

(ORIGINAL.)

THE LOVERS OF VETTIE'S GIEL.

A LEGEND OF NORWAY.

BY E. L. C.

"None are all evil,—clinging round his heart,
 One softer feeling would not yet depart;
 Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove,
 And e'en in him it asks the name of love."

BYRON.

WE hear much of the sublimity of Niagara, the grandeur of the Alps, and the perils of the Appenine Passes; but it has been asserted that all the natural curiosities and wonders of the world combined, offer not so much to astonish and overwhelm the mind, as is presented by one remarkable scene, in a remote Norwegian district, of which some of the philosophical journals of the age have given a minute and thrilling description.

Vettie's Giel, or glen, as the name signifies, is a very dangerous and singular pass in Norway, several miles in length, leading to a farm of the same name, and being, indeed, the only accessible way through which it may be approached. Through this narrow glen rushes the river Utedal, with almost inconceivable rapidity, its foaming stream overhung on either side by steep and frightful precipices, which, at all seasons, excepting during a few of the summer months, are covered with ice and snow, and along the summit of which winds the road leading to Vettie's isolated farm. And a fearful road it is—in some places so narrow that the feet cannot be placed beside each other upon it, and often overhanging the fathomless abyss, in a manner truly appalling.—Frequently there occur terrific gaps in the rocky path, across which is thrown a frail bridge, that trembles with the thundering roar of the cataracts beneath, and through the interstices of which is seen the fearful gulf, with its foaming waters leaping

madly up, like the hydra-headed monsters of antiquity, to drag the unwary traveller to destruction. Generation after generation passes away in the neighbourhood of this frightful glen, who never find courage to traverse it. Seldom, indeed, is there an individual in its immediate vicinity, who, without some powerful motive, has the hardihood to encounter its perils; but travellers from abroad are more adventurous, and there are regular guides, habituated from childhood to its dangers, ready to conduct the few that desire it, over the thread-like paths and trembling bridges, to the solitary farm that presents so grateful and beautiful a contrast to the rugged and dark features of the Giel.

It was on a warm morning during one of the brief summers of that northern climate, that two strangers, accompanied by their guides, and the pastor of a district bordering on the Giel, were returning from Vettie's farm, whither they had gone the preceding day, and now paused to rest at the foot of the green and wonderful valley of Afdal. A valley, it is termed, though it lies high up among the mountains of the Giel, its sloping fields stretching down over the dark precipices like the hanging gardens of Semiramis, and its one lone farm-house shaken by the thunder of the mighty cataracts that dash their foam over it, as they hurry on to the gulf below. At the foot of those green fields, that hung like a curtain above them, paused the weary travellers. Sitting