a boiled egg must necessarily be uncontaminated.

On the 31st of August we walked to a small hut