

fishing on Saturday evening at six, when the Norwegian Sabbath commences, and to fish again on Sunday evening at six, when it ends. This usually took place in the best pool on the river, close to the house, in presence of the greater portion of the inhabitants, numbering some fourteen souls. One Sunday my friend, after trying the whole pool twice carefully without raising a fish, turned and spoke jocularly in Norwegian. "The next performer will now oblige the company with a worm." In a few minutes I had taken two salmon from the same pool.

Our best day on the hills above the house gave us eight and a half brace of ryper or ptarmigan, shot by walking them up without dogs. After these tramps we generally spent the next day in a boat on the fiord, when fifty whiting-pollack were often brought back, besides cod and whiting, and one or more white-throated or red-throated divers, which were carefully skinned. My fishing line was once broken by a large fish which had seized the bait, immediately after which my companion had a bite and waggered it was the same fish. Hauling the line in we found an enormous cod at the end with my broken line dangling from his mouth.

On August 1st we visited a small lake among the mountains, one of the sources of our river, and caught fifteen trout in half an hour weighing almost exactly three-quarters of a pound apiece, besides shooting some ducks. We walked back for some miles in heavy rain and made up our minds that it was more