

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

was pleasing and certainly novel. On this trip we saw a very fine waterfall, of which there are vast numbers in Norway, but this one reminded me of a Yankee's description of one—as "a river raised endwise." The people near the coast are clad much as other Europeans; there seems scarcely a vestige of the old national costumes, and their habits are very like the Germans. Every generation go out on Sundays to enjoy themselves together, men and their wives and children, even grandfathers and grandmothers walk out together to places of pleasant resort, and the impression that I received was that there is more than the average amount of domestic comfort. In connection with the German Emperor's offer for the unique carved house, it is well known that he goes every summer on a voyage to the Norway coast in his yacht, as a bracer, and afterwards comes on a visit to his grandmother, Queen Victoria. Our return voyage to London was grand, and the weather glorious. We returned from Christian Sand on the 14th day from home, and were called up at 5 a. m., to go on board at 6 a. m., and started off to the minute. Our vessel was the steamship Domino, the one we embarked on from Hull was the S.S. Angelo. Both vessels after landing their passengers at Christian Sand, go on to Christiana, and pick up on their return the passengers going home from the former place. When we started the sun was bright and the sea smooth, and we had an extensive view of the rock bound Norway coast. The tints of the rocks were varied and beautiful, a fear had been expressed by the captain that we might have fog, this happened for a short time, between 9 and 10 o'clock, and was rather a damper to our spirits, but happily it only lasted three-quarters of an hour;

but during this interval the fog horn was frequently roaring, a very ear splitting experience, and we were all glad when it was over, and during the remainder of the voyage the weather was clear. In the North Sea there is a part known as the Dogger Bank, where thousands of tons of fish (mainly for the English ports), are caught. The method is to keep the fishing smacks on the bank, and send steamers to them to convey the fish to Hull, Grimsby, London, etc. We went through the fleet both going and returning, and a very interesting sight; one of the crew told us that 1,000 tons of a single kind of fish were landed at Hull alone during the previous week. I remember that P. Huxley said in one of his papers that at certain periods of the year, there comes down from the North Sea mountains of cod, and these vessels are engaged all the year round reaping the harvests of the sea. In mid ocean the vessels seen are few, but when we approach the eastern coast of England the number increased, and many pretty sights were seen. Both the form and color of ships as seen in bright weather are pleasing, the sails even of fishing smacks are warm colored and attractive to the eye, a clear atmosphere and distance lend enchantment to the view. As evening came on we were passing within sight of the lights on the Norfolk and Suffolk coast, amongst others Lowestoft and Harwich. We now had a turn in for the night, and soon were past Aldborough, about 3 o'clock, a. m. Next morning we again heard the hoarse fog horn, and then the harsh, grating sound of the capstan, for the anchor was being dropped in the bed of the Thames. Both I and my wife got up and were on deck by 4 o'clock, being desirous of seeing all we could of the coast about the entrance of the river, but to