

to a height of perhaps 1500, or even 2000 feet: the bottom flat and alluvial, and terminating abruptly at the head of a steep but not precipitous slope. Down the slope the road is conducted by a series of zigzags, or rather coils, in a masterly manner, through a vertical height of 800 feet, —a very striking waterfall rushing down on either hand, and rendering the view in the opposite direction wonderfully grand. It is generally agreed that no more genuine specimen exists of Norwegian scenery than the Narædal. From the foot of the descent to Gudvangen, on the banks of the Naræ-fiord, the road is nearly level, the whole descent on several miles being little more than 300 feet. The mountains, however, preserve all their absolute elevation on either side, so that the ravine, though not quite so narrow, is deeper. The masses of rock on the right rise to 5000 or 6000 feet, and a thread of water forming the Keel-foss, descends a precipice estimated at 2000 feet. The arrival at Gudvangen takes one by surprise. The walls of the ravine are uninterrupted; only the alluvial flat gives place to the unruffled and nearly fresh waters of this arm of the sea, which reaches the door of the inn. After dining, and procuring a boat and three excellent rowers, we proceeded to the navigation of the extensive Sogne-fiord, of which the Naræ-fiord, on which we now were, is one of the many intricate ramifications. The weather, which had fortunately cleared up for a time, was now again menacing, and a slight rain had set in when we embarked. The clouds continued to descend, and settled at length on the summits of the unscaleable precipice which for many miles bound this most desolate, and even terrific scene. I do not know what accidental circumstances may have contributed to the impression, but I have seldom felt the sense of solitude and isolation so overwhelming. My companion had fallen into a deep sleep; the air was still damp and calm; the oars plashed with a slow measure into the deep, blank, fathomless abyss of water below, which was bounded on either side by absolute walls of rock, without, in general, the smallest slope of debris at the foot, or space enough anywhere for a goat to stand, and whose tops, high as they indeed are, seemed higher by being lost in clouds, which formed, as it were, a level roof over us, corresponding to the watery floor beneath. Thus shut in above, below, and on either hand, we rowed on amidst the increasing gloom and thickening rain, till it was a relief when we entered on the wider though still gloomy Aurlands-fiord."—*January 14, 1854.*